

Periwinkle Literary Magazine

The First Snow

Issue #3

Cover
Design

by

Ormila

Vijayakrishnan
Prahlaad



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Snow Angels
Dallas Del Summers

The first time I saw snow
Was with her

It doesn't snow here in the city
Or in the desert for that matter

So we drove 2 hours on Christmas day
To Sedona Arizona

"It'll be romantic," She said
And it was

We rented a cabin for the day
And sat there on the deck

We rented a cabin for the day
And sat there on the deck

Sipping hot chocolate and Baileys
As we watched the snow fall

We were underprepared for the cold
And having come from the desert
city

The heaviest of jackets we owned
Were windbreakers

We sat there together
Shivering

Our faces flushed
Watching the snow fall

And it was beautiful—
Glorious

To stay warm, we huddled together
In our chairs on the deck

Then she got up and sat on my lap
And we poured vodka into our drinks

But nothing worked
We stayed there on the deck freezing

But the drinks were getting to us
And there was a glossy love in our eyes

We both knew what to do
And we did it

We stripped each other of our clothes
And ran into the snow

Laughing and naked
And in love

We fell to the ground holding hands
As the snow continued to fall

And we made snow angels
Like they do in the movies

But the movies never show
The imperfections

The shoeprints on the wings
Of angels

We ran back inside
Full of life

And made love on the floor
Beside the fireplace

Cold and wet and shivering
We melted into each other

That winter together
Was the warmest of winters

It was the spring and summer that followed
That bore the coldest days

When the heat of the desert
Is hot enough to boil blood

You don't burn
You freeze

And we argued over the little things
Both too frozen to change our ways

And when the next Christmas came
And the one after that

I was alone
And the warmth of winter was gone

Then something strange happened
And to many, it was a miracle

It snowed in the desert city this year
For the first time since 1998

I watched as children
Ran and played in the falling snow

And their loving parents
Held hands and kissed in the streets

And I couldn't help but thinking
Of our imperfect snow angels that day

The ones we made naked, in the cold
Drunk and in love

And I think of how I accidentally
Stepped on your wings

As I stood up from the ground
But we were young and didn't care then

I think of love
As I watch the snow fall

And think of shivering on the floor
While inside you

And the warmth of your heart
Upon mine on that wooden cabin floor

I think of the little things we fought about
And how little we tried at the end

I see the children and their parents
Playing in the streets in the falling snow

And I watch from the window of my
kitchen
As a snowflake falls from the sky

And I watch as it melts
Before ever touching the ground

And I close the blinds
And I dry my eyes

And I pour myself a cup
Of hot chocolate and Baileys and vodka

I had bought myself a heavy coat
And I wear it inside the house

Because it's just so damned cold in here
Without you

Romantic Holiday Movie

Lisa Krawczyk



The bells sprinkle the snow
in our hearts. A femme wearing red
as warm as cinnamon heats our throats and a man in green
mint—fresh to cleanse our hot chocolate
mix—enter the scene. The banter is quick
the two on screen aren't aware
of the conclusion we already see
—rolling our eyes—predictability
we chomp on our salty popcorn
loving to hate the finale. The success she reaches
the easy path her corporate job lays out; for a raise
and ultimate financial stability in a CEO or prince,
depending on location—amorphous European country
or cutthroat American office, where she's an editor,
a journalist. We're unable to look away,
or turn off the screen. The bells
jingle—of course they do!—throughout the flick:
our hearts warmed in a fresh layer of continual snow.

Frost

Kelly Esparza



I'm standing in
A crystallized winter wonderland,
And I'm glad to say
This isn't a dream.
I shiver when the snowflakes greet me
With a kiss on each cheek.
An end to a year, a beginning to another. one,
I found you, a diamond in the frost.
Oh dear, Jack Frost, you're givin' me
Chills and red cheeks
All day long.
My thoughts become a blizzard
Whenever I think of you,
And I can't seem to stop smilin'
Whenever you're around.
You've given me frostbite,
And now my heart is
Nothing but
A melting mess of snow slush.

Entry Suction

Palaces Potvin



you're sharp snow, at first,
but I'm your cold earth's core;
you melt, throughout the night,
like the ice cubes in my mouth.
you take my pores.

Europe

Aaron Sandberg



One Neanderthal said something like love to the other

and flipped soft snow into her face
and braced.

She grabbed handfuls

and threw at him,
and him at her,

until they were caked

and smiling

somewhere in Europe
before names like that.

Welcoming Darkness

Lily Hinrichsen



I walk through the door of summer and fall
hearing a familiar voice say,
"collect what is of most value to take into winter",
and so I do.

My apron pockets laden
with curiosity and insight,
and the comfort of silence,
I walk into the darkness.

Snow Falling

Lily Hinrichsen



A bit callous
does each flake
gravitate homeward
its journey
knitting little mountains
nestled on pines
quagmires rising steeply
through upturned vaults
white xenoliths
yielding zeal
(An ABC poem)

Fallen Snow

Holly Jackson



Her cold hands clenched,
Made grooves in freshly fallen snow,
Pain tore at her, as it wrenched another
child from her
womb.
She lowered her head, cooled beads of sweat
on the
freezing earth-
And caught sight of the blood-
Dripping down thighs onto soft, white
earth.
Lips that once shamed the red, red rose,
Now pale, colour drained except for that
hint of blue that
now remained.
Her hair, once black as ebony-
Now the streaks of grey which betrayed her
rising age,

Clung limply around her death-white face.
Her ever after was less than happy now,
Those wedding bells had not been the end of
the story.
Songbirds and benevolent dwarves long
gone,
She cleans up her own (and his) messes
these days.
Still, without an heir, he was less than
charming now.
The turning of his back, his silence-
Kinder than the emptiness in his once-kind-
eyes.
And the young women at court, who
glowed,
Thinking that she didn't know.
As her body betrayed her yet again,
Alone in the castle grounds, snow, white,
Falling, she wept red tears.

Bitter Blankets

Mikaila Manesh



A thick layer of quietness.
I feel enveloped in a cold blanket.
It's my favorite time of the year.
The snow has come.
The familiar nip of cold at my cheeks.
I lay down,
Enjoying the way the snow forgives.
Crunch,
Crunch,
Crunch.
I relish in the way the cold burns my fingers.
Everything is so slow.
Everything is so quiet.
Everything is so majestic.
The pure unique shapes that form my
frozen blanket.
I wish I could lay here forever.
But that, which I love, will kill me without
hesitation if I give too much.
Yet,
I will never stop loving.
I will never stop enjoying.
My beautiful blanket of snow.

Codeine Carol

Naoise Gale



A kaleidoscope of rainbow-flecked fractals
Merrily jiggling in the winter gale, flashing
Frankincense under jaundiced streetlamps,
sparkling silver beside the crescent moon,
glowing gold in her rosewood eyes. A midnight
smooth as velvet. Frumpy drifts clogging
doorways made unfamiliar by darkness. Stars
like a spluttering of powder. Inside, flames
that
flicker red as myrrh. A wise woman and a
stupid
girl eating gingerbread. The girl itches with
cardamom warmth. There are infinitesimal
white
flakes around the nose, heavy flurries in the
brain. Ice in the veins and slush seeping into
the bradycardic chest. Her parents think she
is dozing, lulled by the warmth of the fire. She
is not. Codeine croons in the mush of her skull.
Frost licks her body like lichen. The Salvation
Army plays a haunting melody. And she listens.
And she listens.

Snow Angels

Lisa Armstrong



in a dream state
we float
hands entwined
bodies half submerged
in a frothy sea of
white

candy floss
falling in clumps
from the sky
bleached parchment
you stick out your tongue
and catch a taste
a Mc Flurry of

snow angels
sweeping
arms and
legs
weighted
down – saturated
going
under

body numb
we fizz
like champagne
as the fire
thaws us out

Back road to Cambridge,
Christmas eve
Beth Hartley



Back road to Cambridge, Christmas Eve
White cold winter
glares at me from the garden
daring me to put out washing
lift my head
walk the earth

Winter glows orange
brazen across bare land
I am white cold driving
staring ahead
shouting her name

Wide wet winter
inland sea let in
waiting for another invader
overhead
reflecting sky

White wide wing
swooping across bare land
returning seasons past
dragging me
back home

Water winter bright
has my superstitious soul
greeting magpies as I drive
staring into the sun
willing the light to stay

For Pauline Radley.

Susurration - Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad



สิ่งที่เด็กบางคนไม่สามารถสัมผัสได้- Rhea



First Snow

Matthew M.C. Smith



After Christmas, on one of the lost days, I stand at the windowpane before an electric scream of sun. Through the trees, through this glass, its rays are an amber burst becoming spectrum-flecked in my peripheral vision. In the sky above, grey cumulus looms, darkening the sunken garden, silvering-slow its green gloom, which will ice the pond over again, covering the ghostly carp that faintly pulse and throb. Snowdrops and daffodils poke through overgrown, ragged beds of earth and are clustered around upturned and broken flowerpots and a deflated football.

A clap of birds, a lorry thundering on the road and a return to near-silence. I see the first flakes this year, a flicker, then a flurry. I open the patio doors and feel its cold plunging blue into my bones. 'It's snowing', I holler, and the girls leave the screens that illuminate their faces and rush to the back windows in a whoop and dance; one cartwheels in her chequered pyjamas like a harlequin, while the other presses her nose against the window, fanning a shape of moisture with her breath.

The puppy wriggles and writhes in figures of eight, its tail furiously wagging as it licks an ankle and scuttles out onto the lawn, gnashing at the air and bucking in small hops against heavy snowflakes. I imagine that over the house, over the roof and chimney, the winter queen in all her frosty finery turns to shake her icy train in the north wind, stepping up staircases of cloud to vanish in phantom violet towers.

Later, someone walks under streetlights that are orbs against the dark. I close the curtains on the brilliantly-lit road on one of the lost evenings after Christmas.

Contributors

Dallas Del Summers is a half white half Mexican poet. He is 26, He lives by day as a Private Investigator and live by night as a writer and alcohol connoisseur.

Lisa Krawczyk (they/them) is a neurodivergent, queer poet. They teach formal poetry through Gris Literatura monthly. Their poetry can be found and forthcoming in the West Review, Defunkt Magazine, VAINÉ Magazine, Intangible Magazine, and elsewhere.

Kelly Esparza is a graduate from the University of Arizona with a B.A. in English and a B.A. in Creative Writing. She is the author of *The World as Seen Through My Eyes* (Kindle Direct Publishing, 2019) and the co-author of *Out of This World!* (Make Way for Books, 2020). Her work has also appeared in 433 Magazine, Dwelling Literary, The Mark Literary Review, Analogies & Allegories Literary Magazine, and Raine Publishing.

Palaces is Editor-in-Chief of *Wrongdoing Magazine* and an Editor at a few other publications, including *CHEAP POP* and *Walled Women Magazine*. She's also Staff Contributor for *The Aurora Journal* and *The Jupiter Review* and has placed further work in *Eclectica Magazine*, *Maudlin House*, *BlazeVOX*, *Witch Craft Magazine*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, and many others. She has a BAH from Queen's University, and she is working on a budding book series. You can read more about her at pascapotvin.com or [@pascalepalaces](https://twitter.com/pascalepalaces) on Twitter.

Aaron Sandberg made a perfect snowball in 5th grade and has been chasing that dragon ever since. His writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *West Trade Review*, *Asimov's*, *The Offing*, *Sporklet*, *Lowestoft Chronicle*, *Abridged*, *Giallo*, *Right-Hand Pointing*, *Monday Night*, and elsewhere. A Pushcart-nominated teacher, you might find him—though socially-distant—on Instagram [@aaronsandberg](https://www.instagram.com/aaronsandberg).

Lily is bi-lingual — her birth language is imagery. A language that wants to be felt. Her life of artmaking has been a life of translation. It's not enough to just observe . . . she must give things a voice. She transcribes river swims, jazz, quantum physics, and backyard observations into amorphous shapes and calligraphic lines. Transforms feelings into color. Captures the not-so-obvious nature of things. Makes the invisible, visible. She is fluent in painting, drawing, printmaking, knitting, and words. She has shown her art in galleries throughout New England and has published poetry in Three Fingers Review and Zig Zag Lit. Her first self-published chapbook; Being Here arrived in the world in August 2020. She resides in Vermont where the clouds form haiku, every river is a poem, and every unturned stone holds a bit of gossip.

Holly Jackson is a thirty-four-year-old writer of poetry and short fiction from County Durham, UK. Her work has been published by Fragmented Voices, MumWrite and Analog Submission Press as well as featured online for Poet Versus and longlisted for Butcher's Dog Magazine. Her debut collection of poetry and short fiction: 'Banana and Salted Caramel' is upcoming from Austen Macauley Publishers. You can follow her on Facebook or Instagram at @hacksonwrites.

Mikaila Manesh is currently working on her first novel. She was in writing clubs growing up. She has competed on and off in the NaNoWriMo competitions and has won once. Her biggest inspirations for writing is nature and vulnerability.

Naoise Gale is an emerging autistic poet who writes about mental health, addiction and eating disorders. She has been published by Cephalo Press, Anti Heroin Chic and Rabid Oak, among others. Runner up in the Parkinson's Art Poetry Competition 2020, she is currently working on her third chapbook, which focuses on drug abuse and the changing seasons. You can find more of her work at Naoisegale13 on twitter, or on her website <https://naoisegale.wixsite.com/poetry>.

Lisa Mary Armstrong lives in South Lanarkshire with her children. She tutors law at Strathclyde University and researches women and children's experiences of the criminal justice system. In what's left of her spare time she likes to write poetry and fiction, drink tea and tinker on her piano.

Ormila Vijaykrishnan Prahlad is an Indian-Australian artist, poet, and pianist. Her art and poetry have been widely published, with recent artworks showcased in Star 82 Review, 3 AM Magazine, and The Amsterdam Quarterly, and on the covers of Ang(st), The Rat's Ass Review, and Pithead Chapel. New works are forthcoming in The Indianapolis Review, Fish Food, Kalopsia Lit, and elsewhere. She co-edits the Australian literary journal Authora Australis. @oormilaprahlad
www.poetry.oormila.com www.instagram.com/oormila_paintings

Rhea (she/they) is a Thai artist who is currently in 9th grade and aspires to do creative work when older. Their work can be found on instagram @_timetraveliscool and on tumblr @timetravellingisjustcool

Matthew M. C. Smith is a Welsh writer from Swansea. He was 'Best of the Net'-nominated by Icefloe Press in 2020 and has work in Barren Magazine, Anti-Heroin Chic, Bangor Literary Journal and The Lonely Crowd. Matthew is obsessed with winter and has watched the Frozen films with his children hundreds of times. He is the editor of Black Bough poetry. Twitter: @MatthewMCSmith Insta: @smithmattpoet

Masthead

Venus Davis is a 22-year-old nonbinary writer from Cleveland, Ohio. They are a former poetry reader for Random Sample Review, a social media content creator for Ayaskala, and a podcaster for Prismatic Magazine. Their work has been featured in InQluded, Marias at Sampaguitas, Ayaskala and Royal Rose. They are currently working on self publishing their first chapbook, which is centered around astrology. Aside from writing, they love learning about philosophy, astrology, and the Korean language. They also play guitar, ukulele, and piano for fun sometimes. Their main goal is to be confessional and compassionate in their writing and in life

Preston Smith is an MA candidate in Literature at Wright State University. He is currently a co-editor-in-chief of Nexus and a poetry editor for Periwinkle Literary Journal. He can be found on Twitter (and Instagram!) @psm_writes, tweeting about his cats, Helios and Misty, and his love for fairy tales. He has poems published in Black Bough Poetry, Brave Voices Magazine, Catfish Creek, Nightingale & Sparrow, and Pink Plastic House a tiny journal, among others.

Persephone Kirkland Delatte (she/her or he/him) is aesthetic coordinator for Periwinkle Literary Magazine and a grad student. She is a writer and an illustrator. She also makes jewelry, embroiders, and speaks Italian.

Andi Talbot (he/they) is a pushcart nominated poet & photographer from North East England. They are also the co-host of the Choose Poetry Choose Life open mic zoom event. You can find them on Instagram @andichrist19.

thank
you

