

Issue No. 18



LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 18: *THE  
ONSLAUGHT OF THE  
WACKADOODLES/*  
*DECEMBER 11, 2021*

**Introductions:**

*A Letter From The Editor*

**Fiction:**

*Boston Stories* ..... Patrick O'Hara  
*How To Find Love When You Want To Find Love: A Cringe Story* ..... Irvin Perkins

**Poetry:**

*Swaddle Bother* ..... Stephanie Fjordanburrson  
*Nosey Tries Her Hand At Poetry* ..... Nosey Parker  
*Gouda Cheese Goes For A P-Day On Coney Island* ..... Le Fauge En Dieux  
*Fruit* ..... Anonymous Grad Student  
*Vegetables* ..... Anonymous Middle Schooler

**Art:**

*Wackadoodles* ..... Marvin Gardens  
*Cringe Fan Art* ..... Filma Gosnold  
*Weems Clay Painting Preview* ..... Weems Clay



**Issue No. 18**

There's a crazy, Irish lady ringing my buzzer. I keep telling her to go away but she's insistent on bringing me flyers for the new Irish pub opening down the street. But I'm not hungry. I'm working. I'm working on Land Ark Lit Mag issue #18, the glorious 18th, the Phil Jacksons and Johnny Damons of the world. Get out of here, you loopy, drunk, Irish restaurateur. I'll be right over for a pint as soon as I'm done with my duties as editor.

Which should be right abooouuuuuutttt. . . . . now! New dating apps, minor league baseball players, cheese on the beach, drying your hands in a public restroom, fruits and vegetables, what else, what else, what else – I'm thirsty here for goodness sakes. I don't know, enjoy the thing, lick it, give it to your favorite co-worker, bring it into school for show and tell, take it to a bar and buy it popcorn, an Irish bar, take this issue of LALM to an Irish bar, share some Guiness and some stewed cabbage, and if you refrain from getting too drunk then perhaps it would be responsible to fall in love with the waitress. Bye! Bye! Bye! I'm coming, Magatha!

– Ed.

P.S. This is an open magazine. Please submit. Tell your creative friends and family members to submit. Being accepted to a literary magazine of this quality is an unforgettable thrill, better than most drugs available on the internet.

## POETRY

*SWADDLED BOTHER*

Stephanie Fjordanbursson

My mind is swaddled  
In the bother

Of late night fodder  
For sunrise bottles.



## POETRY

*NOSEY TRIES HER HAND AT POETRY*

Nosey Parker

Nosey dries her hands the same in every public bathroom  
she gets into second position (macarena style)  
with slightly bent elbows and internal wrist rotation  
and shakes.  
She shakes her hands twelve times then grabs whatever paper  
towel is available  
pull action or motion sensored or stacked  
and dries remaining wetness between the fingers in those little  
skin vallies.  
Nosey does not do hot air dryers.

Nosey has decided that 12 shakes is the right amount. She used  
to think more was better but found that there was diminishing  
return on how dry just shaking alone could get her hands and  
that ultimately it was leading to wrist fatigue.

But! - Nosey thinks to herself  
why shake at all you might ask?  
A wet unshaken hand which is then tried to be dried with  
bathroom paper towel never gets fully dry - she has found.  
Maybe  
maybe if you are in the lobby of a very fancy hotel and there is  
that fabricy cloth like paper towel with the hotel emblem on it.  
You could probably get away with no shake.

But Nosey is rarely in the lobby of a fancy hotel. She is usually



at a rest stop on I-95 or in the shared bathroom of the building where she has her studio and paints. And these bathrooms nowadays are stocked with automatic dispensing brown.

Nosey does not do this in her bathroom at home because she has microfiber dish towels in the kitchen and cloth hand towels in the bathroom which are much better at drying hands than public bathroom paper towel and

Nosey doesn't want to get water all over her kitchen and bathroom which will inevitably happen when using the shake to dry method.

Nosey doesn't care about creating wetness in a public bathroom which sounds inconsiderate but honestly what we are talking about here is only a slight scattering of droplets on the mirror at worst.



## POETRY

*GOUDA CHEESE GOES FOR A P-DAY  
ON CONEY ISLAND*

Le Fauge En Dieux

I'm sick of these fingers and tongues.  
Everyone has too much fun with everyone.  
I'm taking my towel and riding the subway,  
Getting a hot dog and hogging my beer.  
I'm walking the boardwalk and ignoring the view,  
Turning heads and pee-yoos. I'm sitting in the sun,  
Getting wet and stinky, caramelized and foul, just the way  
I like it, and I like it, and I like it.

Because I'm that good ol' Gouda tired of the table,  
And the knife, and the charcuterie board, preciously  
Cut to make you croon. I never loved the chatter  
But I sure do love the ocean, and those bottomless beach  
Babes strutting the surf and looking my way,  
Only hungry enough to cover their nose, wave their hands  
And invite me over to their post-meal cracker.



## FICTION

*HOW TO FIND LOVE WHEN YOU WANT  
TO FIND LOVE: A CRINGE STORY*

Irvin Perkins

## I.

Gracie has a poppyseed between her teeth. She knows this and keeps flicking her tongue around it, but the seed won't dislodge. Not a fingernail will work either. This is a job for dental floss.

Sean watches her and feels guilty. He could give useful advice as to the location of the seed, but he stares into his drink instead. The ice is floating around and melting into the Jameson. A single clove bobs to the top of the beverage. He sniffs.

"You studied painting?"

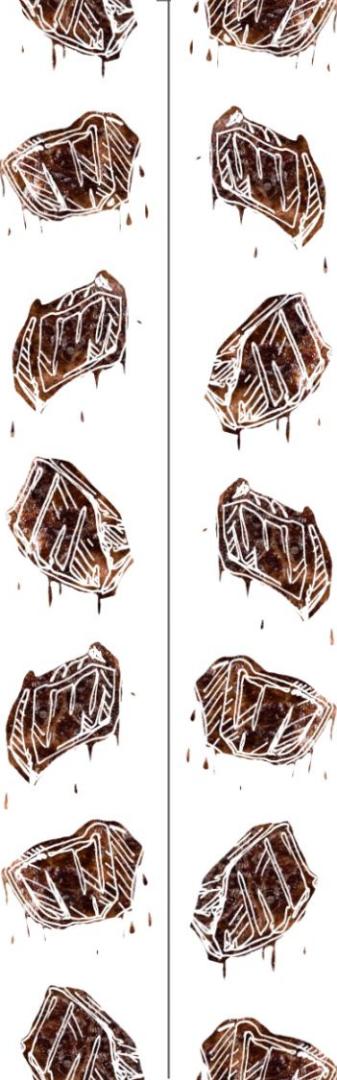
"Yes." Poppyseed flick. "And then I dropped out."

Sean looks downcast. "Oh. I thought your profile said you were an artist."

## II.

The steak tip salad is dancing with the table. The dancers are dancing to the music. Lee gazes at the meat on its lettuce bed. His pulse is too high. The restaurant is flamboyant and the food could be better. The dancers perform a high kick and then several perfect arabesques. Abram gazes at the clock.

"Did you know you can only get steak tips in Boston?"



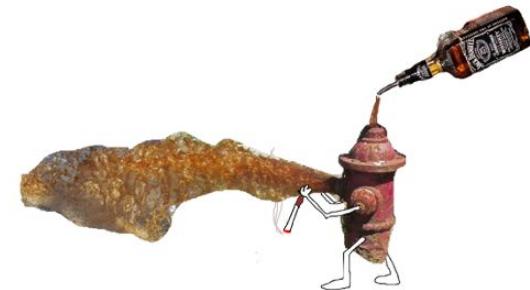
"That's not true."

## III.

Titouan sips his aperol spritz and says to Lea: "From the moment I met you, I knew that you would be a whiskey girl."

Lea giggles and swishes the liquid around between her top and bottom teeth. "Teehee."

"You're divine." Titouan cries, and sticks out his tongue. "Feed me another piece of gorgonzola."



IV.

For the first time since yesterday, Margueritte is tying one off. The bar seems to be closing and her date has not made his appearance. She sends a finger after a black cherry hidden under the ice of her old fashioned. She sighs loud enough for the bartender to notice. He is cleaning the drip tray.

“Can I get you anything else?” He asks.

Margueritte eyes the tap handles. "Hm." She sticks a thumbnail into her mouth. The bartender blinks. Margueritte blinks back. "How about a white russian?"

The bartender shakes his head from side to side. "I wish you hadn't of said that."

“Whyever not?”

"I don't believe milk is a drink."

V.

Mack pauses at the top of Mount Washington, taking in the view just before the auto road and restaurant. Tourists glimmer about in bright coats, handing cameras and cheese sticks to family members. There is no snow yet at this time of year, just bald trees and wind chill. Tuckerman's Ravine splays herself out before him, inviting him to fly, slide, or jump into her craggy passes. Mack shakes his head. Not this time, Tuck. There's another lady on his mind. He takes a deep drink of the crisp New Hampshire air, listens to the birdsong in the far off trees, and shouts at the top of his voice:

Tuckerman's sighs back. Oh Mack, when will you

learn. Love is not hiding in the ferns and underbrush of the White Mountains. Love is back in the city, biding her time at coffee shops, flicking through apps filled with photos when she should be sending marketing emails promoting Holiday Specials. Love works in a boutique called “Glamour and Glimmer.” Love walks down the street wearing ear buds but listening to no music. Love is not mountain climbing, Love is taking a warm bath. Love is not a marathon, Love is a walk outside to get the paper. Love is Type I fun.





Abram  
thinks  
brunch  
is overrated



Tutuann  
wants you to  
buy him cheese,  
lots of cheese



Find Love With

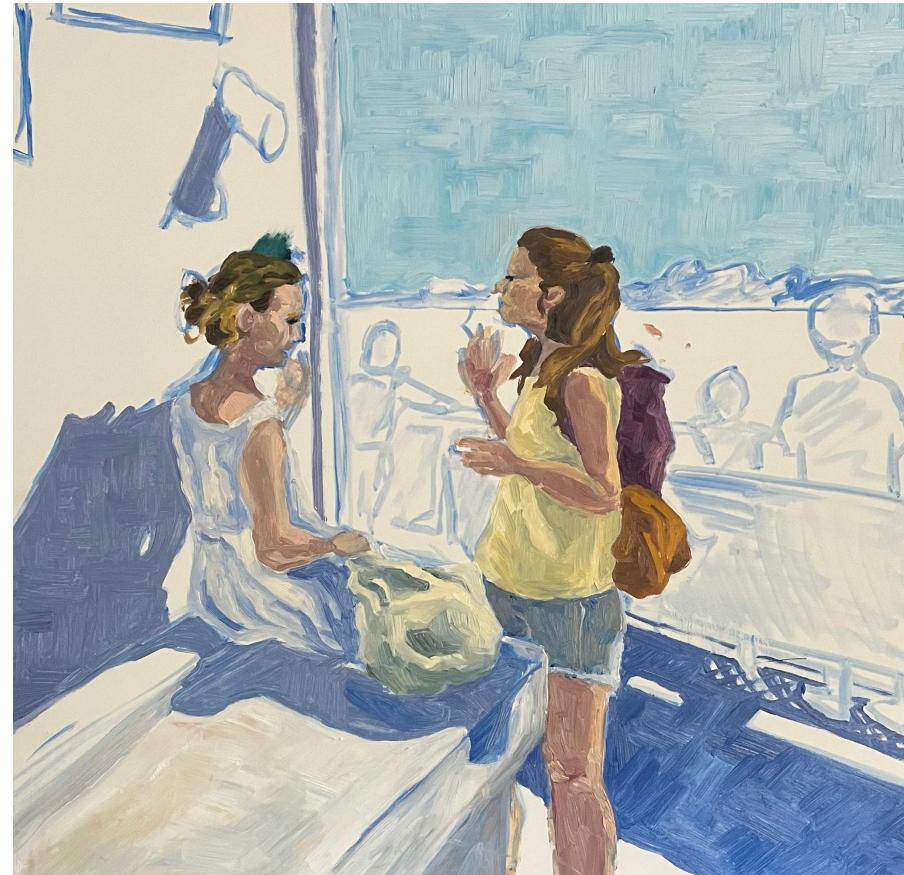
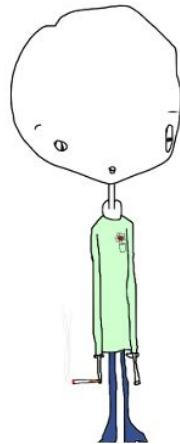
cringe

POETRY

*RUBY THE DOG RUNS FOR MAYOR*

Ruby the Dog

Ruby the dog is for profit and porridge  
For backyards and baby carriages  
For Cold feet and cauliflower.  
She won't raise your taxes and  
She'll try not to poop in your yard.



POETRY

*FRUIT*

Anonymous Grad Student

My bed hound bites  
Into a ripe piece of fruit  
With the swoosh and splat  
Of her fangs ripping skin  
And her tongue gumming  
Flesh. The best and only

Way to my heart is to ravage  
Me delicately, preferably  
With a banana.



POETRY

*VEGETABLES*

Anonymous Middle Schooler

No problems,  
or vegetables.

Clean plates  
And a hug.

I don't bite.  
I'm a really tame person.





## Issue No. 18

### FICTION BOSTON STORIES

Patrick O'Hara

#### Steak Tips

Over drinks at the old stomping ground, there was a conversation about whether steak tips were a regional delicacy specific to Boston.

Mark said, "No."

Lenny shook her head dramatically and let her straw fall from her mouth back into the glass, "I swear to God," she said loudly, "You can only get them here."

"No," said Mark again, this time a little more ambivalently, "They have them in L.A."

I took my hand off his knee and slid it to my own lap. On the other side of the table, Lenny was making faces like she did when we were kids.

"Did you go all the way out there to have them, Mark?" She asked, searching blindly for the straw with her nails.

"Not specifically," said Mark coolly, and he pulled out his phone and pulled up a picture of him eating steak tips on Santa Monica Boulevard. The take out box said "Serious Sally's Serious Steakies".

Lenny leaned into herself quietly for the rest of the evening.

That night, Mark revealed to me that he was considering getting back into Pussy Ass Jesus.

"Who's Pussy Ass Jesus?"

"I made him up," Mark said while he leaned back in bed and put his hands behind his head and crossed his hairy feet with unclipped nails.

"What does he do?"

Mark wiggled his toes. "I don't know. He's just Pussy Ass Jesus."

"Is Pussy Ass Jesus OK with what we do to each other?" I asked.

Mark did his half-laugh. He was wearing a red and blue plaid shirt and jeans with natural rips in the knees. I was still wearing my work clothes.

"Pussy Ass Jesus *loves* it," said Mark with his eyes closed, a little, pleasant, contentedness smile laid out on his birch bark face.

I started unbuttoning buttons and said, "Too bad I'm not religious."

In the morning, Mark was out on the fire escape smoking a cigarette in the intense cold. His shivering figure was the first thing I saw when I woke up, still in his clothes and staring at the downtown Boston skyline past the slowly freezing Charles River. I got up quickly and skuttled into the kitchen to start making breakfast, bacon and eggs and rye toast and Mark's favorite: a cup of split pea soup. When I was half done I heard the window opening and closing. I heard Mark's cement-steadying footsteps. He came up behind me and gave me a freezing hug with cigarette breath in my ears.

"Do you think Lenny's really mad about the steak tip thing?"

"Probably," I said, "But she'll get over it."



"Should I have just said nothing?"

"Yeah. Maybe next time keep any kind of argument to yourself."

*Icky Poo*

The Charles froze over just thin enough for a few fools to try walking on it. They were southern-hailing members of The Boston Red Sox new double A affiliate, The Somerville Charlies. The starting catcher, backup first baseman, starting shortstop, four members of the outfield, and the entire bullpen, went out on the ice after the bars let out. The shortstop wanted to stand in the middle of the ice and pretend he was Michelle Kwan. He grew up in a house of Kwan worshippers. The catcher wanted to film it. He thought ice skating was a joke. The first baseman just wanted to have a drunken, frozen moment with himself and the river, from tee ball to little league to travel ball, regionals and then states, 1st round draft pick by the Red Sox, leaving home to play ball; The first baseman was 30 years old, sitting cross legged on the ice, looking up at the moon, watching the shortstop attempt a failed double axel, listening to the crack of the ice flow breaking and shifting, and assuming in his aspirational ignorance that it would all end up OK.

A few members of the bullpen made it back to shore before the ice broke. Every other player fell through the ice as they scrambled to safety, and they died down there in the dirty, freezing water. All except for the first baseman, who remained sitting as the ice broke free and began floating slowly downstream. He was rescued in Watertown by avid fans.

"I'm going out for coffee, Donna. You want something?"

“What time is it?”  
 “You want a latte?”  
 “No.”  
 “I want one”  
 “It’s too cold, Fen.”

Fender McNabb put on his coat and boots. It was the first coat he ever owned. It had fake fur on the hood. Fender’s cousins in Michigan had coats like that. Donna was wearing one when he met her. B had one, too. Fender put his on over his pajamas. The pajamas were a gift. They were fleece with little baseballs on them. It seemed colder outside than it actually was.

The sun was just coming up. It looked dumb. Some dumb looking snow was piled on the curb, too. Willy’s dog had peed a hole in the snow. Across the street Willy was sort of shoveling. Fender kicked a brick of melting ice down Alpine Street. He kicked it left on Cedar and hit a young guy walking home from getting laid. The young guy didn’t notice and the brick of melting ice went into a storm drain. Boston was a weird place. When he was a kid in Florida, Fender hated the Red Sox. Now it seemed he would never get called up to play for them. A point of limbo, whether to move home and give up or to never let go of the game. A Volvo almost ran over the young guy who was walking home from getting laid. The night before, Fender and Donna had not even touched feet in bed.

Fender made a snowball and threw it at a tree. It missed a few inches to the left. His fastball topped out at 97 mph but he wasn’t particularly competitive. He just liked being good. It was a constant battle to figure out what the tip of the point was – where the want for winning bled from. Today, Fender was just getting coffee. He wasn’t gonna go to any memorial. He was gonna get coffee and say he’d been outside, and then he was gonna go into the living room and sit down in

the comfy chair and hold a baseball in his hand. He made another snowball and threw it at the tree like he was throwing a curveball. It hit a car in the back of the side view mirror. New England trees are dumb and the cars are rusted.

3 Little Figs Café was just starting to get busy in the morning. They had all these different kinds of fancy pastries. All the workers wore cool clothes. Fender saw B. She usually didn’t work on Saturdays. Fender would’ve left but then they made eye contact. Fender got in line and waited. While he waited he blankly went through pitch sequences. He day dreamed about his favorite team to pitch against, The Brattleboro River Rocks. High fastballs to Beverly, nothing but curveballs to Hopkins, don’t throw a strike to Kantor, just let him swing himself out. That was the heart of their order. In a pinch he could get them out.

B called “Next”.

“I’m not here,” said Fender.

“Me neither,” said B. “Nice to see you.”

Fender smiled. He was bad at it, though.

“I’ll have a latte.”

“I figured.”

“I’m coming over later.”

“With Donna, right?”

“Yeah. Still.”

“Do you want anything else, Fen?”

“Yeah, fuck it, I’ll have one of these fancy looking fucking things.”

“Is that the one you want?”

“I want the lemon one.”

B took the muffin out of the display case with a pair of tongs. She rang him up. She was much better at smiling.

“Cute pajamas.”

"How much do you want me to tip?"  
 "However much you want, Fen."  
 "What's appropriate, though?"  
 "20% is appropriate."  
 "OK. I'll do 25%."

Father Michaels for a second looked like he was actually going to cry. Those from the team who were in attendance shuffled in their suits in a row in the pieu.

"And we gave him much respect, for even at a great distance we saw our reflections in his eyes and knew the borderlines of our own visages were unshakeable. His presence gave proof to the unbreakable will of nature. In silence in his company, we became cripplingly terrified of the brutality of our own mortality."

Father Michaels went quiet and bowed his head, then called for the congregation to rise with a simple, feather-light gesture of his hand, and they all recognized it. The first baseman stood up last, with the helping arm of a teammate.

Donna went to the service. Fender sat in the chair and held the ball. They both went over for dinner to B's. B and Donna were best friends. Her husband, Carl, had a big, ugly mole on his earlobe.

"How yah holdin' up, Fen?" Carl stood up from the kitchen table and went over to the fridge. He repaired registers for a living. "Boston Lager still OK? It's a hard day. This is a city tragedy. I'm sorry, Fen. We gotta be strong, y'know? Boston Strong."

"You ever think about getting that mole removed?"  
 Carl pointed to his ear, "This one?"  
 "Unless you got some more that I don't know about."



Carl laughed. "A *lot* more," he said, and he smiled at Fender just like Donna.

Carl put the beers down on the table. Fender drank what was left in his first one and then finished the second. He got up to help himself to another. The fridge handle was wobbly. There wasn't much space inside. It was a small kitchen, too, in a small apartment. Carl was a happy guy. B was the sad one. Fender got a warm feeling. Carl was fat and ugly. If he wanted to, Fender could give B her greatest orgasm. His fastball velocity rose. He sat back down at the kitchen table. A tear streaked down Carl's cheek.

"I'm sorry," he said, wiping the tear off on his sleeve, grazing the mole. Another tear went down the other cheek like a high diver and crashed into the side of the Sam Adams bottle making it look like condensation was forming in the dead of winter. "I'm sorry, Fen. This is embarrassing. You don't want to see this."

"Why are you crying? I didn't even do anything."  
 "I'm just thinking. That's all."

Carl took a deep breath in through his nose to try and compose himself. He had a tiny chin and big nostrils. The outline of his breasts were visible through his Red Sox hoodie. Fender started to get up to find Donna and B. He did get up, and then he sat back down. Carl said he was sorry, again.

"This is making me very uncomfortable," said Fender, "Please stop crying over nothing."

Carl held in a long breath. He shut his eyes very hard and refused to breathe. Fender watched the crusted, pale, red skin turn purple. He thought he was gonna watch Carl die. The fastball velocity went up again, but then it plummeted as Carl let go a wail amid a torrid of jackknifing tears. He slammed his forehead against the table and showed his discolored bald spot.

His big body heaved like a breathless hot air balloon.

“I don’t know!” wailed Carl, “I don’t know why I’m crying! I don’t know I don’t know! Why am I crying!?” He tried breathing in deep again. It worked for less time than last time, “I don’t know!” He slammed his fists on the table and clenched his molars. A vein popped. Carl started to look like a bad animal, “Why am I crying? Why am I crying? Why am I FUCKING crying!?” Carl breathed in deep one last long time and composed. He was shaking but he wasn’t crying anymore. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry. I don’t know what that was, Fen. Please don’t tell B.”

The episode had started so fast and stopped so fast. Fender wanted to retire. He didn’t like anything about baseball. It was dumb and boring. There was never anything he liked about it besides being good at it.

“I’m gonna go to the bathroom,” said Fender. “When I come back please stop crying and we won’t ever talk about it again, man.”

Fender got up. He stood still and focused on his knees. He walked out with them and his strong body. He never walked so strongly. He turned the corner out of the kitchen. He was just as talented as any other pitcher he’d ever seen pitch, he just didn’t have the competitive spirit. He didn’t care if his team won or lost. He heard the muffled sounds of voices behind doors. That little episode, whatever the fuck that was. I’m so good. Fender realized he didn’t actually have to pee but he could probably force one out if B was in the bathroom. The door was closed. B is in the bathroom. If Fender pitched against Carl he would crush him. There did not yet exist a game that measured one’s capacity to be such a pathetic loser. He was sure B was waiting for him in the bathroom.



Fender opened the door to the bathroom. It was a small bathroom. The door barely cleared the sink. He closed it behind him and looked in the mirror. He looked a little cold.

“Hi daddy.”

Fender jumped and hit his throwing elbow on the sink. He grabbed it and yelled. Over by the toilet, completely naked and bent over with his butt in the air, was his 3-year-old son, FJ, with big, blue eyes and curly, blond hair. Kneeling behind him, staring into FJ’s butt, was Carl and B’s little daughter, Lally, with a small chin and big nostrils. She held a ball of toilet paper. She used it to wipe FJ’s butt.

Fender’s son was at the party. They had brought his son. He had been with them the whole time, and he had been there the whole time.

Fender’s son loved him, smiling at him through his small, clear, un-grown body.

“What are you doing!?” Fender cried, holding his throbbing elbow.

“I pooped. Lally’s cleaning me.” said FJ. He had a friendly smile. Little Lally wiped his butt. She drew the toilet paper up and down and threw it into the toilet, grabbed another wad, and wiped FJ’s butt more.

The pain from Fender’s elbow raced up to his brain. FJ smiled at his father.

“Poo’s icky, daddy.”

*It’s Gotta Be The Biggest Piece Of Shit City In America*

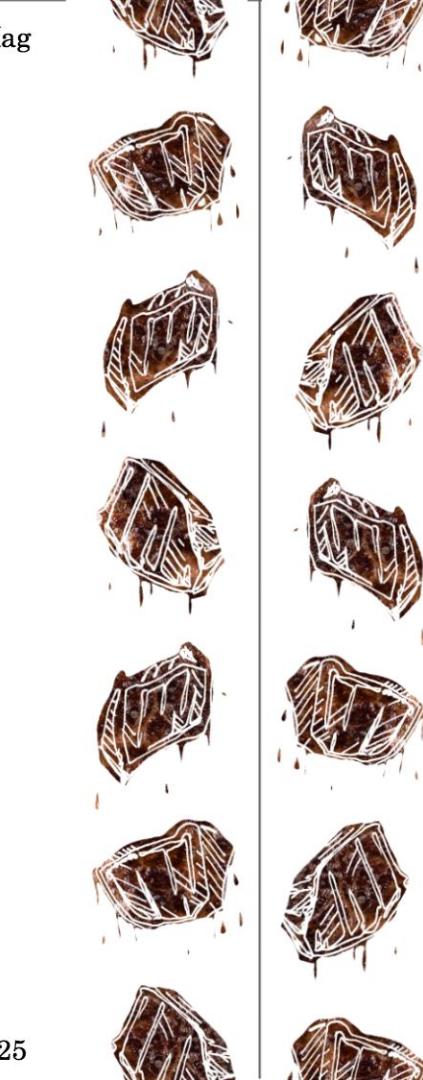
The Chestnut Hill Reservoir was frozen over. Lenny said a muffled goodbye to Mark and Steve outside Cityside, then crossed Beacon Street to take the green line. There was a train waiting with the doors open. The conductor was in Dunkin’

Donuts getting coffee. Lenny got on. She helped an old lady get on, too. Then she got a seat by the window and watched Mark and Steve's silhouettes disappear into Steve's Volvo and the Volvo disappear past Dunkin Donuts.

The green line train went down Beacon Street, picking up winter night stragglers every few blocks. The car never got very full. No one ever sat down next to Lenny. She looked out the window the whole time at the red brick row houses. They were all friends with each other. Lenny took the green line all the way downtown where it began to snow.

At Government Center, she got off the green line and went upstairs to transfer to the blue line. The blue line train took 15 minutes to come. The conductor was drinking Dunkin Donuts. Lenny got on and rode into east Boston. She'd never been to east Boston before. She got off the train at the Airport stop and hopped on a shuttle bus through the sleet to the Airport. At the Airport she looked at the Departures board and saw an American Airlines flight to L.A. was leaving in 30 minutes. She found an available electronic kiosk and bought the last available ticket. She didn't have any bags to check. She got through security but had to throw away her lighter. She wanted to argue with TSA but didn't have time. When she got to the gate the plane was boarding and she got in line.

On the flight, she sat next to a really nice mother of two who was going out to visit her oldest at UCLA. The mother always made a point to visit during the winter. Even though she was born and raised in the Boston area she still hated the cold. Lenny said she liked it. The mother laughed. Lenny said this was completely an impromptu flight for her so she didn't bring anything to do, do you mind talking a little bit? The mother said she would love to. It turned out they were both born and raised in Everett and both graduated from Everett High and both went



to Boston College and graduated with a degree in Communications. The mother told a story where she was making out with her high school boyfriend in her car outside Glenwood Cemetery once, when she got this urge and she asked him to get completely naked and he did. She said, c'mon, let's go have sex in the graveyard. Neither of them had had sex before. So he got out of the car all excited and she drove away and left him there naked. She didn't remember why she did it. It was an evil thing to do and she really liked him. The police found him freezing, covering up with a tombstone. He didn't press charges but he did break up with her. She told another story about feeling Everett was the center of the universe, and New England was the universe, and how that's a feeling a lot of kids experience and when the feeling is shattered it can be kind of overwhelming, but the mother is glad she grew up in Everett because when that feeling was shattered for her she was really glad and had a great time living in warm places in her twenties, partying with crazy people and generally not caring what happened to her or Everett. But when she went home that's when she started to miss it, and love Boston.

"Can I ask you something?" said Lenny.

"Sure," said the mother.

"Do you know if they have steak tips outside of Boston?"

The mother thought about it with a deep-in-thought face before saying she didn't know. She never ate steak tips. What are steak tips, anyway?

When the plane landed the mother and Lenny exchanged contact information and said goodbye. Lenny found "Serious Sally's Serious Steakies" on her phone and called an Uber. The Uber driver was young and sleek and generally unfriendly, but he navigated the car through standstill L.A.

traffic. It was the crack of dawn. The palm trees looked like legs. Lenny refused to take her winter coat off.

“Serious Sally’s” was closed when Lenny arrived. It opened for lunch. Lenny found a park across the street and a bench in the park and sat on it. She got a cigarette from a skateboarder and smoked it. Lenny never took her coat off. The hot air made her face sticky. The self importance made her feel important. The happiness made her uncomfortably happy. The sun came up and it felt like a flat belly. Young people came out walking dogs and walking back with coffees. Couples got breakfast. Kids ate bags of uniquely flavored chips. The cars got into traffic. Lenny kept sweating. Tourists threw up into brown paper bags, threw the bags on the ground, and left to howl at superstars.

At 11, a woman opened the door of “Serious Sally’s”. Lenny got up from the bench. The woman was pale and young and stout and red headed.

“Excuse me,” said Lenny, “Are you the owner?”

“Yeah. So?”

“You’re Sally?”

The woman looked at Lenny’s coat. She said, “Yeah,” again.

“Do you guys serve steak tips here?”

“Yeah we make some pretty fahkin’ good ones. The menus online.”

“Can I ask,” pleaded Lenny, “Where are you from?”

“Not here.”

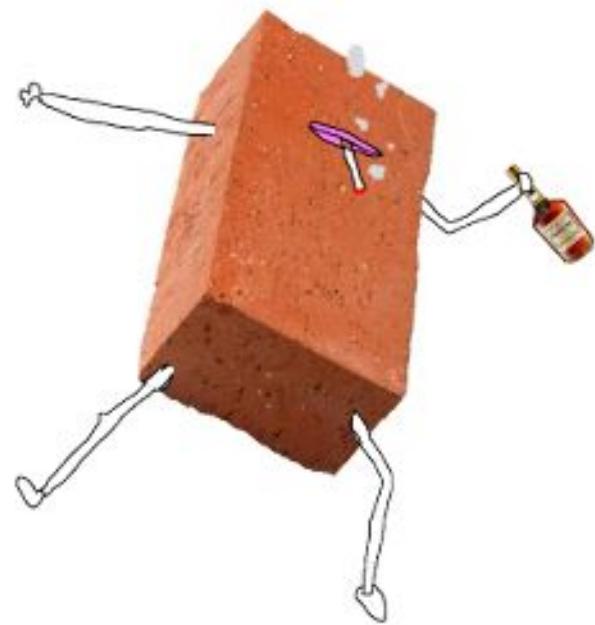
“Where?”

“Just outside Boston. You want a job or something?”

Lenny felt gorgeous.

“What do you think of L.A.?”

Sally shrugged and smiled. “It’s gotta be the biggest piece of shit city in America.”



Land Ark Lit Mag accepts submissions of “anything literary” and “anything visual.”

Please email The Editor with your work at:  
[landarklit@gmail.com](mailto:landarklit@gmail.com)

Thank You.

