

# coraddi

**Fall Issue 2019**

Dying Alive  
August Burgo

For a soul,  
who dwells extensively  
on being fundamentally alone,  
She appreciates people.  
When they smile and laugh in pain,  
It helps her feel less afraid.  
She can sympathize without pity.  
Maybe you'd recognize  
a part of her journey.

At night, when the sea flashes bright,  
the waves crash on all sides.  
She dips her head under water  
to dampen the sound of thunder.  
To dive into wonder,  
is a beautiful answer.

In the day, when the sun shines,  
she will spend her time sitting still,  
trying to float.  
If you rock her boat,  
she will fall over and sink.  
So if you care,  
come prepared.  
Provide stability from the brink.

When she speaks softly,  
and her tired eyes glint,  
listen to them patiently  
and nod to her hint.  
A good dog stays close  
when he spots a fog.

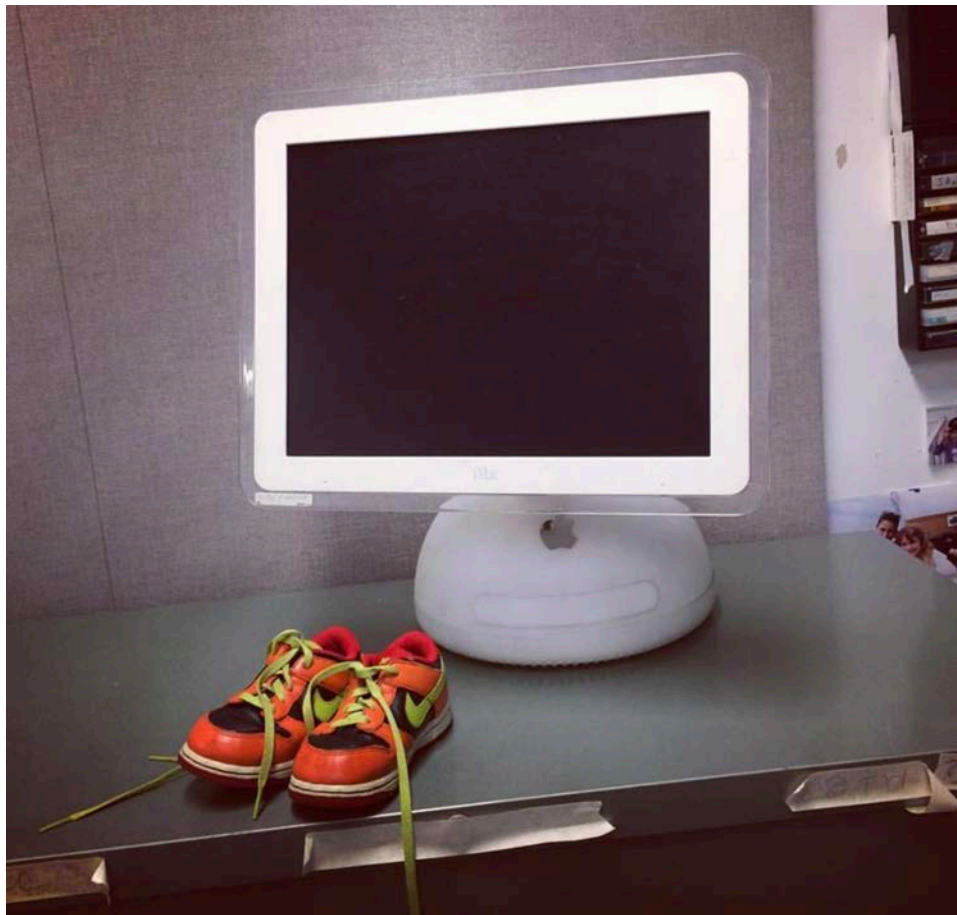
From the beginning of time,  
what wakes a soul  
and makes it whole inside,  
Is its end.  
We are dead together,  
old friend.

Young Lovers, Carve these words.  
August Burgo

Two names are carved as a promise,  
thick and rare.  
As the years go by, the letters pull apart  
and expose what's bare.  
A secret whispered on skin we couldn't say,  
we shared, with limbs and knots.  
As kids, we fell into its chips,  
climbed its tips,  
and saw the sun rise.  
The shade kept us safe,  
gave us a place,  
like a mother's care:  
always there, everywhere,  
without a word to ruin the world.  
It doesn't mind us,  
dies to grow for us,  
knows us more than we know us and still,  
we're unaware.

While we reaped, it reached and weeped for us until it fell, depleted.  
We've sown our sorrows in its tread.  
Made our bed of frames in its stead.  
Burned its bark and left our marks deeper  
than intended.  
Our oldest companion,  
we've taken advantage of.  
And so the names we wrote  
underneath its crown  
have come down.  
No proof of us  
remains now.

If the spark in you is true,  
find yourself in love  
with a moment to spare,  
sit beneath the tree that gave to you  
and let it be there.



Untitled  
Lee Walton  
Digital Photography



Krysten Heberly  
Priscilla Renae  
Digital Photography

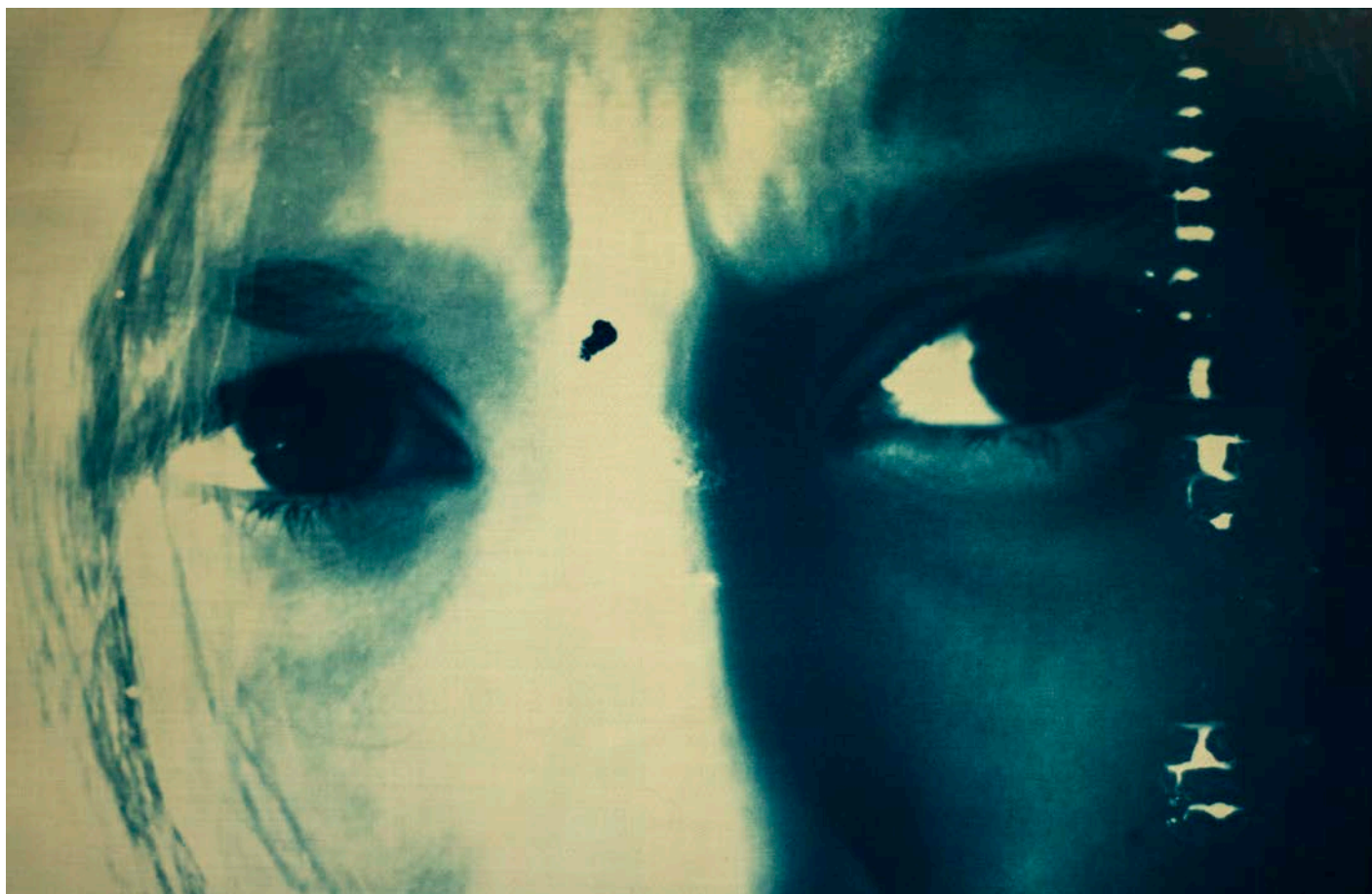


Krysten Heberly  
Arson Daily  
Digital Photography



Theresa Newell  
Dark Memories  
Photography  
Soaked my cyanotype on fabric in tea, coffee, coffee





Theresa Newell  
Betrayed  
Photography-Cyanotype on fabric using the sun and  
black watercolor paintgrounds, and cocoa





Theresa Newell  
Restless  
Photography--Cyanotype using the sun and black  
watercolor paint



No Holy  
Salvador "Satch" Serrano  
Photoshop Digital Painting



Smokhed  
Salvador "Satch" Serrano  
Photoshop Digital Painting

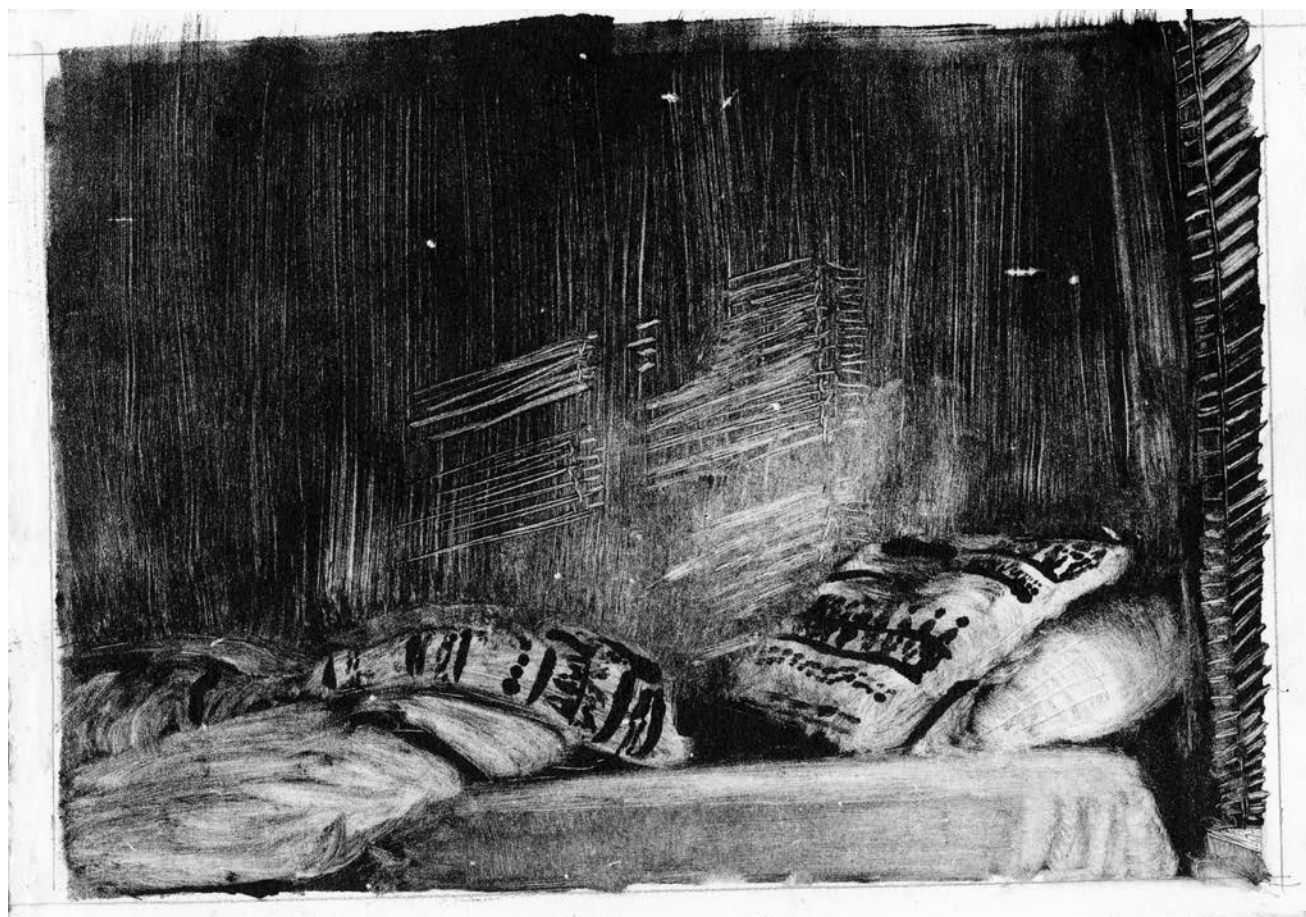


Camrynn Coale  
 Tim Boardman  
 Cameron Herring  
 Thylacine, Ink, watercolor, collage



Jackelopes  
Timothy Boardman  
Linoleum Print  
9x12





Camryn Coale  
8:09 AM  
Monotype



Camryn Coale  
Tricolor  
Monotype triptych





Camryn Coale  
Bumblebee  
Monotype



THE INTROVERT



THE EXTROVERT



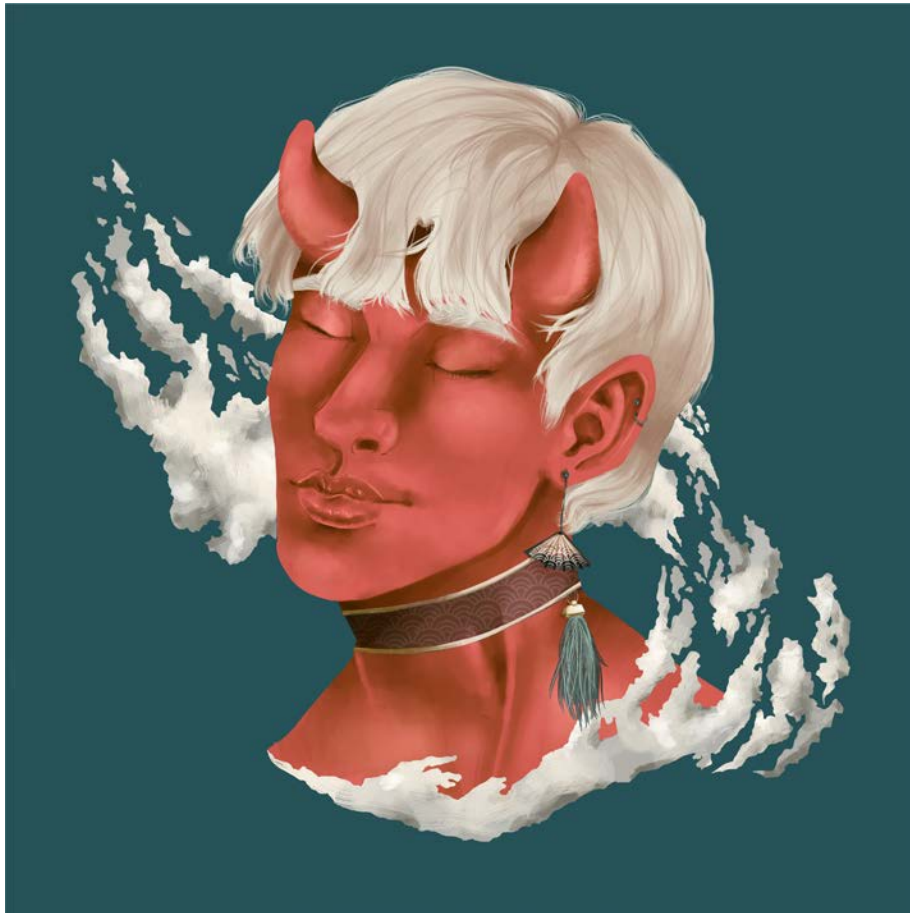
THE AMBIVERT

Austin Garner  
The Ambivert  
Digital Drawing



Reyanne Wilkie  
2015

Reyanne Wilkie  
Untitled  
Digital Line Drawing



Marysa Huffman  
Tranquil Oni  
Digital



Escapism  
Dorian Leto  
Sketchbook Pro and Wacom Tablet





Black and Blue  
 Dorian Leto  
 Invisible Man hardcover, wire, charcoal, ink

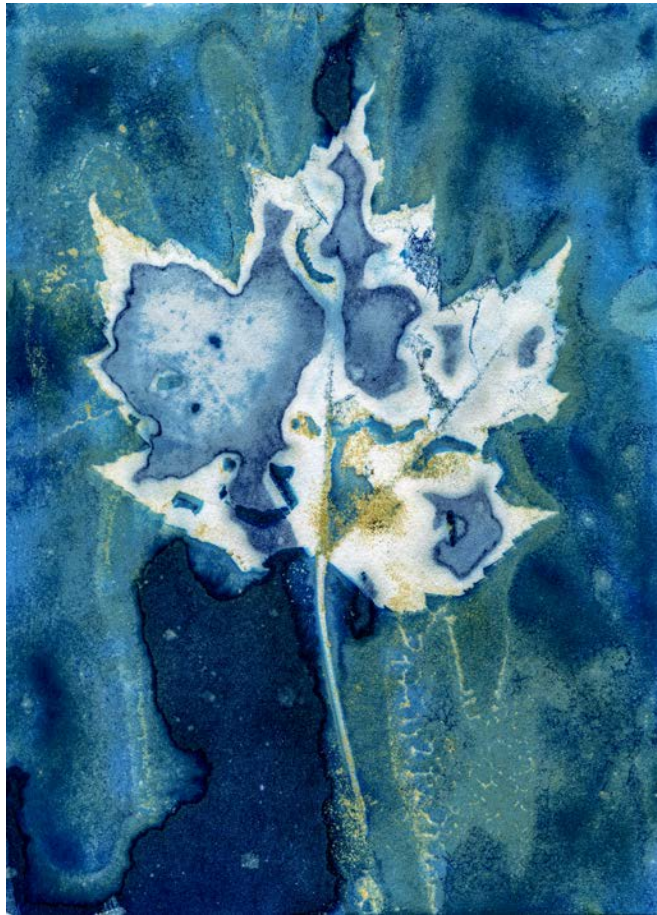


Chelsea Lancaster  
Untitled (Pink)  
Collage  
2016



Jessica Leigh Mason  
Cedar Needles Photogram  
Cyanotype, a Historical Photo Process

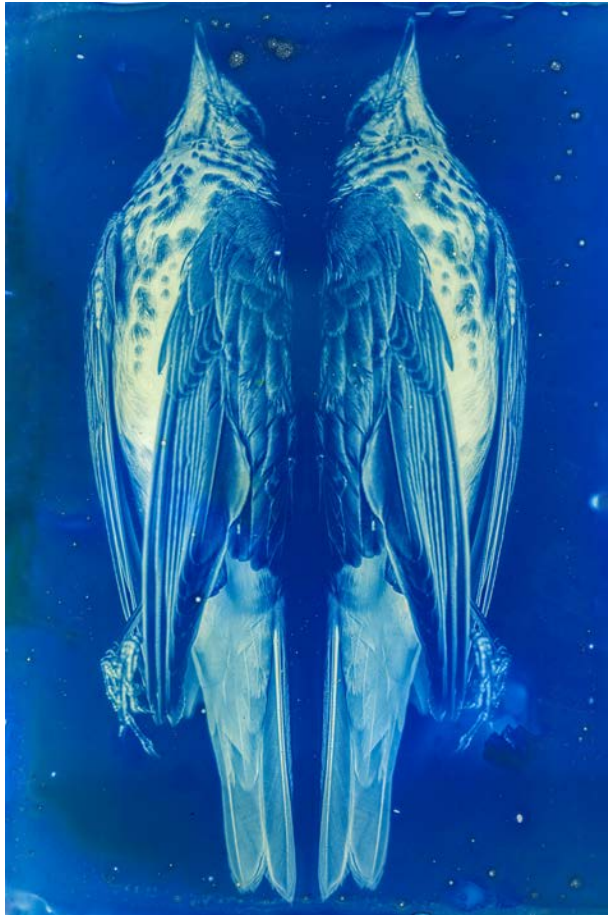




Jessica Leigh Mason  
Maple Leaf Photogram  
Cyanotype, a Historical Photo Process



Jessica Leigh Mason  
The Kris  
Cyanotype On Glass-Historical Photography



Jessica Leigh Mason  
The Sparrow  
Cyanotype On Glass-Historical Photography



Jessica Leigh Mason  
Twig Photogram  
Cyanotype, a Historical Photo Process







Evan Schock  
"Shaman"  
Embroidery

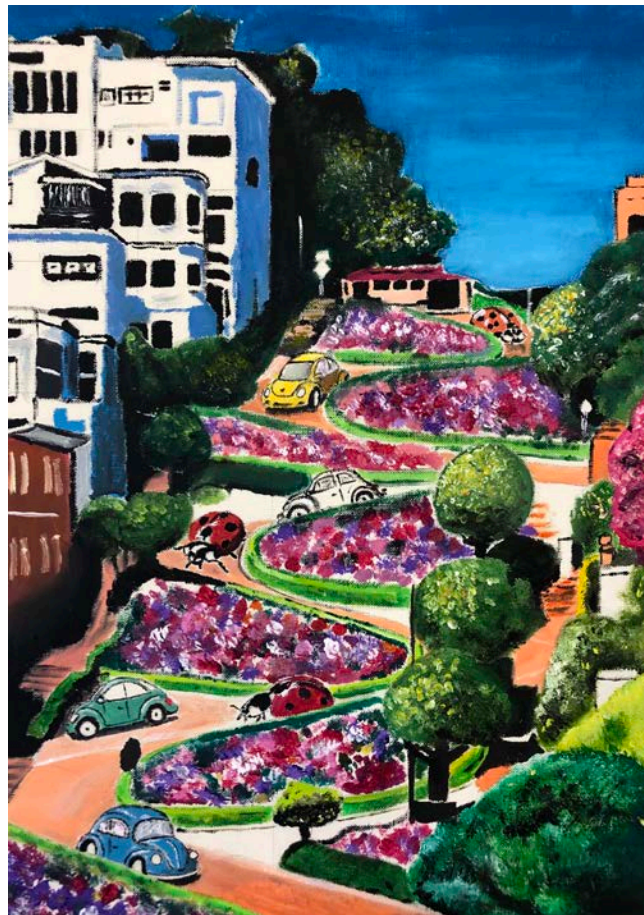


Keila Rodriguez-Salazar  
Mi padre en mi lugar feliz  
(My dad in my happy place)  
Acrylic





Ernest Kroi  
Nocturnal Cafe  
Oils



Ernest Kroil  
Bugs on Lombard Street  
Oils





Ernest Kroi  
Fluttering Across 7th Avenue  
Chalk Pastels



Zeph Luck  
Fireflies  
acrylic gouache and paint pen





Louie Tangca  
Tyler  
Digital Photography



Louie Tangca  
Willow  
Digital Photography



Moon  
Alexandra Gaal  
Lithograph

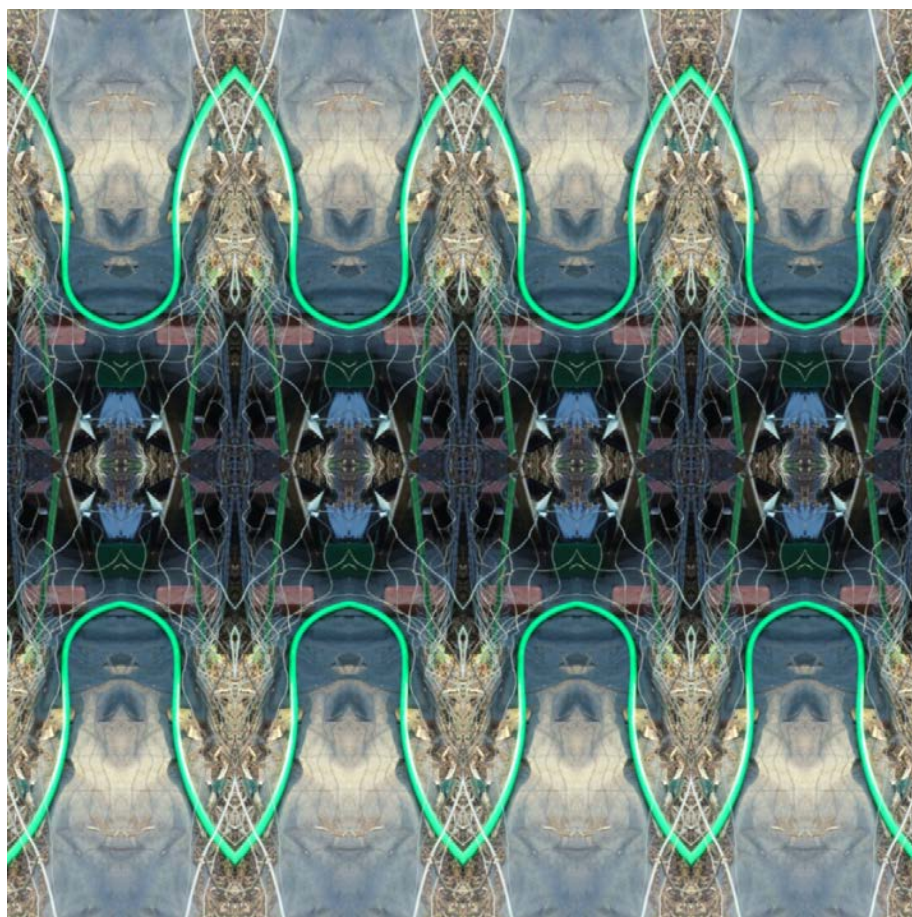




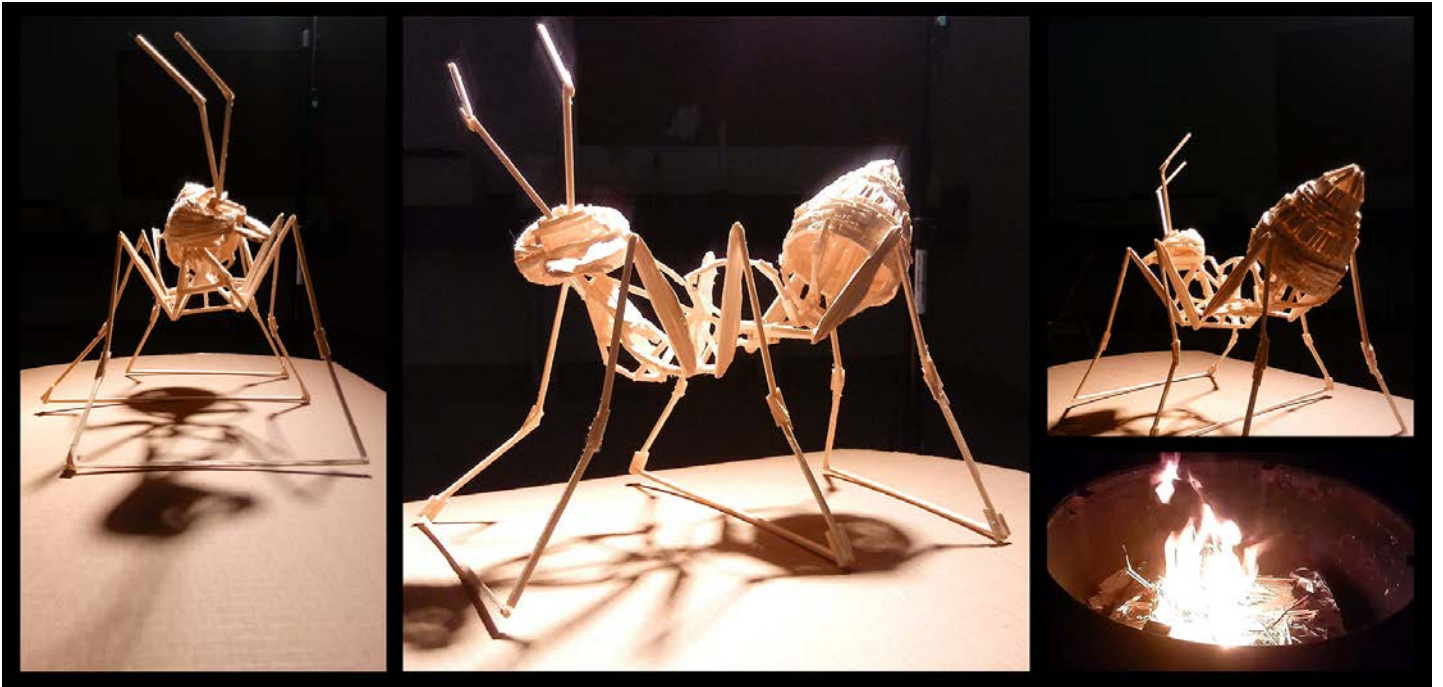


Sydney Lee  
Lewis St., Greensboro Arboretum, Green Hill  
Cemetery, Reynalda Gardens, Westerwood Bridge  
Quilt



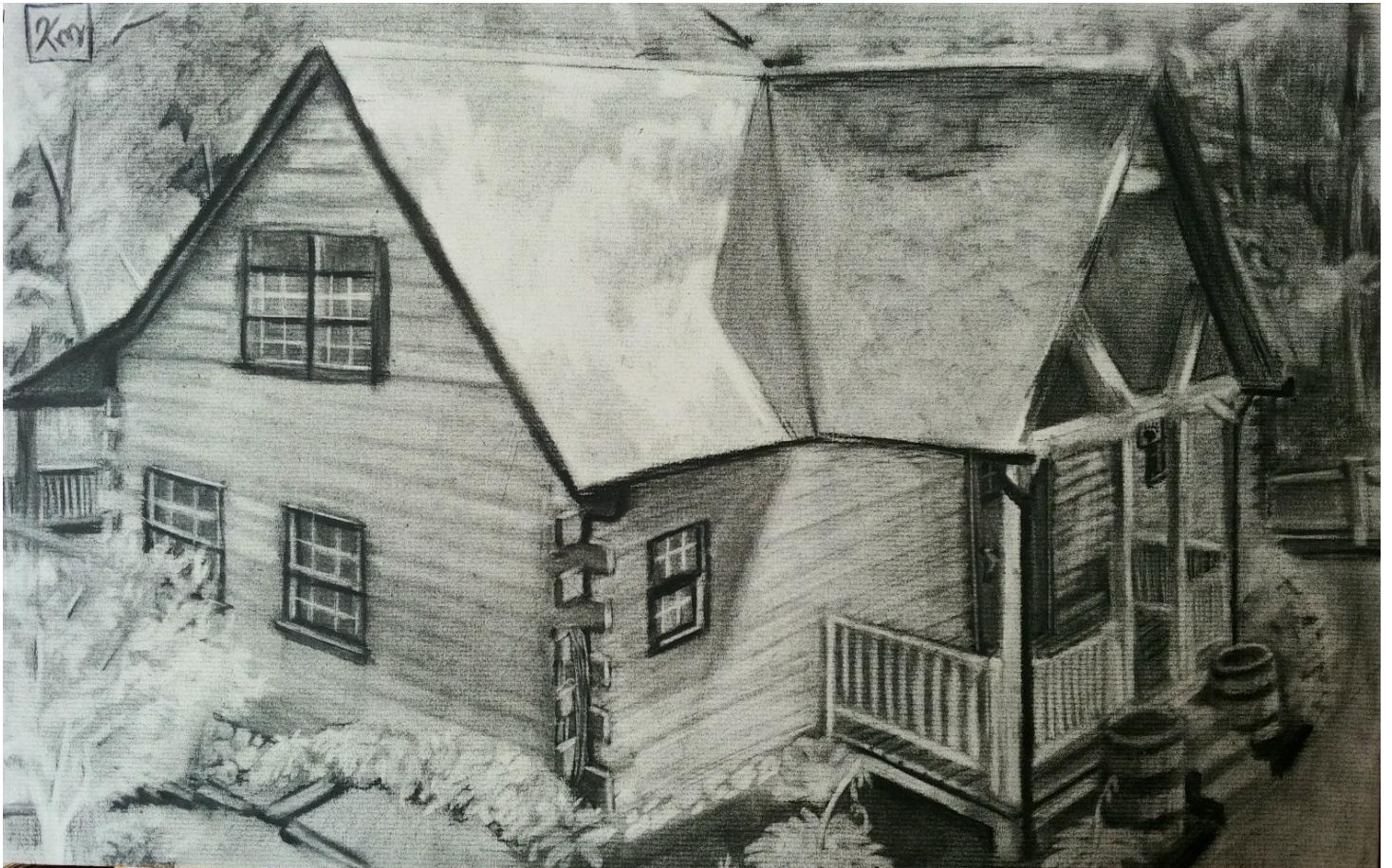


Adrian Wilson  
Untitled  
Mixed Media



Keeley Martin  
Ant  
Spring, 2018  
Matchsticks and Hot Glue, 12" x 6" x 8.5"





Keeley Martin  
Mountain House  
July, 2019  
Charcoal on Paper, 17" x 11"





Lena Dominique Rodriguez-Gillett  
Subconscious Love  
Ink Drawing





Lena Dominique Rodriguez-Gillett  
Opa's War Door  
Digital Photography Collage  
03-17

Playdough  
Alissa Wu

I have never held a hand of a man  
But I have rested in the creases of his palm  
As he rolls me  
Squeezes me  
Breaks me  
Into something he wants me to become  
And if I am bruised  
And if my bones have broken  
He'd say to me  
"Don't worry my dear,  
this is how a lady should be,  
for this is what a lady is to me"

## An Ode to My Hips

Alissa Wu

Proceed cautiously  
But I know you are eager  
To venture your hands below my waist  
For every bump and dip your fingers meet  
Is a little gift sincerely from me  
Trace your lips along my stretch marks  
And taste the heat from which they are singed  
From a lighter lit by fortitude  
On the outskirts of my skin  
I esteem over all my curves  
As well as all my straights  
Because when I grew and I shrank  
For when I bled and when I birthed  
My hips never did forsake

Gordon Cathcart

How repetitive,  
Songbird, that short melody  
Will outlive us both



Gordon Cathcart

As sharp as  
A belt of vines  
Teeth aligned like wild spines  
Of angled tines lined with  
Feathers of hooked fur and  
Blood

Gordon Cathcart

Wrapper hobbling across the beach  
Till the water sticks it  
And drags it under

Gordon Cathcart

Wind through the branches  
A skinny tree clings to its  
Shivering leaves

Run  
By Brittney Akpuogu

You need to leave your bed.

Before you smile, you need to feel cared for. And before you feel cared for, you need to see your friends. And before you see your friends, you need to go out and find them.

But before any of that.

You need to leave your bed.

These words were what finally spurred Wren's long dormant limbs into motion, finally dusted off the gears in her mind and let them spin at their own sluggish, yet steady pace.

Passing friends greeted her as she trotted through the apartment lobby at her own steady pace, but she found her legs unable to stop, her body unable to give them more than a passing greeting of a fleeting nod. Where was she going? Was she going anywhere? A bit dissettled, yet curious, she allowed her paws to lead the way, right out of her apartment complex.

Only once she was away from the passing glances of the streets of her little town did her pace begin to quicken. Trotting became jogging, jogging became running, and running became darting, darting so quickly the foliage of the sunlit forest that surrounded became deep clover blurs, the rays of sunlight dappling through the trees could hardly catch respite on her pale skin before she was bounding through the shadows once more, wild, curly locks of white flung back by crisp winds.

The motive hadn't hit Wren yet, if there was anything. Had there needed to be? Running was a mindless thing, a cure for a mind that overloaded itself all too frequently. There was no time to look for a motive. But she hadn't needed to. The motive was all over, in the burning of her lungs, the ache in every stride, bobbing and weaving through the trunks and the bushes and the undergrowth the forest had to offer. The motive was the mindlessness.

And for a moment, she inherited the wings of her namesake, her aching limbs became weightless, and in her strides she almost glided.

As reality caught up with her muscles she came to a slow trot of a stop, heaviness weighing down her bones again all at once, as she plopped down to take a seat. How far had she gone? Just where had she gone? Oh, this was... rash, it was rash! And how good it felt to be rash! How good it felt, after weeks of letting herself lay still on the floor of the warriors den in all her anguish, to be anything at all!

She let herself exist there for a while longer, muscles aching, reminding herself she was alive.

And after a long while of sleeping through sunrises,

she greeted the peaking sun with wide eyes and baited breath.



It's been a year and I still miss you  
It's been a year since you left and I miss you  
It's been a year since I've seen your face or heard your voice  
And I miss you  
I miss our conversations  
I miss asking you for advice  
My hand misses holding yours  
I miss the warmth of your hugs  
Fuck I just miss you, ok?

But  
I don't miss the way you made me feel  
When I got so angry  
That I slammed my head into the wall  
Repeatedly.  
I don't miss your family  
And how they made me feel like I was nothing  
I don't miss having to compete with you  
On everything  
But fuck I still miss you

How come you got to call all the shots?  
Why didn't I get a say in any of this?  
Who put you in charge of this relationship?  
I don't remember doing that three years ago  
I don't remember much from three years ago  
I don't remember who I was without you  
Is that why I miss you?  
Because I lost myself in you?  
Because it feels like without you I am nothing?

That can't be it  
I know I am someone outside of our relationship  
How come I can't remember her?  
How come I can't remember what it's like without you?  
How come I can't imagine my life without it being tangled up in yours?  
How come I am the one left grieving and you get to move on so easily?  
How come I never saw it coming?  
How long had you been planning this?  
Months? Weeks? Days? Hours?  
What if that night had gone differently?

All questions I will never get answers to  
But fuck I miss myself more than I miss you  
How I used to smile and light up the room  
How I used to care so much about my friends  
How strong and independent I was  
How I would never let anyone get in my way  
I hope I find you again one day  
I hope I find myself again soon

Con guión y todo  
Keyla Marquez Vergel

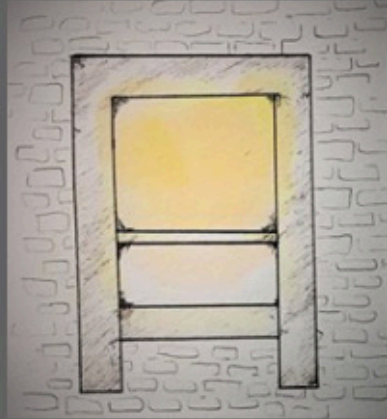
Me pierdo en lo entremedio.  
A mi voz la busco  
pero la encuentro más rápido en inglés.  
Aunque mi primer idioma sea el español,  
me encuentro siempre en el entremedio.  
Encuentro mi voz en el spanglish.

Mis padres no entienden mi inglés.  
Mis amigos no entienden mi español.  
A veces yo no me entiendo a mi misma,  
y de nuevo en el medio como un guión.

Cubana-americana pero a mi patria le soy fiel.  
Simplemente cubana,  
elimino el guión.  
¿Pero cómo puedo cuando no he vivido la Cuba que vivieron mis padres,  
mis abuelos,  
mis antepasados?  
De nuevo en el medio,  
Queriendo cohabitar en las dos identidades pero sin poder.

Escribo mi propio guión.  
En el, todos me entienden.  
En el, soy cubana y nadie me lo hace probar.  
En el, encuentro los dos idiomas al mismo tiempo.

Mitad de mi corazón se encuentra en La Habana,  
por eso vivo en las dos identidades.  
Ya no me encuentro en el entremedio.  
Soy simplemente yo, con guión y todo.



there's a window in front of me  
across the street  
it has the softest orange light inside  
and it's making me feel like  
the loneliest person on the planet

i've never had a place where i've felt at ease  
i look over my shoulder and tense my muscles  
wherever i go  
i can't tell if it's nature or nurture  
but i want that soft orange light

Lines  
Tyler Pufpaff

I am that faded line erased,  
Redrawn, and erased again  
Because it just doesn't quite fit in.

I realized though that maybe I was just being drawn on the wrong sheet of paper.

My genome obviously forgot  
To include the essentials  
That are required at social events  
From which I always find myself leaving.

Am I supposed to be just as less impressed with reality as they are?

I keep asking myself: Am I going somewhere?  
Hell, If I knew, would it even help me get there?

Someone asked me why my hair was so gray at 25.  
I responded: I'm just dying quicker than everyone else.  
She didn't like that.

I drive more tobacco into the ground,  
Screwing its disease into the earth.  
I wonder if I'm headed into the earth too.

I felt as though any ounce of real  
Had seeped out of my pores,  
And I glossed with the agony of days  
That pass too soon  
Would not find something real again.

I found myself; drawing lines on tombstones  
Insensate, when I related myself to a line  
Incorrectly drawn.

Now in another reality  
Looking down at myself,  
With the lines drawn on my arms  
I saw something real.