

TIMSHEL

an anthology of grief and joy

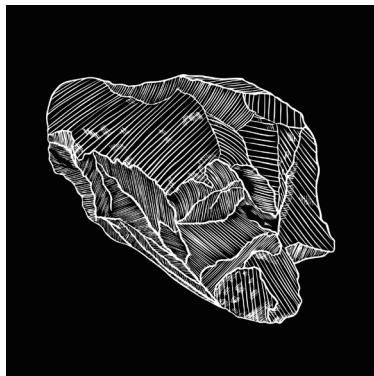
v. 2

TIMSHEL

an anthology of grief and joy

volume 2

edited by Ruth Hale
and Joshua Hale



2021

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF
JAM HALE
TIMSHEL—‘THOU MAYEST’
THAT GIVES A CHOICE

all proceeds go to Boise Mutual Aid

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FOREWORD

The first volume of *Timshel* came about after a very tragic and personal loss. We gave it the subtitle “an anthology of grief and joy” because the months after this loss were strange and contradictory. The deepest chasms of grief were sometimes momentarily inverted by lucid and vertiginous heights of joy. These two seemingly disparate emotions (if we can call them that), while distinct, felt somehow symbiotic. Is joy a natural defense against grief? Is grief a necessary piece of experiencing joy? These questions were the impetus for *Timshel*. To attempt to understand our grief and its relationship with joy through the art of others—to anthologize a complex relationship between contradictory terms.

Grief is like any word in that it cannot contain the depth and breadth of that for which it stands. But that is the power of art—not in defining, but in exploring and synthesizing ideas and experiences, and at times transcending language.

Existing today in an unparalleled era of shared grief—global and constant—we find this exploration more pertinent than ever. This second volume is meant to be read from cover to cover, weaving a path through the heart of this full-and-empty sensation we are experiencing together.

Ruth Hale and Joshua Hale
October 2021

CLOUDFORM

When will a human invent enoughness
and who will be the early adopters of enough—?
I'm not ashamed to have whatever this is
and want more/ what's more
somewhere a set of numbers appears
in the cloudform, begging to be read
aloud and interpreted as holy. Somewhere
a decision is made. You tell me I'm alright,
that my range is acceptable, but supernumerary.
I could stay up with the dream of your attention all night.
To be assumed a sum of attributes — to be known
at all complicates the utopia. It is
the same difficulty we have with saying our own names.
Follow me up the stair, my love, put each slogan to bed
with me, soft as beehum. In the sleep
some of us sleep, some of us dance, some of us falllost
to an impossible reverie of grass, soft
with piss, and green with genetics.

POEM FOR THE FUTURE

You begin to search the beach for the single sliver of gold
designed to be in your mouth.

It is not a key. It resembles a key.

Not even the grit sensation of sand in your teeth seems to belong to you.

And that gold is especially difficult.

If there is a locket? Lock it.

Yours is the overpriced cocktail, the mouthful of perfume.
The inheritance sweater falling apart, one spool-ful of wool at a time.

Quick poetry was for an ancestor with a foaming notion
of who their grandchildren would be,

though they could not imagine them beyond
what they believed to be a stanzas arc.

Their timepieces fell into disrepair, their projects all sundowning
at the foot of hospice.

Uncles disappeared and reappeared like frogs and snakes.
A male hummingbird invited himself in as a symbol.

Be gone, legacy. Be done with us.

We remove our shoes, suddenly an our, an hour or so passing
before we can understand: There was another

place, a hungry place where we didn't get everything we said we wanted.

But then: A meteor, a comet, some love we weren't expecting.

Now what— ?

The tide came and went already, but here it is again,
a hungry dog, a little crazed but happy to see us.

An unclaimed daughter is blinking against a lacy film of veins,
blinking into an un-formed *not yet*.

Quiet crashes into the room the moment before something happens.

A full quiver for anyone who comes between us.

While we wait, a fly wrings its hands in a milk bowl,
draws a wreath in the cream with its struggling wings.

We made young lips with a little fat and elbow grease-
and it goes on like this.

We stand within our gold rings, ready, already. Evergreen.

The soil is turning in the somewhere, a fatty worm making soft of the ground
by unleashing its shit.

The leaves in a catastrophe of layers,
like falling apart completely & there goes our face—

decomposed enough, torn so a little strand of DNA creeps
from a pocket of cheek.

We remember, now.

We were loved before too, and when we died again, we were revived
in a nauseous and pleasurable gesture

to breathe in inventive new ways, like algae, like
what else uses its body to think about light.



Quincee Lark
crying in the hills
24 x 36 oil on canvas



Quincee Lark
the heart and the throat
22 x 16 oil on panel



WET WOOL

chest softer and
 throat more raw
 over cashmere hills
i carry her back to idaho, as a sweater
 pilling with sagebrush
the shadows throw themselves, smooth and languid
 this topography
between the contours and my own flesh
 stumbling thirsty
 though the high desert
mother, i can feel that your shoulder is rigid
 accumulated stones
compressing to become rocky
 blood vessels and fascia
 roots and mycelium
hold together no matter how much it seems i am
 becoming mist
trust i will recondense just enough
 air saturated with sorrow
to translate granite in weight but not appearance, to a cloud
 which cries over the hills
until the wool smells wet and all has been soaked-in
 before the erosion of salted rain
 before the grass
fell limp and was washed out into
 prismatic glimmers
 in the spray of water

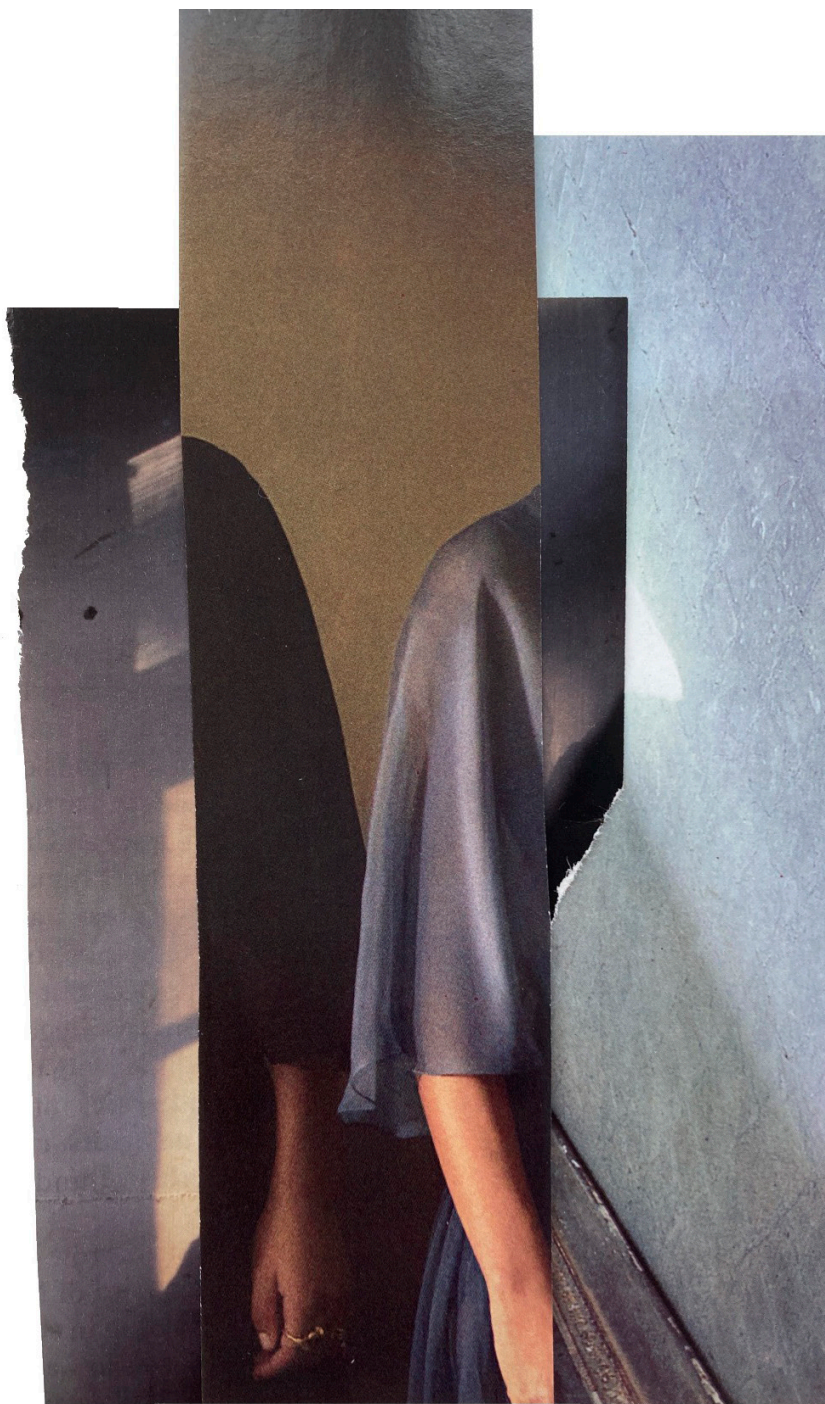
DIGITAL DISSOLVE

i hadn't felt like crying until this morning
 when i saw myself on the screen
 sun rushing in the window behind my shoulder blades
 my back to it
 droplets visible through spectral skull

sliced open
 in the place where hot blood rushes to meet bacterial miasma
 invisible empathy projects in sharp rays

i watched it
 dissolve my edges
 corrode my wingtips
 turn my visage cobalt

i wished for the phagocytosis of pixels
 the ecstasy of light eating shadow
 open your mouth wide
 lest we forget the meal
 the bliss of chemo-digital digestion



Claire Peckham
from collage series *Misplaced*





Claire Peckham
from collage series *Misplaced*



Claire Peckham
from collage series *Misplaced*

CARRYING

I tended to you
Tender I grew

Little tumbling
Nearly kept

Light baubling
Inside a glass

Before piercing
Out

RITUAL FOR AFTER THE BLEEDING STOPS

go emptyhanded to the place where it began \ stand beneath each small cloud
& hold \ your head in your hands & say amen, amen \ let your emptying \
voice rend the air motherless

look now for a tree in which a dove is \ building a nest of her own for the
very first time \ yes there will be a tree \ yes there will be a mother \ yes yes
keep looking \ there will be there will be



Ameerah Bader
handmade relief print

SOBER

A week after I told you that you couldn't come home
I was walking through the closet after a bath when the clothes on your side brushed against
my body. It was electric.

I walked back and forth a few times,
I smelled your ugliest sweater, then walked out. Your orange cat sat at the edge of the doorway
and cried.

How I decided which things to send you:
First, I selected the clothes that made you look well-loved. Then I looked for items
that would bring comfort.

I started a pile for Goodwill: anything
you still had from when we met 15 years ago. Anything too worn, too old, too big.

I don't know why I decided to check your pockets.

Anything with receipts for dinners or evenings
I knew nothing about. Any of these things,
went straight to the dumpster.

Your cat sat for days by the front door.

I read all your scraps of paper, found the postcards
addressed and written – that you never sent me when we were apart. I learned that I was
always your beneficiary.

I packed what was good, like a wife does when her husband is leaving on a very long trip, and she won't be going with him.

I emptied your travel bag, handwashing it, removing the soap scum, the fragments of deodorant in each and every divided space. You once said you were our historian.

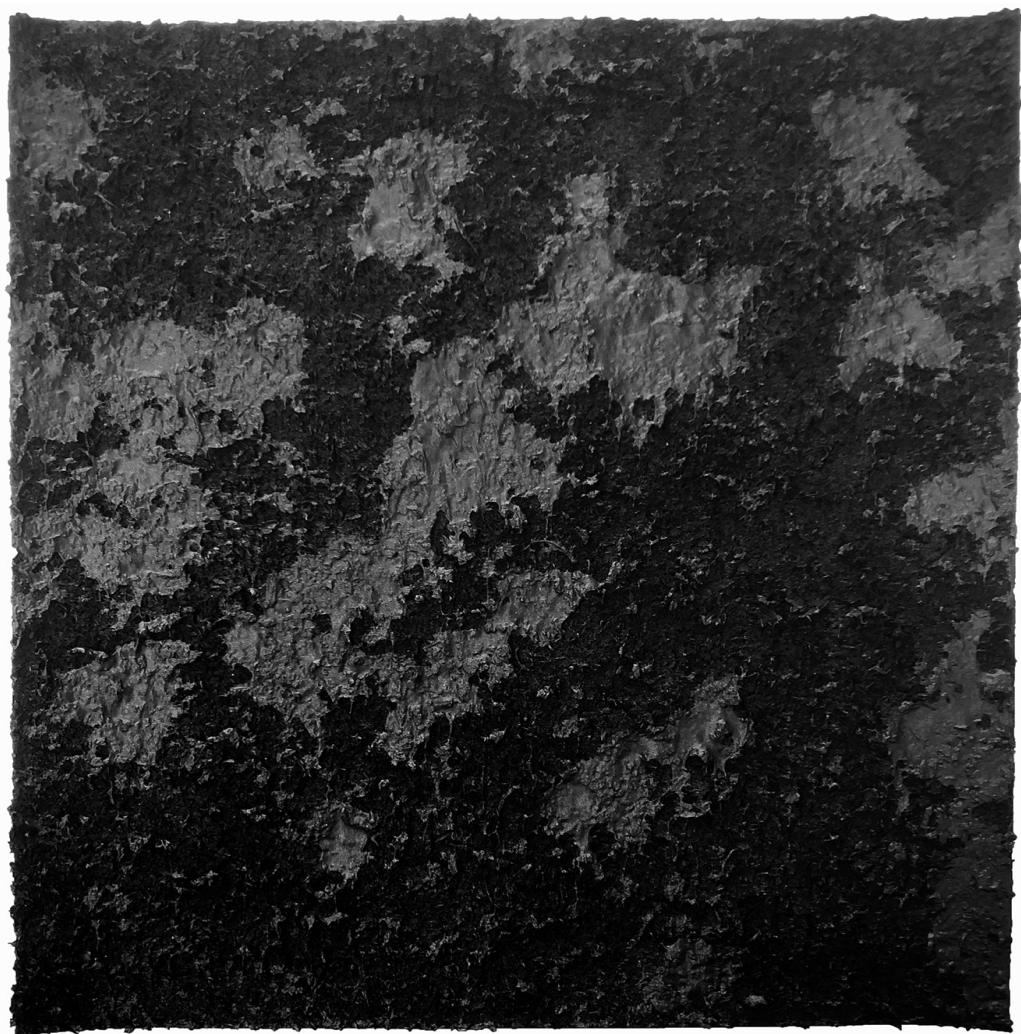
There were mini bottles of shampoo and conditioner, the bars of soap from our trips and yours. In the second drawer I found every golf ball you had found near our doorstep.

Late that night I held each one, closed my eyes, thinking of our best memories, throwing each one as far as I could back onto the course.





Amanda Hamilton
from *Dark Adaptation*





Amanda Hamilton
from *Dark Adaptation*





Amanda Hamilton
from *Dark Adaptation*



installation at SooVAC, Minneapolis, MN



Amanda Hamilton
Dark Adaptation series
acrylic and organic materials on 13 x 12 panels

FATHERHOOD OVER EASY

You had just come into our lives
like midday following curtains ripped from their rings;
you are how I measure life now.

I sat on our steps in a whiskey haze
half-listening to the spit-spit-spit
of sprinklers returning to first position
before popping again to arabesque.

Our neighbor across the way
lifted his Miller Lite to me or the night before retiring,
the moon just balanced on the crux of his rooftop
like an egg poised to be lifted and cracked.

Your mother brought you to the door
and I leaned all the way back to kiss your head
still untouched by water of its first bath,
soft where the knitting continued.

An hour and an angry horn from State Street
found me lying there,
head on the welcome mat,
hand gone cold from a drink going warm.

Sitting up, I saw the moon
now three moon-widths above the rooftop
and a strong breeze could have brought that egg
crashing down.



Jodie Dzaich Pounders
from *Dig* series
16 x 20 mixed media on canvas





Jodie Dzaich Pounders
from *Dig* series
30 x 40 mixed media on canvas

THE 7:50 BUS

You have 45 minutes to be depressed.

Let's not look in the mirror, babe.

Shouldn't've said *babe*. Can't say mama.

Love, you got Monday things to pretend to

after what you've lost. You say, *we've lost*.

We've got to catch the bus in 11 seconds.

Shouldn't've said outnumber intentions.

The mean ones balloon. 'specially mine.

One of us dreamed an obsidian ocean,
surrounded by freshwater apostrophes,

commas going to work, commuting our
sentences. Nice work if we could keep it.

I'm looking in the rearview on a ticking,
empty bus, while my clothes fit the same.

TRENDING

The Internet of Things
is vacated, then replaced
by the Internet of Not things.

A koan of koans, hallelujah,
upsets the drone of drones.
The sky cries zeroes and ohs.

A net which catches nothing
becomes extremely popular.

Something & nothing look
familiar to each other when
neither is remotely edible.

Messages in space capsules
are the fresh elderly scams:
upload lives to the heavens.

Forgotten memories are all
backed up like a public toilet
at the summit of a mountain.

Printing a planet takes too
damn long, but erasing one,
time-wise, is quite reasonable.

Turns out, nature is a non-
profit beating its projections
mercifully.

The warmest ocean sounds
like the crack of an ice sheet
tucking us in for slumber.

AND EPIC GAME THAT SOMETIMES ENDS (WITH CHILDREN)

“Whoever flies the most planes from kitchen
to coffee table out in the living room wins!”

I yelled & folded paper triangles in circles
around you. My counter top reached capacity.

“No one can match my prolific armada!”
I yelled. You scoffed right back, “Armadas!

Armadas are for boats.” Five planes grimaced
with me. “When I’m ready, I’ll send one.”

In one fell swoop, you snatched my complex
military industry & sunk vessels sinkward.

Suds spilled over the crusty saucepot.
Wet paper airplanes get balled up easy.

Just add water & plans melt to mush.
The calendar caught fire anyway.

One paper airplane escaped destruction.
Your hand got elegant, the sunset pinking

your fingertips as you snapped your wrist.
We had a window and an optimistic sun.

The lone plane glided above the dining table
& looked death in the meatballs or vice versa.

Paper wings lilted toward a muted television
drifting into the snake plant's green yellow

flames licking & sticking an emergency landing.
Hung like a dogfighter in the Great War above

a clay pot on the table of books, dessert & feet.
You hadn't smiled in weeks. Then you did.

My hands itched to chuck everything skyward
but our cathedral ceilings are hard to clean.

A stuck landing is not always sticky.
New titles creep up like woolybears.

Aunt and Uncle fold the finest airplanes –



Daniel Kytonen
from *Spirit Gates* series
oil on transparent plastic



Daniel Kytonen
from *Spirit Gates* series
oil on transparent plastic



Daniel Kytonen
from *Spirit Gates* series
oil on transparent plastic

LETTING GO OF THE KITE

pulled into a strip of the blue
led by two clouds
up, up, and a wayward
gust sends my winking macaw

right!

down!

she stutters
tail streaming
wings aflutter
and then...

A
L
O
F
T
!

a leash far too long
hindsight looks like a speck
a winking macaw in the great blue
open palms laced with rope burn
and us, left squinting into the light

CONTRIBUTORS

AMEERAH BADER is a Palestinian-Tlingit poet and artist located in Idaho. They have been writing poems for eleven years and drawing for ten. They have been published a handful of times and nominated for the Pushcart Prize twice. Humor, identity, and tiny moments are at the forefront of Ameerah's work. Their favorite pastimes are long walks, talks, and drawing all day.

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ANGELA M. BROMMEL is a Nevada writer with Iowa roots. *Mojave in July* (Tolsun Books, 2019) is her debut full-length poetry collection. Her 2018 chapbook, *Plutonium & Platinum Blonde*, was published by Serving House Books; Brommel's poems have also appeared in *The Best American Poetry* blog, *The North American Review*, and others. Angela is the Executive Director of the Office of Arts & Culture as well as affiliate faculty in Humanities at Nevada State College. You can also find her at *The Citron Review* as Editor-in-Chief.

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KATHERINE INDERMAUR is the author of two chapbooks, *Facing the Mirror: An Essay* (Coast|noCoast, July 2021) and *Pulse* (Ghost City Press, 2018). She is the winner of the Black Warrior Review 2019 Poetry Contest and the 2018 Academy of American Poets Prize. Her writing has appeared in *Colorado Review*, the *Cortland Review*, *Entropy*, *Frontier Poetry*, *Ghost Proposal*, *The Hunger*, *The Journal*, *New Delta Review*, *Oxidant|Engine*, and elsewhere. She holds an MFA from Colorado State University and lives in Salt Lake City, where she serves as an editor for *Sugar House Review*.

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DANIEL KYTONEN is a visual artist based in Seattle, Washington. Earning a BFA in Painting and Drawing from the University of Washington, his work has been shown at South Seattle College, Artswest, Port Angeles Fine Arts Center, Confluence Gallery, and Emerge Gallery, and showcased in publications like *Ruminant Magazine*. His solo exhibitions and public work include projects through Artswest Gallery, Shunpike Storefronts, Spaceworks Tacoma, the Spokane Public Library, Spokane Arts Signal Box Projects, and Redmond Lights.

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QUINCEE LARK is a multidisciplinary artist living in Portland, Oregon on Clackamas land. She is primarily interested in translating emotional and interoceptive sensations—as well as meditative visions—into art. Inspired by flora, mycology, anatomy, physiology and psychology, and their interplay, she focuses her practice most often with sketching, journaling, movement, and oil painting practices. IG: quincepaints

CLAIRE PECKHAM is an autistic artist-writer from Seattle, Washington. She earned her BA in English and BFA in Photomedia from the University of Washington in 2015, and her MFA in Fine Art from the Ruskin School of Art, University of Oxford in 2018. Claire's work explores negative space and how it operates within the contexts of language, history, gender, landscape, and relationship.

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JODIE DZAICH POUNDERS is a PNW homegrown gal and Boise, Idaho local. A synesthete, Jodie enjoys painting large scale abstract on oversized canvas to clear her mind of the textures, colors, and movements that follow her every day thoughts and emotions. Spinning Elliott Smith in the background and with an RC Cola in hand, Jodie whips up resin, acrylics, putty and paste to give her paintings touchable dimension. IG: artby-jodiepounders

CAROLINE O'CONNOR THOMAS grew up in the Hudson Valley and currently resides in Oakland, CA. She is a writer and artist whose work has appeared in several publications, including *Tin House*, *Sixth Finch*, *Vinyl*, *Ghost Proposal* and others. Her 2018 chapbook *Unusual Light Source* is available from White Stag Publishing. She is an editor at *Maiden Magazine*.

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