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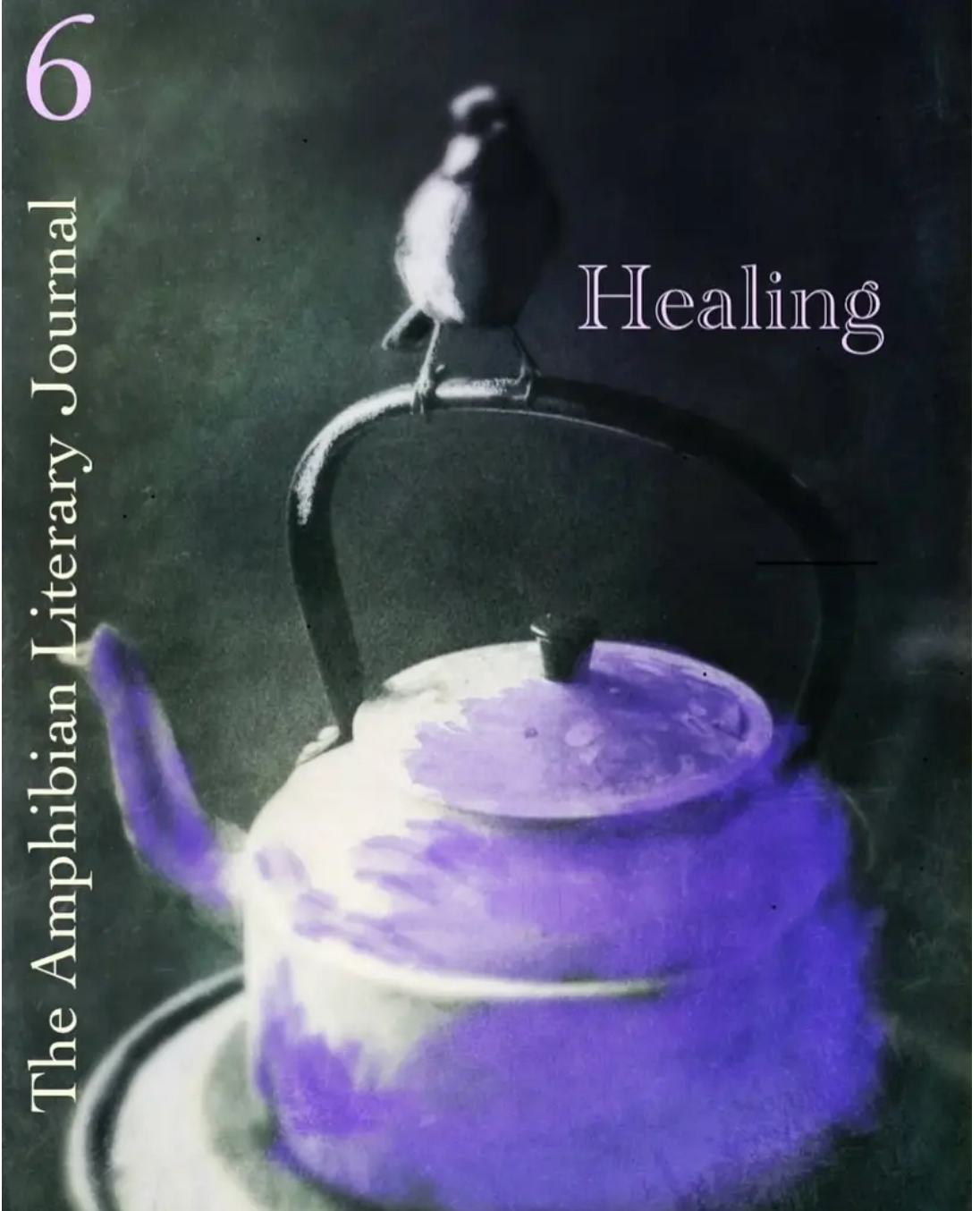
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The Amphibian Literary Journal

Healing

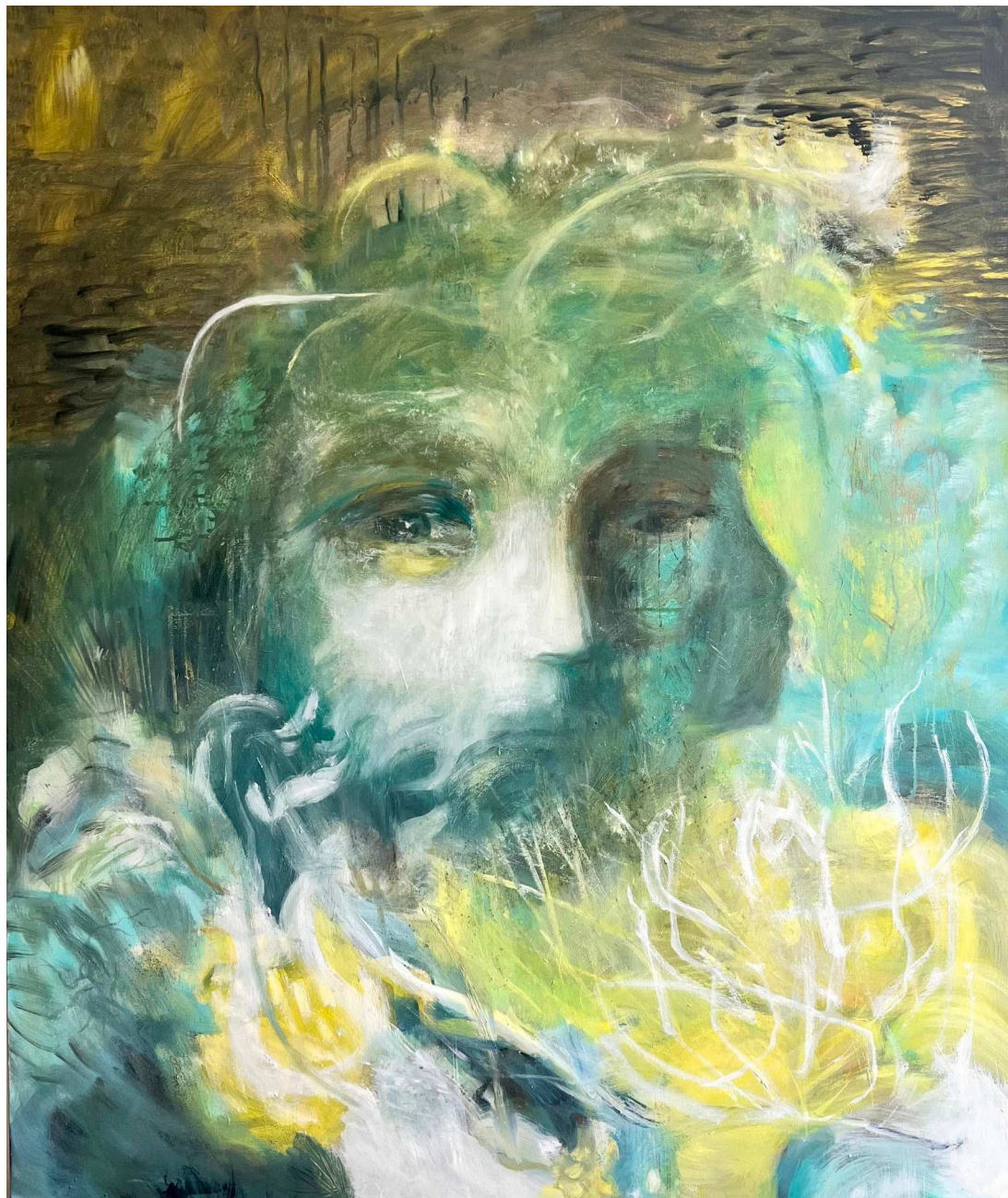


Overleaf: Landscape in the mist
Berber Maria Rip





Jane Cabrera



Wisdom, Protection, Love

Oil on Canvas

120 x 130 cm

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

If there ever was a time when we needed Healing, this is it, we're living it.

War, genocide, climate crisis, disease, loss. The world is loud with suffering and that's even before we turn inwards and examine our own minds, bodies, spirit. and those of whom we love.

While I was putting the issue together I had a bad accident while riding ,the horse I was riding stumbled badly (she's fine btw) fell to her knees while we were cantering and I was thrown against a wall hitting my head and arm and landing on the ground - hard. I had a bad concussion and all the muscles in my hips and pelvis and lower back were messed up. I had to learn how to walk again and wait patiently for the concussion to be over which took about 6 weeks. It was a hard road and I thought a lot about the strange synchronicities of life and how they relate to the outer world.

The pieces of art and writing in this issue reflect healing on multiple levels whether it's fighting for nature and human dignity, recovering from trauma or disease, accepting loss or sensing what others cannot see.

Healing is an integral part of our humanity, the means we use to heal others, nature, ourselves - remain fascinating, moving and above all an act of love.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue and thank you for being a part of this.

Anna

Daniel Ablitt



Cascade

oil on panel 32 x 40 cm

God Makes Me Promises

Where are you? I ask
as I touch the screen
scrolling photos videos
watching is a crime
Ashes
Ruins
White phosphorus
raining on lost babies
Are you here?
the sky is so blue
birds are chirping
yesterday is dead
with everyone in it.
The earth moves like a wild tide.
*You'll find me
right here under your seat
one of these days you'll find me
when you're hoovering the dirt
from under
dried pieces of food
breadcrumbs rolled up with dust
dead spiders and moths
you'll see my face next to the hose
sucking up all the pain.*



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National Disaster

I drowned myself in the bathtub
on the day that no one
knew my name, no longer

the day I woke up when
I belonged to nothing,
not a single heart.

Room lit, thousands of candles
floor, ceiling, walls

held my head under.

the water overflowed, poured out
flooded the house,
streets, the whole city underwater

people lost homes
women lost babies
children got lost
government declared

National Disaster

we were in it together
or so they claimed.

My body
was found and burnt
at the peak of the highest mountain

my body was found guilty of treason
my ashes flew far
and the flood dried
children were found
and wombs bore fruit again

new stones were laid
homes built
meaning given

I was reborn
as an olive tree,
which fed the city
for five
thousand
years.



detail of Pablo Picasso's Peace Dove 1949 chosen as the emblem for the first international peace conference in Paris

Daniel Ablitt



Sunlight and Balsam
oil on panel 122 x 100 cm

There is no Poverty in Touch

Fettered by an unshakeable depth of feeling,
And poor too, so poor I gathered pennies by the bagful
To pay for groceries, but eager and desperate for love,
I sat with her, and with my hair cropped, the wind
Massaged my bare neck, an echo of my hunger,
As the cool breeze lingered in my sun-hot bones
A mixed vibrato of delight and need to ask the question:
Will you come home with me tonight?

And it was a betrayal, of everything we once agreed,
Of knowingly spurned tension, that we spun out years,
Of fast conversations, anvil hard, but quick to cut,
When we sheared shared hunger with common love
For another, who once taught us, everything we knew,
But lately did not dare to leave the prison we made for them.

In our minds, even then we were fixated
With the breaking of taboo, and the quiet knowledge of bated breath,
And hot elation, tongues overlapping, and fingertips studying skin,
As eyes swallow up the folding flesh, which marks milliseconds
Of soon shared time, as I anticipated the soft spread of her belly,
And she, my limbs twisting in response to the moment when
Gentleness appeased, bodies break to grappling, hand-over-hand
Over hand, and pressure bruises, because there is nothing
But each other's eyes, forced open to drink the moment shared.

And I met her eyes, and leaned my hips into hers,
My hands pressing against them, learning the texture
Of the patchwork dress, clinging to her skin, in the humid air,
And I could feel our hip bones meet, a clattering anticipation
Of fabric split in hungry hands, tearing at thigh and calf and ankle.

And they knew, they did, you could feel it roiling in the air,
As much as you could feel how impossible it was to stop
What was now in motion, because we have wanted this
More than we wanted love, because we have wanted this,
And there is nothing left to us, but heat-drowsy need,
And the certainty that we must not stop until we are spent.