

Kitchen Sink Magazine



Issue II

Winter 2020

Editor's Note

I am incredibly excited and grateful to announce the release of *Kitchen Sink Magazine's* second issue. Our publication has grown tremendously over the past few months, and we currently have readership from 30+ countries. We are thankful for our dedicated readers and accomplished contributors who allow our publication to thrive.

As a tumultuous 2020 draws to a close, we would like to look back at a few positive aspects of the year, including the founding of our publication. The publication's original goal was to highlight a collection of talented voices across several literary and artistic media. We still seek an eclectic – yet extremely beautiful – portfolio of submissions for our issues. And yet, in our journey thus far, we have discovered a greater purpose for our magazine: to connect people through the shared joy of writing. This upcoming issue contains work from many diverse voices, and we encourage readers to explore the author and artist bios for further information about our contributors.

Additionally, as with our previous issue, we hope find you solace in the pieces. We would love to inspire and brighten the world a little bit with the fantastic stories, poems, photographs, and artworks within this issue. So please, don't let me hold you. A world of adventure, excitement, and beauty is in store.

Be well and stay safe,

Isabella Dail

Editor-in-Chief

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Rose Knows ~ Zach Murphy

Every autumn day Rose passes by the hot air balloon field in Stillwater, wishing she had enough money in order to go up for just one ride.

Last winter had not just taken a toll on Rose, it took nearly everything she had left. Now, she has a frostbitten toe and a frostbitten heart.

Rose knows that even the happiest golden leaves grow weary when they catch the first gust of winter's harsh might. Rose knows that if the sun ever decides to go away for good she'll try to make it promise to come back. Rose knows that if she would have had her life together, her adopted boy Frankie would still talk to her.

Across the air balloon field, sits a pawn shop. A pawn shop is a depressing place when you've got nothing to pawn, nothing to sell, and not enough means to buy anything. A job application turns into a hopeless slate the moment you see "Three years of experience needed."

After staring at her weathered reflection in the pawn shop window, Rose turns around toward the field and observes an unattended hot air balloon. She crosses through the dewy green grass, looks around, and decides to hop into the balloon's gondola.

The balloon is much bigger than Rose thought it would be. Her eyes widen as she gazes up at the balloon's bright rainbow colors. Suddenly, a pair of balloon tour guides run toward her, yelling "Stop!"

Rose quickly unravels the ropes from the ground, boosts the propane flame, and takes off into the sky. From this view, the falling leaves look like fluttering butterflies. Rose knows that when she comes down she'll be in a lot of trouble. So she squints up at the sun and gives the balloon some more power.

Around the Radio 1967 ~ Linda Imbler

The circle of precedent children,
gathered around the radio-
transistor-loud static, dramatic

declared their free confessions.

They, plenty armed with the divine,

arguing the ethics of this,
much deliberation of that.

They found fondness
for their unifying dream,
pleasant thinking at the top
of their to-do lists.

Spent many happy hours
blending the glorious ingredients of sound
with their own psyches.

The effect of playing music-ecstatic,
as it bounced within their ears.

Entered a place of grace,
they, no longer flowers hoarding seeds-
they strew all and everywhere,
grew every evidence of hope.

All human, none conventional,
the young pulse,
believed they have the power to bring peace
by offering positive responses,
as the protected songs smiled
beneath each harmony.

The constant revelations within their early days,
unmasked- around the radio.

even from here ~ Ken Cathers

even from here

I can see

it is over

there is only

a silence left

between them

their bodies stiff

heads turned away.

down the beach

there is a wedding

gone crazy

the air alive

with tin music

the brittle laughter

of little ones. . .

and someone has wrapped

a blanket around

the man with no legs

pushed the wheelchair

to the seawall

so he can see

the empty ocean gleam

and the woman has
got up now and left
not looking back

the shadow of
her legs precise
as scissors
on the wet sand

the mariachi band
plays faster
as the wedding guests dance

helpless held
in the spell of sun
and cheap tequila

the pelicans circling
in the offshore breeze

while somewhere in the distance
the relentless surge
of waves

makes a sound
like the world
breathing.

The Popsicle Guilt ~ Jason Melvin

The room was blue
not just in mood
also in palette
wallpaper couch carpet all blue
a fitting place to spend your mourning
Blue all except the popsicles
Green for me
Red for cousin Marci
Red also rimmed around
the whole family's eyes
crying hugging consoling
Marci and I we were
watching MTV
and giggling
and eating popsicles
Mom Aunts/Uncles brother
watched us red-eyed
awkward smiles that attempted to
Convey it's Ok
to laugh
and eat popsicles
and act silly
and be children be eleven
We shouldn't have been
My father died that morning.

Dreams ~ Yash Seyedbagheri

Mom doesn't have room for the jukebox.

Now, crooners taunt with cheer and neatness. Especially The Four Aces *Mr. Sandman*. Always promising neat dreams.

Mom's beatific smile rises.

I love you. Sweet Nicky.

Another image: Mom's voice floating over picket fences.

"Love, cook, love. You're all crippling me."

Dad says Mom's full of senseless dreams.

What dreams? She never said. Never confided one secret.

One night, I put on *Mr. Sandman*, whip out my baseball bat.

Smash, glass shatters.

Smash, more glass rains down.

Smash.

Fragments of glass, questions, and rawness litter the floor.

How do I pick them up?

Renaissance Man ~ Fabrice Poussin

The surgeon,
tireless with the scalpel,
squinting to locate the pain;
he cuts and heals.

The lumberjack,
still cutting through,
trunk and limb,
planning for Winter long.

The welder,
on his knees, facing the ark,
a superhero making anew,
scavenging the life saver from death.

The gardener,
a simple task, hoe in hand,
scalping the weeds,
saving lives surrounded with flowers.

The magician,
everything he touches
smiles and inhales new life
into all, and the world smiles.

Different Strokes ~ Jeffrey Zable

“I think you’re pretty good!” I said to Ludwig.

“I’m just not into classical music.

Now if you played Salsa or Afro-Cuban jazz
we’d definitely be on the same page!”

And that’s when he looked at me in dismay.

“My compositions are the zenith of musical art!

To not recognize them as the highest form of expression
is to be completely lost in a wilderness. . .”

Seeing that he was worked up,

I decided to tune him out by putting on my headphones
and listening to an Afro-Cuban number

that had Mongo Santamaria on congas,

Armando Peraza on bongos,

and Willie Bobo on Timbales.

And while I nodded my head in time to the music,

Ludwig watched me with that signature scowl
before heading back to the piano.

Tombstone ~ Beaton Galafa

The pile of stones
you see on a hollow path
through the wall into
empty streets
is a tombstone
for a body
that wandered off
to the earth's laterals
and fell into a well
carving emptiness
in this corpse housing
an exhausted spirit.

Untitled ~ Jim Zola



Secret Prayer ~ AE Reiff

In a life of secret prayer the shoulders slump
And belly prays for blemished skin,
sudden gestures sweep the hands,
the mind thins.

A wife will nudge her husband's shoulders
with her own,
foreheads protected with the rib of palms
plead deliverance for a cradled thumb,
voice patterns sputter, twist to the sun,
pray without ceasing, that's what they do,
If mind and voice won't pray,
the groans are voluntude.

Postmarked, 'Plague' ~ Kushal Poddar

The postman used to ring twice.
Come monsoon he compensates
with silence. There he goes leaving
my books in their thin plastic packaging
on my porch by the waning cactus and wounded bird
of an obscure origin. The beige raincoat
the postman wears disappears from my window frame.
The books bathe. They dream of being dissolved
into a constellation of Rorschach inkblots
and into my interpretations without reading them.
Silence rings my doorbell. It is quiet and quite ineffable.

Respite ~ Lorraine Loiselle

She has washed herself
with tangerine-scented soap.
The sheets are just laundered
and even the blanket is newly fluffy.
She steps onto the balcony
and gathers stars to light
her path to dreaming.
The night is thick with time
and she has tidied up her thoughts
as much as she can.
The pillow is sweetly cool,
a nest for still damp hair.
Sheer curtains sigh, lift and fall
in the late evening breeze.
The shushing sound of distant traffic
Is a finger to the lips.
Tomorrow will be messy
with wind and prickly words
but tonight she will dissolve
into weightlessness, untethered.

Wide Eyed ~ Allan Shawa

I individualize the individual lies
That paralyzes our paradise.
The disguise before our eyes,
That befalls from the skies,
Is what the unwise don't visualize.
As days morph into years;
Our phase morphs into a maze,
Despite the sun's generosity with its rays,
Upon its splendor, innumerable eyes seldom gaze,
Hence we stay lost in our ways.
As ignorance proceeds to rise,
It energizes the salt in our cries,
And decelerates the unlikelihood of our demise.

Reservoir of Tears ~ Mary Grace van der Kroef

Reservoir of tears
aqueduct of word
release an angry flood
meaning becomes blurred

Bursting opened taps
short vessels made of clay
gushing on the floor
encasement to betray

Floorboards soaked expand
no longer toured with ease
watch out for liting planks
slowing down our speed

Now in laboured love
mop and pail in hand
reserving wasted words
reclaiming tears unplanned

Together, as a pair
working, side by side
we'll fix the broken pipes
turn off destructive tides

Buckets brimming full
water garden beds
washing grunge from panes

also grimy heads

Still important words
filled with precious tears
one ladle at a time
preserved for drought years

Where Were You When Your Loving Stopped? ~ Marc Darnell

6:36 pm, June 24,

2019-- the moment something snapped
behind my eyes, and nothing more comes forth
resembling pain or dread. All's been wept

that will be wept, all knives vacate the heart,
all bones wrung dry, and I move on again--
a pillar numb, dragging feet in dirt
through a maze of rock I've always been

scraping to the top to see what lies
outside this hell: of loving one who can't
return it. Are there final, pleasing seas
beyond these cyclic blows that leave me bent

once more? Now almost straight, do I await
more love in years ahead to trip my feet?

I'm the Kind of Man Who Stops for a Turtle Crossing the Road ~
John Grey

Sorry, cars behind me,
but it's what I do,
slowing down for something I see
but you do not.
At least I didn't slam on my brakes
so you'd rear-end me.
I slowly decelerated.
My turtle radar is that fine-tuned.

I even stop, get out of the car,
while you line up behind me
so impatiently.
I grasp the tiny reptile,
deliver it to the other side
of the road
to the sound of honking horns.
I watch it scurry off
into the grasses,
toward a pond
that's visible between the trees.
I hear a screaming voice
in the distance.

The turtle lives
and you're a minute or two late
arriving at your destination.
To me,

a tradeoff I'd make every time.
For you,
the opportunity to know me.

You May Think ~ Mike Hickman

You may think

I used to believe that you did

You may think you know

Ah, but did I ever ask you what you knew?

You may think you know someone

Well, that's true, but do we even know ourselves?

Do you?

You may think you know someone but

Oh, I could see that one coming

You may think you know someone but it takes

And what was taken, eh? In the end?

All that I was. All that I would ever be.

You may think you know someone but it takes falling apart

And that is what happened. To me. As you watched.

**You may think you know someone but it takes falling apart to
see**

No. No, you didn't see. I was rejected and dismissed, because you saw my pain.

Slapped, pushed away, sent away. Ended because I "showed you up".

Others had done it before; you weren't letting it happen again.

**You may think you know someone but it takes falling apart to
see their true colors**

At least, on that, we agree.

Reigning Twilight ~ Lea Vida Reyes Del Moro



Author and Artist Bios

E.E. King is a painter, performer, writer, and biologist - She'll do anything that won't pay the bills, especially if it involves animals. Ray Bradbury called her stories, "marvelously inventive, wildly funny and deeply thought-provoking. I cannot recommend them highly enough." King has won numerous various awards and fellowships for art, writing, and environmental research. Check out paintings, writing, musings, and books at: www.elizabetheveking.com, [facebook.com/pages/EE-King](https://www.facebook.com/pages/EE-King), <https://whatsinanafterlife.wordpress.com/>, [amazon.com/author/eeking](https://www.amazon.com/author/eeking)

Zach Murphy is a Hawaii-born writer with a background in cinema. His stories appear in Adelaide Literary Magazine, Mystery Tribune, Ghost City Review, Spelk Fiction, Door = Jar, Levitate, Yellow Medicine Review, Ellipsis Zine, Wilderness House Literary Review, Drunk Monkeys, and Flash: The International Short-Short Story Magazine. He lives with his wonderful wife Kelly in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Linda Imbler is the author of five paperback poetry collections and three e-book collections (Soma Publishing.) This writer lives in Wichita, Kansas with her husband, Mike the Luthier, several quite intelligent saltwater fish, and an ever-growing family of gorgeous guitars. Learn more at lindaspotryblog.blogspot.com.

Ken Cathers as a B.A. from the University of Victoria and a M.A. from York University in Toronto. He has been published in numerous periodicals, anthologies as well as seven books of poetry, most recently *Letters From the Old Country* with Ekstasis Press. Lives on Vancouver Island in a city of trees.

Jason Melvin is a happily married father of three children and one forthcoming grandchild. He has of late rediscovered his joy of writing and thought *WTH, let's try publishing*. His work has recently appeared in *From Whispers to Roars* and *The Beatnik Cowboy*, with work upcoming in *The Raw Art Review*, *Rat's Ass Review* and *The Closed Eye Open*.

Yash Seyedbagheri is a graduate of Colorado State University's MFA program in fiction. His story, "Soon," was nominated for a Pushcart. Yash has also had work nominated for Best of the Net and The Best Small Fictions. A native of Idaho, Yash's work is forthcoming or has been published in *WestWard Quarterly*, *Café Lit*, and *Ariel Chart*, among others.

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *The Chimes*, and many other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, the *San Pedro River Review* as well as other publications.

Jeffrey Zable is a teacher and conga drummer who plays Afro-Cuban folkloric music for dance classes and Rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area. His poetry, fiction, and non-fiction have appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies. Recent writing in *Nauseated Drive*, *Hypnopomp*, *Former People*, *Sein Und Werden*, *Pensive Stories*, *Third Wednesday*, *Brushfire*, *Smoky Blue*, *Alba*, *Green Silk*, *Corvus*, *The Stray Branch*, and many others.

Beaton Galafa is a Malawian writer of poetry, fiction and non-fiction. His work appears or is forthcoming in *Mistake House, Fourth & Sycamore, Stuck in the Library, Birds Piled Loosely, The Shallow Tales Review, Writer's Egg Magazine, Love Like Salt Anthology, 300K Anthology, Literary Shanghai, Every Writer's Resource, The Bombay Review, The Maynard, Birds Piled Loosely, Atlas and Alice, South 85 Journal, Corpses of Unity/ Cadvres de l'Unité*, and elsewhere.

Jim Zola is a poet and photographer living in North Carolina.

AE Reiff is a native of Philadelphia. He has recently written the chapbook, *The True Light That Lights* (*Parousia Magazine, Africa's First Christian Art and Literary Magazine* 2020).

Kushal Poddar, an author and a father, edited a magazine - 'Words Surfacing', authored seven volumes including 'The Circus Came To My Island', 'A Place For Your Ghost Animals', 'Eternity Restoration Project- Selected and New Poems' and 'Herding My Thoughts To The Slaughterhouse-A Prequel'. Find and follow him at amazon.com/author/kushalpoddar_thepoet.

Lorraine Loiselle's publication credits include 6-7 dozen poems, 12 fiction pieces, 2 memoirs, 2 children's stories, and a few newspaper articles. She began her career as a writer after retiring from teaching.

Allan Shawa is a Zambian creative writer, quite avid in poetry and short stories. He is seeking an avenue to showcase his writing prowess.

Mary Grace van der Kroef is a Canadian poet currently living in the Niagara Region. Her love of poetry and the written word started when

she was fourteen years old. She writes to heal; she writes to love, and she writes to encourage others.

Marc Darnell is an online tutor and custodian in Omaha, Nebraska. He received his MFA from the University of Iowa, and has published poems in *The Lyric*, *Blue Unicorn*, *The Road Not Taken*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *The Literary Nest*, *Ragazine*, *Runcible Spoon*, and elsewhere.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Soundings East*, *Dalhousie Review* and *Connecticut River Review*. Latest book *Leaves On Pages* is available through Amazon.

Mike Hickman (@MikeHic13940507) is a writer from York, England. He has written for Off the Rock Productions (stage and audio), including a 2018 play about Groucho Marx. He has recently been published in the *Blake-Jones Review*, *Bitchin' Kitsch*, *Cabinet of Heed*, *Potato Soup Journal*, *Daily Drunk*, and *Trouvaille Review*.

Lea Vida Reyes Del Moro uses L as her nickname. She lives in Perez, Quezon in the Province of Calabarzon in Philippines. She works as an elementary teacher in public school.