SIX




FURIOUS
PURE
COVER PHOTOGRAPH "RENCONTRE 2" BY SYL ANASSE

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MIA BERGERON







































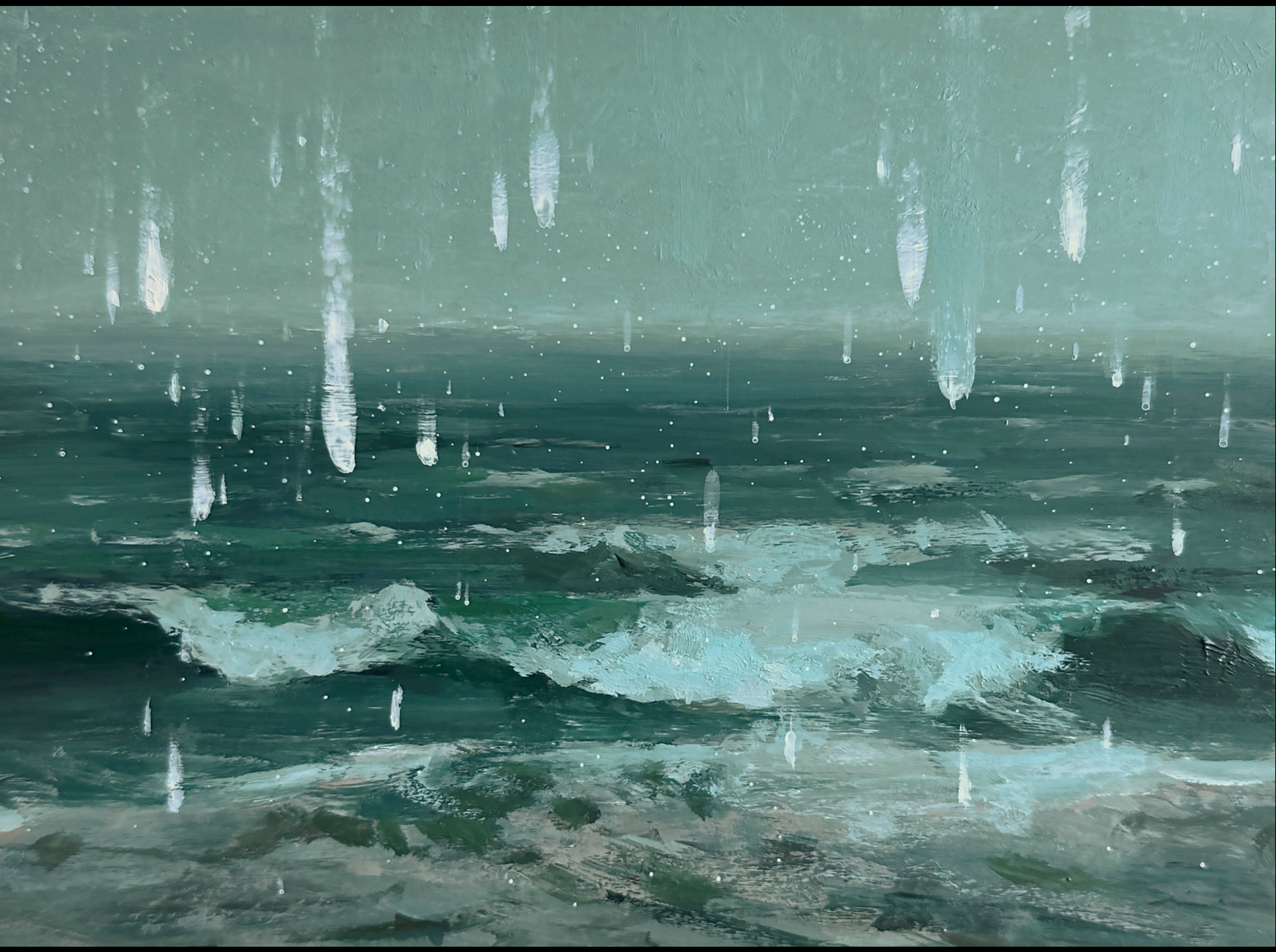



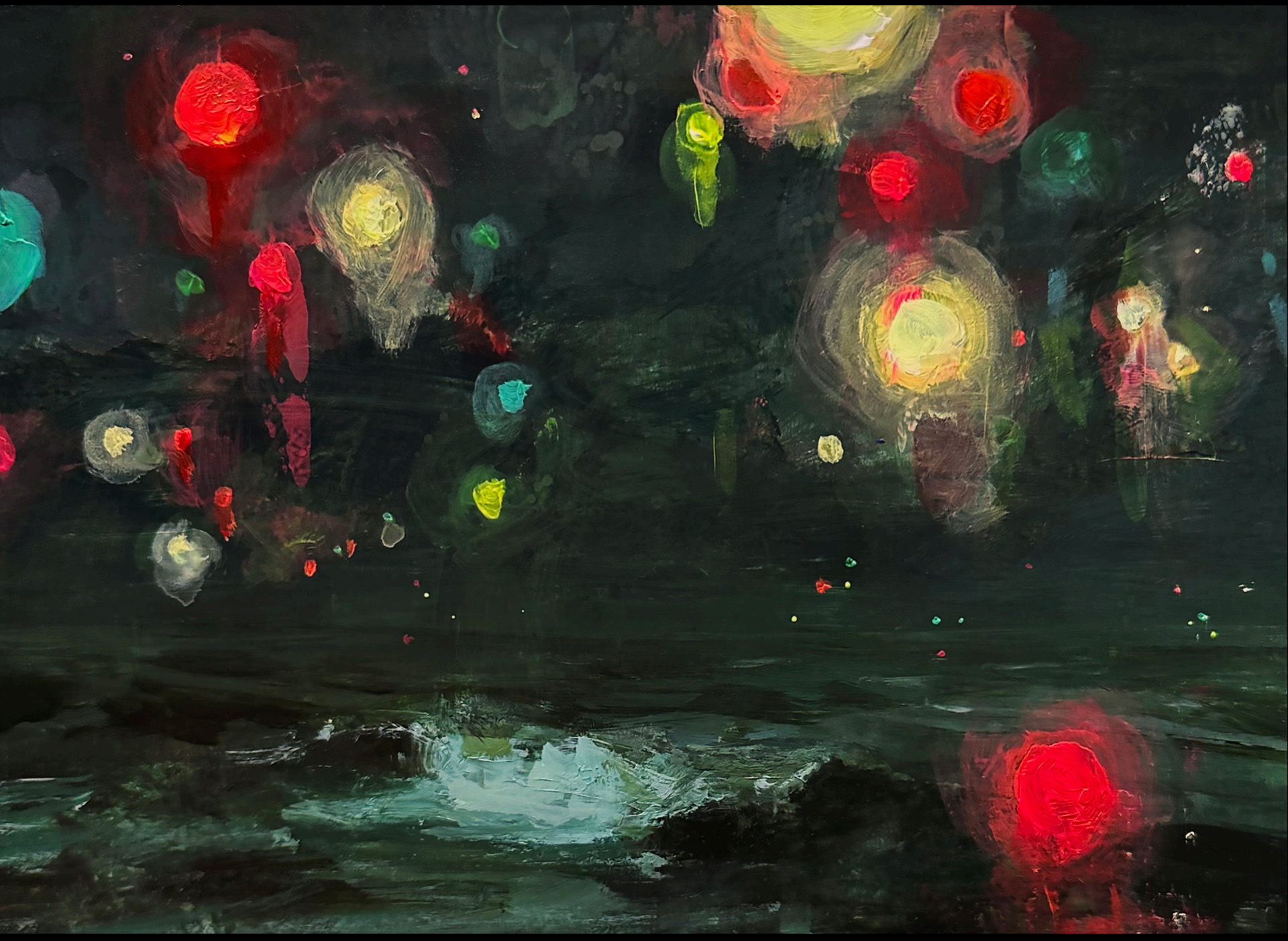






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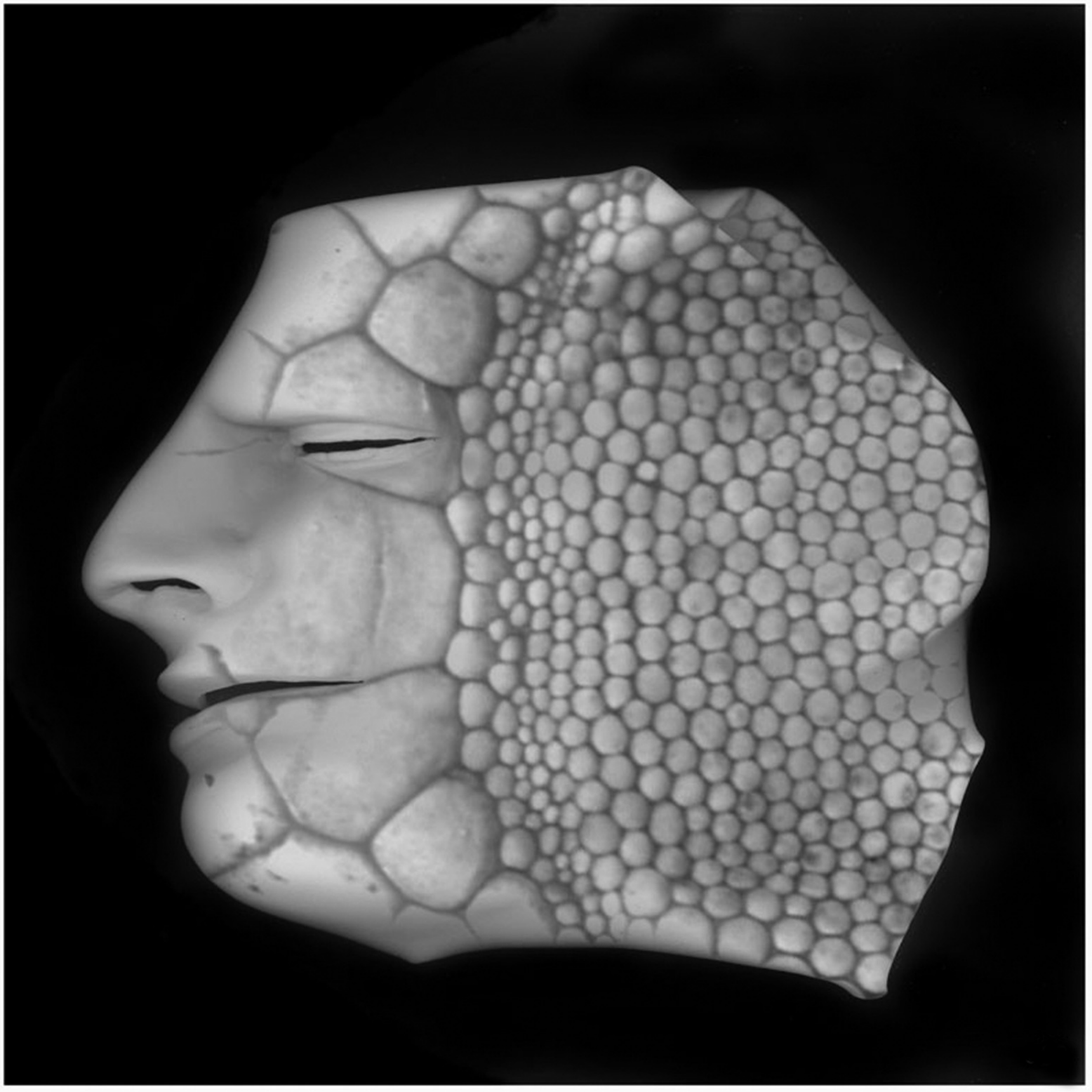
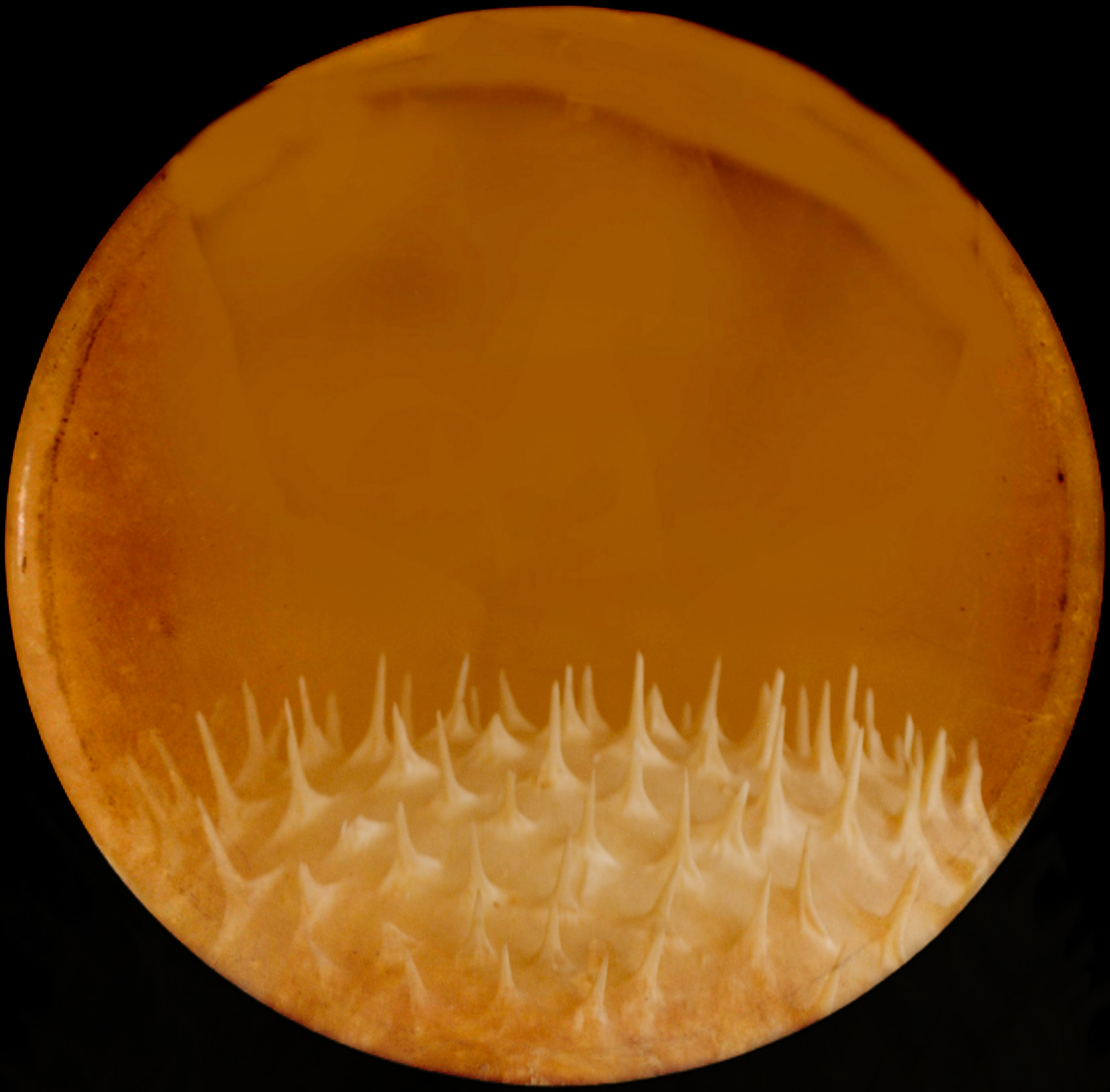
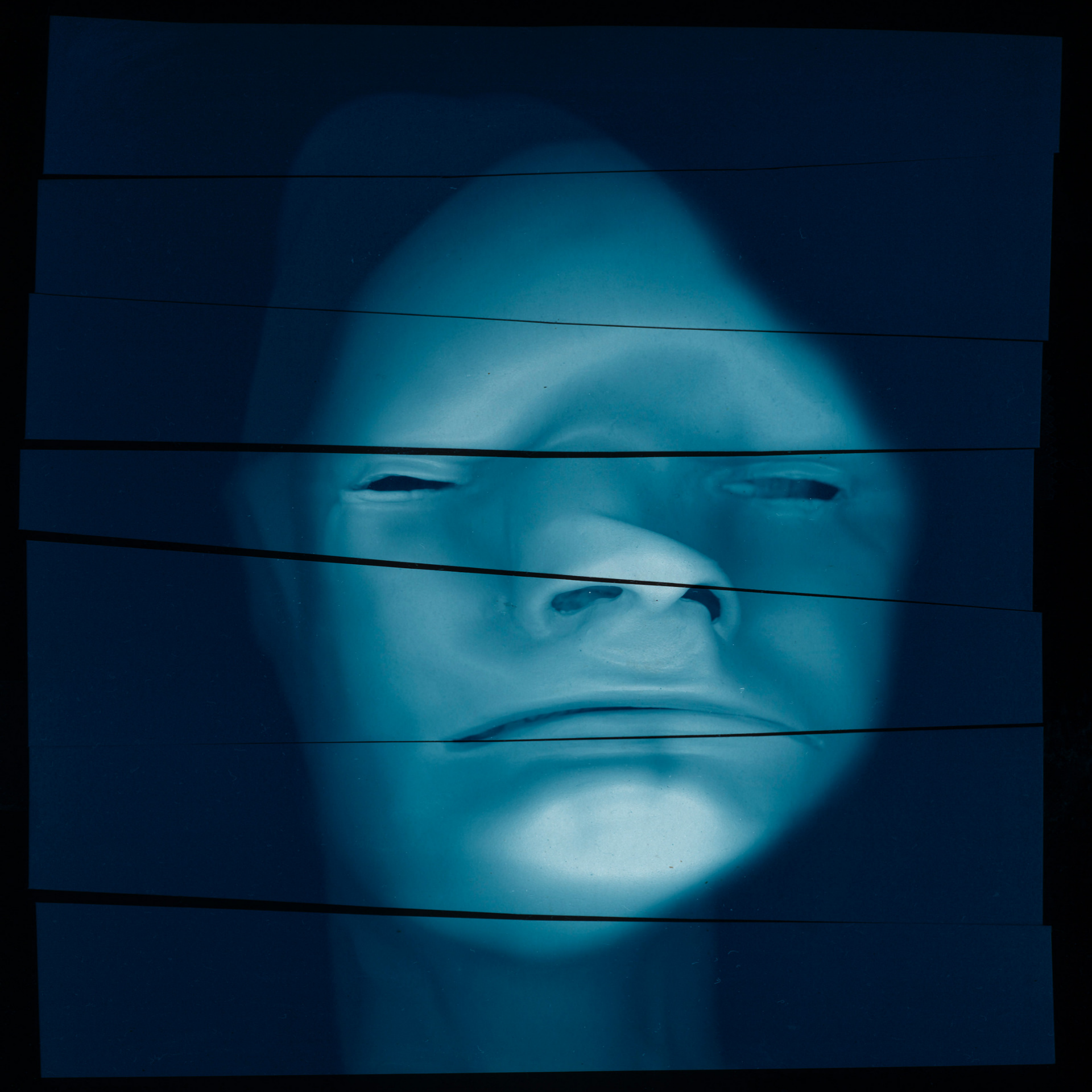








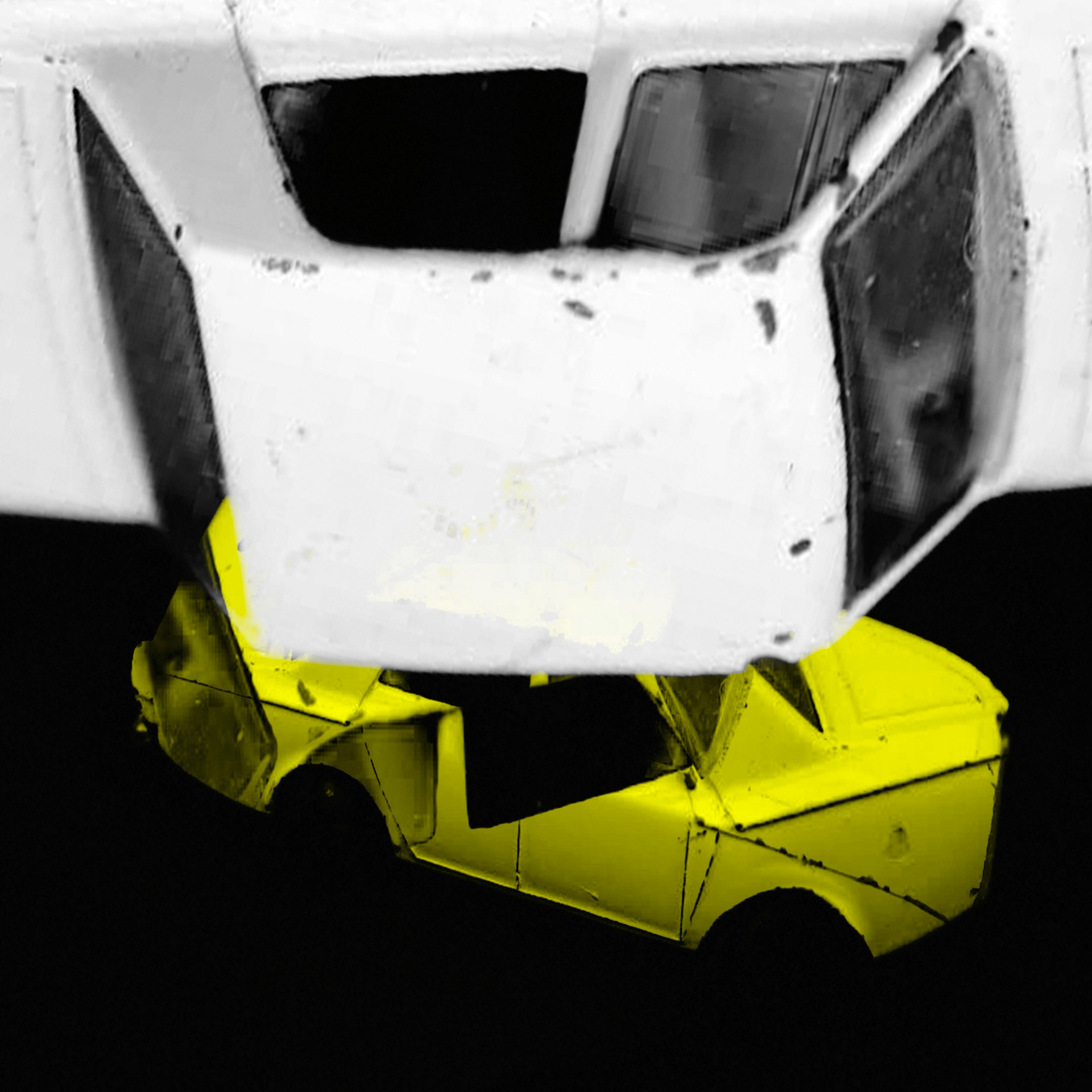



















ANATOMY CROSS LINKED

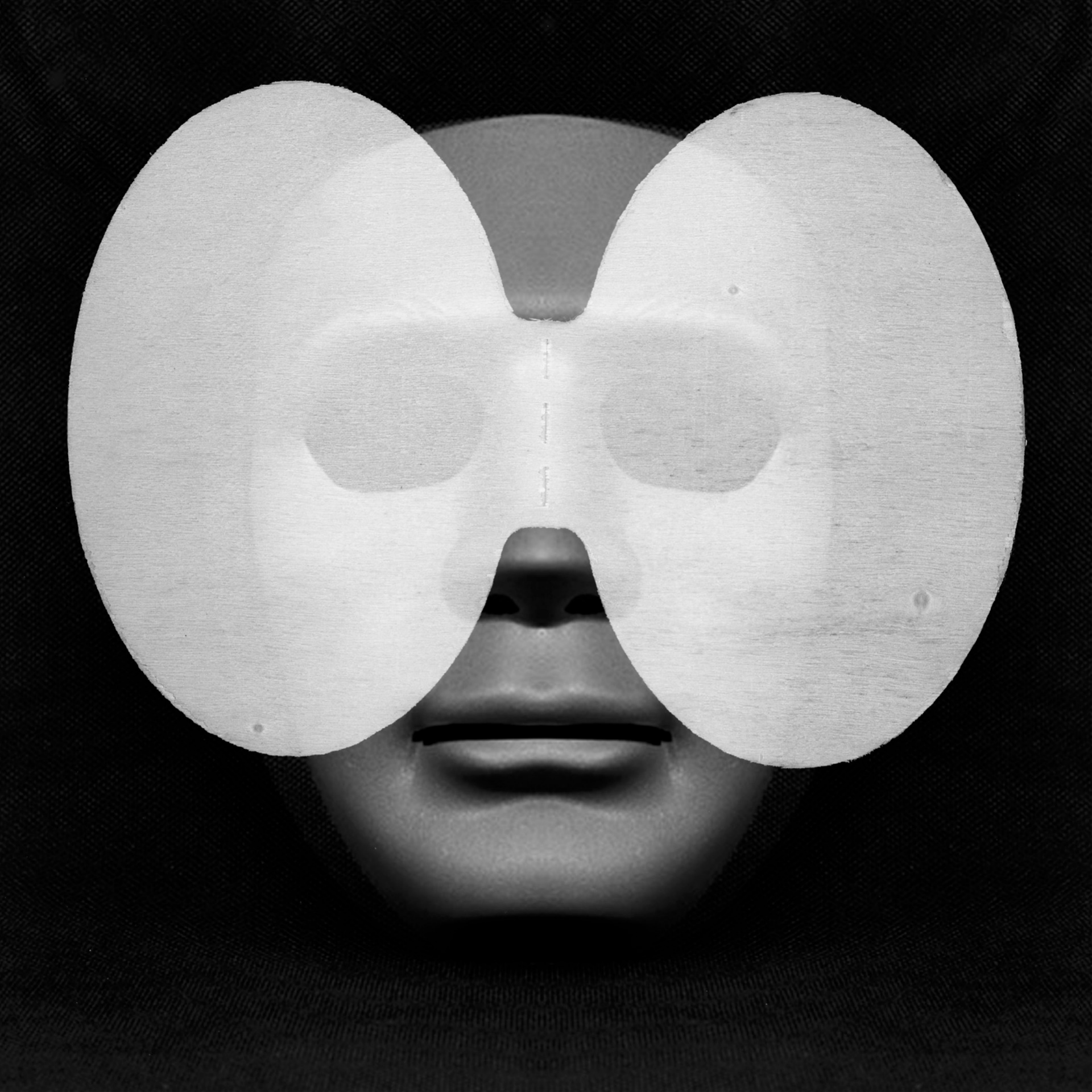


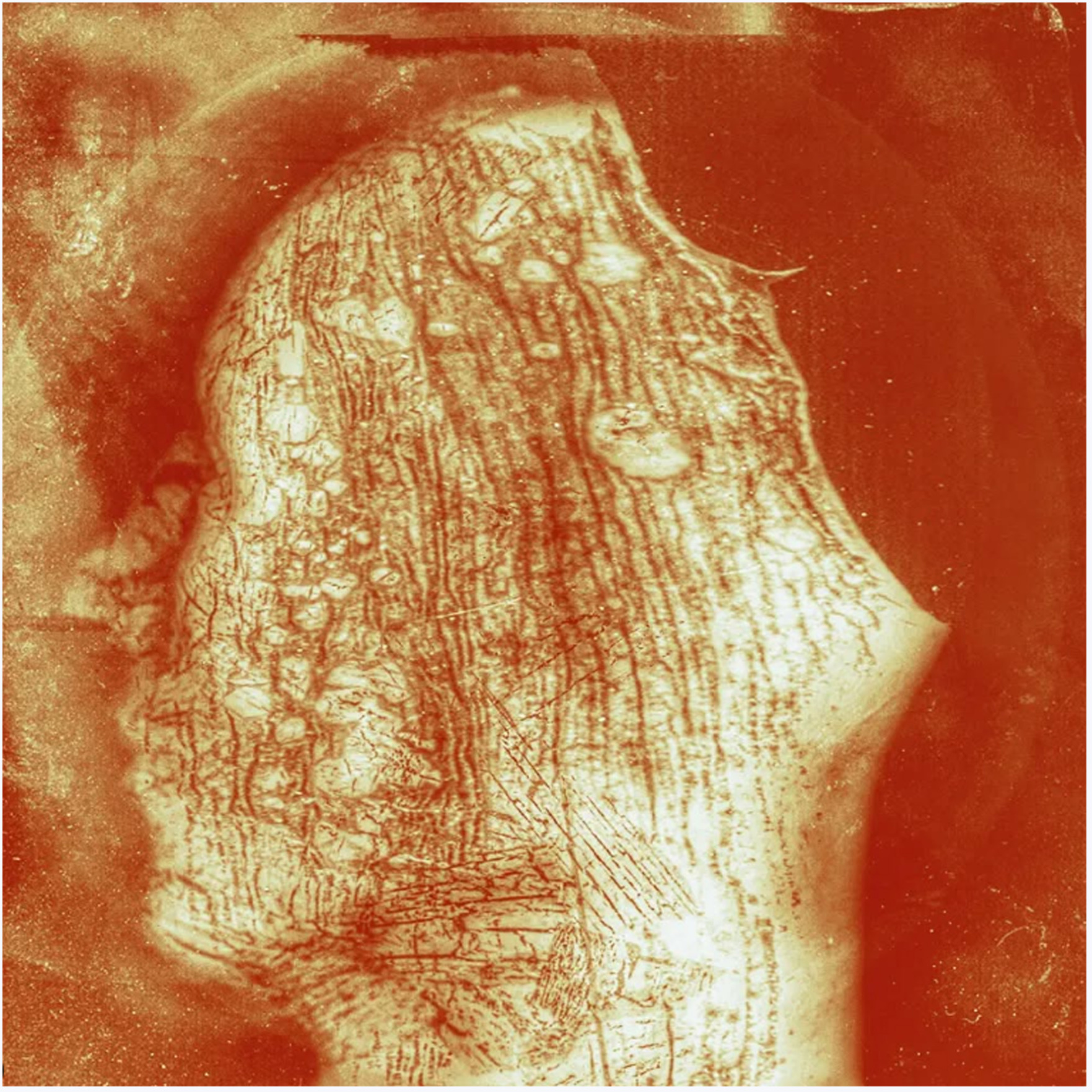


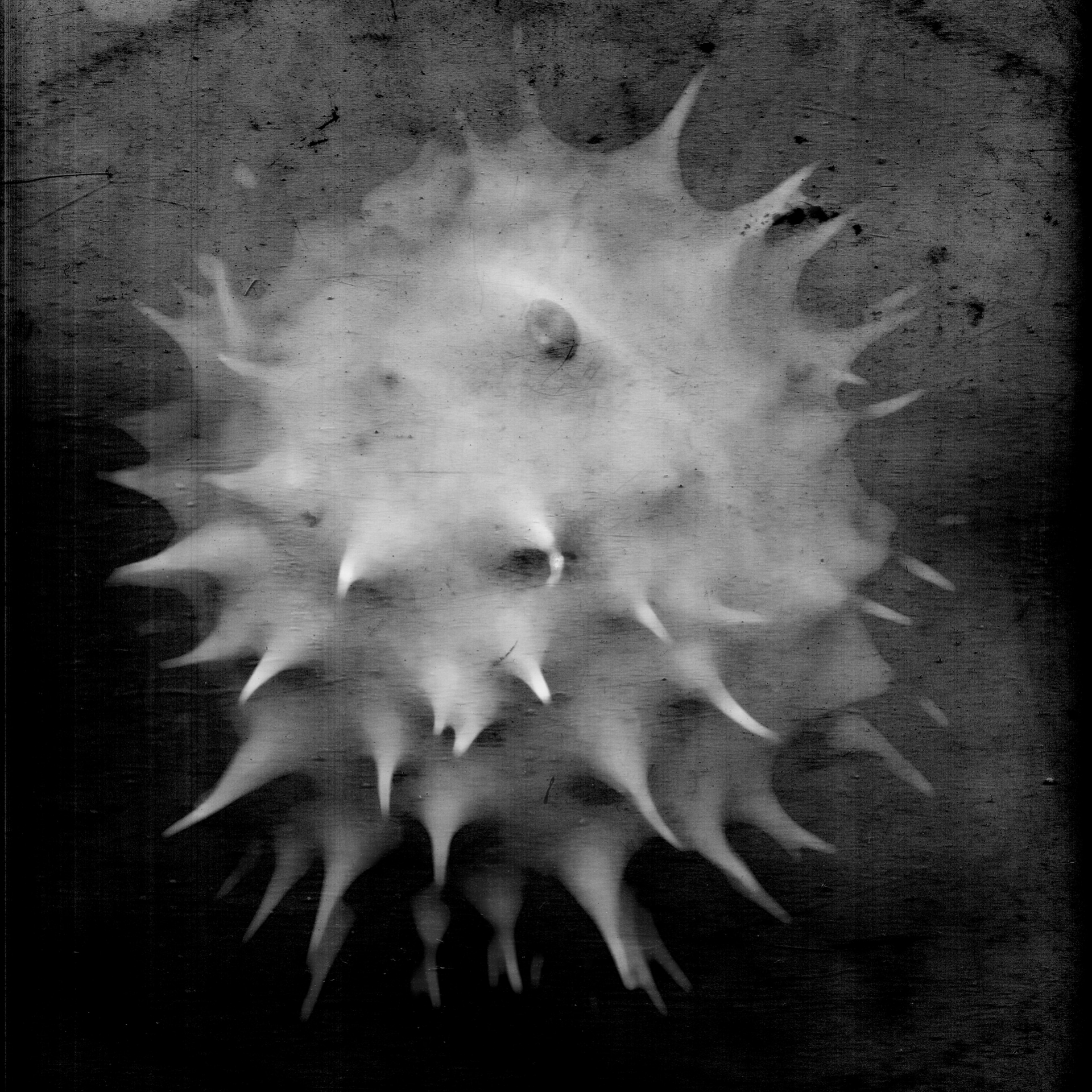


















DARYA RYBALCHENKO







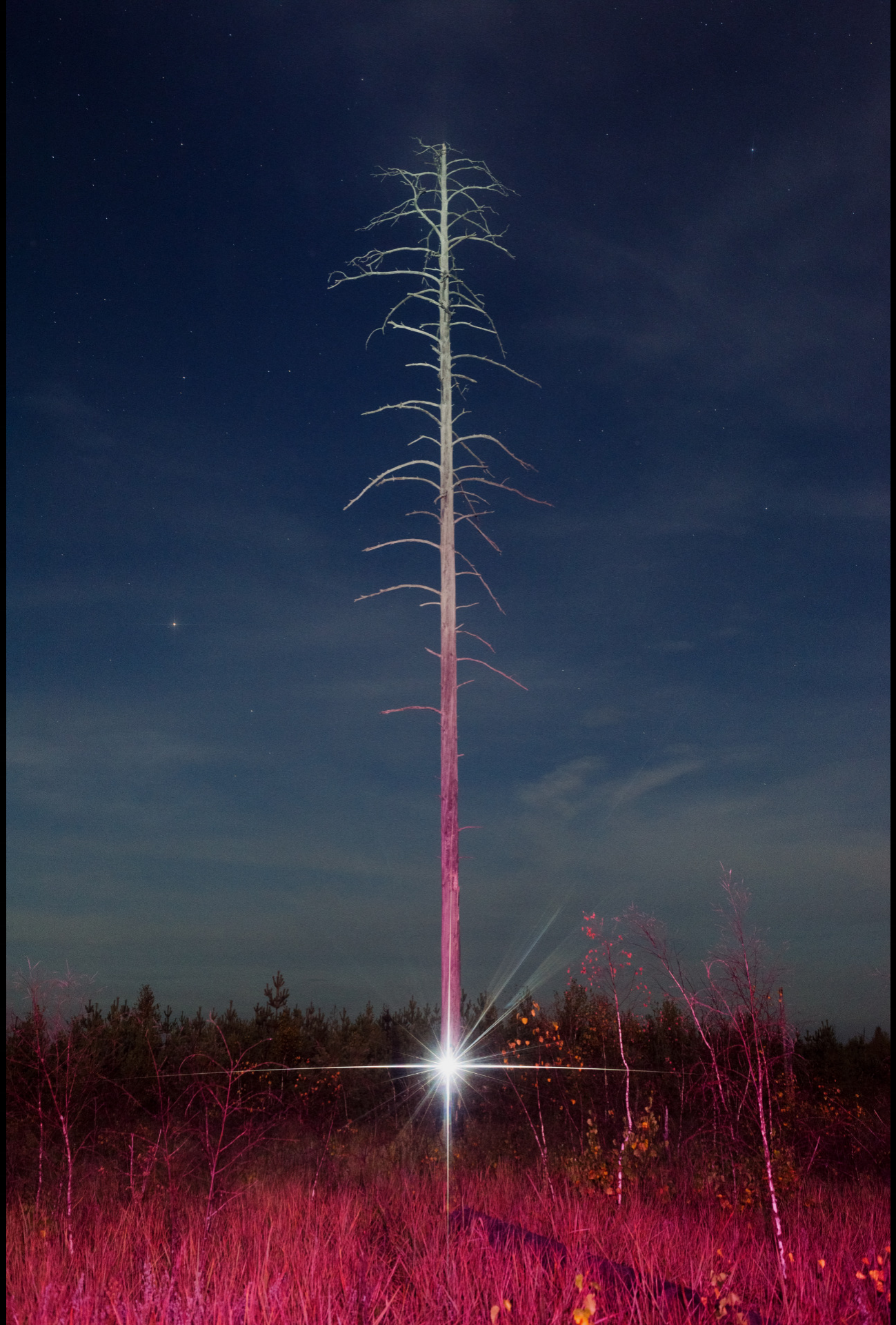








































NATHALIE ERICSON


















































JAN WESLEY

Corners of a Boisterous Sky

The bird rescuer says *birds like noise*. Suzanne Vega sang, *blood makes noise*, and wherever the beak or body takes us in our preening and turmoil, there are loosely tethered leaves and crackle of branches as the winged ones touch down and circulations of blood scramble to feed the heart.

I never remember if people in a dream make noise – gulls flap above lovers shifting in sand – then I'm flying into a small town suddenly not my own – I mistrust an unfamiliar couple waving wildly – then I'm stepping inside as I get quickened from sleep.

The bird lady is named Karen and she opens rooms in her Victorian house, its walls of pigeons, finches and doves in cages stationed like furniture all the way up to the eaves. I lean close to the bars where birds fold their heads under damaged wings, and when injuries heal she tosses each bird back into the sky.

The night takes away the sun, hangs itself over the chatter of traffic, sky-high eucalyptus trees sighing like slow fans and I dream I am deaf.

Losing Roe

I imagine he might lift his hand in a wave against the evening light, a gesture I never saw him do since I never saw him in flesh and bone after he had barely begun to grow in me, undeveloped, unstirred, until he was a full human with a future ahead like a huge golden sky.

He will never know I let him go when I was too much like my mother who had just left the earth, and me lacking sense and a third eye to comprehend what a parent needs to give. I was deadly afraid how a son might perish, as if I could drop him from my hands or fail to find food, a place to bring him up alert or good or bad or saved.

I speak to him and say he would be a man in middle age now, maybe pissed at me, or bringing flowers the way notes might have arrived in his hand from school, to say, *Yes, he's a good boy*, *just a slight incident to discuss* – and yet, only I would know he was living inside himself with mute grief.

I take a walk among the trees, perhaps a nod to how my son would have grown like a reed reaching out of a pond and I walk further into the city with throngs in the streets shouting for control of their own bodies. I walk with these women, one step, and another, pitching our voices to say straight up that sometimes a woman is unable to do everything when she knows she can't.

My beautiful car

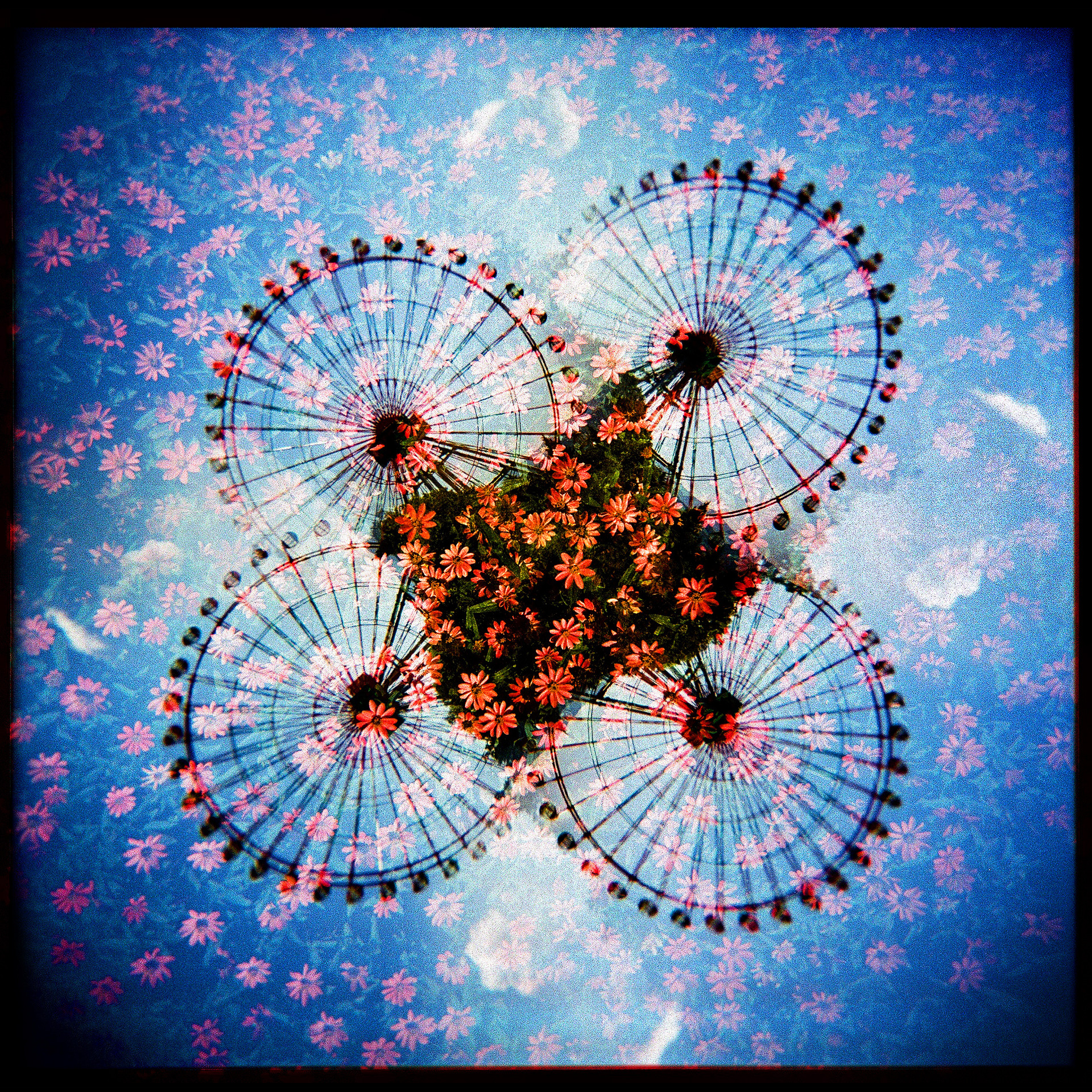
Sound fills the gulley and the gulley
is wet, small animals bend their heads
to the wreck. I cannot hear traffic and the day
lies quiet like a hand inside a shirt. The air
is muggy, stiff as a bed, good enough to lie on,
to breathe in silence. Nothing looks the same –
rattled with wonder/wander of my mind as I veer
off from what is familiar. The man who could
do me in lounges by the broken stolen car.
I hear the steam, continual crack of metal
and glass drips from my beautiful car, my gentle
and criminal man seeming to sleep. I hear him
exhale grunts I wouldn't make, too harsh
and gurgled, my stunned relief he isn't dead. My
red stinging hands reach for strange mercy. We lived
again, no bones in unusual angles, minimal
blood, so I lift my head. His voice has taken in
gravel when I see him move. *Don't fuss over me.*
I know how to do this. There is sizzle up my spine as
he says, *there is possibility of fire*, *a splash of oil*
into a leap of flame. He moves, calls to me
knowing we are alive. Before noon I recall the words
Let's drive up into the canyon. The grass is still
green, bodies useless, but I do get up, brush off
the grime. We roll onto one side then push to a crawl.
I'm not sure I can follow him as a big shift can harm
love. He doesn't know where to call for help. The hillside
still trembles. Birds chatter with sirens, defeat, gasoline.


HODAKA
YAMAMOTO















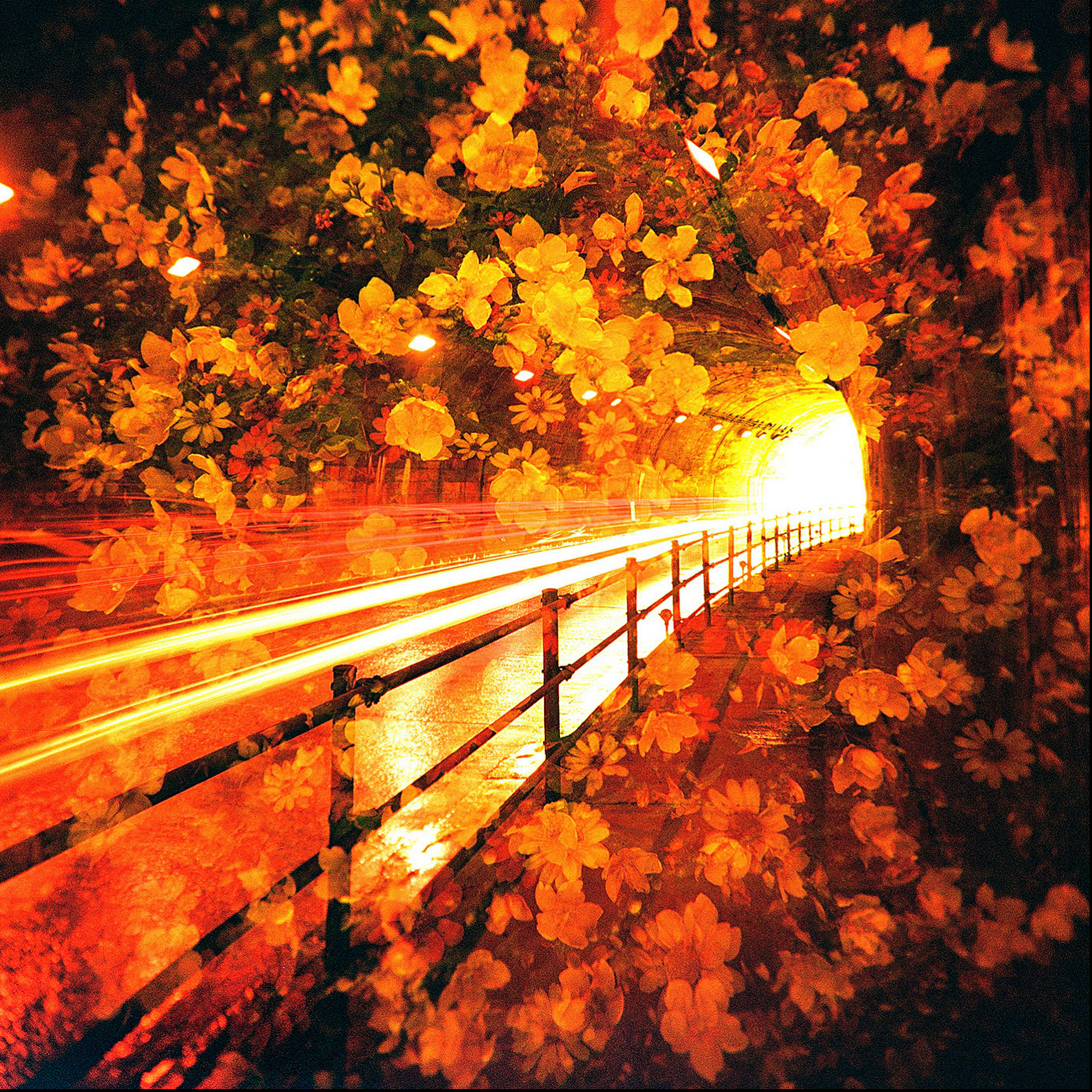

























IAN'S
MASKS

































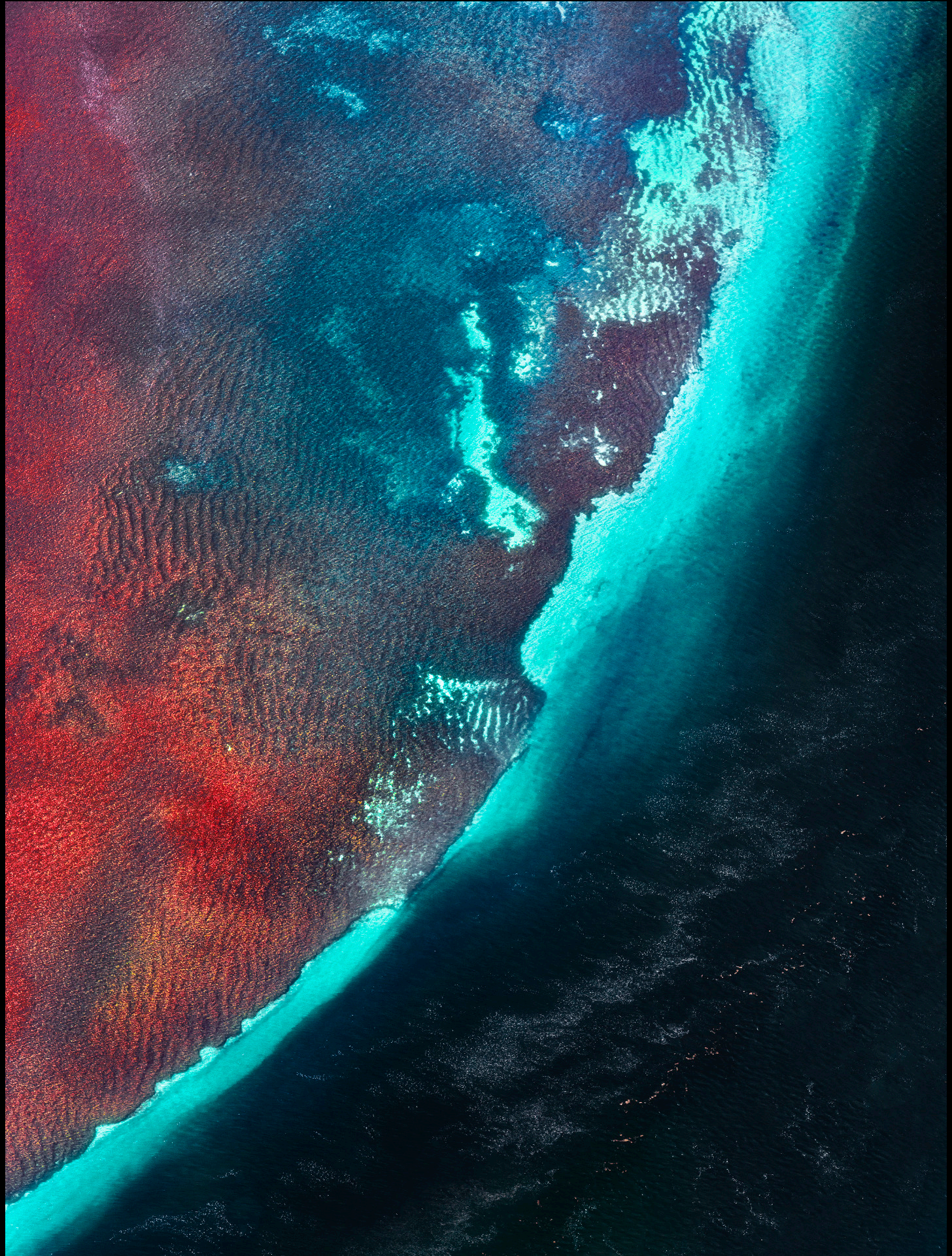






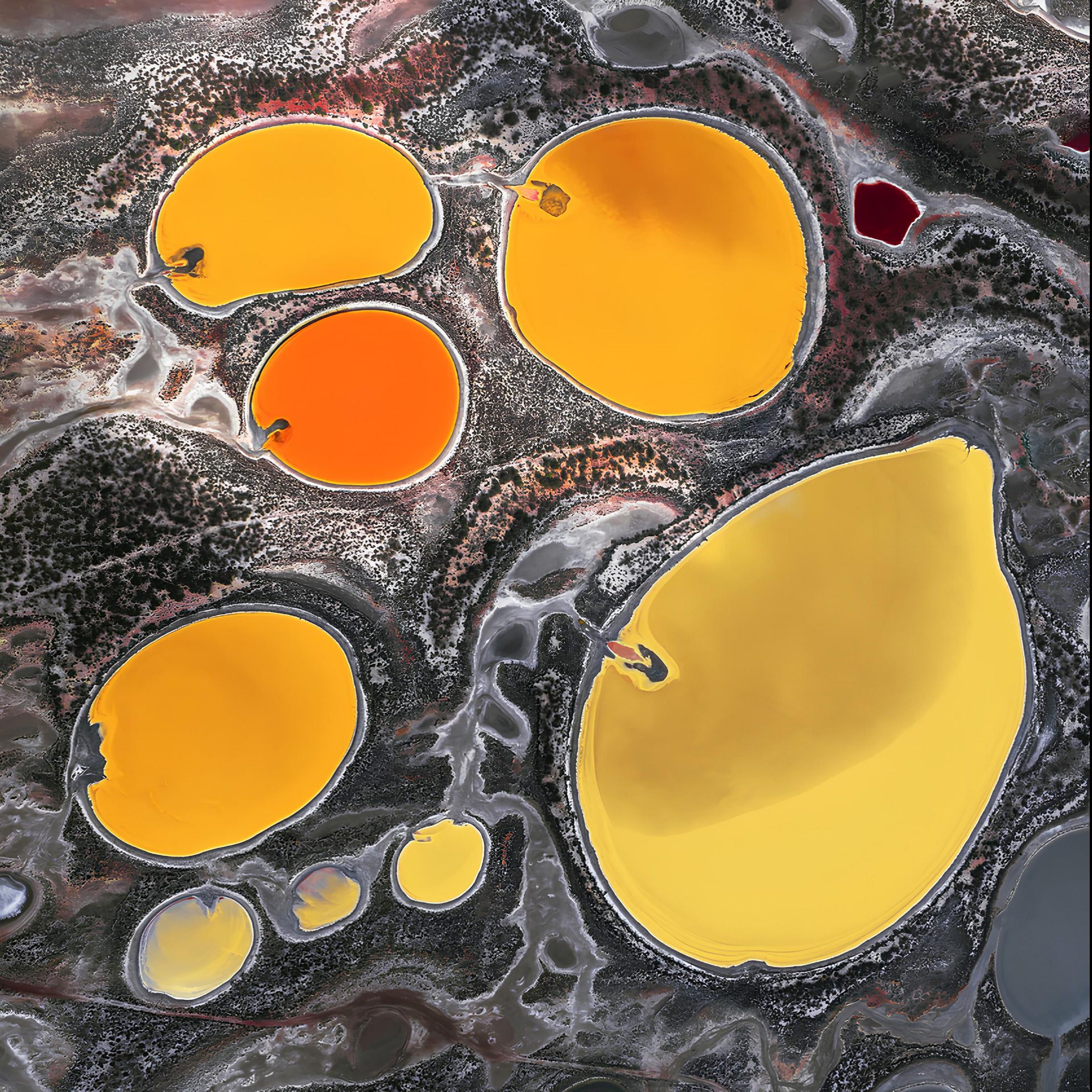
SCOTT McCOOK





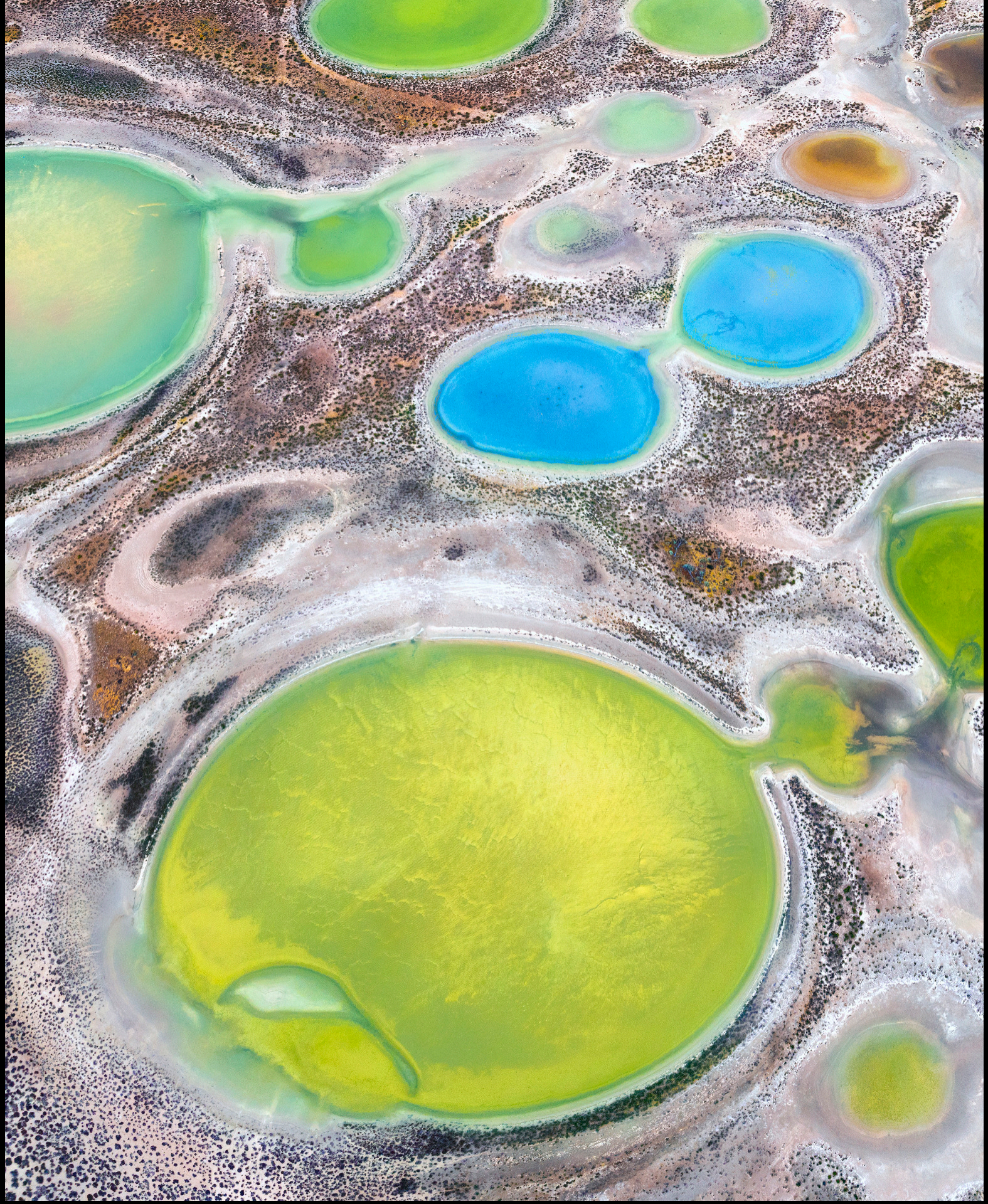




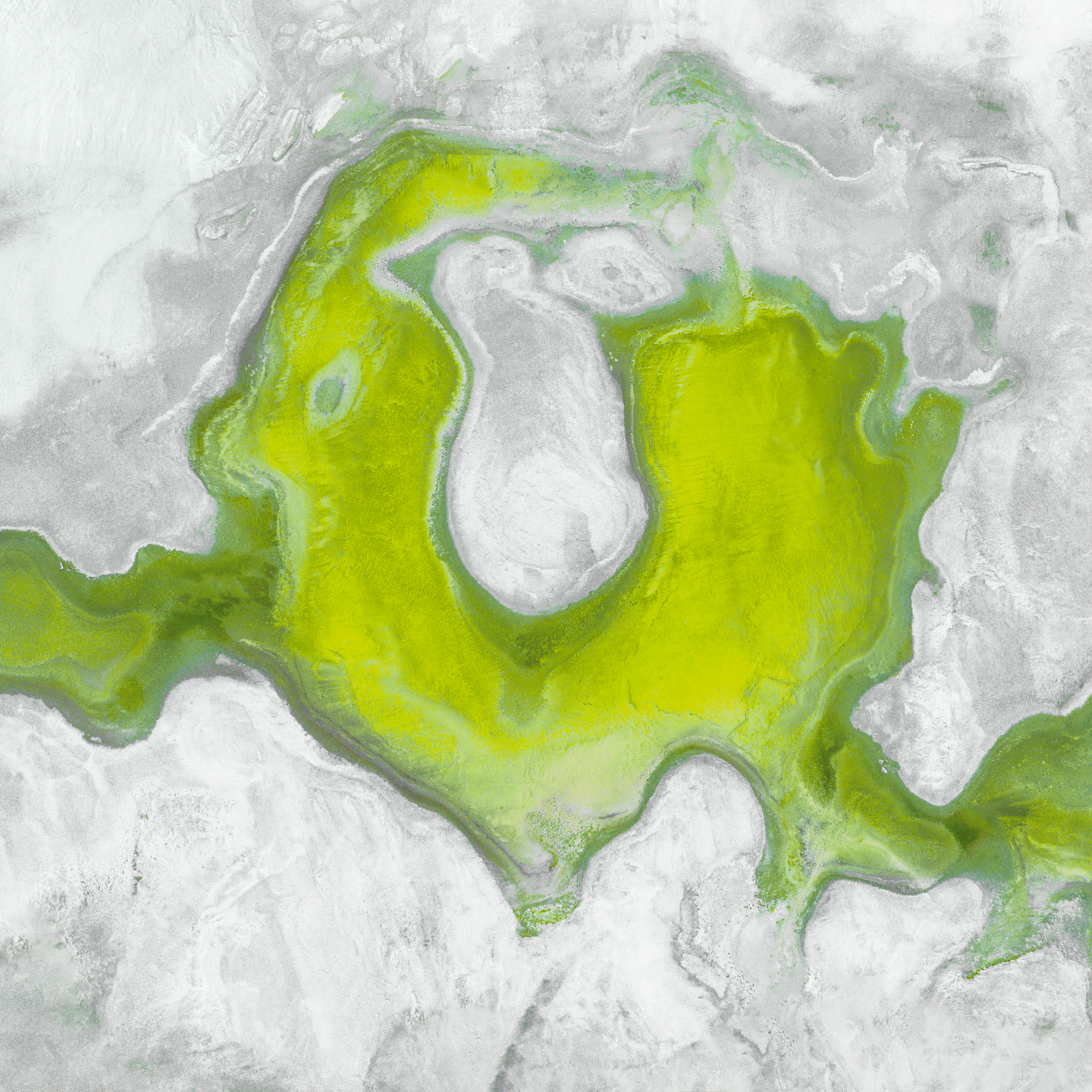






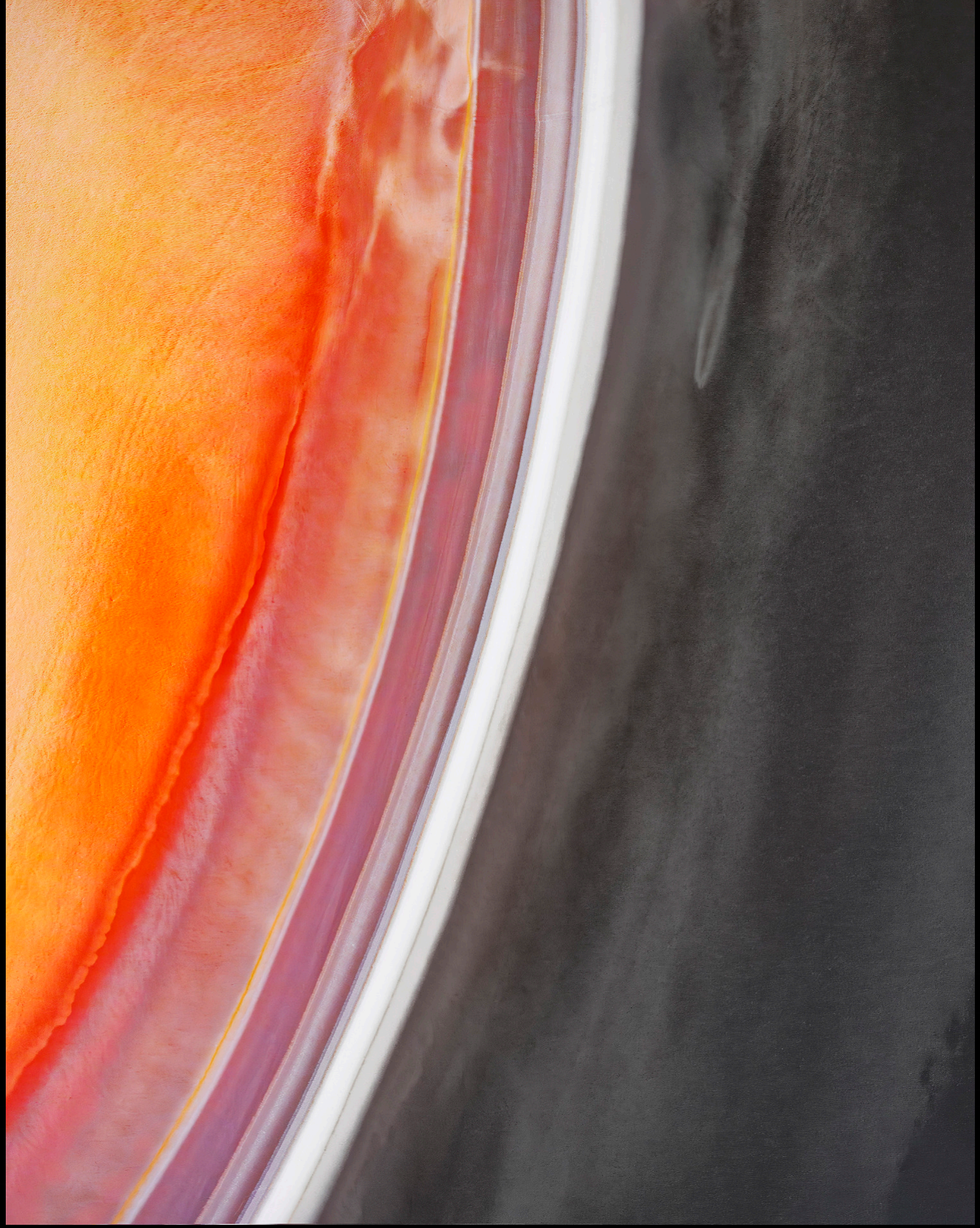


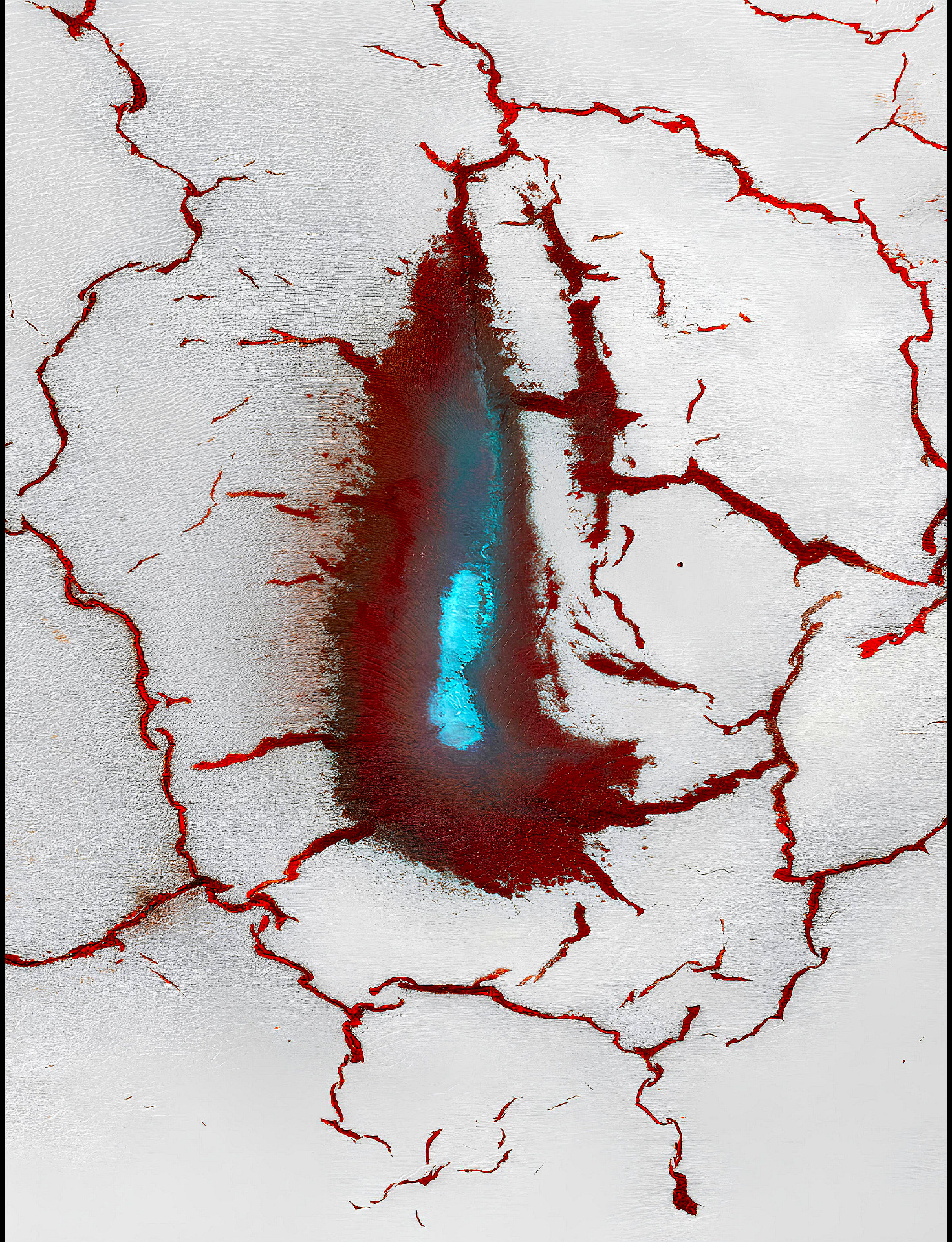




















VIC MARTIN





















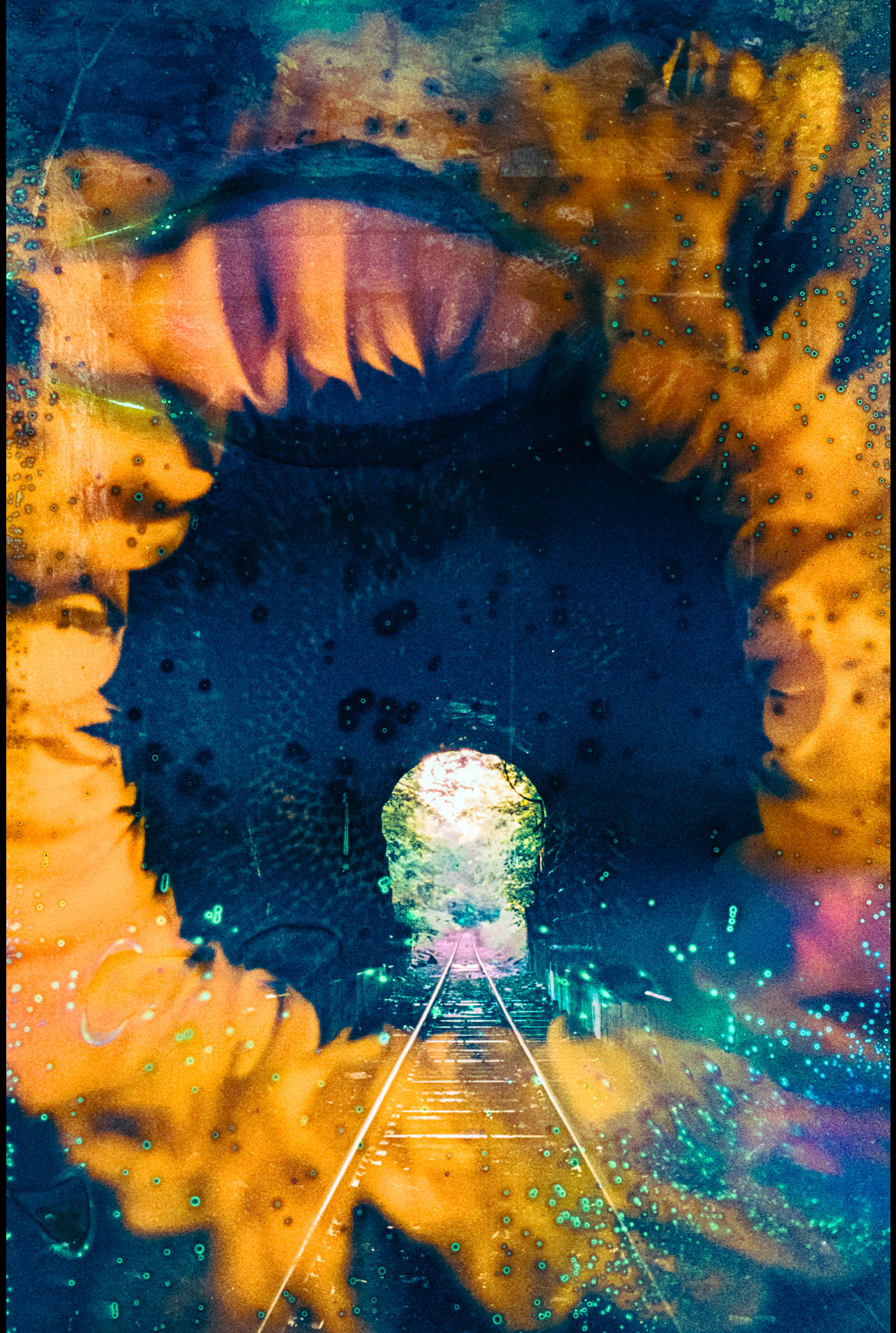


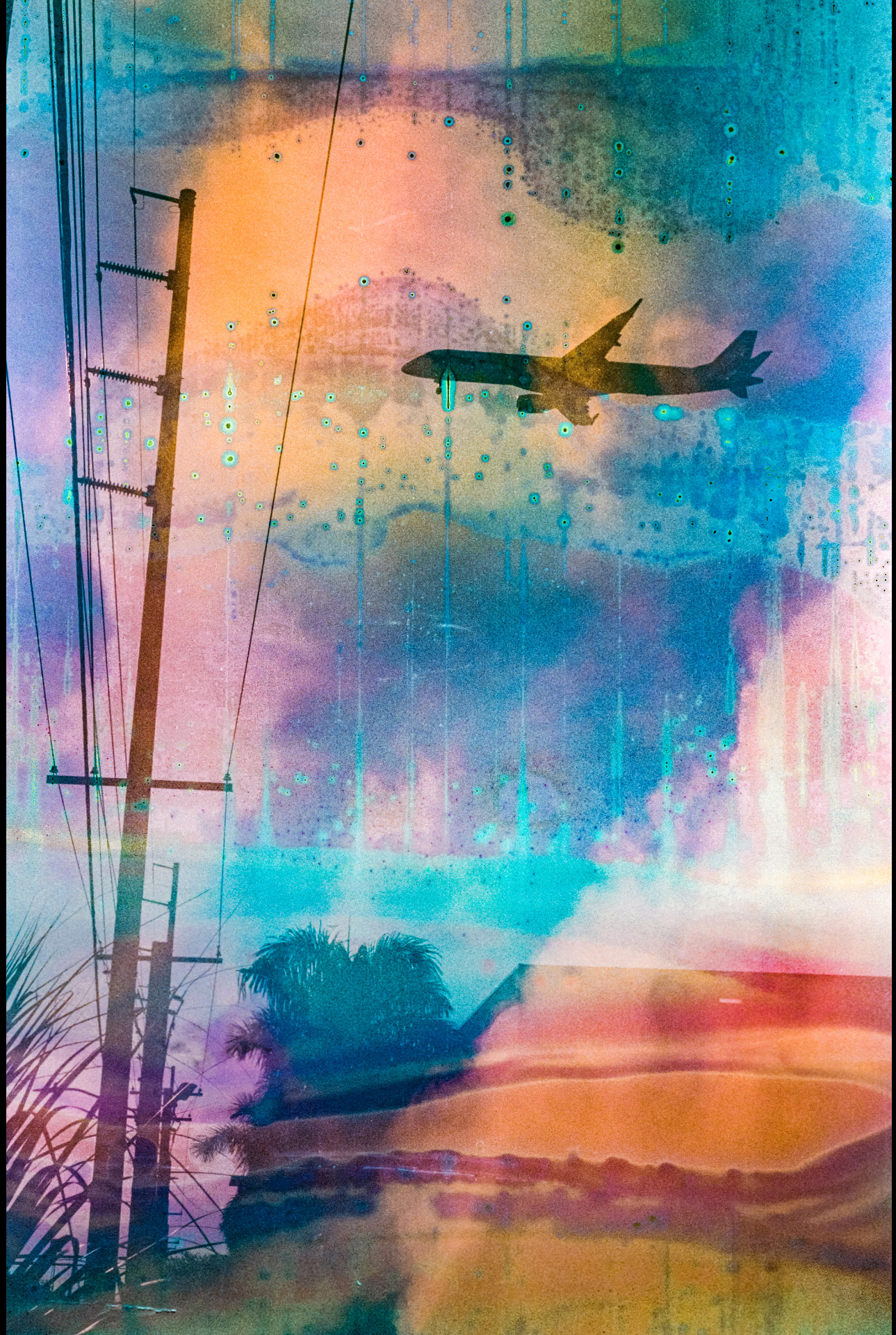























HARRISON HAMM

Field Dresser

You'll find me in the rearview mirror.
Naked as daylight. Somehow younger in the snow.

I sleepwalk—all hooves—through the middle of town.
Eyes more like black glass than the brown you don't remember.
I'll dare you to lay me backside so the trees can watch.
Spread the hind legs like you never got to.
—*Antlers up. Easier to cut.*
Fruit flies, earthworm—the light cracking through.
Even here, stars die like an afterthought.
Your favorite game: Busted radio, empty parking lot.

Stuff my heart in a plastic bag, and don't look away. Man, I've seen the rifle
under your dirty jeans in the closet. The hunting knife with a gut hook
—the one I dreamt of kissing instead. I said, *Christmas me the scalp.*
Look into these taxidermy eyes and take off your clothes.
Call it forgiveness if you need something to believe in.

And when you dig inside, no gloves,
only churchbells coated in winter-skin—
I'll open my mouth. Let you cradle my breath,
TV static on your tongue
—tell me: *Can a body of legs still find its way home?*

Lycanthropy

On a pink moon
and I had to loosen the chains
just enough to let the beast breathe.

Bristles of fur whispered fennel
into the clearing—I mean,
the accurate heart. Gore of it.
Red. Red. Red… in the meadow.

No deceiving the violence starred citrine
in your eyes when the fruit-dark of nightfall
actually falls—

On my fawning knees, Spanish moss
sways—just sways—

bends roots ruptures breathes branches

—outstretched, given willingly. Though
it's strangely misshapen, this feeling
like I've never walked these woods before.

Anonymous again as the bones forget
this me in you. Somehow talking
through the water, the moonsharp teeth:

We're just talking. There's no harm in talking.

Numbskull

I’m coming out with my hands up. Here’s the psilocybin
and the gorilla glue. A sprig of mint, grown by the boy
who snuck the picture of you wearing nothing but his
teeth-marks. Somebody had stolen the highway. Named it
after a company. Somebody was counting their change
outside the midnight supermarket. [It was past *3:00* in the
morning.] Someone was getting high, but couldn’t come
down, watching the traffic lights change. Hoping their mind
wouldn’t mind, but I ghosted the bed. Thought: *Lucky*
I don’t pay for love. Lucky to have a hospital in walking
distance. I’m cleaning out the body, and it gets dangerous.
There’s a part of me that wants to holler in the middle of
the service. When the sinkeepers assemble in brutal rows
before the dismembered pulpit. Freeze frame. Tall grass.
Disciples. Or starlings, whatever you call the swooping
night-strike—*Wish I never told him, but baby, if this is a*
graveyard, I’m willing to dig it. You’re feeding me doves
and Lucky Charms. Lightning’s melting over my head.
I’m coming into a fast car, over the valley—my hands up—
You’re driving like you’ll kill us. Power wash the dry wall.
They say this happens only once. They call it a blunt trauma.
And when the love runs out, I don’t even have to ask.


JARED HAMILTON






P.F.C.
Jerry R. Holbrook
Bridge





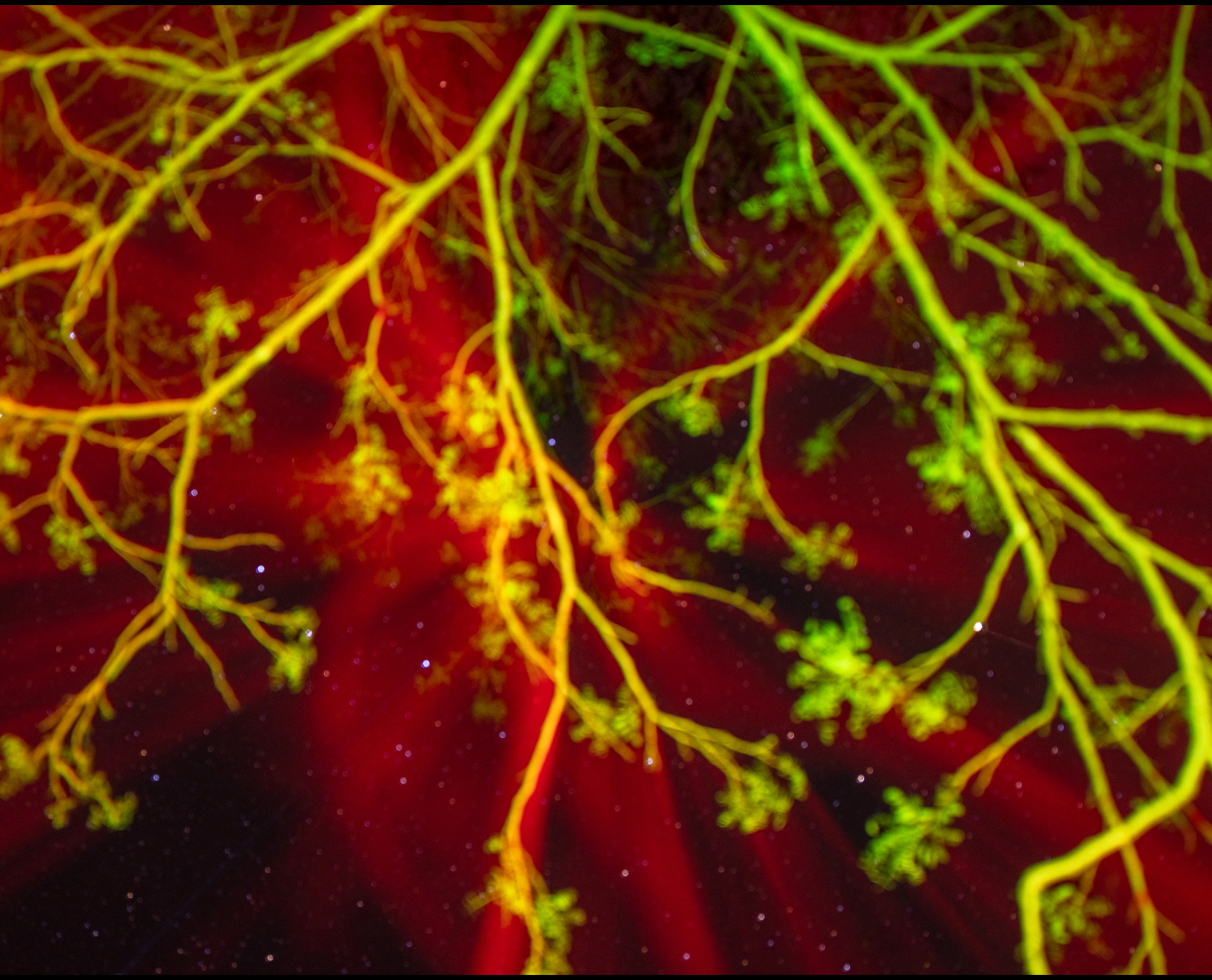







HOLLERWOOD













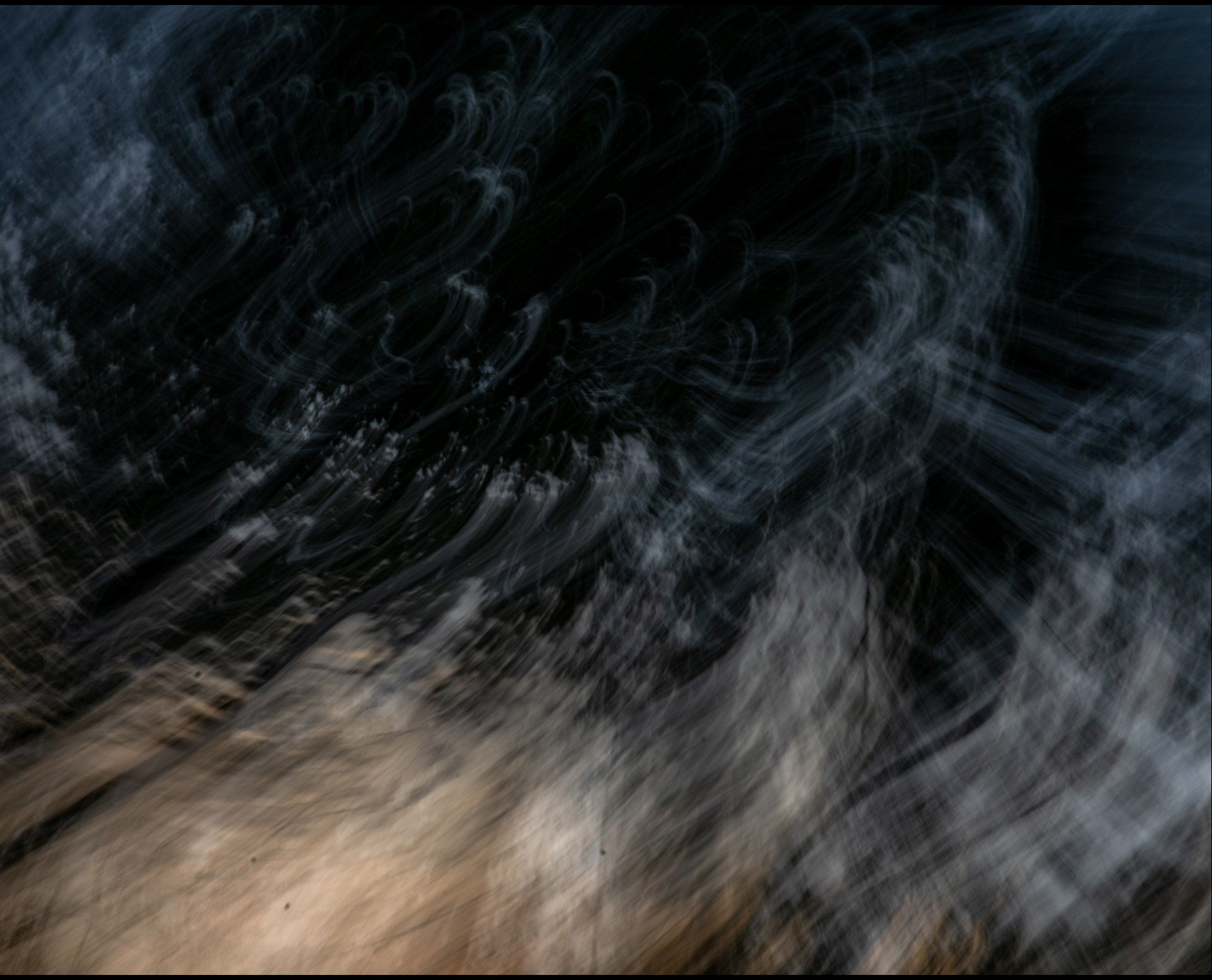







SINNERS
WELCOME
ABCO
SECURITY







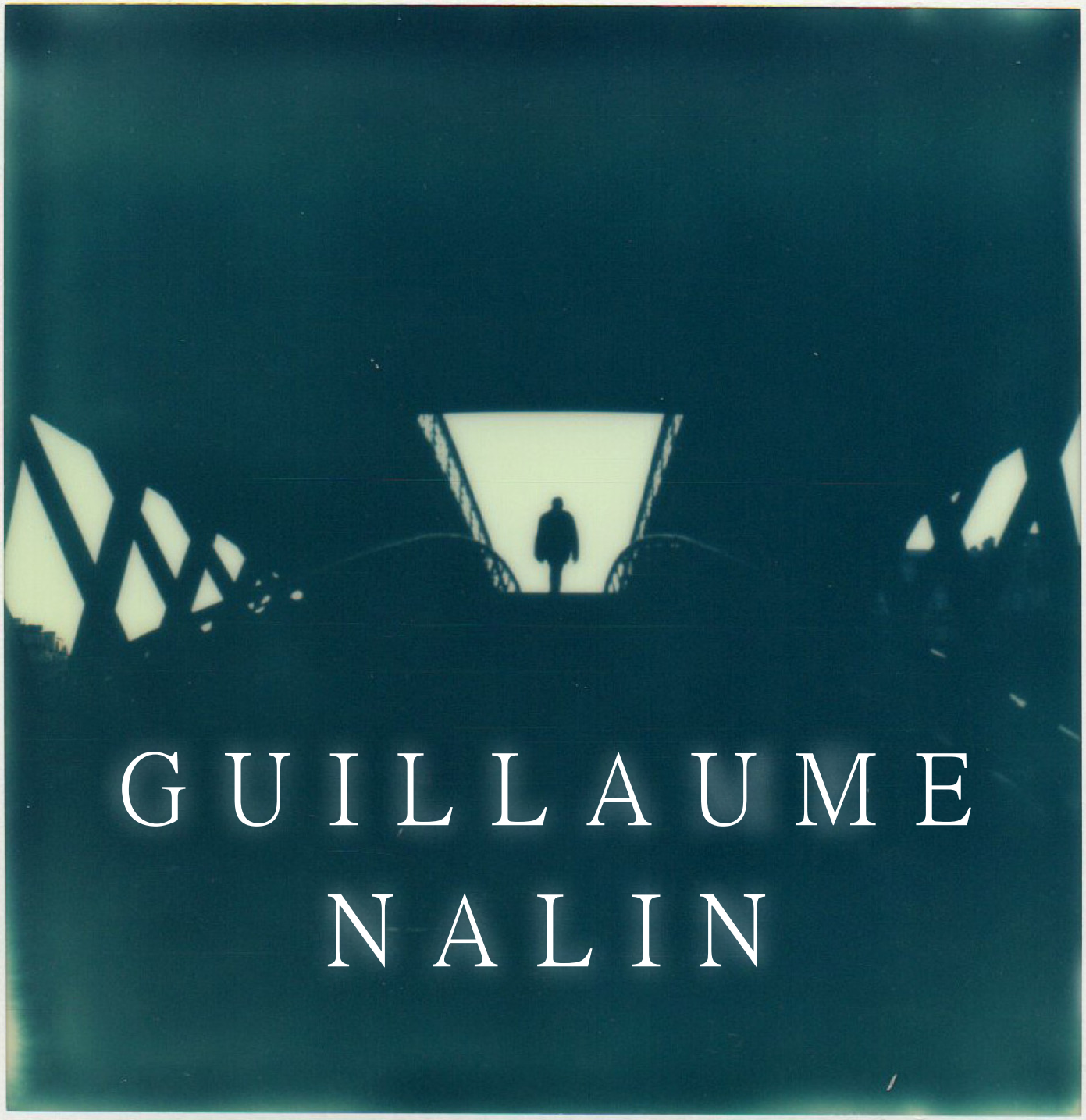











GUILLAUME
NALIN































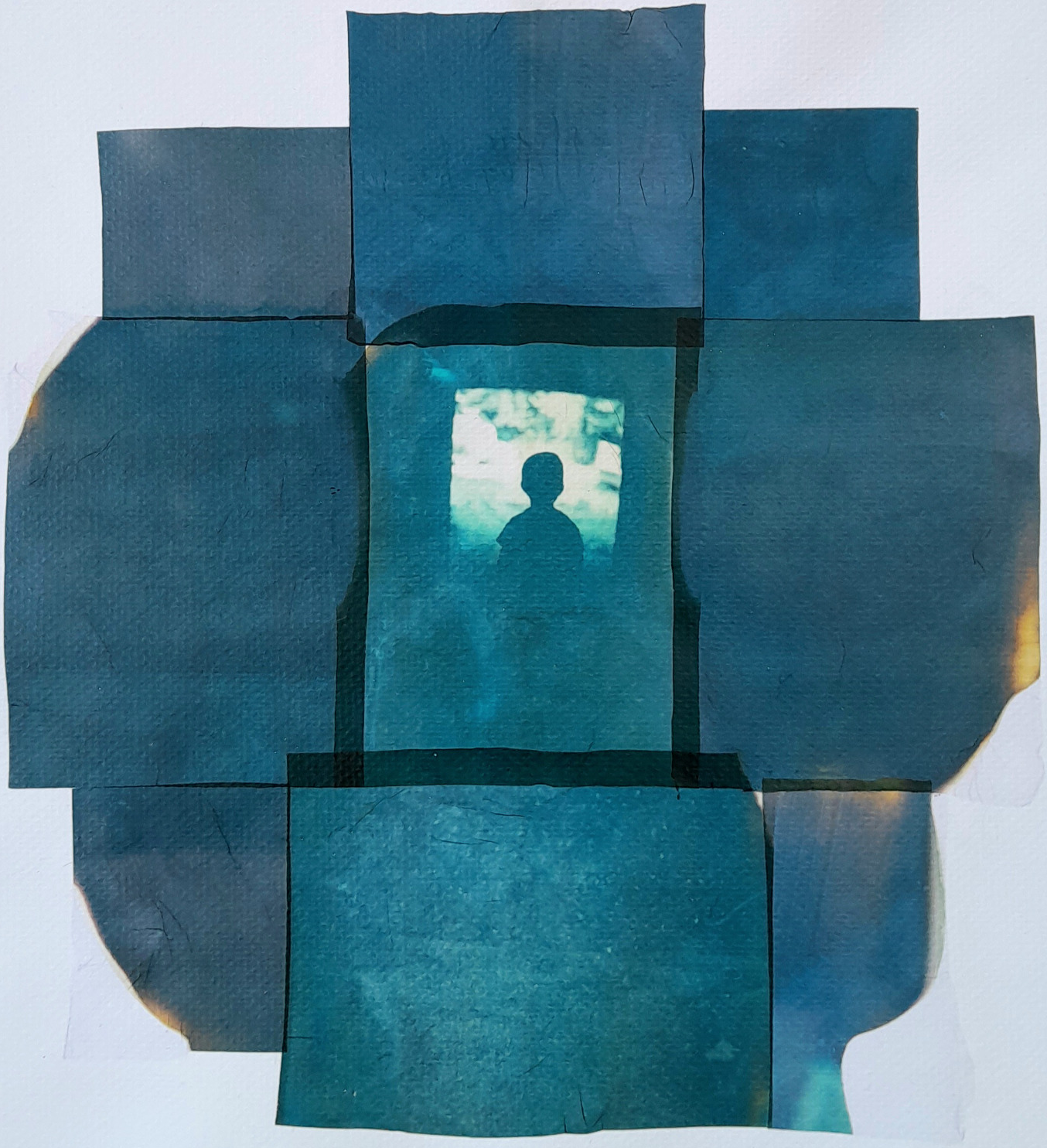























ANA FÉRIAS



















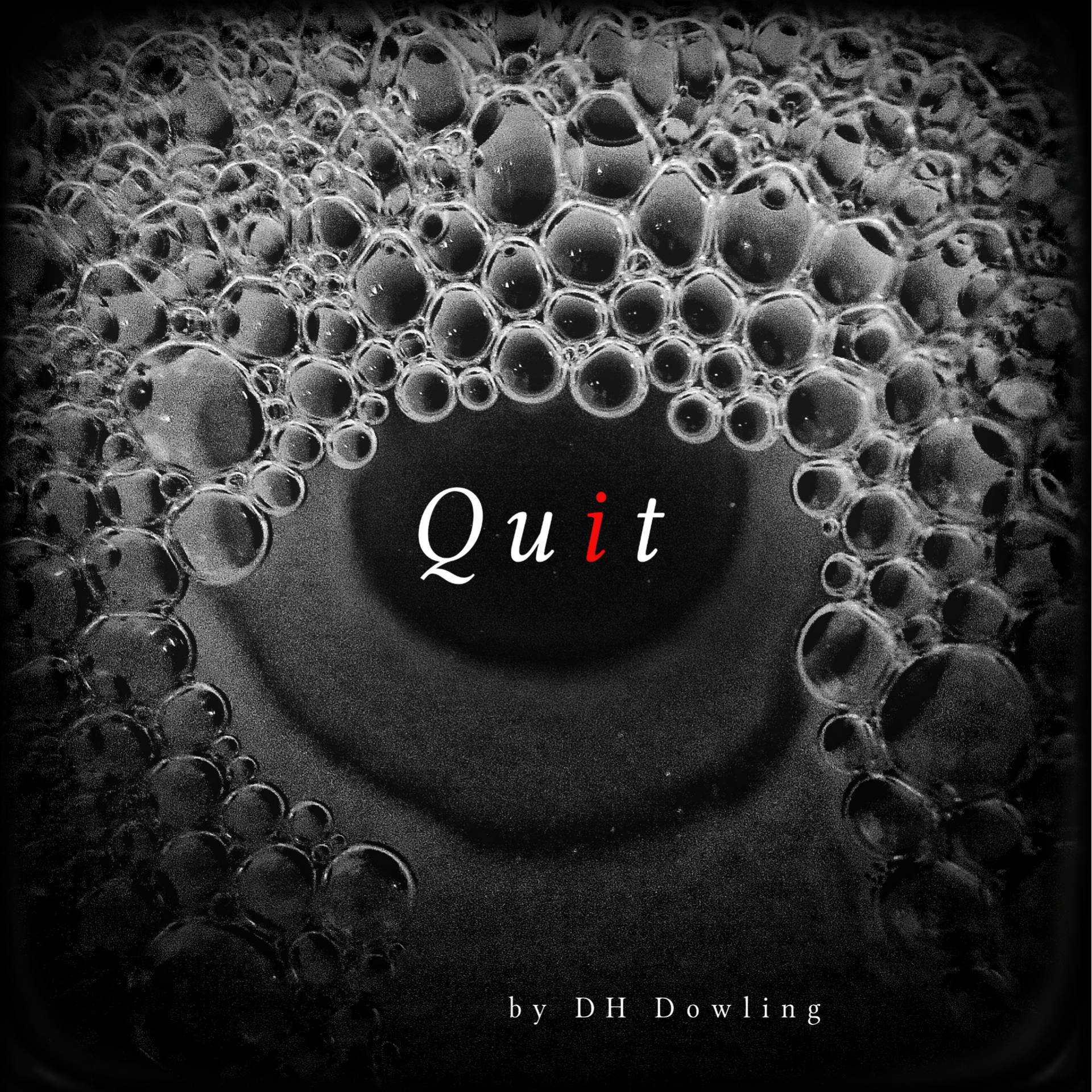











Quit
by DH Dowling


MEMORY


GUN
SUN
SHOT
GHOST



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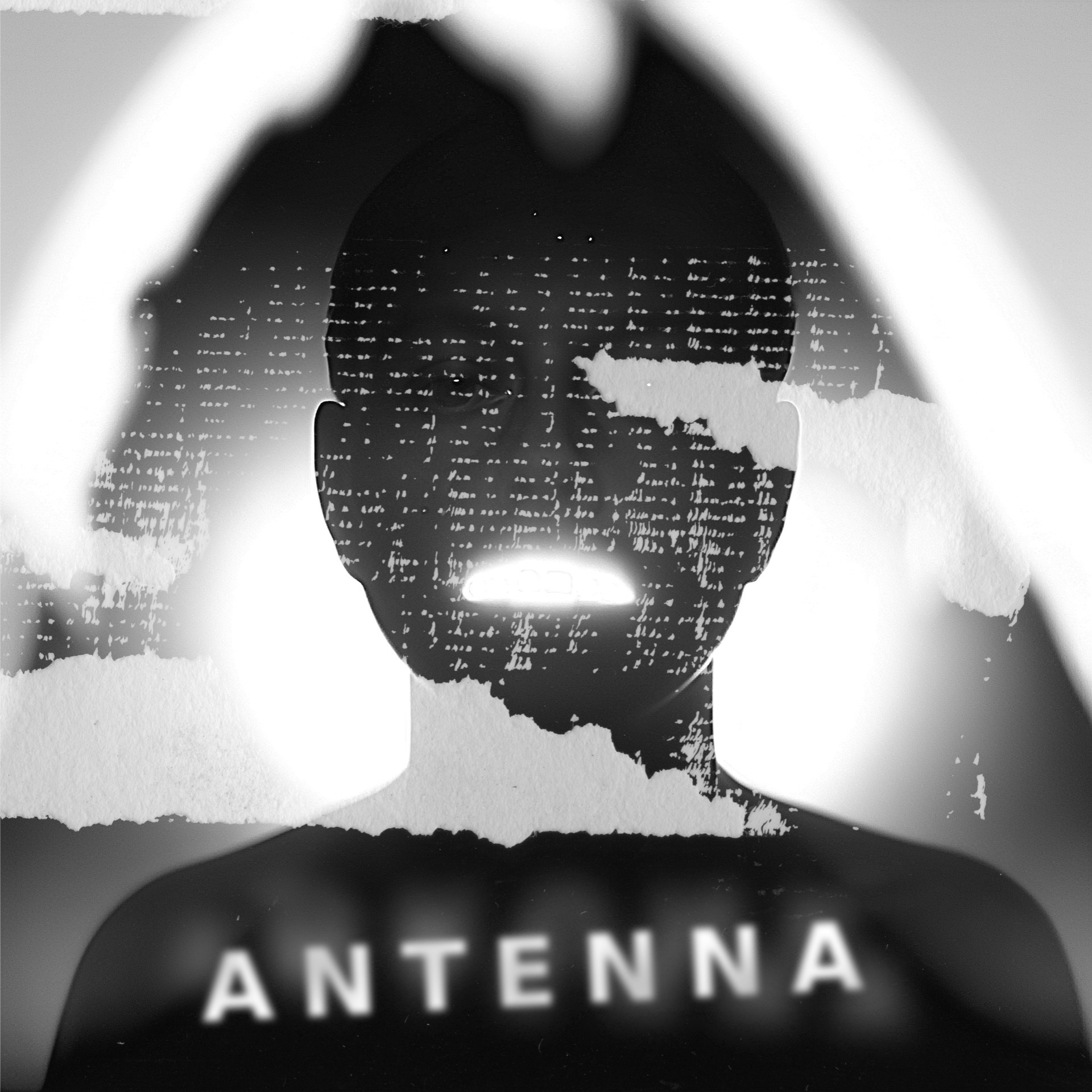
EYE
R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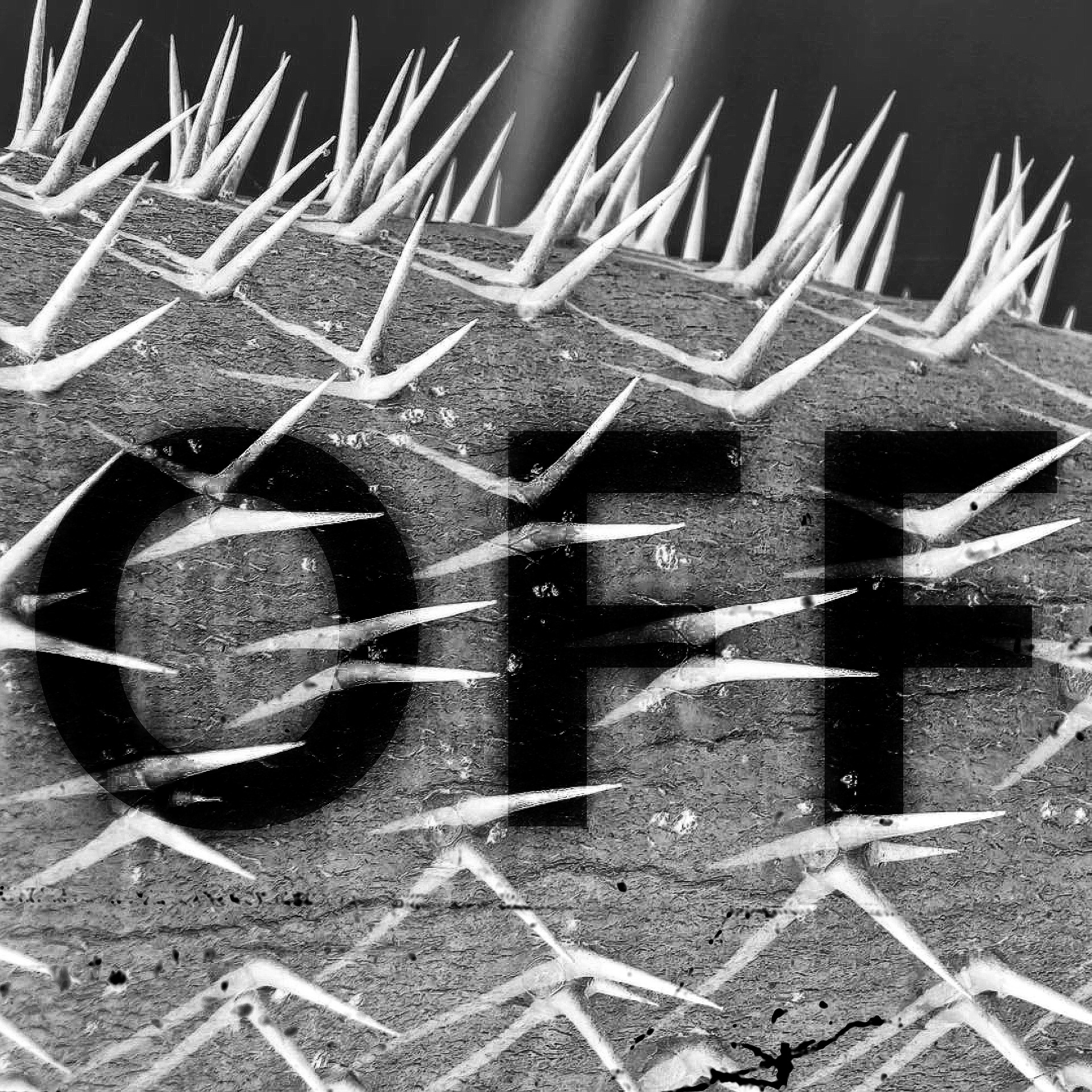



OFF MY ASS

VODKA
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF)
BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY
DUBRA DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.
CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY
375ML
0 80853 22021 3

MY FAULT


SON
OF THE
COLOR
BLIND
PAINTER


WAITING FOR THE BUS




LOST
FACTS


ASTEROID
ON MY
DOORSTEP

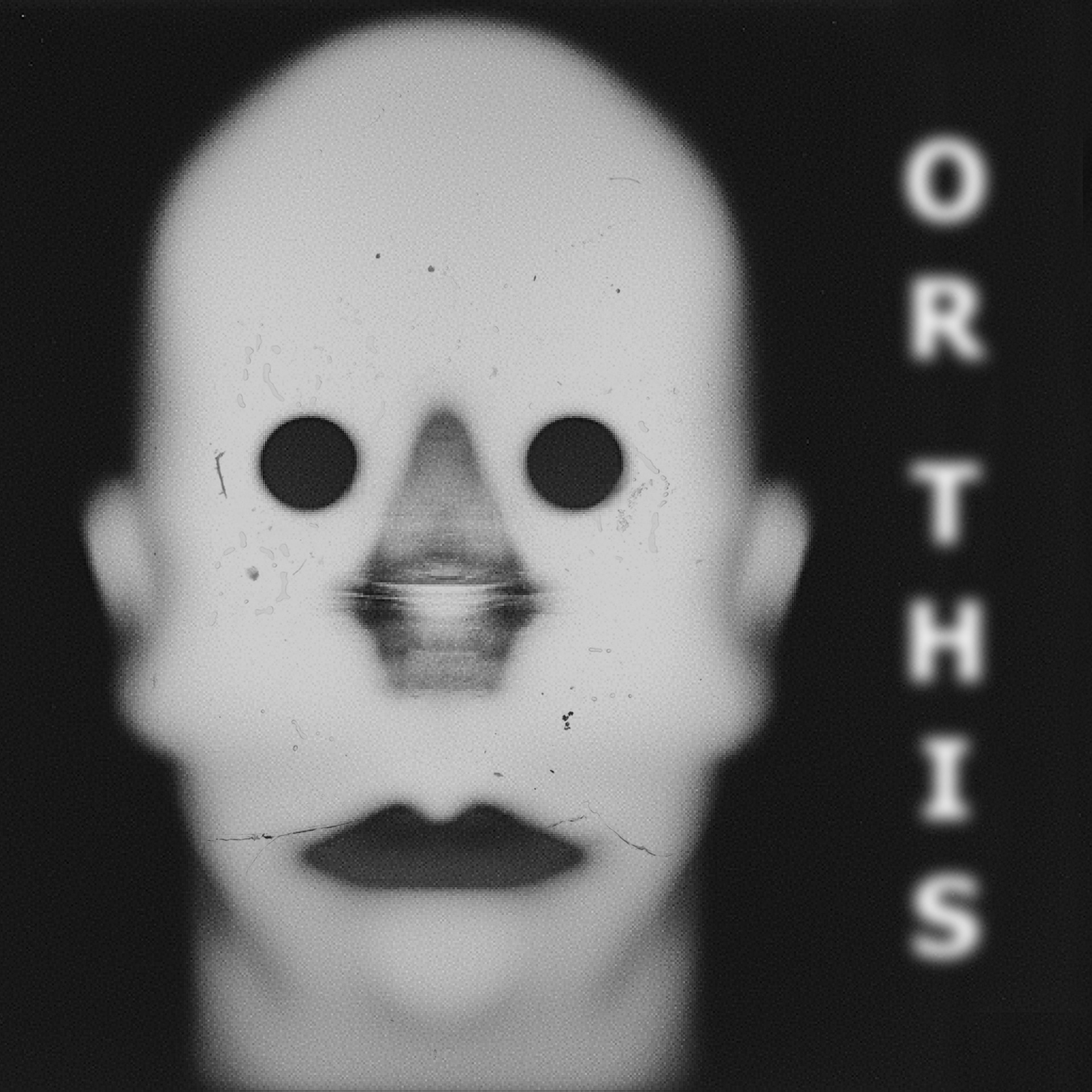

space
opera


SOL


ADDICT




QUIT


OR THIS




DIE
HERE


OR


BLEED
DREAMS


NOW


KAREN KEVORKIAN

Hot Enough

Dark when she wakes and dark when she leaves falling asleep still dressed

and at 12 the phone

locked-out cat mouth frozen wide in midsqueak

slide of glass door to the balcony that makes a theatre of trees

tomorrow will be hot enough she fears it

gaping mouth the shroud of longing to wear as loosely as possible

fierce jays waiting for the cat’s try at crossing the yard

pyracantha drunk robins of April slam into glass

Dog

The century old tree forks from the center of the highwalled yard the dog with a white ball in his teeth

which he chews tirelessly loving the squeak until he drops it and backs away when I know to pick it up

it has been hard for him to teach me I do not particularly like touching a ball soaked and clotted by a slick tongue

or to throw it not having what is called an arm not even reaching the wall

only seconds and the ball again in his mouth

he chews to make that noise like car tire-screeching cry of the damned if the damned were plastic

flops to the grass the squeaking something alive in his teeth

Surprise at the Wound

Over bright blue water air slips around

skinned bark of Mexican fan palms elephant-leg sturdy in yards

near the Pacific a name denying anger or rage like grabbing the back of a neck like rumpling a cat’s fur to lift it

words lain aside enter the house but don’t find them no oiled lock slides into place

a long white hallway a desk hollow as a thumped watermelon or skull

the bed underneath the too bright ceiling jagged scraps of red felt a haystack mattress bodies’ vinegar fume

light’s furious slap impassively received

turning tasting o quite sexual then gone picked on scab

like large birds that fear hawks and carrion they everyday leave


6


DH DOWLING –
PUBLISHER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
CURATOR, DESIGNER
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HOLADAY MASON – POETRY EDITOR

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6
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CLICK HERE TO BUY BEDSIDE BENEDITOS



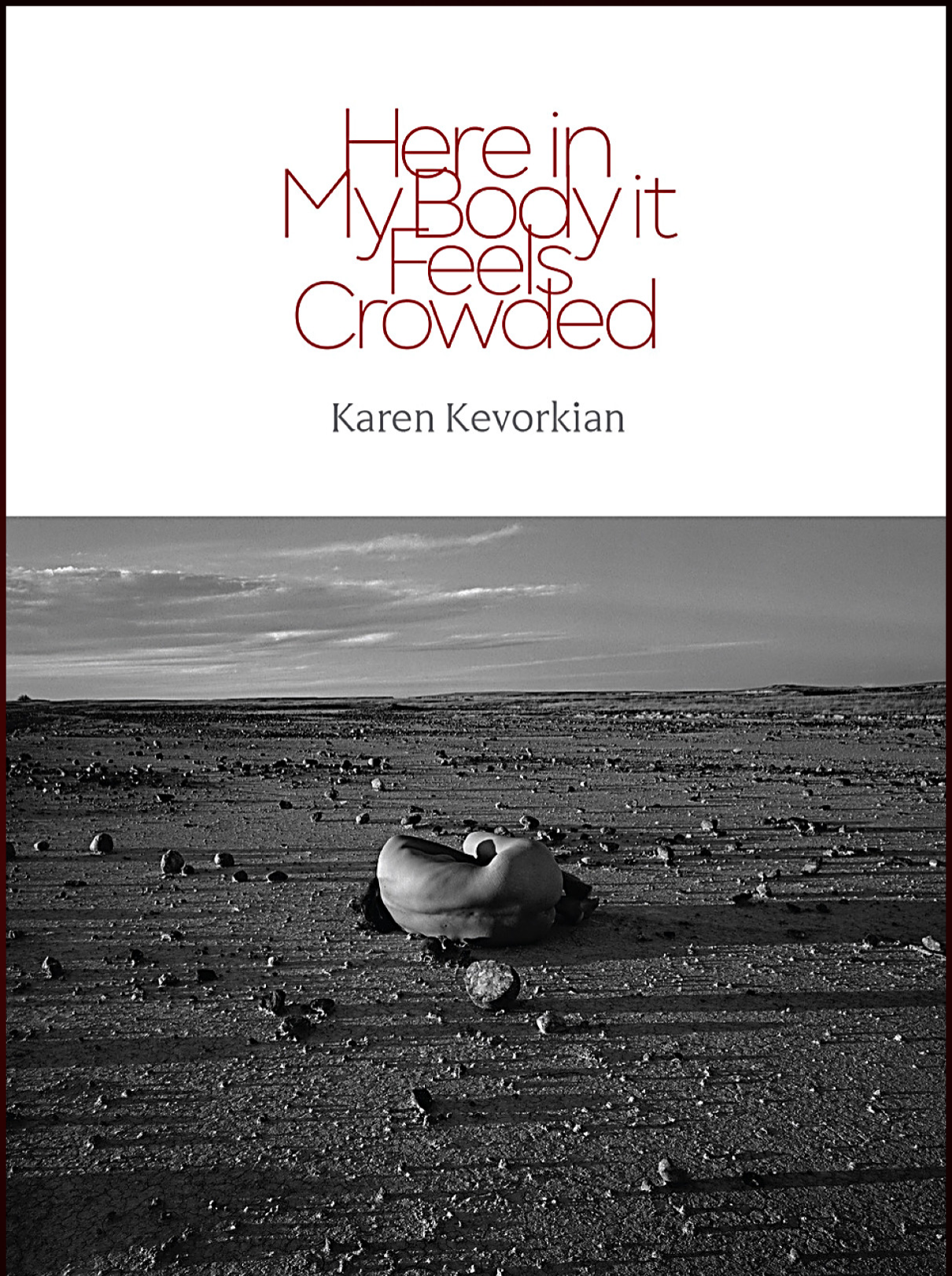
Holaday Mason

poems

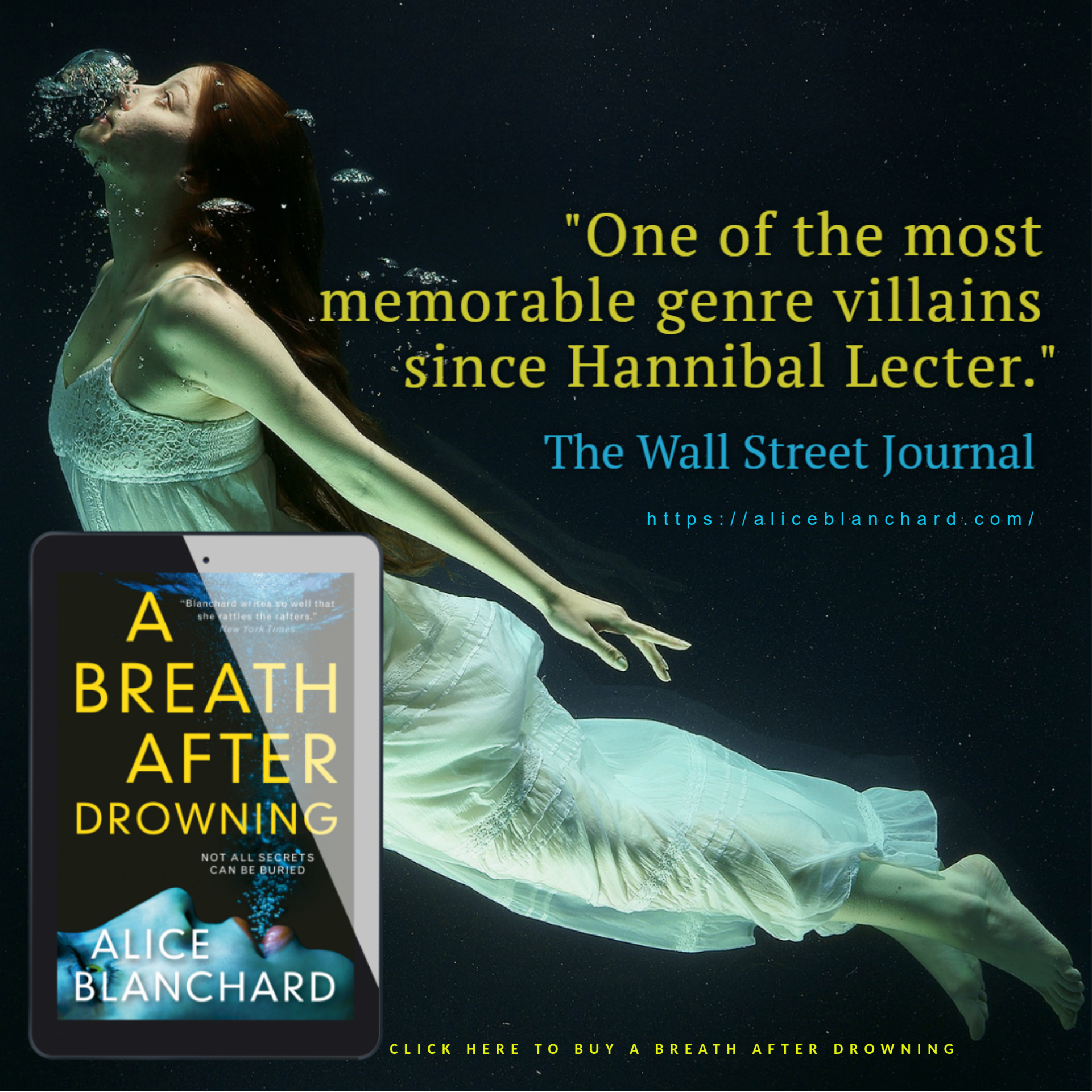
AS IF SCATTERED



CLICK HERE TO BUY AS IF SCATTERED



CLICK HERE TO BUY HERE IN MY BODY IT FEELS CROWDED


"One of the most memorable genre villains since Hannibal Lecter."
The Wall Street Journal
https://aliceblanchard.com/
A BREATH AFTER DROWNING
"Blanchard writes so well that she rattles the rafters."
New York Times
NOT ALL SECRETS CAN BE BURIED
ALICE BLANCHARD
CLICK HERE TO BUY A BREATH AFTER DROWNING

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ARTIST PAGES



MIA BERGERON

https://www.miabergeron.com/

https://www.instagram.com/miabergeron/

1. Three Spheres
2. Red Howl
3. Shark and Meteor
4. Ancestors
5. Loss
6. Swimmer
7. Arm In Arm
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23. In The Back of My Mind (11am)
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2. Autoportrait I. Syl Anasse (Title Page)
3. Série City. Avignon
4. Crococéram II
5. Perplex
6. Tempolarité
7. Linenolu
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12. Requiem I.
13. Locomo N29
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15. Quelque part dans le vieux Nice.
16. L'érudit
17. Masque n°68
18. b8
19. petite boite 2.
20. Nini fiesta
21. Tourner sept fois ma langue dans sa bouche.
22. Tarmac et Carlingue.
23. Lune rouge. projection nocturne sur fil à linge
24. Dans les phares
25. Profil en rouge
26. Le gland de Jupiter
27. Nonos et Porcelaine. Polaroid100.Fuji FP100C
28. Trop tard
29. La vie en rose II

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DARYA RYBALCHENKO

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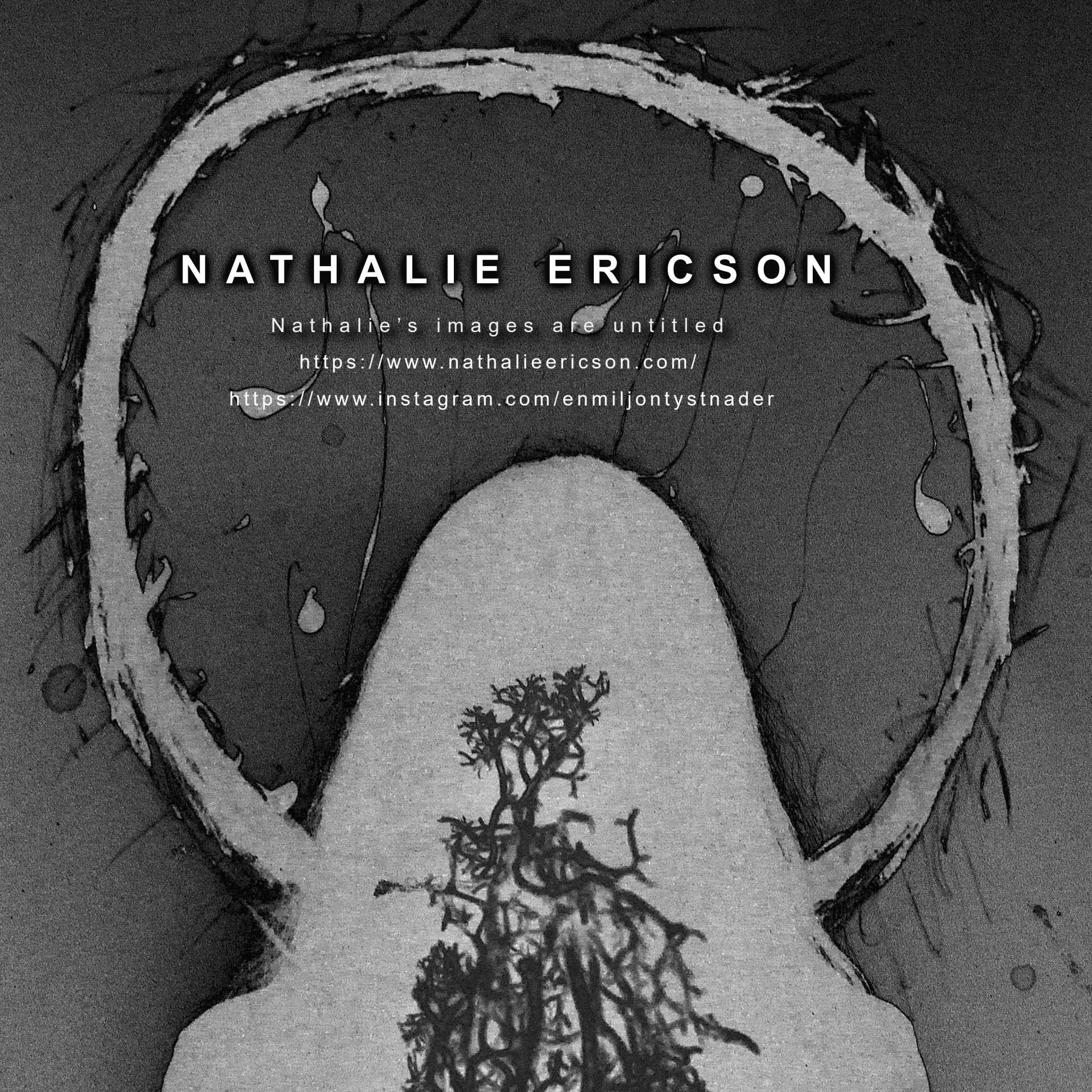
DARYA'S IMAGES
ARE UNTITLED



NATHALIE ERICSON

Nathalie's images are untitled

https://www.nathalieericson.com/

https://www.instagram.com/enmiljontystnader

JAN WESLEY



Jan Wesley is the author of *Only So Much* [What Books], *Living in Freefall*, and published chapbooks. Her poems have been in *Askew, Blue Mountain Review, The Iowa Review, Rattle, Spillway, Beyond Words*, and two anthologies, titled *Angle of Reflection,* and newly published, *Shared Condition.* She worked in post-production in the film business, and after receiving an MFA at Vermont College, she taught writing at The University of Redlands and The Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandizing.

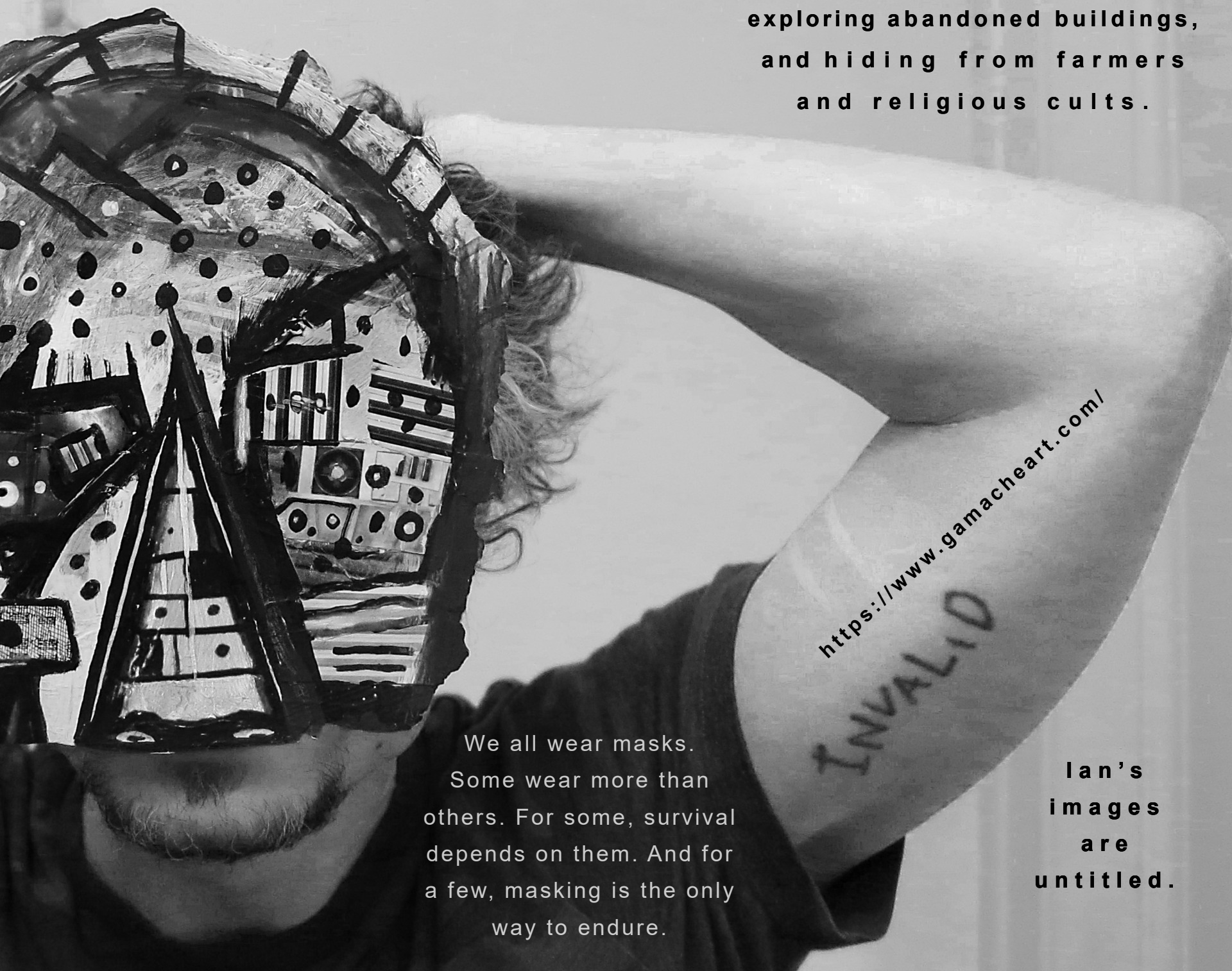
1. “Corners Of A Boisterous Sky”
2. “Losing Roe”
3. “My Beautiful Car”


HODAKA YAMAMOTO
Hodaka's images are untitled
https://www.hodachrome.net/
https://www.instagram.com/hodachrome/

IAN GAMACHE

IAN'S MASKS

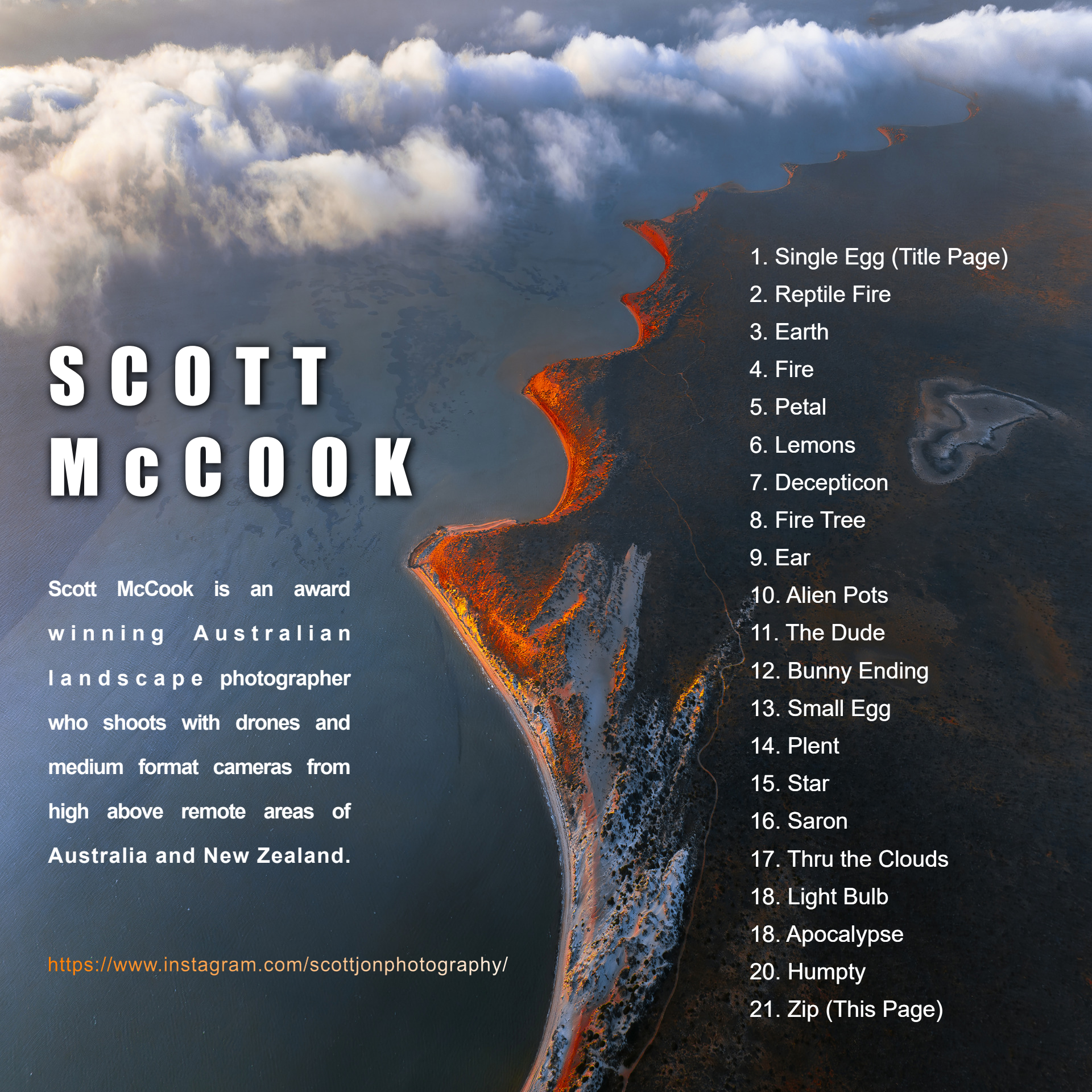
Ian grew up in rural Manitoba and spent much of his early years exploring abandoned buildings, and hiding from farmers and religious cults.



https://www.gamacheart.com/

We all wear masks. Some wear more than others. For some, survival depends on them. And for a few, masking is the only way to endure.

Ian's images are untitled.



SCOTT McCOOK

Scott McCook is an award winning Australian landscape photographer who shoots with drones and medium format cameras from high above remote areas of Australia and New Zealand.

https://www.instagram.com/scottjonphotography/

1. Single Egg (Title Page)
2. Reptile Fire
3. Earth
4. Fire
5. Petal
6. Lemons
7. Decepticon
8. Fire Tree
9. Ear
10. Alien Pots
11. The Dude
12. Bunny Ending
13. Small Egg
14. Plent
15. Star
16. Saron
17. Thru the Clouds
18. Light Bulb
18. Apocalypse
20. Humpty
21. Zip (This Page)

VIC MARTIN

Expired film and experimental techniques create a space for the feeling of a place. I often take full control over my picture-taking, seeking light and composition, only to sacrifice a roll of film to the light leak and film soup gods. Recently, in New Zealand, I found pictures throughout the day, and then subjected the film canisters to various brews of mountain flowers, wild lavender, bird feathers, seawater, and tea. I want both the film strip and the place itself to have a say in the results, hopefully depicting my dreams and memories—the remains of my raw experiences.

Vic's images are untitled

https://www.instagram.com/stayathomedoctor/

HARRISON HAMM



Harrison Hamm is an LA-based poet, screenwriter, essayist, and educator originally from rural Tennessee. A Loyola Marymount University alum with degrees in Screenwriting and Women's & Gender Studies, his writing has won awards and fellowships with New York Stage & Film, Diverso, Roadmap Writers, and the 2024 GLAAD List x The Black List, recognizing the top unproduced LGBTQ+ feature scripts of the year. Poems can be found published or forthcoming in Poetry Magazine, The Missouri Review, Diagram, Foglifter, Verse Daily, Ecobloomspaces (West Trade Review, 2025), and Poetry Goes to the Movies (Pacific Coast Poetry Series, 2025), among others.

1. "Field Dresser'
2. "Lycanthropy"
3. "Numbskull"

https://harrisonhamm.com/

https://www.instagram.com/harrisonhamm/



CLICK HERE FOR MORE OF JARED'S JOURNEY – SEE ARTICLE ON WEBSITE

JARED HAMILTON

https://www.instagram.com/jaredhamiltonvisuals/

https://jaredhamiltonvisuals.com/

SPACE KITTY PUSS

I wanted to write a poem called space disease, but that just sounded less interesting.

No one wants to hear me compare my vision loss and damage to my optic nerve to hallucinations.

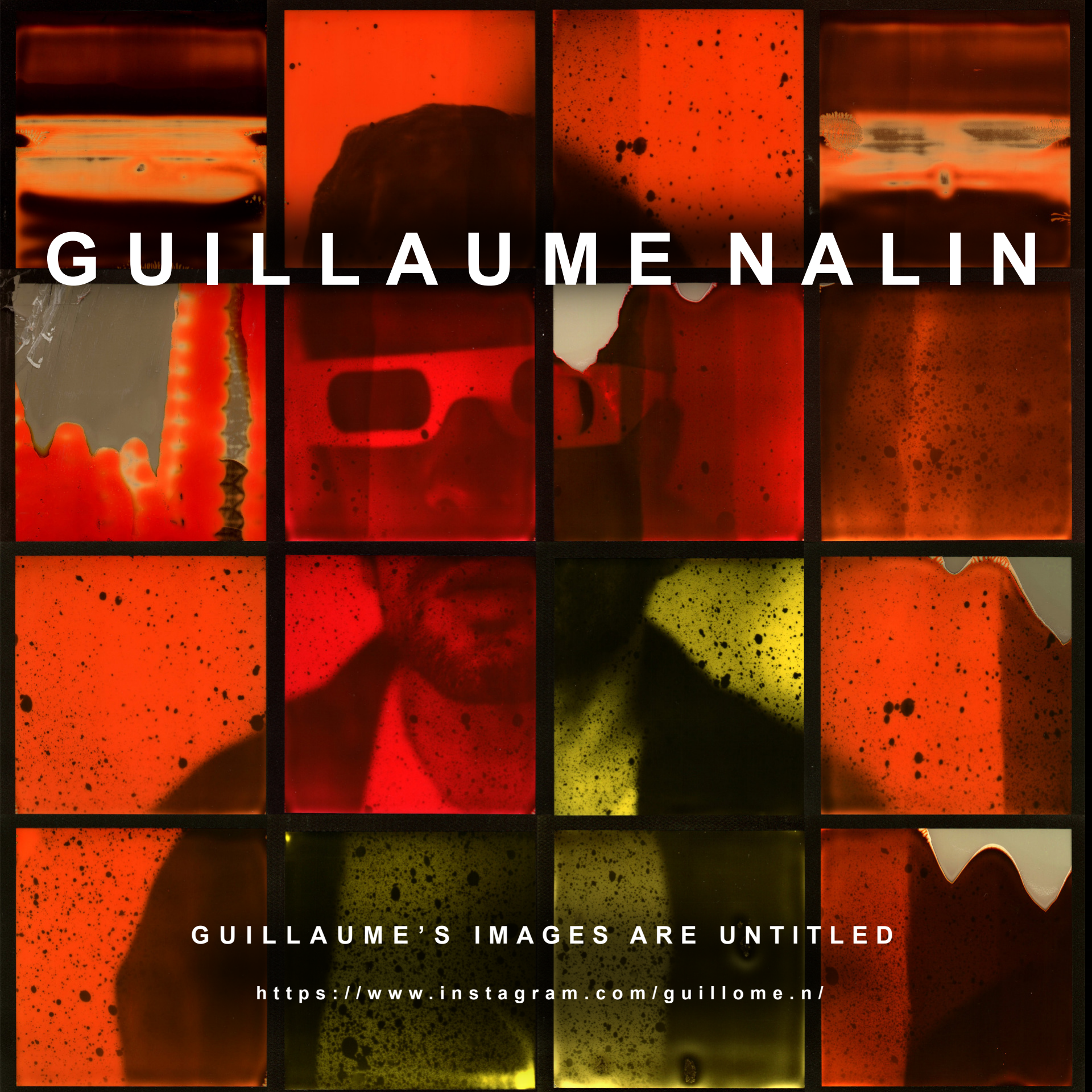
They don't care about the waves that crawl through my body like a monster from a science fiction movie.

How I feel like a walking science experiment or the damage to my brain.

I bet if they know about the music in an MRI machine they might have an idea of maybe a slice of what I'm talking about.

But no one wants to hear about how I feel like an alien because of this depressing disease.

We'll call it Space Kitty Puss instead.


GUILLAUME NALIN
GUILLAUME'S IMAGES ARE UNTITLED
https://www.instagram.com/guillome.n/

Ana's feature is curated from the following series:

Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens I / photography
Ana Férias / Serie " What is your Place? I" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Dance" I / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Refuge I" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Refuge II" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Refuge III" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Roots I" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Roots II" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Roots III" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Roots IV" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Roots V" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie "Roots VI" / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens III / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens IV / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens V / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens VI / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens VII / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens VIII / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens IX / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens X / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens XI / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens XII / photography
Ana Férias / Serie Imagined Gardens XIII / photography
Ana Férias / Self-portrait / photography
Ana Férias / Plastic Landscapes / photography
Ana Férias / Untitled / photography



ANA FÉRIAS

https://www.instagram.com/ana_ferias/

https://anaferias.my.canva.site/


w w w . i n s t a g r a m . c o m / t a t t o o e d b u b b l e /

KAREN KEVORKIAN



Karen Kevorkian has published three poetry collections: *Quivira* (3: A Taos Press), *Lizard Dream* (What Books Press), and *White Stucco Black Wing* (Red Hen Press). Poems recently appear in *4Way Review*, *New American Writing* and *Volt.* Online discussion of poems is at *LA Review of Books, LA Review,* and *LA Poets* (vid).

https://karenkevorkian.com/

1. “Hot Enough”
2. “Dog”
3. “Surprise at the Wound”

FROM

MIA BERGERON is from CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

SYL ANASSE is from ANTIBES, FRANCE

DARYA RYBALCHENKO is from MOSCOW, RUSSIA

NATHALIE ERICSON is from KINNEKULLE, SWEDEN

JAN WESLEY is from LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

HODAKA YAMAMOTO is from ENI-SHI, GIFU, JAPAN

IAN GAMACHE is from MONTREAL, CANADA

SCOTT McCOOK is from PERTH, AUSTRALIA

VIC MARTIN is from NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

HARRISON HAMM is from HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

JARED HAMILTON is from WHITESBERG, KENTUCKY

GUILLAUME NALIN is from PARIS, FRANCE

ANA FÉRIAS is from SETÚBAL, PORTUGAL

DH DOWLING is from NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

KAREN KEVORKIAN is from LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA


6
epilogue–
furious pure



QUIT

MEMORY

GUN SHOT SUN GHOST

L EYE R

ANTENNA

OFF

OFF MY ASS

MY FAULT

SON OF THE COLOR BLIND PAINTER

WAITING FOR THE BUS

LOST FACTS

ASTEROID ON MY DOORSTEP

SPACE OPERA

SON

ADDICT

QUIT

OR THIS

DIE HERE

OR

BLEED DREAMS

NOW

"QUIT" IS AN ODE TO RECOVERY, REMEMBERING THE PAIN OF LOSS AND THE DISCOVERY OF LOVE.

—DH DOWLING

ABOUT THE COVER:

"It is rare to meet a seagull that does not know how to swim, and yet this is the true story of this bird. A friend saved this animal from drowning in the port of Cannes. After taking him home, he put him in a large aviary for several months and fed him with canned sardines before releasing him on an island."

— Syl Anasse




CLICK THE RED ARROW
FURIOUS PURE SIX