

Spring 2022  
Issue 1

Meditating Cat Zine



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## *The Sky's Plight by Willow Kang*

The sky sings for the people under the umbrellas  
made of iron. the nightingales are revolting  
& we can only weep, drag in smoldering skeletons  
Saint Michael is hapless under the children's curses  
When the demons flee and angels sing Lacrimosa,  
homes become shrapnel and wind  
is the hissing of a missile's pilgrimage  
sew shut the eyes of the cult children,  
throw paper money to the burning earth, an offering  
to Charon for salvation  
from the exodus to the pauper's grave

## *Baobab trunk of a metaphorical tree by Xiao Gan*

Sitting in the hawker center and talking German in our own tongue: 'mein' and 'mian'

were the strangest pair of twins. We would then fly out the back door, chirping

about majestic Eiffel Towers and English high tea and Spanish ballroom waltzes

all the while our cotton skirts brushing against ancient, eroded gravestones

and golden platters of offerings on ancestral altars.

The daffodils gasped and suffocated on my tongue. The babel fish in my ear

has long abandoned me in aching searches of desolate heritage trees, their baobab trunks swaying

in mislaid languages and unreturned tickets, third class steerage and trading ports

If I had not gone on your magic carpet would I be home right now in hazy incense and the clanging of lion dances, lantern festivals and rice dumplings?

Would I be able to taste your words and their loving ciphers, their prayers and their sweating backs?

Would I be home and not in the middle of uncharted seas, sailing to a metaphorical tree?

## *Baobab trunk of a metaphorical tree, continued*

The silver tongue passed down from my mother is rusting,  
forgetting how to untangle old languages

My grandmother's words land in a clump of smothering lotus  
roots, its taste of mandarin oranges and prayer sticks

fading with every word uttered in the noise of strangers, this  
cacophony of dreamers and immigrants

The baobab trees will sprout again from the wavering footprints  
taken in a land

that carried us long ago on its spices and silks and ceramics.

## *Leaving Home by Jaoarmsa*

Prairies are the extensions of photos from visiting hours,  
mimosas growing in pans

winter pots as the car's bumper, fish soups boiling in the doll  
cabinet

This is a nursery of dreams, and when coronation day comes  
stay away.

Soon, grasslands cleaves with all the wrong tones sung, the  
unwary tumbling down bowls

of sesame paste, babies lose their mouths

All this, set off by the tremors of three sails in different exotic  
skies,

searching for unrecovered suitcases that had carried a  
household,

abandonment still ringing distantly in the yearbooks stowed  
inside, away

## *Wanderer by Irina Novikova*

The splash of a wolf and the clatter of hooves, someone from somewhere rides on a dark horse.

The rider's face is not visible, only his cloak is embroidered with silver stars. His hair is blown by the wind.

Like a vision, he raced, and after him.

When I look at a white surface, it always seems to me that this is a ceiling, that this is something that can only be occupied by people, they are small black dots, they move and live

The nest was twisted by a bird on the wires of reality, the wires were torn from the shot, the bullet broke the pole, and the chicks fell into the abyss, unborn and unknown to life. And there, in the abyss, a spider lived. It caught the chicks, but they were too large to be eaten. He began to feed them. As he fed and raised them, they grew stronger, and flew away on their strong wings. Their mother forgot about them, and they became strangers to her.

Only the butterfly remained in the web, dead and not alive ...

## *Instant by Irina Novikova*

I saw the sunset, but did not see the boat, it sank near the shore, and a shark ate its fuss. And I was left alone and there was no one to cheer me up. I can swim, but I do not know how to live alone ...

There were many of them, too many for one ocean, and they went ashore and conquered the land, only they had their guards and gills, as a memory of the past.

My people once perished in an old war, when the nuclear eye swallowed up the world and lit a new star, brighter than the sun, and this star passed along the earth and everything became gray and people were gray and mute, and they forgot themselves. My grandmother told me about them a lot. They lived in tumbledown houses, drowned brushwood, ate grass and caught mice, but she did not remember my father and my mother, too. She only said that they were beautiful and kind, and nothing else.

-So why did they disappear?

-Do not know!

-Where have you gone?

- I don't know either! Let me tell you better about the swallows, about the birds of happiness and the birds of sorrow, about the deer that are no more ...

They drank grass and the hunter caught them, and brought them to him, and began to live with them, and fed them well, and for a long time they lived with him ...



## *Instant, continued*

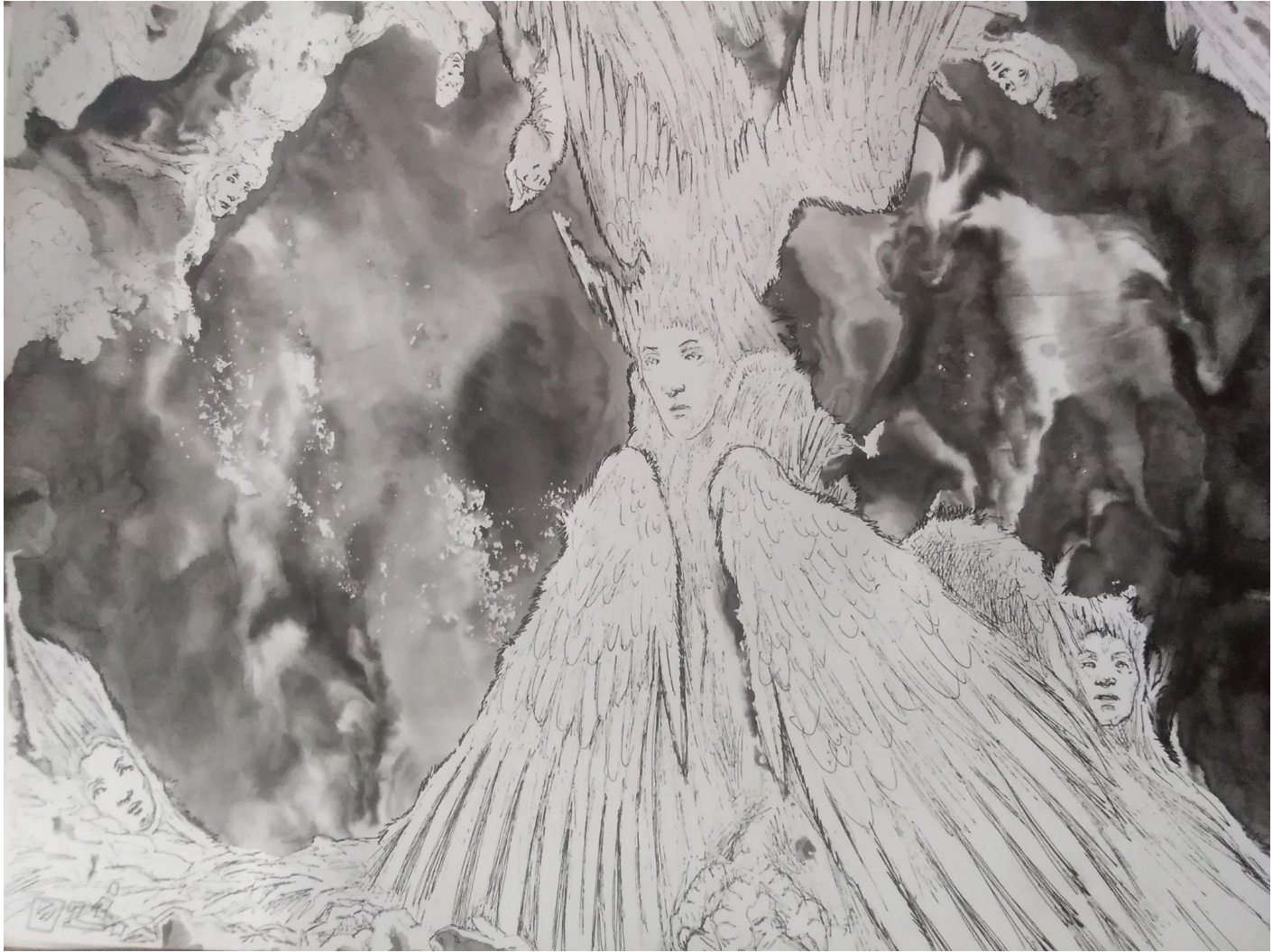
Until everyone died, the world was bright, when everyone thought they could have fun. When it was over, everyone forgot everything ... Someone chewed tobacco that no longer exists, someone ate nettles that died out, someone-

He had children who did not grow up. They remained ghosts and people forgot. There is no one else and nothing, only what you wrote down in a notebook that exists for you ...

*Sirines and apples by Irina Novikova*



*City of sirins, sheet 2 by Irina Novikova*



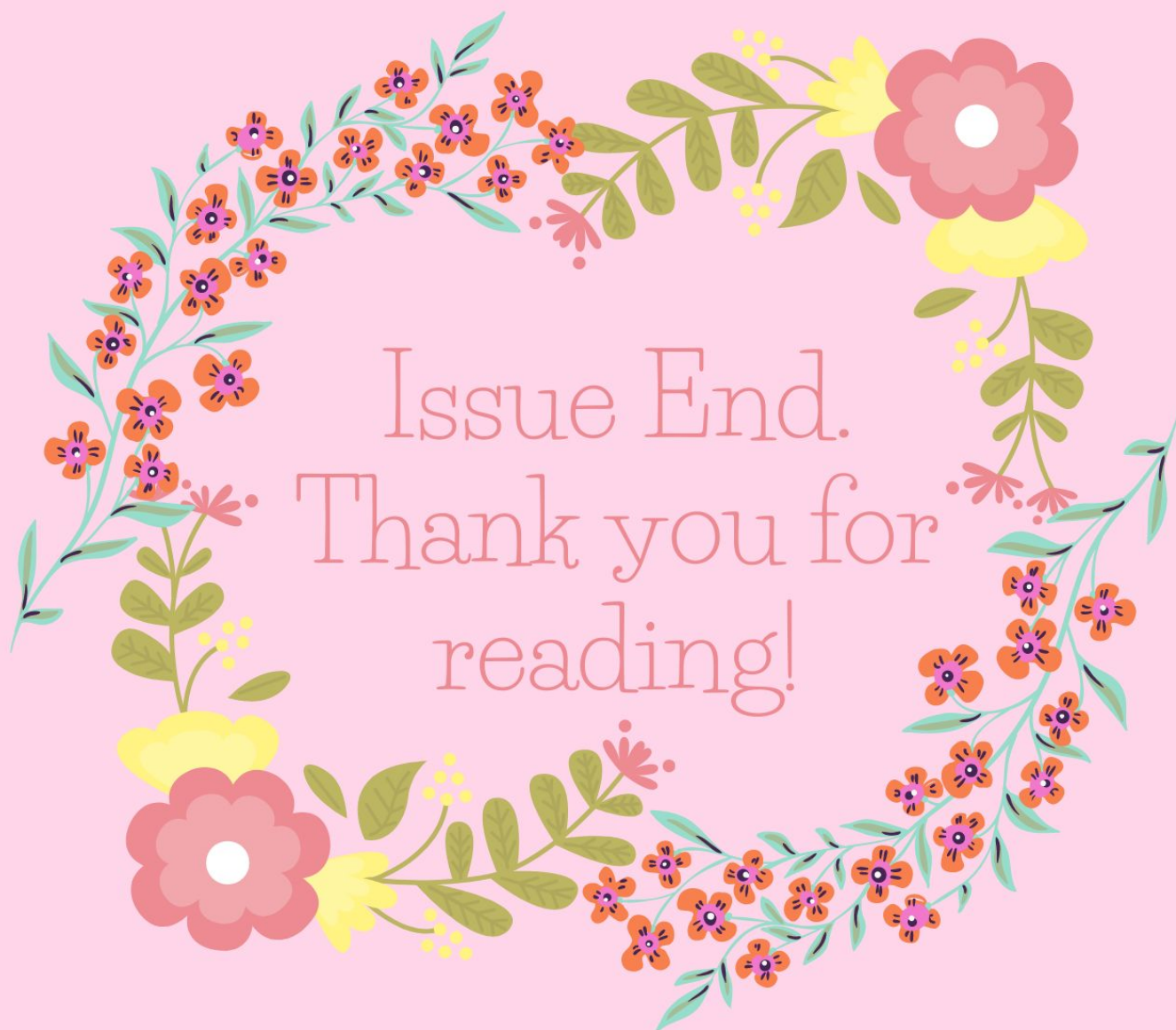
## *Castle Combe In Spring by Ani Lacey*



About this photograph: This photo was taken in May 2021 at Castle Combe, a small town in the Cotswolds in southwest England.

*City of Sirins, sheet 3 by Irina Novikova*





Issue End.  
Thank you for  
reading!

