

Y A W P



Poetry Edition

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Editorial Team

Leadership

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Genre Editors

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Mission Statement

Editorial Team

Our Mission. YAWP is a literary journal dedicated to cultivating the manifold voices of a modern generation. In this spirit, we seek to provide an open, free space for the unfettered expression of emerging young writing.

Love Me

Savannah House

“Love Me” the plants scream
To the sun
Below the white brown brush
Behind the orange fence that turns green and then becomes nonexistent
To the view of a perfect world behind the gray clouds hovering over the mountain.

I stand on the edge
Next to the statue you swear has never been there before
I stand,
Looking on my city
thinking about the world I grew up in
Wondering how this,
A land I barely recognize
Could be my home.

I am on top of the world,
I think,
And the cacti scream
“Love me.”
I stare back in disbelief.
“What is your perfect day?” I ask
“The day you begin to love me.”

the king leads the way

Tammy Bohlens

she found him wounded between the
weeds one day,
but the crown on his head shined
bright.

he led the way to find his castle in the
trees,
for days,
then weeks,
then years.

so close to each others chest,
their hearts began to blend into one.

nonetheless,
forever lost,
they walked in circles.

and afraid of losing his only
companion,
he would never let her know,
that this headpiece was just stolen.



Joan of Arc Gives Me a Buzzcut or *Lux Venit in Nomine Vocis*

Anna Westwig

First Published on Young Poets Network, The Poetry Society

Joan of Arc and I lay head-to-head
in the wash of a meadow frothing
Queen Anne's lace like a corrupted lung.
Her fingers dabbling my palms
like water, that martyr and I speak
of our own voices: mine, stolen; hers
given like a sack of entrails. *Did the voices
twitch*, I ask, *did they wriggle inside of you,
still attached to God's nervous system?*
Something in her savages at that. My phrases
are all borrowed things; I nestle a soul
beneath the frisket of a printing press.
No, she speaks in French (I translate to Latin
through my medulla), *I saw saints in my garden.*
Then: the sound of bees, their wings spun
by the edge of a flame. I tell her we've
invented new ways to burn by now:
gasoline, electricity, suburban oblivion.
If I take Asenapine will I be as holy as you?
She feigns interest and the hairs stippling
her scalp engulf me like a crow's wing,
growing, unreal. *Is this what a vision
feels like*, I ask. She does not answer.
Can you cut my hair for me, I ask. I hand her
the razor, buzzing like a prophecy, my first
flammable question. My hair shifts and
weeps like goldenrod as the light comes through
in the name of the voice. It is cut with tenderness.
She is nineteen and a pillar of ash.
I am seventeen and begging to catch flame.

The Hallowed Creek

Arjun Palkhade

Strolling alongside the solemn creek,
Urban lights seem escaping of one's gaze.
To glance onwards, the desolate alleys so bleak,
Being forced to recollect past, forsaken days.

I used to slump beside the creek's shallow bed,
Solely pondering the many intricacies of life.
But now, my existence is filled with dread,
As the future follows, it simply fosters more strife.

While the shadows lurk, humanity cowers,
Façaded by false egalitarian philosophies.
All fall to corruption, seeking its endless powers,
Whom to blame, for these broken ideologies?

But, I continue to progress forward, to someday start anew,
Like the creek's water moves on, inevitably, we must too.