

rhodora

— DIGITAL MAGAZINE —



Issue 5 | January 2022



rhodora

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EDITORS

Susanna Marian Correya
Keerthana V

COVER ART

Mariam Anna Alex

SPECIAL THANKS

Mathangi N M
Sai Rakshaya Sowmya S

CONTACT INFORMATION

Website: www.rhodoramagazine.in
Instagram + Twitter: @rhodoramagazine
Email: rhodoramagazine@gmail.com

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contents

EDITORS' NOTE – 4

POETRY

- In Memory — Ivan de Monbrison — 7
On the Table — Ivan de Monbrison — 8
Each Step Towards Thoughts — Ivan de Monbrison — 9
 Charlene — John Grey — 10
 Harebell Girl — John Grey — 11
Live vs. Survive, A Cold War — Hemalatha Ramesh — 12
Tell Me All Your Thoughts on God — Nicolette Soulia — 15
 Midsommar — Skye Cabrera — 17
A Dedicated Dance to the Rhythm of Loneliness — P Seven — 18
 When I Think of My Hometown — P Seven — 19
 Pagan Prayer — László Aranyi — 21
I Put My Husband Up for Sale — Arbër Selmani — 23
 God Heals — Arbër Selmani — 26
 Airport Halls — Eric Abalajon — 29
 Queen Elizabeth Way — Eric Abalajon — 31
 Fight — Sonia Charales — 33
 Limbo — Sonia Charales — 35
Rose Quartz & Serenity — Ozzýka Farah — 36
 New Life — Ozzýka Farah — 39
 He Said Bending — Marc Isaac Potter — 42
Untitled 7 (for Roy Orbison) — Marc Isaac Potter — 43
 The Number 30 — Yuu Ikeda — 44
 Six Years — Yuu Ikeda — 45
 A Few Absolutes — Will Reger — 46
 Apneac on the Road — Will Reger — 47
 Those Heartbeats of Ours — Naomi C. Kenny — 49
An Overdue Poem About Cold Coffee — Naomi C. Kenny — 50
 Thoughts at Dusk — Mallika Bhaumik — 51
 Room — Mallika Bhaumik — 52
 Beginning — Mallika Bhaumik — 53

contents

- Jeremiah — Elaine Vilar Madruga (translated by Toshiya Kamei) — 55
Persistence — Elaine Vilar Madruga (translated by Toshiya Kamei) — 57
 Like Petals that are Swept Up by the Wind — Melody S — 60
 Artifacts — Melody S — 61
Copycat Copycat, Don't Run Away, Don't Run Away — Mathangi N M — 63
 Snug Below the Cabin — Casey Law — 65
 I'm Just a Kid — Casey Law — 66
 Horror Thriller — Jerry Simba — 70
 Threadbare — Fran Fernández Arce — 72
Measure for Measure — Ryan Quinn Flanagan — 74
 Pear Down — Ryan Quinn Flanagan — 75
 Catacombs — Ryan Quinn Flanagan — 76

FICTION

- The Curtain and the Clouds — Divyank Jain — 78
 Knock, Knock — Nicolette Soulia — 83
 Jessica — James Penha — 85
La Nascita de Venere — Ayaan Halder — 88
 Just Like the Night — D. W. White — 102
 Rooftop Ballet — Allie Mitchell — 104
Venkatesh's Story — Lubhyathi Rangarajan — 108
Hinged on the Last Threads — Anannya Nath — 113
 Quiet Places — Vanya Nautiyal — 117
 Impulse — Jerry Simba — 118

NONFICTION

- How a Getaway to Shimla Changed Me — Sreekanth S — 135
The Time My Friend Called Me a Nuisance — Sabrina Perez — 141
 Promise-shaped — Disa Basu — 144
 Letter — Veronica Ortiz-Zelada — 147

The background is a solid light purple color. In the four corners, there are stylized, light purple leafy branches. The leaves are simple, elongated shapes with pointed tips, arranged along thin, curved stems. The branches in the top-left and bottom-right corners extend towards the center, while the ones in the top-right and bottom-left corners also curve inwards, creating a subtle frame around the central text.

fiction

just like the night

D W WHITE

And in the morning it was still raining. Enough only to hear the water meet the concrete, chipped and cracked in forming crumbling steps to the rusting door, with a rhythm that was probably soothing to other types of people. There wasn't sun but there was light, greyed and hazy through the barred windows, revealing slowly, minute by minute and song by song, the weathered living room, the cheap wine still plentiful but the vodka basically gone, gradually making the bare bulb pointless in the overhead dome, casting out of shadows their paling faces and drying hair, cutting up lines and turning up speakers and pointedly disbelieving the clock that said all those promises of the smaller, darker hours were becoming stale and half-formed memories in the conscious light of day. And the eyes bleed and the mind runs after so many hours, here on top of the world. But there's nothing to stop you, save for the night not yet dead and the day not yet broke but even then it's all perception, perception reflection connection rejection, because age they all say is just a number. And ain't that just like the night, to play tricks when you're trying to be so goddamn quiet, here in the rising morning and the fading light and all those promises it whispers about the future.

But all those thoughts that go chasing away in the night come creeping back again with the muted sun, like the children remembered from long ago mirrors, daring to be confronted, to be pushed back, to be reckoned with, in hazy sight of hazy morning, while the music grows louder and the warm drinks grow stronger and the diminishing returns of the diminishing coke offset the present to make room from the past, room enough for the night to overstay whatever welcome it was given, and what the hell, there was nothing to do tomorrow or today that anyone

would remember long enough to care about.

D.W. White is a graduate of the M.F.A. Creative Writing program at Otis College in Los Angeles and Stony Brook University's BookEnds Fellowship. Currently seeking representation for his first novel, he serves as Fiction Editor for West Trade Review, where he also contributes reviews and critical essays. His writing further appears in or is forthcoming from Fatal Flaw, Twelve Winters Journal, Chicago Review of Books, The Rupture, On The Seawall, and elsewhere. A Chicago ex-pat, he has lived in Long Beach, California for seven years, where he frequents the beach to hide from writer's block.