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Madeline Breeding

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Today is the Day

That I'm thankful to say God gave me the words to describe the way that I felt that day the way that I could never find the words to say to explain the grace that took place on an evening in April one sunny day that I would escape to see what it's like when you enter after life you see I died for awhile no pulse after a seizure that made me expect the worst but where I went I can't even begin to explain but today God eased the pain and let me see the truth gave me this epiphany wherever I went can only be described the way a guy who too died told me in my basement one day he said I felt peachy I felt clean I felt clear and floated off it seemed as if whatever was going on back on earth didn't matter anymore for when they get there they will too see that this life is beyond infinity the peace and sweet serenity so spread your love go out and be the person that you can be because regardless you will float off into infinity and be able to see what I am trying to explain through the pain in my words I'm trying to tell you whatever it was is so great that I hit rock bottom for several months I didn't want to be back on this earth I wanted to be there back at the place that you go to I call it heaven some may say other things but then I reached inside and tried to find my purpose and started to live my life solely to better the people all around me with kindness and love show them how great your life can be if you just strive to be the best version of yourself don't worry about anyone else worry about you and your light and the sharing that you do go ahead and ignite the flame that sparks the change in the universe the change that soothes the earth go deep within and do not tell me it doesn't work til you try it you will definitely see what all is behind it I swear anyone can try it dedicate your life to it love and own your emotions they are your own they are yours no one can tell you what you are feeling so express your emotions let them out show gratitude express it shout it from the roofs how thankful you are see only the stars as your destiny see your blessings only go ahead and discard hate and the misconception associated with pain pain is your friend it helps you when you can't understand why things happen the way they do pain gives you wisdom something money can't even do gain wisdom and empathy for you to see all of the good surrounding you and me live life without fear of the night live life without worry when you worry that's when you worship all of the beautiful things around you instead of worrying start praying for help pray that you can get through this mess then let it go free of your mind let this worry dissipate into something that can't shake you or your mental this worry cannot drown you when you have found faith in whatever you pray then move your thoughts onto the good ways what if whatever you are worried about happened in the opposite of what you are worrying what if you envision it working in your favor instead of against you think like that adjust your mental to see very clearly that if you expect and think good thoughts and things you will receive them along with other things I know it sounds rather insane but I'm telling you when you try it when you let go of whatever is hiding and holding you back when you truly set yourself out free from ANY negativity you will see how the blessings get activated you will reap what you sow but the best of that you never know how great it is til you try it you will see I have faith in you hear me out I know it seems unthinkable to be positive in every thought but hey I'm right here telling you I thought the same way then one day I tried to start being little by little more positive til I've hit the point where I correct myself if I complain I'm at the point where I've gotten rid of anything and anyone that drains my energy and dims my light I have been incredibly lonely but that's where I found my light I thought of the better times I expressed my emotions and let myself feel all of what I was running from then I picked myself up for the hundredth time and with me came a big beautiful smile and a light that brings love to you I hope and pray that I bring love to you I have changed my ways you can do it too set off and be the love you want to see be the love that makes everyone around you think you are crazy for refusing to complain or speak negative of people because they will soon see how well it works a domino effect would occur if everyone gives light to just one other you will see the world would discover happier days filled with much progress because we have let go of what does not serve us we have left the distress behind and found better days we rooted for each other instead of tearing each other down we finally found peace I'm telling you please come join me

State of Mind

Love is a state of mind I say to myself as anxiety creeps behind taking everything from me but how could it be that love is solely what drives me to be better to work on my anger to make my life one filled with whatever brings joy and purpose to work my butt off to serve my purpose I get lost in what love is meant to be and I find serenity in all of the parts of love that may be love is never easy I say to myself to stop me from wanting to melt but when love is your sole purpose your soul will flourish into all things extraordinary even your bank account will grow way beyond the ordinary amount that sits in your account because love rewards love is like a sword cutting all forces of evil greed envy judgement hate all root from the same devil and love outshines all that comes its way because love is made to conquer each and every day that you face every problem that takes away from your grace can simply be replaced with a mindset of love love is the reason we are here so rise above and spread love to those far and near those alike and different and soon you will find your love has driven you right to your purpose make love be your surface and joy will follow as soon as you swallow your pride and throw your hands up and go along for the ride because you are not driving now love is and it is sure to help you not feel worthless this too shall pass I say to myself while staring at the hourglass all of the unfortunate events of my past creep up on me in times of need I remember the times that brought me to my knees the times when I didn't know if tomorrow would come to me or if I would be floating in the sky where all can see me and feel me my presence is everywhere and nowhere at the same time like conjoined twins I feel myself split between a rock and a hard place the tornado or the hurricane but this too shall pass I say to myself to keep me from going insane I am fighting to break out of these chains with no lock and if you don't understand my analogy you are so lucky I don't want anyone to feel this yucky I want everyone to feel love and be happy be blessed from above but I understand while looking down at the misery like the thinker that pain is part of life and coming to terms with this is to root of everyone's anger learn to grow with pain like growing pains and soon you will be lifted from these chains and set free like American eagle and you will be protected like the eagle no one will be allowed to take you down because you have found that pain will happen whether you like it or not so you might as well get rid of these negative thoughts and focus on the positive of pain because there is positive in everything

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Shawnee Kuper

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Toxic Spill

I was for you
You were never for me
I did everything
You left me crying and empty-chested
I am empty
Then came a burst of air
You disappeared and I was filled
To the rim with hope
I have hope
I pick myself up
And become strong enough to fight
Your toxicity away
You will no longer melt me from inside out
I am strong

Did you like "Toxic Spill"? Then let Shawnee know! Be sure to put her name, your email, "Toxic Spill" in the subject, and your message so she can see your comment!

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Subject: *

Message: *

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Angelica Neal

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Shadows

The moon caresses its forgiving light
gently along the edges of our beings.
A profound glow radiating miles upon
miles.
Does it touch your skin, as it does mine?
With the shadows outweighing the light?
The demons exponentially infecting the
mind
Seemingly undefeated, in this perpetual
fight?

Hope Reborn

My eyes slowly rising to the sun
locking in on its deathly glare of light.
Trudging forward out of fear I won't make it through the night.

Time evolves, darkness arrives, and I'm still alone
Examining the stars and my surroundings with the
slightest
glimmer of hope.
Optimistic the stars will provide guidance. Anticipation for a path, any path, home.
Refusing to give up the fight. Miles away I now see the faintest of lights.

Looking back, I can see my footprints. An ever-fading impression left behind on the desert's
blueprints. Now... gone.
Forward...
Again, I tell myself. The past is the past. Just leave it on the shelf.

Certain the moon has heard my unrelenting cries.
I continue with a whisper of hope blossoming so vividly in my eyes.
Enveloped by this mesmerizing light.
Certain the moon gifted me with a second chance. A second chance at life.

For beside it lies a river so profoundly incredible in the night.
I could have easily mistaken it for eternal paradise.
Wondering if I was wrong in my assumption or if this were just a disguise.
How would I know unless I proceeded, unless I see, with my own eyes?
On I went.
Forward... once again.

It was as if my parched lips had never felt the serene touch of water before this glorious moment.
Like unicorn blood pouring life back into Tom.
But this, my love.
This did not come with a cost.
A sacred artifact trusted only to one.
Pandora's box itself could be sealed shut for all time with the magic and the utter power this
water possessed.
The ability to give life
Or to lay all to rest.
To sweep away entire cities.
Or to quiet the fire inside.
The one felt so intensely within my chest.
My lips bled as my mouth formed
Permitting the water to slowly slip in.

Like an old friend that I'd lost contact with as a child,
All too familiar —I welcomed it with a sigh.
Painted with the reflection of the moonlight.

So effortlessly the water calls me in.
Seducing me with sounds as soothing and tantalizing as a siren.
Hope now surfacing to the horizon.
My heart bitter and cold.
I dive in, allowing the water to take control.
At last, it heals my soul

And... once again.
I am whole.
Free at last.
I've found my home.

Demented Dust

The only people I've ever loved are the same ones who inevitably neglected my already
wounded heart.
I recall asking myself "why stay when you feel so judged when they are tearing you apart?"
I was always theirs for the taking
Until I finally decided it was my time to depart.

I groveled in anguish, struggling to understand my mind.
Anger and hatred fueled me, the body soon following behind.

Rage was all I was. It took over my entire being.
In a demented way, it was mesmerizingly freeing.
My body felt different, a fire burned inside
You could feel it on my skin, you could see it in my eyes.
Fire red with fury, no longer able to hide
This rage slowly flourishing
Materializing quickly, coming to life.

Heat rapidly spread and soon every atom throughout my entire body was searing.
The bus stopped abruptly as people started disappearing.
Dust remained as I walked down the aisles, a single touch, leaving me with the slenderest of
smiles.
Watching their faces, tormented and teary.
As I'd lay a single finger on their temple while sneering.
Now gone. To the next. A father volunteering.
In place of his child, oh, how very endearing.

This newfound power is undoubtedly the greatest gift of all.
I will share it with the world, while I watch the world fall.
Life in this world, pampered by the power of light.
Allowing every single leaf to grow, abundantly, with life.

However, my touch brings darkness.
A power I was chosen to harness.
It's already been decided.
The world must pay for my life full of harshness.

The tree of life, with my touch, will bring the end of days.
I touch the tree without hesitancy, and the world before me fades.
When I awake I see my job is done, life now gone. The world has finally paid.
Blissful, I, too, now begin to fade

I lie in the grass slowly and inescapably dematerializing into dust.
A single thought remains... that all along,
I was the only one I could truly trust.

Disappearing at last. Free from this world,
From mistrust. Free from a life of ridicule,
A life without love.

Now, just...
absolute dust.

We've all become one.
We've all become none.

Searching

Morning sun singing serenading songs of sweet redemption.
Light shining in through the tiniest space left open between the thin white curtains.

When night arrives, we let the hurt win.
Then morning comes, and.
Slowly... We wash away our sins.
In the morning sun in which we hopelessly didn't want to let in, to begin with.

Close or far we see the same stars.
We feel similar pain,
Yet - we don't share the same rain.

Away... away... away...

The sun begins to fade.
Waiting in vain for a new day.
While somewhere else - A new face
Wakes to the soft sound of singing blue jays

Life, like a loop, cycles of sadness surround us.
Looking for an escape,
We hold on to hope that morning will come and heal us.

Searching, for something.
Alone, wandering, afraid.
The sun, once again, inevitably fades.
Closing our eyes, we begin dreaming of what it would feel like to be okay.
Wishing, in desperation, that today would be that blissful day.

Breathe... Know - in the end -
Happiness was worth the wait.
Searching within we find,
Life is what we create.

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Ethan Evans

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accompanies these poems

For a Friend

Darling D.
Sweet little brown eyed thing.
Beautiful, bashful.
and beautifully bashful.
Not the kind of woman to want,
the kind of woman
A bad man might need.

In those big browns,
A reflection. Of all he could do.
Of all life could be.
So far from perfect,
but the kind of grin
which makes a man quit seeking
Such a standard.

No longer a matter of arrogance,
Rather one of ambition.
Post her up on Observatory.
Pay her to stay home,
So I can sit and watch her read.

Dogwood Blossoms

Fragile lives led with no direction;
Crushed by time from the moment of
conception.

'Lest we forget the destination,
Or learn to draw each breath with
deliberation,
We will never learn what it means to be
alive.

Are you fan of Ethan's work? Then let him
know! Be sure to put his name, your
email, title of his work in the subject, and
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Katelyn Moore

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Rose

A girl wakes,
She is both
New,
And old.

A girl wakes,
In a castle
A ~~prince~~ man,
Closer than feels safe.

A girl wakes,
She is older
Than she looks,
She is aged by circumstance.

A girl wakes,
She is both,
New,
And old.

Leaves

(Inspired by Lana Del Rey's "Hope is a Dangerous Thing for a Woman Like Me to Have")

With my tea in front of me,
I often wish I was in Harry Potter
Sitting in class with Professor Trelawney,
So, she could read my leaves,
Not to read my future
But to know if the hope I have is worth it.
The thought strikes me as Lana's voice lulls through my speaker,
A track that sounds ageless,
She sings the words that echo through my mind
"Hope is dangerous thing for a woman like me to have,
But I have it."

The Chameleon

Blue,
Green,
Red,
Blue again.

She is constantly morphing,
She needs to fit her new environment
Social smoker,
Social drinker,
Social
Social
Social.

She is constantly morphing,
She needs to fit her new environment.
New favorite band,
New dietary habits,
New
New
New.

She is constantly morphing
She needs to fit her new environment,
Different views,
Different ideas,
Different
Different
Different.

She is not the one I knew,
Is it growth,
Or is it desperation?
Fear of abandonment,
Fear of leaving,
Fear
Fear
Fear.

She is,
Ever changing,
Ever morphing,
She needs to fit her new environment.

How to Create a Family: In 10 Easy Steps

Step one,
Be created,
Be born,
Grow up,
Try to make your family like you.

Step two,
Get even older,
Get fucked up,
By everyone around you,
On accident.

Step three,
Start high school,
Make friends,
Start a relationship,
Watch them leave.

Step four,
Make new friends,
Find a family,
Graduate,
Watch them leave.

Step five,
Start college,
Keep some friends,
Grow apart,
Watch them leave.

Step six,
Find a person,
Meet her family,
Feel inadequate,
Try to make them like you.

Step seven,
Find a family,
It's your partner and dog,
Miss your friends,
Try to let it be enough.

The Wind Knows More

The wind wails outside like it's resentful at us for destroying the world.
As it crawls across the plain it's horrified, aghast at what we've done.
It is offended at what it sees.
I can't say I blame the wind for feeling this way.
I drive past places where trees should be and I am angry.
How ironic for me to be angry as I drive a machine that has helped doom the Earth.
It's not a one issue obstacle.
We've created things the world may never have been equipped to handle.
And then we rip the Earth's lungs from the ground,
We watch them flame.
We do not give it a chance to clean itself.
And then we wonder at the fires left in our wake.
And we wonder why it is hotter, colder, hotter
We wonder why mother nature retaliates against us.
We wonder why whatever deity we claim as our own punishes us.
It's as if we are incapable of looking inward at our own faults.
The worlds imminent demise is on our hands.
We still have time but we waste it arguing over semantics.
Why argue if in the meantime the world will not live to see the fallout?
Foolish humans thinking we have the time for superfluous debates.
Foolish that we did not notice sooner.
Or simply that we did not care.

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What do you think of Katelyn's poems?
You can tell them yourself! Be sure to put
their name, your email, title of their work
in the subject, and your message so
they can see your comment!

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Christine Nicholson

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three

I lost another pound!

Cool.

You gained 20 in the last hour

When are you going to start working on losing weight?

What?

She can see your stomach rolls from there

Well, sweetie, you have put on a lot since you stopped doing martial arts.

Mom, I'm fine.

The fuck you are!

Aren't you uncomfortable?

No, I don't care how I look.

You care what she thinks

Yes you do..... don't you want to lose weight?

Not if I can't eat what I want.

You fucking pig

But that's unhealthy.

So?

So?

So?

I don't care if I die.

It would be better if you did

Did you like "three"? Then let Christine know! Be sure to put her name, your email, "three" in the subject, and your message so she can see your comment!

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Email: *

Subject: *

Message: *

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Mary Hochadel

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Grief

Redeemer Cemetery anchors souls to this spot, the dead and the living. Enter. Here, mausoleums house hard beds, single slabs with soft rest pillows. The woman pedals past.

Alongside cracked lanes, granite headstones state who goes there. In the back corner, small plaques give names and dates, in and out. The woman brakes.

So poorly marked, these cheap seats, like ledgers on Ellis Island. No mention of how loved, how longed for yet. So unnecessary to tell others this in concrete.

No Recovery

I sing no more.
He took my songs
with his left hand
yet gave me voice
with the right
to cry,
"Me, too."
But crying exhausts me.
A lifetime of held back
tears stream.
DAMN THEM.

For rivulets carve
cheeks clear
down.
Exposed flesh
Invites infection.
I do not imagine
I can recover.

What do you think of Mary's poems? You can let her know! Be sure to put her name, your email, title of her work in the subject, and your message so she can see your comment!

Name: *

Email: *

Subject: *

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