

*George L Stein – Shadow-casting*

*George L Stein is a photographer living in the greater NYC area  
focused on strong contrasts and interesting juxtapositions.*



**Mausoleum Press**

**Issue 02: Coven**

# *Masthead*

Editor In Chief: Lucy Cundill

Deputy Editor: Zoe Street

Deputy Editor and Social Media Manager: Georgia Greetham

# Table of Contents

<i>George L Stein – Shadow-casting</i> .....	1
<i>Masthead</i> .....	2
<i>Table of Contents</i> .....	3
<i>Nate Hoil - KEEP YOUR CHIN UP (YOU'RE NECK DEEP IN WATER)</i> .....	4
<i>Mary Elder – Invitation</i> .....	5
<i>Kerry Trautman - Stray V</i> .....	6
<i>Ken Ricci – no. 10</i> .....	7
<i>Cat Dixon - Middle age</i> .....	9
<i>Sarah Wallis - The Memory of the World*</i> .....	10
<i>Aishwarya Khale - Fragments; November</i> .....	12
<i>vampsprite - demon queen of the cosmos</i> .....	13
<i>Hannah Simmons - Bewitched in the bottle</i> .....	15
<i>Michael Borth - FAKE HAIR</i> .....	17
<i>Cristine G – Roses</i> .....	19
<i>R L Raymond - Two Miles South</i> .....	20
<i>Abigail Sims - Every morning, my stillbirth</i> .....	23
<i>George L Stein – Nocturnal Ceremonies</i> .....	24

*Nate Hoil - KEEP YOUR CHIN UP (YOU'RE NECK DEEP IN WATER).*

To trap the feast, put a feast in a trap.

The town's people parade the prehistoric swordfish  
(that punctures my flailing body) through the dirty knuckles of road.

Tomorrow will soon be today. Today will be gone forever.

The audio of mouths comes out rapid, with no keynote.

I tell the fish that I have no gun, but know how to play the guitar.

I'll introduce you to the sparkles on the concrete.

Like smoking a cigarette by a dumpster, I'll show you how alone we really are.

Above us, a chain of stars is expanding at serious speed.

The townsfolk look like snowmen melting around their carrot-filled mouths.

One day I'll grow old and harmless, like the world wishes I was.

I'll be the special little moment the world keeps in its pocket.

For now, I'm the feast, and the trapper. I'll behead anything with a neck.

*Nate Hoil is a millionaire playboy. You can find more of his work at [natehoil.com](http://natehoil.com).*

*Twitter/Instagram: @natehoil*

## *Mary Elder – Invitation*

Goodbye, I'm off to be a witch in the garage.  
There's my supple demon lover smoking a Marb  
in your mother's folding chair, there's my large  
and hairy familiar spirit sleeping beneath the star  
in our box of Christmas ornaments. You say  
you won't come in. Is it because my gingerbread  
recipe requires your heart? Come inside and stay.  
I need more than one part of you. The dead  
know you already. Witches love a righteous man,  
but you'll do. Don't be afraid. I've got an apple  
for you in my bathrobe. You should understand,  
a woman needs a hobby, so don't go tattle  
to some Christian God. Don't you want me to fly?  
I moved the roof to make room for the sky.

*Mary Elder is a poet living in Southern California. She has been published in the Colorado Review. Her interests include cats, angels, devils, and carbohydrates. Twitter: @mazcat5*

*Kerry Trautman - Stray V*

I think it was your body I buried near  
the red-twig dogwood—not the forsythia where

I buried the ginger cat that August Friday 6am  
before the kids were up and the sun

too high to dig clay anymore. For you, the bush  
near the Queen of the Prairie—pink blooms

dried October brown and bowed down.

If only you had stayed curled-up far from  
roads—in shade of shrubs or the catmint at  
the edge of the garden—you wouldn't have

had to try to outrun machines built to win that bet.

Today it rained so I didn't need to hose clay til soft

enough to dig like August. I hope neighbors and other  
cats just think I planted something. My husband

asked me why do I keep doing this to myself  
and the answer could only be another question.

*Kerry Trautman is a poetry editor for the online journal Red Fez. Her work has appeared in various anthologies and journals, including Slippery Elm, Free State Review, The Fourth River, Midwestern Gothic, and Gasconade Review. Kerry's poetry books are Things That Come in Boxes (King Craft Press 2012,) To Have Hoped (Finishing Line Press 2015,) Artifacts (NightBallet Press 2017,) and To be Nonchalantly Alive (Kelsay Books 2020.)*



*Ken Ricci – no. 10*

*K.G. Ricci has spent most of his time in New York City where he currently lives and works. It has only been the last five years that he has devoted himself to the creation of his collage panels. Though not formally trained, Ken worked in the art department at the Strand Bookstore during his student years and it was there that he familiarized himself with the works of his favorite artists, including Bearden, di Chirico and Tooker. After a career in the music business and a decade of teaching in NYC schools, Ken began creating his own original artwork in earnest.*



## *Cat Dixon - Middle age*

At this stage, it's weird to not  
recall how we ended up on  
this cliff. The ruin of fog  
under our dangling long legs  
rubs against the soles of  
our worn shoes. We refuse to  
fall, to crawl away, to push  
out of the night with its  
nails and coffins. Consider our  
zodiac signs—Capricorns scale  
emotional terrain while your  
realm is fire and pain. No one  
else will rescue me from this.  
Liftoff comes at sunrise—don't  
leave me alone—your wings are  
invisible in the dark for now.

*Cat Dixon (she/her) is a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee. She is the author of *Eva and Too Heavy to Carry* (Stephen F. Austin University Press, 2016, 2014) and the chapbook, *Table for Two* (Poet's Haven, 2019). Recent work published in *Sledgehammer Lit* and *Whale Road Review*. She is a poetry editor at *The Good Life Review*.*

## *Sarah Wallis - The Memory of the World\**

A sky disc from the Bronze Age marks up  
the symbols we've always known, taught

well, from first warmth, daily calls to 'Rise  
and shine!' but watch out too for magical night

skies, moonscapes held long in the romantic memory,  
last to fade from us, the picture book saffron sun,

gold stars held on an oxidised plate, a patina  
greened by time and by weather, shows a bold crescent

the sky moon on a great sky stick and more  
symbols that might be the mystic rainbow, the solstice

angles, or simply the arc of the sun, drawing  
across the sky in the solar barge, the sun god's chariot,

(he always had one - no matter who was charged  
with his story) and the scatter of the gentle Pleiades,

seven sisters who watched over the first stories  
of the world, and who will watch long after our own

sky stories are done and we are at one with the stars.

\*The Nebra sky disk features the oldest concrete depiction of the [cosmos](#) yet known from anywhere in the world. In June 2013 it was included in the [UNESCO Memory of the World Register](#) and termed one of the most important archaeological finds of the twentieth century.

*Sarah Wallis is a poet & playwright based in Scotland, UK. Recent work is at Beir Bua, The Madrigal and Spectra, forthcoming in The Broken Spine and Ample Remains. She has two chapbooks, Medusa Retold, available from @fly\_press and Quietus Makes an Eerie from Dancing Girl Press, with How to Love the Hat Thrower due next year from @SelcouthStation. She tweets @wordweave and you can find out more at sarahwallis.net*

## *Aishwarya Khale - Fragments; November*

We float through this city, fifteen years of blinking lights, my Gotham; high piles of love letters and newspaper clippings of subway survivors. The yellow cab speeds down at the square. The switching fragments, from post war Vienna and a semblance of a temporal spring, the lovers slice watermelons and ravish hot dogs.

Belated retrospection, her narration switches from carnal nuances with salt rimmed cocktail glasses to her grandmother's anachronistic lyric.

The 69<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> buzz; not there yet, I buy brown skirts for the autumn and jump ahead coherent storylines. In summer, she will trace my secret memoir, theorise her own analysis and will be bereft.

Paradoxical, I say; Though the provocative approach, ongoing search, her new string of lovers will all be forgiven. Interrupted youth, yet continues to carry it along like an uncompleted task. Perished into her arms, a survivor and extended catastrophe. Vehement conventions, broken milk bottles dripping in the kitchen sink. I lay that secret, bridging gaps and living in the afterwards.

A teenager on a Long Island ferry, tightly relies on stubborn decisions, now testimonial, simpering with thirst. Inside the broken rooms, the figurine falls off the newspaper; Wind gushes in through the fire escape and perishes.

Bending and stirring, egg yolks and blue gloves; I find memorised poems and personal role calls shut tight in her biscuit jar; They strangle at my touch, and mulch down like a liquid love.

\*\*\*



### *vampsprite - demon queen of the cosmos*

*vampsprite is a 22 year old self taught freelance artist that creates all kinds of magical and spooky LGBT folk and haunted things! He does personal commissions and sells prints online! The program xe uses to paint is Clip Studio Paint. He specializes in character design and portraiture, with a style ranging from semi-realistic to cartoonish. Inspired by the beauty of nature and the art styles of a wide range of artists he follows on social media, he draws mostly in his free time as his sole source of income. Starting drawing at a young age to keep himself occupied with ADHD, he's been inspired by the world around him since he can remember, particularly horror, fantasy, and media with dark elements. Xe is motivated to create with an urge to show the world what goes on inside his head, having ADHD, auditory tactile synesthesia and an intensely visual memory (and probably more). The artists that inspire him the most are countless, wanting to appreciate them all with vigor.*



*Hannah Simmons - Bewitched in the bottle*

I dove, a crazed dive -  
as if a dying spider,  
tumbling like rain into the bottle.  
a mermaid then  
a fleshy firefly of a tail,  
and a fin, deadly and loose  
it formed a noose around my pale, thirsty  
neck as I  
swelled in the acid.  
I butterflied to my past,  
hazed by the crush  
of stinging wetness,  
watching my birth through a wave.  
I burrowed to  
the bottom, until the water was sticky,  
bound together like crushed  
marmalade. It was the land of broken  
phones, their screens burnt by the taste,  
mountains of drunken phone calls,  
lost to the endless weight  
above me.  
I began to talk then, all  
of the things I wanted to say  
to my Mother, and my Father,  
and that boy I thought had loved  
me but who had just wanted  
to fuck me.  
The words wrapped up in  
hate. They came spewing out  
like shit,

cruel, and heavy with the spell. A  
scream of pain, muffled only  
slightly by the ridges of  
tequila and the dregs of someone else's beer.  
Then I, deranged  
my eyes  
frothy from the swim,  
cut my hands on the glass,  
screaming go away  
and then  
please come back in.

*Hannah Simmons is an avid reader and writer of poetry from the Northwest of England. She loves to experiment with language and form, and is interested in how metaphysics relates to the modern world and its technological advancements, especially in regards to social media culture.*

*Michael Borth - FAKE HAIR*

I do not want to be known or touched  
in the perfect cube of my fragile world.  
I am tired of my voice  
but I will resurrect a city with it  
or push it through you  
until it is the correct register of hatred.

She had fake hair.  
She would scream  
then curl herself  
into the ejection of a compliment  
like a feather mistaken spore.  
She said I was one of the bad ones  
but it was okay  
because everyone liked me.  
She said I was born dead  
just like her.  
Everything a curse.  
Everything a hint  
of the true narrative  
made by the application of hints.  
She was furious.  
She was playful.  
She described  
what men did to her  
and said she loved it all.  
She did not lose  
her second virginity.  
She said she had a great time.

*Michael Borth is a writer from the Hudson Valley. His work has appeared in Fence, New World Writing, SPECTRA, Forever Magazine, SELFFUCK, Expat Press, Cordite Poetry Review, Carrier Pigeon, and The Write Launch. He can be reached here:  
michaeljborth@gmail.com*

*Cristine  
G –  
Roses*

*Cristine G.  
is a casual  
artist from  
Brazil. She  
spends her  
time doing  
crochet,  
collecting  
coins,  
taking  
care of her  
plants and  
thinking  
about how  
much she  
dislikes  
every kind  
of  
sparkling  
drink. You  
can find  
her on  
Twitter  
@WinterG  
houll*



*R L Raymond - Two Miles South*

they lead down  
leaf-heavy  
old stone steps  
into a dankness corporeal

a scabrous wound that cuts the earth

she'd never seen a stairway  
not here  
not in thirty years  
and so close to the cottage

*it's just a root cellar*

she's alone  
the treads are scuffed  
there are no spider-webs

*it's just a root cellar*

she imagines  
stills  
plants  
red eyes  
hot knives

and runs  
while stopping a scream  
with a shaky hand

\*\*\*

at the cabin  
the hook & eye latch  
keeps the door from banging in the evening breeze

she puts the flashlight on the counter  
pours a bourbon – her father’s favourite –  
bundles up and sinks into a chair

she stares into the gloaming  
tumbler close to the chest  
jittery and restless

\*\*\*

everything seems asleep in the woods  
no birds or critters or frogs  
not a sound  
just her breath  
deep between sips  
just her mind  
spinning  
    swimming  
        sinking

\*\*\*

    wafts of malevolence climb the hoary scar  
    wander northwards  
    to the cottage  
    through the cracks in its chinking  
    along the quilt around her neck  
just grazing the fullness of her lips

*An Imagist, R L Raymond tells stories through fiction, poetry, and photography.*

*He earned his Master of Arts in English Literature from the University of Western Ontario and has been published in Canada, the United States, Australia, and Europe.*

*Please visit [www.RLRaymond.com](http://www.RLRaymond.com) for more information.*

*Abigail Sims - Every morning, my stillbirth*

I, a raven choking,  
breast bursting with maggots—  
a harsh hacking of mucus and blood—  
schooled to silence, to smiles,  
to the science of kneeling.  
Words scrabbling for the throat, in close-cleft confines  
clawing their way out into the sunshine  
still closeted in their birthing-sacks  
flecked with fluid.  
I had so much to say,  
but gently hissing, that dark reptilian god,  
his green-jawed grin takes us all:  
my glutton, merciless.  
Harangued, he held me,  
a pale experimental bird:  
dumb and fluttering to the kiss,  
shouldered into abbreviation.  
So I dipped my daughters in the ash-soaked river  
and fell  
until the sun hung low enough  
to cast a crocodile's shadow.

*Abigail is an emerging writer. She currently daylights as a content-wrangler for a technology company in the great city of Austin, Texas, and spends her free time playing with snails or swords, depending on the day. Her work has previously appeared at Beyond Words, Sand Hills, and Rusty Scythe. You can find links to all of the above (and more) on her website, [abigailesims.com](http://abigailesims.com).*

*George L Stein – Nocturnal Ceremonies*

*George L Stein is a photographer living in the greater NYC area focused on strong contrasts and interesting juxtapositions.*

