

The Born at Sea Collective Presents Volume One

Published August 25th, 2020

Contents

Letter from the Editor	3
Abby Bland (Poetry)	4
Aaron Lelito (Visual Art)	7
Linda M Crate (Poetry)	8
Honey Bee (Poetry)	10
Sydney Linders (Poetry)	11
Camille DeSanto (Visual Art)	12
T.C. Anderson (Poetry)	13

When I first set out to create Born at Sea Collective, never in my wildest dreams did I think the project would see the light of day, let alone make its debut mid-pandemic. Even now, at the time of writing this, it feels like the world is holding its breath, waiting for the “coast is clear”. I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t thought about abandoning this project, apologizing to the contributors that trusted us with their work, and disappearing from the internet altogether while imagining what could’ve been. If you’re reading this, just know we’ve made it.

If there’s anything I’ve learned over the course of this project, it’s that sometimes you have to take a step back to take two steps forward. And when it doesn’t work, sometimes you have to burn bridges to imagine a new foundation while digging up your roots to be replanted somewhere you can grow. I’ve learned that this applies to not only my personal life, but to my approach to creativity, literary critique, and community outreach. If anything is true, it’s that my admiration for our contributors has never faltered as their work has and continues to inspire and encourage me to see this project reach its full potential in the hopes of sharing it with you, the reader.

Thank you to everyone who contributed to Born at Sea Collective. Your creativity, your patience, and your belief in BASC is not lost on me, and I will be forever grateful. To the editors, Paige Johnson & Natalie Bradford, thank you for your friendship and all of those late night/early morning conversations about this project. And most of all, thank you for your hardwork. I appreciate you both in ways that I can’t begin to express. And lastly, to the reader, thank you for your curiosity, your willingness to explore what we have to offer, and most importantly, thank you for your time.

Enjoy.

Sincerely,

Michael Hendricks

Editor in Chief

Telescoped By Abby Bland

In the Norton Anthology, a footnote to Christopher Marlowe's Edward II

delineates Act 3 Scene 1 collapses action of some thirteen years
into the play's more digestible length.

I look up from the text and see the city skyline south of campus.

One day this story will be telescoped. Grey days will run into blue,
scene changing faster than Midwestern weather,
I'll remember there being snow on the ground
but I will be thinking of –
that would have been September.

Yes, we will say it was a long year and a hard year,
but this moment: I finally divine my thesis,
across the world you are walking to the pub,
so many like these, delineated "That year."

We fall asleep every night picturing the long awaited
embrace, the story we tell ourselves over
and over in an attempt to squash the present with future
until the present is past.
You can't telescope the present.

Telescoped (Cont.) By Abby Bland

If right now is Act 3 scene 1 line 35
And we play our parts
Act 4 will come no sooner.

In my head it is already spring
The day is cool to touch
And warm in feeling.

Beside the open window
the professor asks if there is a difference
between thinking
and imagining;

I think of you. I imagine

you, funny and brave,
at train headed north.

Abby Bland (she/her) lives and writes in Kansas City, Missouri. She has a B.A. in English from William Jewell College and is the Program Director for the Kansas City Poetry Slam and Poetic Underground Open Mic. Her work has appeared in Gyroscope Review, Ghost City Review, From Whispers to Roars and elsewhere. Find her on Instagram @applestoabby.

Untitled (Day Lillies)

By Abby Bland

You do not have to burn out
do not have to light the match,
who says that you must burn at all?

There are so many
other metaphors
you can embody.

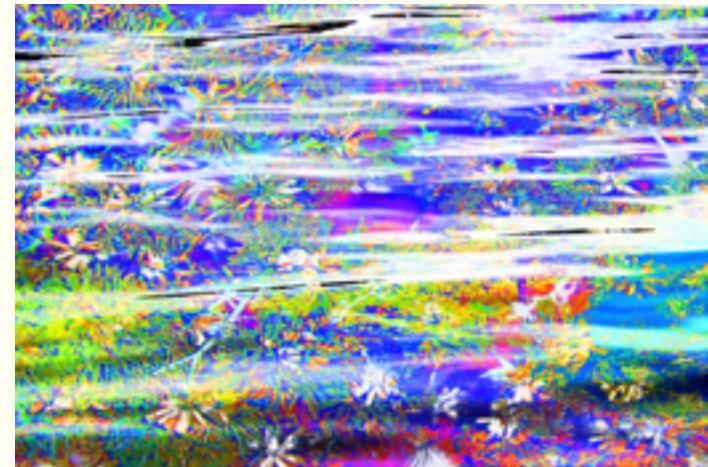
On any given day
you might find yourself
to be summer rain
without lightning,
no thunder

the soft steady gentleness
of water catching
on the petals
of the orange daylilies
descending,
making its home
in the earth.

Abby Bland (she/her) lives and writes in Kansas City, Missouri. She has a B.A. in English from William Jewell College and is the Program Director for the Kansas City Poetry Slam and Poetic Underground Open Mic. Her work has appeared in Gyroscope Review, Ghost City Review, From Whispers to Roars and elsewhere. Find her on Instagram @applestoabby.

Confronted with the Slippery Sounds of the Night

By Aaron Lelito



In my photography and digital art, I am primarily drawn to the patterns and imagery of nature. This subject matter has become a way for me to reflect on the larger themes of environment, climate, and ecology. Along with this macro view, however, there is the micro—one's personal, subjective relationship with nature. There are restorative, therapeutic, and transcendent aspects of interacting with the waves, flowing water, leaves, and branches. To me, these simple patterns have a deep resonance with the transformations that are a part the human condition./Naturalist and writer Henry David Thoreau emphasizes this renewed sense of vision and exploration that is embedded within the world around us: "Nature will bear the closest inspection; she invites us to lay our eye level with the smallest leaf and take an insect view of its plain. She has no interstices; every part is full of life." I'm drawn to pieces that embody this principle and draw inspiration from the seemingly ordinary—the more one looks, the more there is to see.

Medium: Digital Photography

Aaron Lelito is a visual artist and writer from Buffalo, NY. In his photographic work, he is primarily drawn to the patterns and imagery of nature. His images have most recently been published in The Esthetic Apostle and The Hand Magazine, with upcoming publication in Freshwater Review, High Shelf Press, and About Place Journal./Website: aaronlelito.com/Instagram: @runic_ruminations

these feathers were meant for
releasing
By Linda M Crate

i am a phoenix
my immortal light
never dies,
and so i cannot give
into the chaos and fear in
the heart of mankind;
i am mindful of their worries
& i try to protect myself as best as
i can—
but i cannot fall into the gaping
maw of black teeth
that nightmares smile at me
because i am the dream that shatters
darkness,

these feathers were meant for
releasing (Cont)
By Linda M Crate

i am the hope that never fades;
my wings burn brightly lighting the candles
of others as i cross their path
so that the world doesn't need to stumble
in the darkness—
there's no other way in me than through hope,
and once hope has grasped me in her firm hands i cannot
be released to the chaos in this world;
these feathers were meant for releasing not holding
so i burn every bridge we were not meant to stand on.

Linda M. Crate's works have been published in numerous magazines and anthologies both online and in print. She is the author of six poetry chapbooks, the latest of which is: More Than Bone Music (Clare Songbirds Publishing House, March 2019). She's also the author of the novel Phoenix Tears (Czykmate Books, June 2018). Recently she has published two full-length poetry collections Vampire Daughter (Dark Gatekeeper Gaming, February 2020) and The Sweetest Blood (Cyberwit, February 2020).

Domestic By Honey Bee

I cried and rebelled,
Said I hated marriage.
Thought it was a prison
Designed by patriarchy.
That was before.
Before I knew me truly,
When women weren't
An option for fear
Of oppression and ridicule
But now I have myself
In the front row
And all I want to be
Is the loving wife
Of the woman who loves
Me despite everything.

Honey is a 19 year old lesbian living in Indiana. She attends Indiana University and is majoring in archaeology. She is a Pagan witch devoted to Aphrodite so religion is a common theme in her work. Honey's other passions include hiking, gardening, and embroidery.

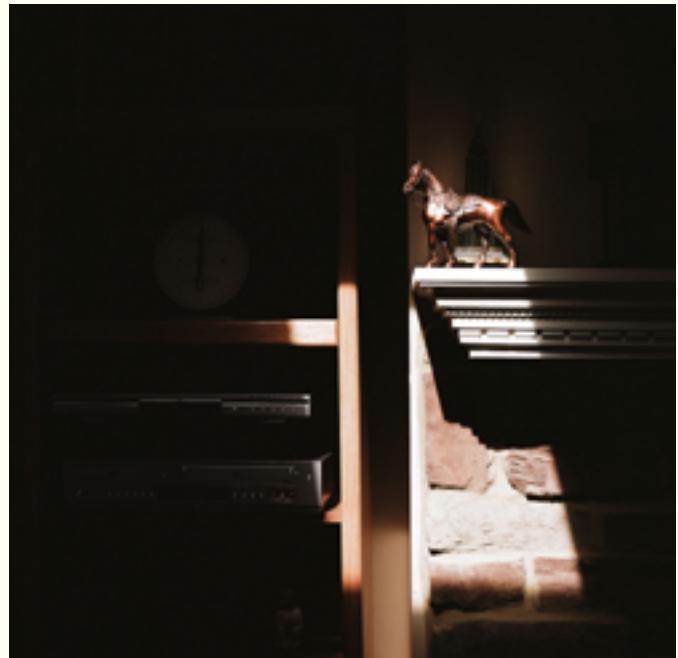
High Off Life By Sydney Linders

tw: mention of drug use

Inhaling the bitter smoke of reality
Is the cause of my latest maladies.
I need to quit—
I have too many scars from in-between hits.
But when I get there, nothing can compare,
Clouds between my toes and stardust in my hair,
24k smile on my face—
I am so happy to be in this place.

Sydney Linders is a Michigan native, Kalamazoo Valley Community College alumna, and freelance writer.

Living Room at Noon By Camille Desanto



Living Room at Noon was taken with a Hasselblad 500 C/M camera with Portra 160 film.

Camille DeSanto is a photojournalism major at George Washington University. She is passionate about meeting people and telling their stories visually with her camera.

I wait and wander By T.C. Anderson

And so I wait,
starting at the same
tree limbs, the
one whose leaves
find new life year
after year as I only
grow older, gray
and withered,
pale as the
moonlit snow.

And so I wander,
foot after foot,
eye after eye,
night chasing day
behind every tree,
kiss of life found
in every falling
star, illuminating
every step you
have walked.
And still you found me. You revive
me like everything before was
nothing more than a storybook
fairytale, a forgotten wish a
genie now grants me.
I waited and wandered.
And now you are here.

T.C. Anderson is a writer and poet based in Houston, Texas, with work published or forthcoming in literary journals *The Metaworker* and *Infinity's Kitchen*, as well as Zimbell House Publishing anthology *The Dead Game*. She is currently working on a poetry collection entitled *The Forest*, to be published in 2020, accompanying an art installation of the same name. When not writing, she is an award-winning graphic designer at Lone Star College in Kingwood, Texas. She lives in Houston with her husband, Jared.

Dream In Detail

By T.C Anderson

The world is silent,
blind to clouds and angels.

Enter your heart,
dream in detail,
take your memories
and run.

Give something back to the world.

Align with me,
will me back to life, and
return to innocence.

T.C. Anderson is a writer and poet based in Houston, Texas, with work published or forthcoming in literary journals The Metaworker and Infinity's Kitchen, as well as Zimbell House Publishing anthology The Dead Game. She is currently working on a poetry collection entitled The Forest, to be published in 2020, accompanying an art installation of the same name. When not writing, she is an award-winning graphic designer at Lone Star College in Kingwood, Texas. She lives in Houston with her husband, Jared.

Meet The Editors

Natalie Bradford

Natalie Bradford is an artist from Detroit, Michigan and recent graduate of Western Michigan University's School of Art. Her expertise is in fine studio art, such as drawing, painting, and collage, and printmaking. Her work explores memory, the passage of time, and death.

Paige Johnson

Paige Clare Johnson is an artist & poet from West Michigan. She previously attended Western Michigan University, where she studied poetry and playwriting after spending several years performing on stage. Her poems, *Evolve Her* & *Empty Touch*, are featured in Display Magazine.

Michael Hendricks

Michael Hendricks is a writer & freelance editor from West Michigan. They received a BA in English from Western Michigan University where they studied fiction and literary criticism. They have published essays with Rhythm & Bones Press and Houseguest Gallery.