



“Benim köklerim yok edilemeyecek kadar.”
 “My roots are too deep to remove.”

Home
 Nehir Baser · 9 · Personal Quote & Photography
 14 Mindprints

“My
 EVR I G I N
 ≠
 H O M 家”

Ev: Turkish for home
 家: Chinese for home

Home
 Megan Tang · 9 · Personal Quote

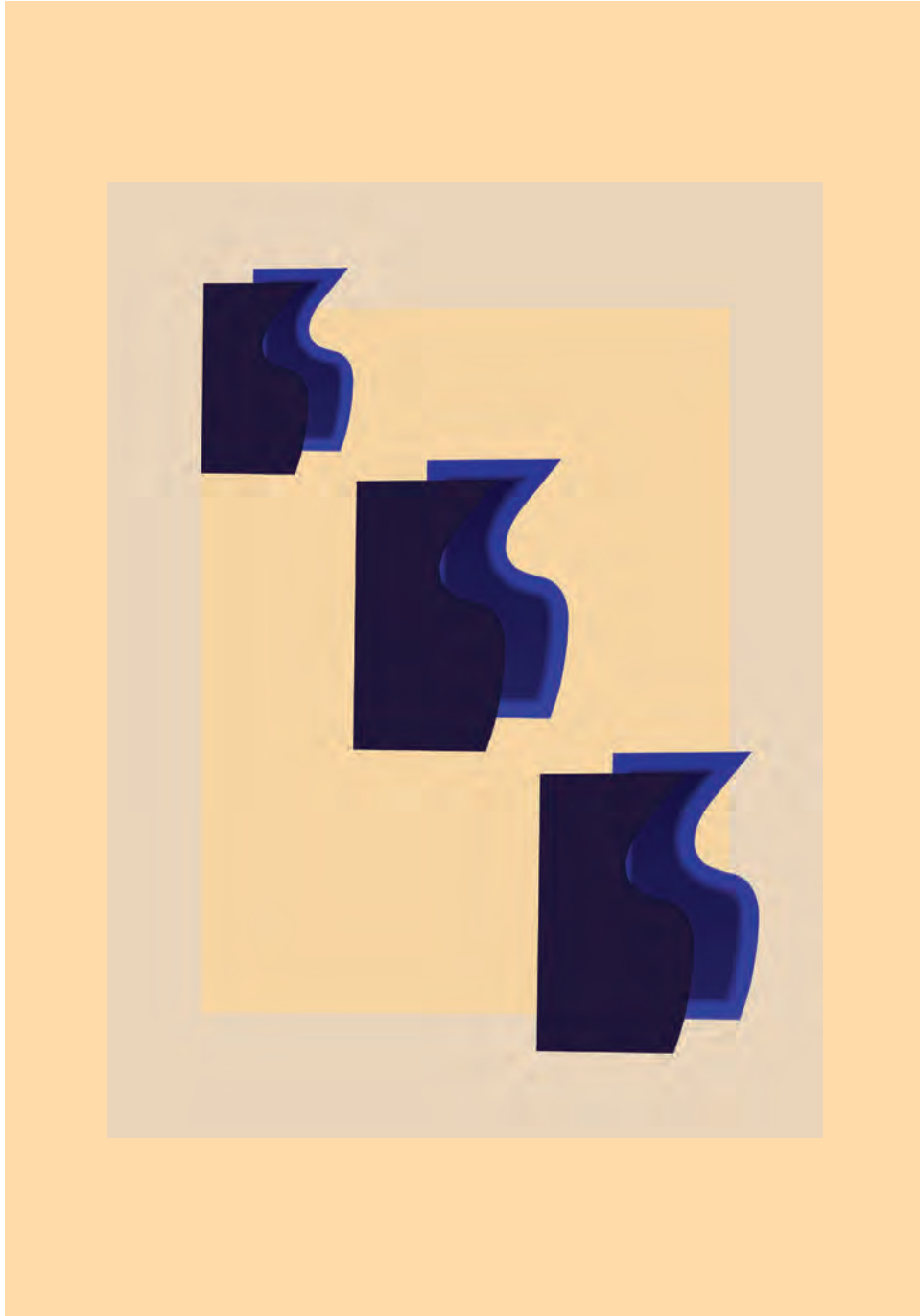
An abstract painting by Megan Tang, featuring bold, expressive brushstrokes in deep purple, black, and charcoal grey. Interspersed within these dark tones are vibrant, warm colors: bright red, golden yellow, and ochre. The composition is dynamic and textured, with visible layering of paint. A diagonal white line cuts across the upper left portion of the image, serving as a background for the text.

Hope

Staff · 8 & 9 · Six Word Story

FLYING
AMONG ANGELS,
She Smiles
DOWN

Arise
Megan Tang · 9 · Painting



Purple Porcelain
Megan Tang · 9 · Vector Drawing

Blue *Tendrils*

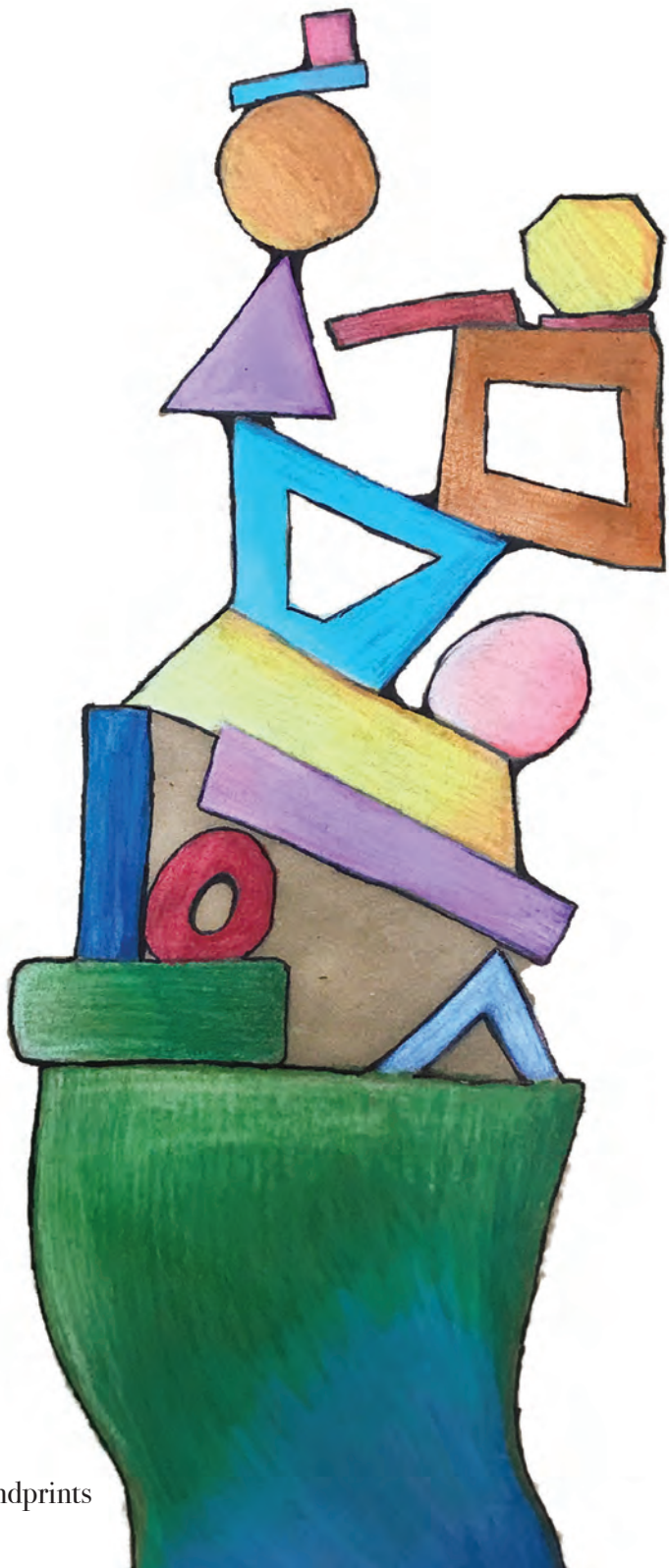
Megan Tang · 9 · Concrete Poem

we were born in this era
old things collapse
thousands of memories
hyped vintage shops
meaningless
deadness

decaying dirt
becomes Useful
ceramic vases
in Our hands

wondered who vouchsafed
beauty on this cynical spirit
time never shatters
graceful posture under the sun.

crowned with buds of life.
Our souls entwine with the Maker
and only deep blue eternity
curving, blossoming
glows to glisten till
all colors fade.





Six Feet Away

Jillian Hollman · 9 · Lyric Poetry

I'm feeling down and gray
and that's when I choose to say:
"I want to see my friends."
The text to my mother sends.
As I ask her if I may,
I see my mother say,
"You cannot see your friends
until this pandemic ends."
"That is, of course, unless you stay
at least six feet away."





Look Through
Megan Tang · 9 · Mixed Media

Something

Caroline Ingram · 9 · Sonnet

I cannot do this coarse isolation,
It cuts through sharply, leaving but nothing,
By teasing me with the thought of something.
It leaves me with nothing but flirtation,
Filling me with dread and aberration.
I can see them disassociating,
They say leave the feeling of that something.
They say it won't last for a time's portion,
But we have to cleave onto memories,
We have to know this is just a moment.
In our time, this is just a thought.
One day they will make documentaries,
Ones with fearful eyes, and many comments.
We have given up all that we have bought.