

# East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

- [Home](#)
- [About Us](#)
- [Contact Us](#)
- [Submit](#)
- [Meet the Editors](#)
- [Issue 23- Spring 2022](#)
- [Previous Issues](#)
- [Join Our Team](#)

## Poetry

[back](#)

[Decatur-Eckmansville Road](#)  
By: Elle Ketterer

[Honesty](#)  
By: Justin White

[i can't be bothered with a poem today](#)  
By: Erin Gast

[Listen, Honey](#)  
By: Olga Zelenova

[Phoenix](#)  
By: Joseph Giordano

[The Path](#)  
By: Eric Hagen

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.



## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

### Decatur-Eckmansville Road

[back](#)

By: Elle Ketterer

dressed up in her lips,  
I'll say all of her words and  
write them into mine  
I'll pull her face on  
and slide her eyes  
into my place  
It's a dirty little secret  
and on 125 towards the river  
I remembered how you sold your soul.  
I saw you jump, and I saw the fall.  
wreckage has cost you  
all that you are, has taught you  
all that is to know;  
and I drove.  
I came upon your mother's hollow house,  
the one she wore inside  
it was crunched and bitter and blue.  
I took the same old turns, then flew.  
I looked at what I gave and stole  
and ate the graves of babies in that hole  
I tore lifeless and minature spines, I  
devoured rotted soft spots, and ran  
1000 times, but  
here I am, here I am, here I am, and when  
I find her, I'll keep her, I'll  
dress up in her face  
I'll peel my skin and shed the ink  
I'll pull her eyes on over mine until I see in place  
I'll put her lips upon mine like earrings  
I'll speak her words and tattoo them in trees and  
I'll stare at this long winded mirror  
and not blink  
until her mascara dries.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by  
WebsiteBuilder

## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

### Honesty

[back](#)

By: Justin White

Truth made her wince.  
My honesty often  
caused her to cry.  
Don't ever lie to me,  
she said,  
but right now  
I want you to lie to me.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by  
WebsiteBuilder

## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

### i can't be bothered with a poem today

By: Erin Gast

[back](#)

i can't be bothered with a poem today  
i don't feel like writing a poem today  
coming up with lines  
developing  
line  
breaks  
with  
significance  
i can't be bothered with a poem today  
i need to drink coffee and wear black  
besides, i'm not a poet, i don't have a beret  
i have to talk with pretentious metaphors and imagery  
describing the pitter patter of the morning rain and how it really symbolizes  
marriage, which in itself represents the riots in egypt  
i'm well informed and you are not  
you'd call it a beautiful work of art because you don't understand any of it  
i can't be bothered to write a poem today  
i have to stick my head in the oven

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by  
WebsiteBuilder

## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

### Listen, Honey

By: Olga Zelenova

[back](#)

don't be shy  
Take the ribbon from your eyes  
Take your chance to disappear  
It isn't like you're wanted here  
What if I could let you go,  
Leave you reeling in the glow?  
What if I just let you be  
Could you then escape from me?  
Close your eyes and say a prayer  
Life is nothing but a dare  
Move it babe, you're in my way  
Nothing here can make me stay

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by  
WebsiteBuilder

## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

### Phoenix

By: Joseph Giordano

[back](#)

I saw light in the darkest of places,  
I found beauty in the dullest of faces.  
Am I forever naïve,  
Or do I just believe?

The flame engulfs all that I know,  
Although my face is bland,  
For little do I show.

The flame sheds light on a plethora of life,  
And pierces my mind with an innovative knife.

The world embodies impurities,  
And preys upon insecurities.

The selfish demands of the unsated,  
And the dismal ignorance of the unrelated.

A single house,  
No one remembers,  
A phoenix rises,  
Up from the embers.

The world itself is no untarnished pearl,  
Embodying the ignorance of a little girl.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

Created by  
WebsiteBuilder

## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Contact Us](#)

[Submit](#)

[Meet the  
Editors](#)

[Issue 23-  
Spring  
2022](#)

[Previous  
Issues](#)

[Join Our  
Team](#)

### The Path

By: Eric Hagen

[back](#)

I was caught in the storm  
on the mountain. The bears had taken to the safety of  
the trees below as I stood perched on the edge of my cliff,  
wind-beaten and water-logged.  
Beyond the road, I had followed the river  
trails to find the peak.

To find God among the hanging rain  
caught in updraft, if only to ask  
questions I didn't know for answers I didn't want.

Howling gales among the long-dead spruce and fir suspended  
across the rock face in spiral groves, branches broken then  
thrown down like gravity  
to the soft lives of greener forest floors,  
strip malls, pancake houses, and I  
cannot see three feet in front of me, cannot see the views obstructed  
by swirling clouds twisting wildly down the edges.

Copyright Eastfork Online Literary Journal. All Rights Reserved.

