

The
Daphne
Review

Fall 2018

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The Spaces We Hold

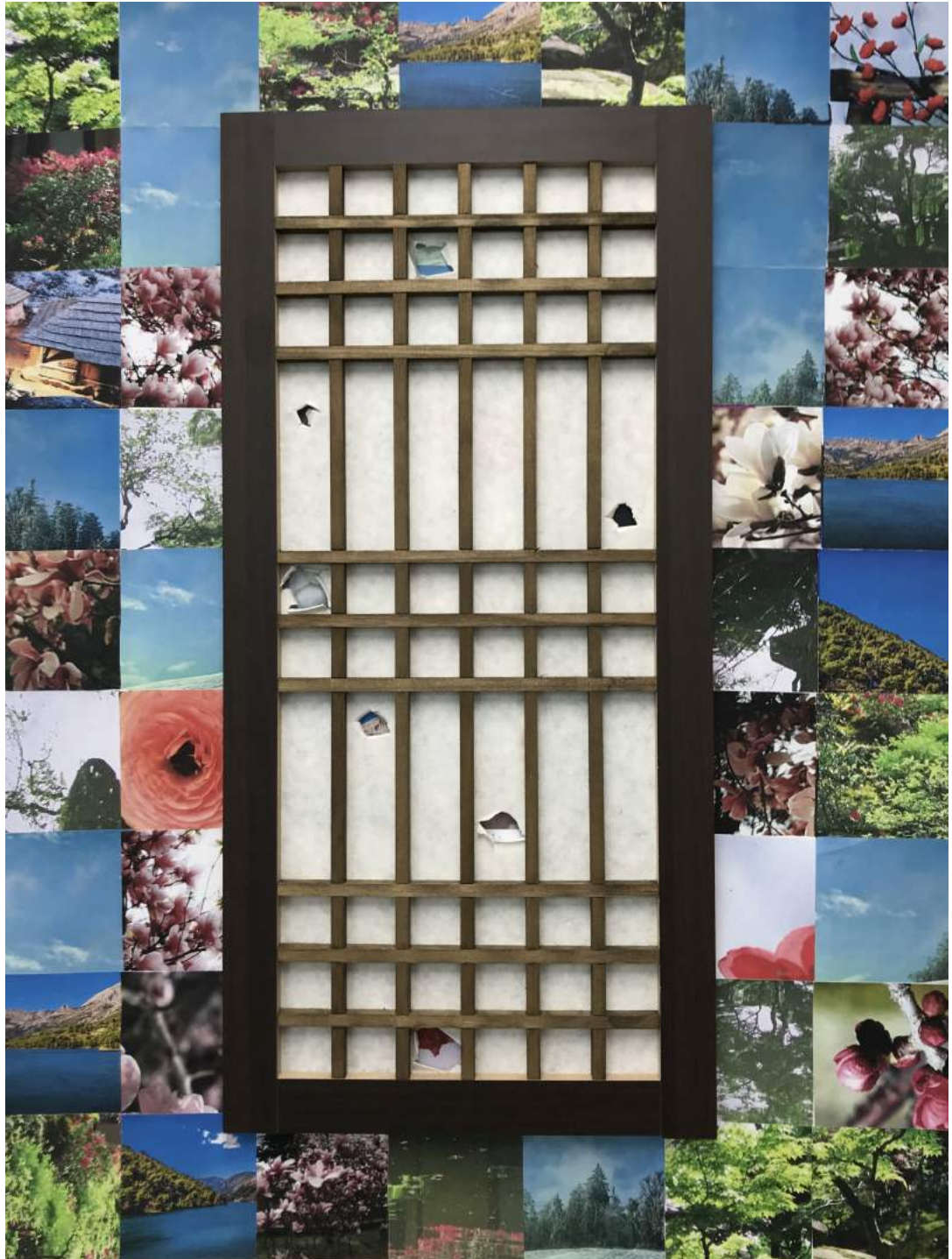
in the driveway of summer,
daughters descending from helios
dance off of car doors, their lantern
bodies illuminating our cracks.

dusk crawls along the boundary
line in hushed, star-soft
gravity. shadows lisp from the
corners, dip in deep sweeps.

you run your fingers across
the corrugated curves of the
chasm between us. cup something
in me in you that's already full.

the sky bleeds into your swollen
flesh. thick heart, heavy hands drowning
in watercolor. melting, like cotton candy,
our shared lucid dream

Only Escape



Awakening

"C'mere, boy!"

Eddie grinned as the golden retriever bounded towards him, the afternoon sunshine rippling across its glossy pelt, brushing aside the reeds and cattails that blanketed the tranquil prairie. Sam padded up to the boy, tail swaying in excitement, as he deposited a ragged rubber ball, slimy with saliva, at his feet. Eddie knelt down and rewarded his best friend with a loving scratch behind his flabby ears. "There's a good boy, Sam!" he laughed, as the dog splashed his face with wet kisses. "Let's play pirates now! Quickly, to our ship!"

The child clambered up the russet, metal frame of a dilapidated Honda, and wiggled into his hideout; a cramped compartment, decorated with colorful drawings of swashbuckling feats at sea. A toy chest sat on the opposite wall, overflowing with figurines and wooden props that Eddie's father had made for him. Eddie threw open the container and slung a menacing eye patch over his face. He grinned at his reflection in the shattered rear view mirror, then crinkled his face into a sneer growled like a true scalawag. Sam sat patiently, tongue lolling, as Eddie tied a dirty, red bandana onto his neck. "You'll be my first mate," the boy said to him. "Now go to the crow's nest and look for treasure!" The dog wandered off, likely in search of something to chew on.

Eddie then retrieved his trusty telescope and pirate sword, slid them into a Velcro belt around his pants, and hopped onto the roof of the old car. He surveyed the serene, blue ocean before him as his ship, *The Fortune Sailor*, sliced through the water. Seagulls crowed overhead, and a blue whale breached far in the distance. Suddenly, Captain Eddie spotted a dark shape on the horizon. Peering through his spyglass, the landlubber yelled to his first mate, "It's Captain Ivory! He's come to take our treasure!"

Leaping from the roof of the car, Eddie ran through the long grass, hacking at the reeds with his saber as if they were invisible enemies. "Take that, you buffoon! And you, and you!" he exclaimed as Captain Ivory's crew was knocked into the swirling sea. Finally, only the evil pirate warlord (a stump) remained, snarling at brave Eddie through a mask of snowy hair. With fierce battle cry, Eddie leapt onto the stump and swung his sword through the air, and the captain staggered back and plummeted from the helm of the galleon into the swirling whirlpool beneath.

"Yeeeeeah!" Cried Eddie, throwing his sword into the air. Ecstatic, he ran

around the stump, did a somersault on the prairie earth, and collapsed onto the ground, breathing heavily. Clouds drifted across the sky like massive, fluffy zeppelins. Eddie spotted one that looked like a turtle, and another one that looked like...a cloud. He chuckled to himself. Suddenly, his view of the sky was obstructed by Sam's massive head, tackling him to the ground and showering him with playful licks. Eddie rubbed his friend's head affectionately. It was days like these that he felt the best, the fullest, like every moment was spent exactly how it should be. He hoped that it would never end.

"Sweetie," called a voice from across the meadow. "Your father's cooking dinner, it'll be ready soon!"

"Aww, Mom!" Eddie replied. "Can I have a few more minutes? I need to find the Island of Doubloons!"

His mother laughed. "Of course, Captain Eddie. Come in when you're ready, but don't take too long or your dinner will get cold!"

"I won't take long!" Eddie chimed, and returned to his ship with his loyal friend.

#

"His sleep patterns have become almost regular," the doctor said. "It's almost as if his mind has adapted to the dream."

Madeline stared blankly at her son, the anguished wrinkles that once scarred his face calmed into a serene visage of peace. She longed to kiss his forehead, ruffle his hair, give him some gesture of her love. But the doctors told her it might disturb one of the synthetic tubes coiling away from his face, pumping drugs into his brain.

"The decision is completely up to you, Mrs. Waters," murmured the doctor as he adjusted the large spectacles on his face. "We have enough Dream to keep Edward on this dosage for around six more years, if you're going to stick with Plan A. It's designed to simulate his life outside of the coma, create his own perfect little world. He's conscious inside of the dream, and doesn't even know it is one. It's what he perceives to be reality, now."

The mother clutched her son's tiny, limp hand fiercely. "And what happens if I wake him up?" she whispered, voice quavering.

The doctor stroked his ivory beard. "Well, with the new electric treatment my coworkers have developed, we can cut off the medicine to his brain and wake him. After that, we'll put him through therapy to reintroduce him to the real world, mainstream him...I mean, considering you take Plan B."

Madeline sighed, and brushed her grey hair back. She remembered a time when it was blonde, once, before the accident. Before her life was crushed to a pulp, like the Honda her husband drove, obliterated under the weight of the semi. Now all that was left were the shattered remnants of her life, pieced together to form a warped picture of before.

"Is he happy?" she asked.

"Of course," the doctor responded. "The dream only simulates good memories. It'll even take some things that exist here and parallel them in the dream, usually items or people he has a strong attachment to. He doesn't know about...well, the real world."

Madeline pressed her hand to her face as if to shut everything out. Ever since that fateful drive, she could never escape the haunting memories, the screams of her husband as the van caved in around him. She had escaped with only a broken wrist. Madeline wished she was there, in the backseat, to shield Eddie from the truck, to keep him awake and not in this endless, distant sleep.

Eddie's other arm was wrapped around a yellow, stuffed dog. Ragged and grubby, the dirt-smeared plaything was the boy's constant companion. When the money got tight, Madeline was forced to sell all of Eddie's old toys, crying as she pressed them into the hands of some stranger's child. All except for one.

"I'm not sure...I can afford the treatment," Madeline stammered. "We have to pay the rent every night, or else the owners will boot us out."

The wizened doctor looked into her glassy, red-ringed eyes. "Price isn't really a concern for us. But just remember...if you want to go with Plan B, that's perfectly okay with us."

Emotions raged inside of Madeline's frail body like waves smashing against a shore, eroding and battering it beyond recognition. The hospital room around her seemed blurry, artificial. Was there really such a thing as true, real, genuine happiness? Or was it another fabrication made by scientists to calm the dying minds of their patients?

"Ma'am?" The doctor's lips were moving, but the sounds that came out were distorted and seemed far off. "We're going to need your decision now." Madeline tried to imagine what it would be like in Eddie's realm. True ignorance. It would be devastating for him...to abandon his land of bliss for a fatherless, penniless, hopeless world so that she could hold him in her arms once more. Suddenly, she felt alone, frightened, isolated, in a maze of dark walls and barriers closing in on her like guillotines. Another sprang up in front of her whenever she tried to flee.

Then she thought of Eddie, how his overbite showed when he smiled, his sweet, brown eyes. When he learned how to ride his bike, fell off, and got back on again. His first day of school. His eighth birthday, when it rained on their picnic and they had to light his candles underneath his father's umbrella. When he broke his arm trying to be a pirate. All of the drawings he made for her at school. She only realized she was weeping after the doctor jolted her back to life with a hand on her shoulder.

"Are you ready?" He asked.

Madeline lifted her head, and her son was there, asleep, dreaming peacefully. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. Only silence.

#

"All right, Mom!" Eddie grumbled as he sulked back to the house. Sam trotted along behind him, tail whooshing through the air like a feather duster. "I'm coming!"

The boy trudged over to the toy chest and deposited his eye patch and sword, took the bandana off of the dog, and made his way back to the house. The sky was ablaze in orange glory as the sun slowly drifted below the horizon, a corona of light gleaming out from behind the family's cottage.

His mother was there, beaming at him, trying to mask it with a stern look on her face. His father was there, too. He was tall, with chestnut hair and brilliant blue eyes. The happy couple stood there, hands clasped tightly together, admiring the perfect world they lived in. Then the man turned, kissed his wife on the cheek, and went inside.

Madeline lingered for a bit and called, "Edward James, come inside this moment!"

"I said I was coming, Mom!" Her son yelled. "And it's Captain Eddie!"

"All right, Captain Eddie, your dinner's getting colder by the second!" And she entered the house.

Eddie's eyes widened and he dashed up to the porch, Sam in tow.

"Wait, Mom!" He cried. "Can I come back outside tomorrow if it's OK?"

"Of course, sweetie."

Eddie grinned. Before he followed his mother, he took one last look at the beautiful prairie and the endless horizon it hid. Something out there felt like it was calling him, trying to make him see something. Eddie decided he would sail there tomorrow and explore it, and made sure that his spaghetti wasn't as cold as he dreaded.

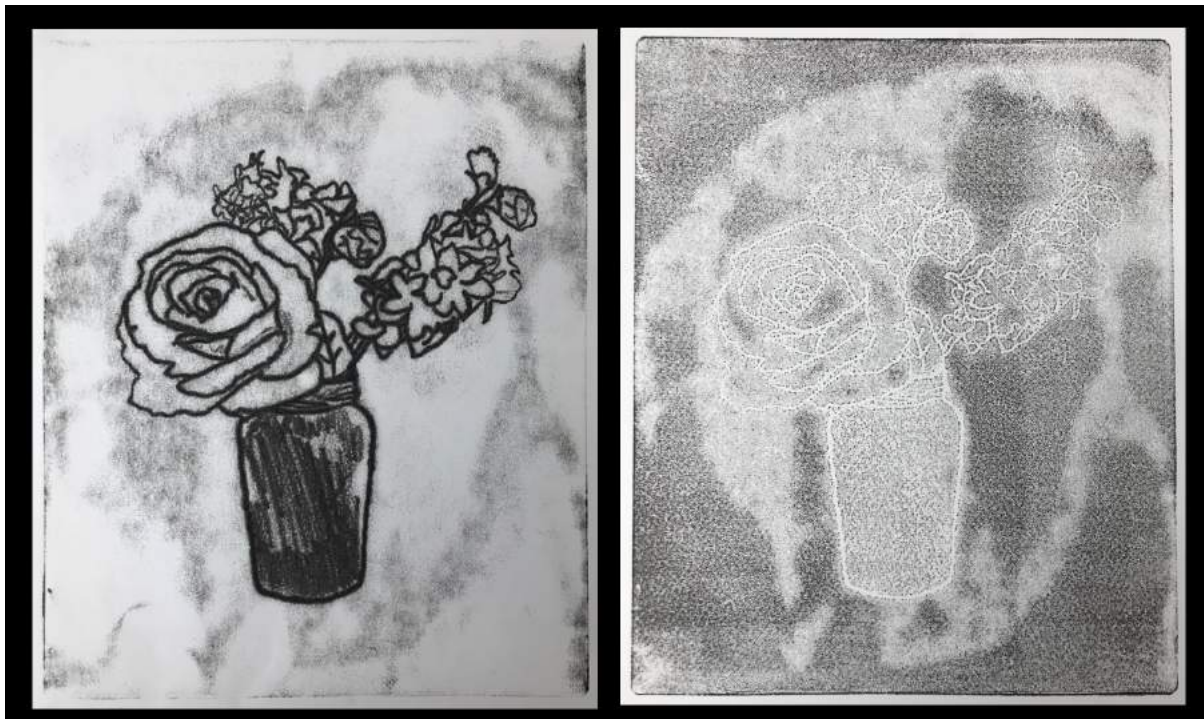
Untitled



Hidden Sins

Dystopias
fill the bookstore shelves
because
everyone wants to read about
crumbling governments,
diseases without cures,
injustice and humiliation—
An imperfect world.
For they think their own,
The one they see as they look out their
stained glass window, is a utopia;
a world sans inadequacies.
Yet under all that perfect
is a world full of hidden sin
and dystopias waiting to transpire.

Double Still



You

Then

The first thing that meets your sight when you open your eyes to the day outside is an army. An army of individuality, to be more specific. They march past you on the grass in a chaotic formation, looking like drops of paint an artist splashed out at random on a deep green canvas.

Inside the train, you shift as far as the glass chains on your hands and feet will allow towards the window for a clearer look. There's much more of them than what you had initially thought. Millions, perhaps. Clothed in freedom and armed with purpose, they stretch out endlessly across the landscape. Sweat pours across their reddened faces and their breaths are heavy in the heat. The walk, especially under the blazing ferocious sun, is not easy. Still, the comfortable seventy-five degrees of the train is freezing, and envy brews up a blizzard in your stomach.

You turn your attention to your compartment inside. The six seats you've stared at countless times before are still your favorite color. They scream comfort and security, though you know them to be anything but. The sliding door to leave the compartment, on the other hand, is your least favorite color, reeking of pain and instability.

When you first started out, all six of the seats were filled with people like yourself. You remember talking to them about the most mundane of things. Weather, the marchers, the train, and everything else but your identities. Then, one by one, they started leaving to join the army, leaping out of the train with hearts in their hands and joy in their throats.

You wish you had tagged along. Because after they left, a gag grew inside your mouth, forced on by yourself; months have passed since you remembered the sound of your own voice. You can't even imagine what your laugh felt like.

The army outside is marching faster, and the storm winds are picking up inside of you. You are stuck inside a train, and they are all oblivious to your condition, chained and gagged like some sort of criminal inside a dungeon cell. If only they would turn their heads to look!

You have no idea where this train will take you. You are not the conductor, and neither have you ever met him/her. He's/she's the only one aware of the destinations on the tracks, if such things even exist. Maybe the

track is just a single line wrapped around the sphere of Earth and you're just going around in circle.

Unless you select your station, you will stay caged in this state.

The clouds have fully formed now, and your torso is filled with icy fire. The flames are the coldest they've ever been, until you spot *them*, a group of three. You scramble back towards the window. Talking and marching, they look ahead of themselves; the sun paints their cheeks with spots of your favorite color. If you try hard enough, you can hear the trickle of their laughter. Then, you hear a single word (or maybe several) of a destination.

You think of it in your mind, loud and clear. You feel it creeping down from your head and sliding across your tongue. It tickles your nerves with burning desire.

The gag blinks out of existence and you finally say it. Then repeat it. And repeat it again. Each time it forms on your lips, it fills you with warmth like a hot drink in late December.

Something snaps inside you. Something you weren't aware existed. It slides and falls next to your feet: a chain that had previously encased your thoughts. Instantly fueled by what you guess to be passion, your mind lifts off. It rises upwards at a speed faster than light's towards tomorrow.

The chains at your hands and feet melt onto the floor. But you notice their stubborn shapes still imprinted on your skin. Their tight grip had cut off your circulation, carving circles into the flesh.

This part of your past may stay stamped on your body forever.

You rise off the seat (your favorite color) and look towards the compartment's door. Each step you take causes you to stumble. You are not yet comfortable using your feet.

But somehow, in the end, you manage to slide the door open.

Epilogue

You are outside, and the sun's heat is pleasantly cool on your skin. When you open your mouth to speak, the air tastes like brown sugar on your tongue. You glance back at the train and realize that it was in reality a white motionless ship. In place of the tracks, you spot a crimson sea. You glance at the window you formerly occupied and spot your ghost, still chained and gagged and living in someone else's dream.

It smiles at you as you turn your eyes away to look ahead.

Overload



Sunrise in Winter

Your pink barely breaks the steely surface of
Winter's white blanket. Cold, in the blistering

Wave of ice, carrying my body in its current.
The adventure of my lifetime was held in the

Moon's schizophrenia. I am her therapy. And
I am her overdose of prescriptions. But more,

I am her problem. I hold her in my palms and
Begin the prayer. *Where are the stars?* I look

For the face in the spring breeze, basic enough
With a bit of acid's sting. Coming all too soon

And leaving even quicker. It was a breath of
Fresh air, the same as it was before, but now

Suddenly different. As if it were the first. The
Glimmer of light. Eyes open. The First Breath.

Distractions



Sleepyhead

Have you ever had the feeling that you are going to fall asleep while walking or will bang your head after nodding off in class? Yes? Welcome to my world. I am a sleepy one. I don't know how or why we need sleep? I mean who invented it in the first place? Was it a silly game at first? Or was someone trying to trick a grizzly bear? He could have played dead for a couple of minutes and liked the way it felt, and then the freaking evolution took its toll. Boom! Just like that. I personally believe that the evolution is not over yet and we are still developing and pushing our boundaries. By boundaries I mean the amount of time we can sleep per day.

I pity that fool, who thinks sleeping for 6 hours is perfect and ideal for a teenager. Even eight hours is not enough. I sleep for 10 hours a day, and my feet are still dragging. My roommate says when girls grow up we tend to behave like that, we need more sleep than everyone else, but I know it is not because of that. I know I am a superior being, I am not an average human, but a demigod, a metahuman if you may. Don't believe me? It's not like I care to explain, but I think you should know that I can sleep without even closing my eyes. How many ordinary humans claim to be able to do this? Let me explain. I was sitting in my class when I realized my gift; my eyes were open, wide like an owl's. It was like I had the power to turn off my brain whenever I wanted, unaffected by my surroundings. How cool is that?

This was when I began to realize I am a rather special individual. I think my powers are focused slightly off angle than the usual mega blockbuster superheroes though. I am not like Wonder Woman battling villains and saving lives. Sleep is my dominant superpower. I can sleep for a whole day if I have the time, which usually I get during the weekends. I'll sleep all day Sunday. On Saturdays, I have several other things to take care of, like my singing lessons, my shrink appointments, my weekly ritual of taking note of my continually increasing weight and my doctor appointment.

Sleeping can sometimes be quite a drag though. I mean you get all dizzy after you wake up, everything feels like a nightmare, and you don't know what to do. Your mouth is dry, your chest is tight, your nose is cracked on the inside. Sometimes I feel I can't take it anymore, but I guess we have to choose our battles very carefully. Every superhero has to endure the pain. Every batman must

tolerate a Robin. Every Spiderman must carry on the guilt of not saving his uncle, and every Sleepyhead must fight off her sleep and moisturize their nostrils. Oh boy, here it comes again. Time for me to exercise my God-given gift.

Deloris broke the tip of her pencil after writing the last line, closed her diary and goes still. There is no movement in the room. Her eyes are open wide, she is staring at the wall, sitting on her chair, her hands are flat on the table, and a drop of drool oozed out of her mouth and completes its journey to the bottom of her chin. It falls into her lap to disappearing forever into her black slacks. Tears fill her eyes. She isn't blinking anymore. She remains this way for almost an hour and then she tilts onto the left side of the chair and begins to slip. Somehow she shakes it off, stands up, wipes off the drool from her chin and walks away from the table. She doesn't remember a thing, maybe she indeed, is a demigod.

You Young Kim

Avarice



A Sestina as Told - in so many words - by Girls

It is disgraceful to dither and write about oceans.

Cheap, even, the shells, sand, salt

gulls circling like planetary ellipses- It is only fathomable in so many words.

I think you've read too much canon on oceans. Girls beside oceans.

You said, true or false, they weren't for you.

Had I wanted to wash the sticky disapproval from your brow, I couldn't have; there wasn't

anything more solvent than water in my cup.

There are as many kinds of girls as grains of sand. Those who see the cup

full. Empty. Half spilled out into the oceans,

wells, waterfalls. We mourn things which had no reason to be true and weren't.

Gasping for adage, allegory, aphorism, we throw salt

over our shoulders and vocalize wishes for another you, or a better you, or a bigger you.

In those moments it is cataclysm. It is more than words.

The last time actions withstood dissolving in words

I found my mouth against an unearned cup.

It's my father. *Try this. It's high time you*

tried this. Mezcal in tin. Let's drink to prosperity. May we prosper like the very oceans

are ours. And if we cannot to prosperity, let's drink to hoping for it! I

drank it, eyes closed. Were there salt

flakes on the rim of the glass? Maybe there weren't.

I won't say that there weren't
times I treated words
with levity. I was told: *Take every truth with a grain of salt.*
Spit out language, verbiage like water from your cup
when you laugh. When there is nothing in particular but being a girl,
cry oceans.
Expel only so many pieces of you.

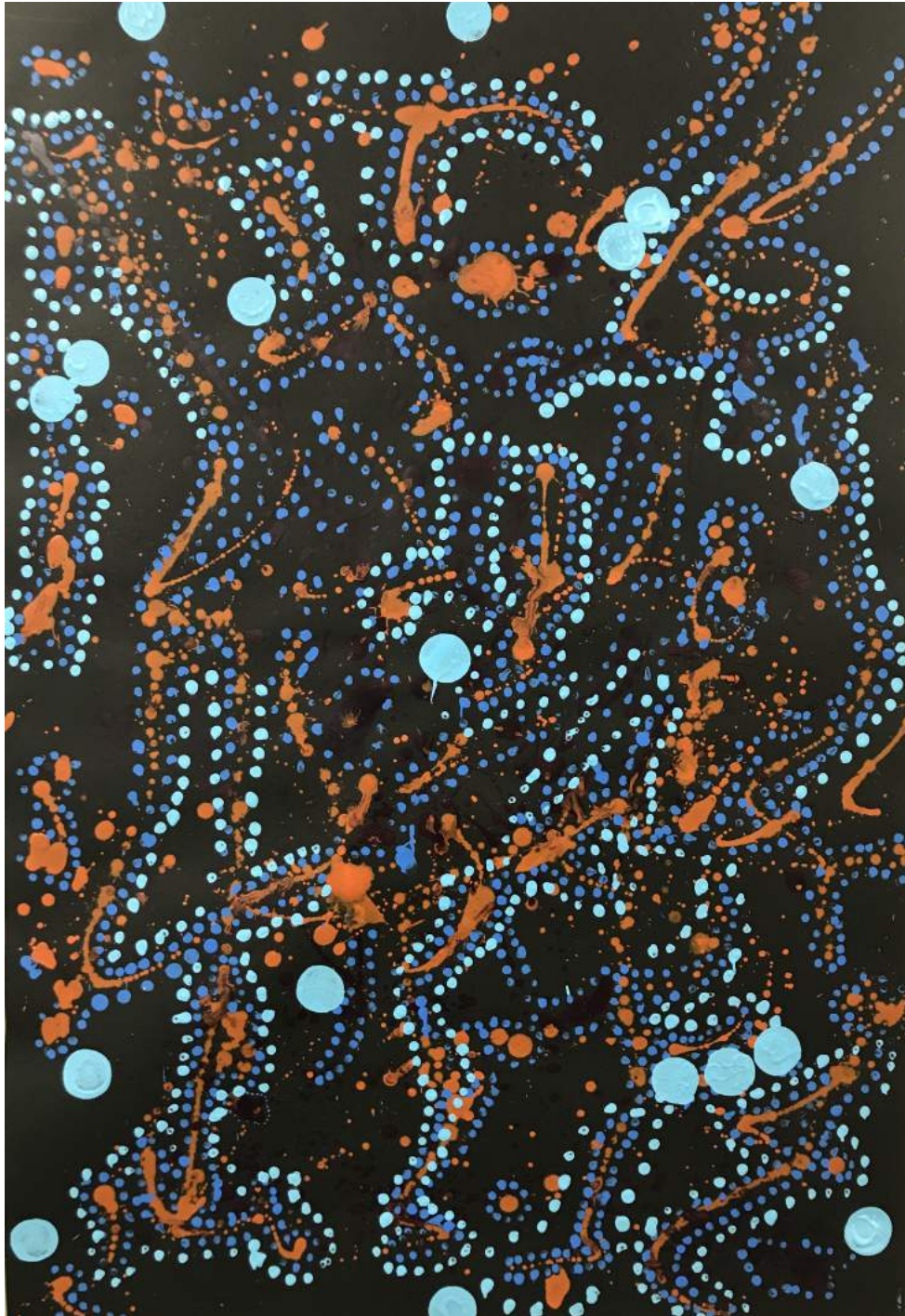
I never sobered until the sound of you
washing up. And even then, I wasn't
all dry, and even now, not all the water, ocean
fresh, or otherwise is out of my ears. I keep rocking my head. Out with
the water. In with the words.
I'm not usually like I was, anymore. I can be shallow like your cup.
I can move storms with my décolletage; and when it's over, I can be a
grain of salt.

After the salt
has dried in clumps where you
once lay, the scape tells of girls you wouldn't touch. Measuring our
wits against horizon, cup
-ping their hands out beyond our faces and chests. You will refute it.
Say they weren't
drinking it in for want of adequate words,
but for surplus of oceans.

Such is the nature of time -- It will wash salt in wounds that weren't
ever incurred. I wonder if you still cup your hands to your ears to hear
the words
That would otherwise get lost in the oceans.

Alex Jae Bin Lee

Where Do We Go From Here?



Our Contributors

Mehwish Amir

Mehwish is currently a rising senior at Harmony School of Innovation- Sugar Land. Mehwish's work has previously appeared in *Just Poetry's National Winner* quarterlies, *Chiliad Magazine*, and in an *Austin International Poetry Festival's* anthology

Alex Jae Bin Lee

Alex Jae Bin Lee is a sophomore at New Hampton High School in New Hampshire. He is currently working on building a portfolio in preparation to get his degree in studio arts. His other hobbies include fashion and fabric design.

Yeji Chung

Yeji Chung is a rising senior at Wayland Academy located in Wisconsin. Her hobbies are playing team sports including soccer and beach/indoor volleyball. She particularly enjoys being in a quiet room working on her art, with a focus on painting, sketching and photography. She hopes to study communication/journalism at university and become an adventure journalist.

Abigail Sylvor Greenberg

Abigail is a rising junior at the Brearley School in New York. This is the first time her writing is appearing in *The Daphne Review*.

Lynn Kang

Lynn Kang is a rising senior at Korea International School in Jeju. Her interests are playing flute in her marching band and watching old black and white films. She hopes to major in business and creative writing in the future.

Andie Kim

Andie Kim is a rising junior at Seoul International School located in South Korea. She enjoys jogging and binge-watching dramas and aspires to work at the United Nations Women headquarters in New York.

Ha Yun Kim

Ha Yun Kim is a homeschooled senior living in Seoul, South Korea. She is working on her portfolio in preparation for university. Her other hobbies are fashion design and playing with her cute white poodle.

You Young Kim

To You Young Kim, art is the most personal form of self-expression because there are no defined rules to follow. She pours her thoughts on canvas freely and often comes to unexpected revelations about herself in the process. Through working with different types of visual art – from paintings to ceramics, photography, and digital media – she aspires to learn what can be communicated the best. Simultaneously, she wants to keep questioning and challenging her limitations of expression as confined by different artistic media.

Heewon Lee

A student/artist living in Beijing, Heewon cannot separate her life with art. Her recent favourite medium/genre is mixed media and experimental drawing. Along with being an artist, she loves history and literature. Her works are mostly influenced by Feminist values, literature, and the current zeitgeist. Her hobbies are shopping, taking Holga photographs, and chatting offline.

Ottavia Paluch

Paluch is currently fourteen years old and lives in Ontario, Canada. She enjoys watching hockey, scrolling through Twitter, and trying to look intellectual by listening to Radiohead, U2 and other lovely alternative rock bands. Her work is forthcoming in *Body Without Organ*.

Ethan Paulk

Paulk is a 15 year old writer living in Charlotte, North Carolina. His work has appeared in *The Writers Slate*, *Sugar Rascals* and *Druidawn*, Volume IV. When he is not writing Ethan enjoys playing tennis and participating in theater productions at school.

Our Contributors

Janice Roh

Janice Sunhee Roh is a senior at the Seoul International School in South Korea. Her previous works have been published in literary magazines such as *The Daphne Review* and the *Claremont Review*. She is seventeen years old and enjoys eating delicious foods and listening to a variety of music.

Joosung Shin

Joosung Shin is a 16-year-old attending Seoul International School in South Korea. He enjoys experimenting with various materials and is currently building his portfolio in preparation for university. His other hobbies are Taekwondo and listening to hip-hop.

Derek Song

I currently live in College Station, Texas where I am a high school junior, homeschooled under John Hopkins' Center for Talented Youth program. Beyond high school magazines and journals, I am an unpublished writer. In my free time, I enjoy playing the violin and engaging in freelance photography.

Grace Zhang

Grace is a seventeen year old from Princeton High serving on her school's literary magazine and hoping to study creative writing in college. My work has been nationally commended by the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, the *National Poetry Quarterly*, and is forthcoming in *The Ivy*.

The Daphne Review



Founded in 2015, *The Daphne Review* is an arts and literature magazine that features exceptional work by today's high school-aged artists. We accept original written submissions of any format (essay, interview, poem, short plays) and artistic submissions in any media on a rolling basis throughout the year. Share with us what you can create, and we may share it with the world.

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For more information about *The Daphne Review*, including the submission guidelines and process, please visit:

www.thedaphnereview.org

Contact The Daphne Review at:

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