



THE
woove

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cover art by mar p tom

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by rachel hargrave // tigress
by shanice aga

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kathleen martin

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michaela desmond

page 4: untitled by hannah
hudson // waiting by
katelyn forbish

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of leaves by nina thomas //
day and night dreams by
taylor mcgough

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kathleen martin

page 7: daylight by skye
hagood // ray by sam
becker

page 8: untitled by mary
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“Love Letter to Sleep”

My elusive lover
You flit between my waking dreams
As the sun slowly rises in the east

I lay in bed
Wishing it was you who held me close
But when I roll over
There is no one but me and my anxiety
My sole companion in the darkness of the night




Silent screams of frustration build in my chest &
Anxiety keeps a vice grip around lungs
Each breath a battle
While my mind feels numb

What have I done
To earn your scorn
Nighttime was once a
Time of serene solitude

Why must I lie alone

Nothing but velvet darkness in the dead of night &
My thoughts rattling around in my empty brain

A central graphic with rounded corners featuring a collage of various cats in sleeping poses. The cats are set against a background of orange and yellow starburst patterns. To the right of the cats is a piece of white paper with blue horizontal lines, containing handwritten text in black ink. The entire graphic is surrounded by a repeating pattern of white pillows.

But like
I can't sleep
and like
I wonder why
but then like
I know why

I can't sleep
because I think
of you
when I
close my eyes



Waiting



I've been asleep all my life,
dreaming of the next day or
the next month or the next year,
dreaming of all the things
I'll never do or say or see or feel,
dreaming of what it'd be like
to be the person I'd always
wished I could be, or be with,
waiting for my life to begin like
one counts the cracks in the ceiling
while waiting to doze off at night.





When I woke up it felt like fear
like love sinned.
I won't though
I've got angels so
allow like water flow go
above fear like blood thinned.

When I wake it's like knowing
it's slow like growing
and I'm never going back.
The places I've been remain the same
but inside I know that I have changed
and I'm not coming back.
I'm not waking up from this night
it's strange it feels just like daylight

Smile with tears from ear to ear and face towards the sun.
From east to west across the sky the stars did run
while to the moon was up before the light begun.

24/77

Facedown in a pile of reams

Nthomas 2015



Daylight

Ray

I.

sleep still in your voice
skin between us now
muscular but soft

my light touch
tracing your jawline
under the softest threads

*our arms wake
with a gentle stir.
Sunday, 7:02 a.m.*

II.

*your arms sculpted and stark
against my skin, dark
we entangle in synchronous rhythm*

bare chest
steady breath
rise and fall

pull me closer.

I just threw up my netherest soul:
through my open mouth poured
my mother's guilt and grey-blue eyes and
Van Morrison's Doondance,

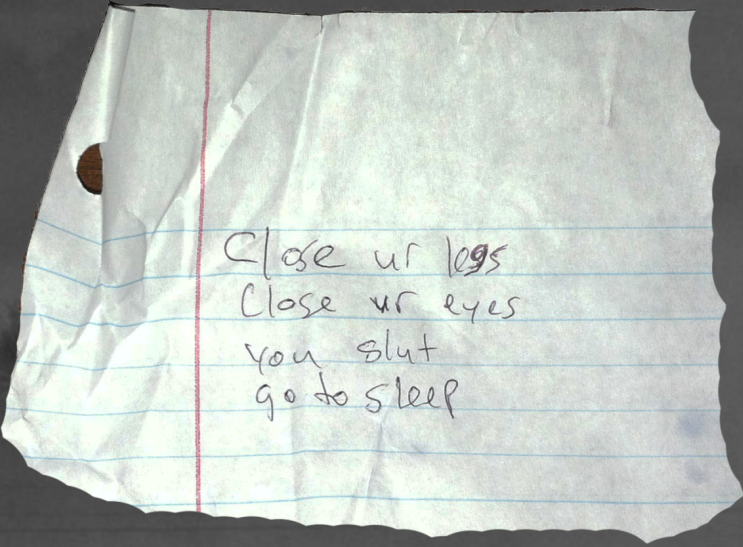
*my father's stoic smile and tight wallet
hating the Grateful Dead.*

Losing myself piecemeal.

*I'm afraid to eat lunch alone
like it's middle school again.*

There on the ground,

*I poke the sick stuff of psyche
and something escapes.*



Close ur legs
Close ur eyes
you slut
go to sleep

