

# East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

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### Hiraeth

By Noah Bruce

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A warm Autumn day

My usual tree stares me down,

Challenging me.

Or maybe,

Inviting me.

A lonely voice floats through the leaves

*Come here like you used to*

Do I answer it or turn away?

I go to it then,

And every day it calls me back,

Waiting once more for a warm embrace.

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### Losing You

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By Lexi Dericks

Laying on the floor crying all night long  
I bury my wounded heart in darkness  
My sorrow was true, just like a sad song  
The pain of losing you made me cheerless  
Why must it have been you? why was it then?  
Going through situations trying to  
The change must past. Wishing it was again.  
We are very blue over losing you  
Picturing it now brings me to tears, boom  
Crash all my future plans, they disappear  
Shattering of glass fills my heart with gloom  
Stressed over what happened fills me with fear  
Everything had changed on that day when my  
Sister had to say her final goodbye

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### Snow Around

By Bella Durham

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I would not dare step out in the storm.

Snow coats the trees, ice coats over the ground.

Cold winds rush by, winds that wreck my form,

Leaving a sense of emptiness, snow all around.

Won't leave the house or even go outdoors,

The storm will sweep me off my frozen feet.

Out in the mess would bring nothing more,

A freezing place to stand and then to weep.

The gloomy skies, the dark filling the air,

Even the sun can't seem to shine all through

The polar winds are so very unfair

I watch from my window, feeling so blue.

So I will stay inside, where it is warm,

Where the winter winds can't leave me so torn.

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## Ocean

By Abigail Erickson

The ocean is mysterious

It has great dangers

Yet I'm so oblivious

To this new and unchanging stranger

The brightly colored schools of fish

To the big and gigantic shark

These things are no side dish

Each has a different journey to embark

When I travel here

I just want to experience everything

I love so dear

I honestly feel like a king

From the tiny pieces of sand

To the waves crashing on the beach

While getting an amazing sun tan

Eating a fresh homegrown peach

The ocean is a place I go

To escape my everyday flow

These sights and sounds I feel all around

Can never be drowned

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### Pinot Noir By Rivers Lewis

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Blood trickles down my thighs slowly,  
The dark red fluid reminds me of the wine I drank earlier  
It was pinot noir, I remember.  
He said it was his favorite, and it would be mine, too.  
I just smile and take the glass and sip it eagerly,  
It's bitter. The acid hits my tongue and I hate it, but I drink anyway.  
It'll make him happy.  
My heart beats slowly, almost like I am dying.  
Thoughts race through my mind and escape me.  
I am hot and cannot breathe.  
Maybe I am dying.  
I close my eyes, just for a moment - to see if I am really dying,  
and then I wake up.  
He's on top of me, all over me, inside of me.  
I close my eyes again and hope that I am dying.  
I cannot see, but I can hear.  
His voice. His grunts and moans. The bed squeaking.  
I can smell him, too. Cigars and coffee and wine and cologne.  
I keep waiting for Death to come, but He never comes to take me  
Instead, He finishes and rolls off of me.  
It is over and my eyes open. Maybe I am dead because this has to be Hell.  
Go clean yourself up, you're getting it all over the bed!  
And without hesitation, I get up.  
In the bathroom I see myself. My hair is mussed up,  
My lipstick is spread over my mouth and red splotches mark my neck like little popped cherries.  
And blood trickles down my thighs.  
Dark and red just like pinot noir.

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### It

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By Katelyn Moore

It controls

It consumes

It sneaks in

Even at my best moments

Of course I want to label it as this inanimate objects

As if it wasn't living in my head

As if it isn't a part of me

Or rather that it is just me

I know I possess the power to shut it down

I know I could break the chains

But sometimes it's easier to wallow

Easier to lay down and let it cover me,

Like a blanket on the coldest day of winter

Sometimes it's easier to let it,

Consume me,

Eat at me,

Until I am only bone.

As much as it makes me,

Hate myself,

Resent myself

I do it to hopefully get more time,

Until the next time

Sometimes I let It win.

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## Savannah Shepard

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### Glass

Glass explodes beneath my fist  
Like a terrible, awkward first kiss  
Shattered pieces spread like fire across the floor

My mother stops in her tracks,  
Smiles a little, and laughs  
Happy to see anger and not sadness anymore

All eyes quickly fall on me  
Still clenching my fists as I finally start to see  
That silence clings to the air like glue

I step toward him, anger burning in my ears  
Step toward the man who drove my mother to tears  
The man who broke my family in two

Still a child, but my bloody hands push him out the door  
"Get out! Just leave! Don't come back anymore!"  
Slam it shut, fall to the floor,  
cried like I've never cried before

My mother, still smiling, pulls me up to my feet  
Walks me to the bathroom, washes my bloody fist clean  
I ask about the broken glass, "How will we explain to daddy?"  
"We'll say it was an accident, but only if he asks me."

### Fifteen

Child abuse isn't always bruises and broken bones  
Sometimes it's broken trust, broken hearts,  
fake smiles and being told things you shouldn't know  
but not being allowed to tell

Sometimes it's "don't tell your dad"  
and "you know how much I love your mother"  
Words from a man who isn't your father

Only fifteen, but still,  
it's "I saw her yesterday and she told me she loved me"  
Sometimes it's locked doors in your own home,  
whispers when the house is full

Sometimes it's adults who lie and expect you to, too  
Trying to convince yourself that it's okay,  
dad will never find out,  
but silently wishing he would

Sometimes it happens at the mall  
You're with your friends, the mans' three children  
You get a phone call from him: "Your dad knows"  
and instantly the tears paint your quivering face  
You call your shitty boyfriend: "Can I stay the night?"  
Only fifteen, but still,  
anywhere is better than going home

### Too Bad, So Sad

A booming voice sings excuses  
The melody echoes in your ears as  
A thumping heart begins to crack from inside  
Your tongue remembers what it tastes like  
To kiss the one you love the most, the one you know you can't have  
A hand slides around your waist, a mouth claims it loves you  
As an image of the same hand touching someone else,  
A stranger, makes the person standing in front of you  
A stranger, too

A lie and another lie, an excuse and another excuse  
Turns into a goodbye, one you don't want to give  
The booming voice no longer sings, but screams  
As you walk through the bedroom door and down the stairs  
You leave a year of your adolescence behind, inside the apartment  
Of a boy who only claimed he loved you when you were in the same room  
A boy you never saw again

Too bad that he never watched you grow  
Into a woman of compassion  
Of perseverance  
Of fierce and undeniable strength

So sad he couldn't watch you find yourself  
After being lost for so long  
Couldn't watch you bloom into a woman  
Who only began to see her worth ascend  
Who realized she only needed herself in the end

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### Amy Waugh

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#### The Branding of a Kiss

There should be warnings for dangers like this,  
the terrible, beautiful branding of a kiss.

Sudden starburst of emotion, ecstatic bliss,  
a drug-laced need all in haste.

This terrible, beautiful branding of a kiss.

To stop meant to miss  
the secret thrill and epic taste  
of the terrible, beautiful branding of a kiss.

All-consuming lust, this kiss  
her inevitable fall from grace.

All for the terrible, beautiful branding of a kiss.

There truly should be warnings for dangers such as this:  
the terrible, beautiful branding of a kiss.

#### A Measure of Loneliness

A hand smoothing

Searching

Across the place

Where he used to lay

And then

Further still.

#### Fear

Sweaty palms,

Stomach churning,

Gooseflesh rising,

Lead feet,

Eyes darting,

Left to right,

Right to left,

Only empty space.

Shuffling feet,

Freefall,

Rushing wind,

Weightlessness.

Nothing.

#### Panic

Darkness descends,

covering the body slowly

starting at the head.

Bit by bit,

the eyes first, then the nose.

Air rushes out

but not back in again.

It escapes,

from a throat squeezed shut,

like a cord pulled tight.

There are jerks and jolts,

then sudden stillness.

An immortalized scream

unsounded, until light

shines in and then

I can breathe again.

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