

# HERE WITH A TRACE

*a poetry zine*

*poetry - kaley addison wood*

*design - zoe-aline howard*

the gods may not be real but they are present

the goddesses are real but they are missing

their stories are eternal ever fearless

their stories are forgotten into ours

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issue one: modern myth and the ethereal.

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*What's really inside? Kaley's work explores the childlike attraction to grandeur. The powers of goddesses. The fruits they crave. What makes them ache. Princesses borne of boredom. Archers' poison arrows. The natural world as medicine. Stories as proof. Science as evidence.*

*Imagination as, well, all that might exist.*

*here with a trace*

## **CELESTE**

*a poem by zoe-aline howard*

**She is Celeste**

**Angel above, from my lips**

**Curl her name, fitting as a glove, catching**

**Phrases in moonbeams on whim**

**O! Glorious wit that I cannot touch**

**But which strikes me upon moonlit write.**

**In astrology surfaces curious notes--**

**Celeste! Starfire of teenage dreams,**

**The first female god of my youth.**

## The Angel, the Goddess, the Warrior

Three legends, far too different to be alike, and yet, so similar they seemed sisters  
Sat down together to discuss their lives and to  
Unlearn the hatred they'd taught themselves to harbor against their own  
Being, their laughter drowning out the nights spent crying alone. To  
Unlearn self-hatred is a difficult task  
Especially with such turbulent forces, such  
Powerful creatures, as they.  
It is easier to just ignore fright and continue with life  
Despite the horrors seen, but the legends, the legends  
Would not be phased.  
No longer would they hide themselves and  
Bury themselves in hatred  
Instead, they would rise.  
Rise together, an angel, a goddess, and a warrior, each a part of the other.

## **Aline (uh-leen-uh)**

Halos wrapped around silk-blonde hair and  
hazel eyes shining like starlight she looked  
like an angel in  
the streetlight illuminating the few freckles  
scattered across her face shoulder blades  
jutting from loose-hanging shirts where  
wings used to be.

Feathers lying flat on top of one another and muscle  
hidden behind fragility she used  
to be an angel, you know, she  
came down and gave her heart to this  
cruel, undeserving world; she wonders  
why it always  
hurts so badly.

Angels weren't meant to be here. Angels were meant  
to be at home but she  
was never at home surrounded by perfection.  
She chooses this place she is  
far too good for this  
existence  
existence.

## Nyx

Her signature: bared fangs and bloodied knuckles.  
A warrior trapped in the wrong age, a fighter lacking  
Rage.  
She's lost herself in tradition, fought her way back out  
Clawing, scraping for each inch of success she manages  
To gain back.  
The world is her fight club, this town her latest arena.  
This is her beginning, can't you see?

They said  
A girl so small and fragile could never be strong.  
A girl so cute and innocent could never be evil.  
They were wrong about her--.  
They always were. She is  
More fire than you can handle,  
One part pomegranate and three parts anger from the  
Injustice that surrounds her.  
Injustice that will not cease and the pain she cannot heal.  
She was born into darkness—fervent kisses and pretty things  
will never change that.  
Do not doubt the soldier in her  
You will wish you had known it when you're  
Finally dead.  
Fierce and blood hungry  
You'd best watch your head.

**She was born  
into darkness—  
fervent kisses  
and pretty things  
will never change  
that.**

## **Elska**

Dark green leaves cover the black-brown hair she hides behind  
the sunlight shows their veins.

Her eyes, sparkling like ambrosia

Slender fingers adjust the hem of her shirt she

Can't sit still for too long it's simply not right

Charcoal stains her flawless skin as she

Creates a whole new universe with her pencil

This is her creation story, you know.

A goddess in disguise, sent down from the heavens to

Create anew the world she'd once held in her palm

One with honor and beauty, knowledge and love.

This world is no longer what she created

But she cannot seem to make repairs

This world, not made for a goddess, still suits her

The green hues of nature growing brighter no matter where

She steps.

Her creation story, flawed now more than before,

Is still worthwhile

Is still beautiful.

## **Aline (pt. 2)**

Nights are always harder.

The dark creeps in

The shadows come out to play

You wonder if this is freedom,

If this is prison

You can't remember anymore.

When you last followed the pieces of your heart

Used as trail markers down some long-forgotten road

Though the seasons change almost daily

The flowers you planted mark the route that leads you

To the grave of your heart grow year round

You've left them alone for so long they've come to accept the cold

This is a part of you that you were trying to kill.

This is a part of you that survived.

And you will, too.

## Icarus

Think flying on the air you used to hate for filling your lungs because you ached to be anything but alive.

Think sunlight filling your room and warming the bones you long ago forgot could feel anything like home.

Think music floating through the summer breeze as you drift off, the scent of the flowers you planted long ago, before you remembered what it meant to do anything more than exist.

Tell me, is right before you're dying the only time you feel alive?

## **The Dragon**

Bore its' teeth and  
Roared the moment you tried to touch her.  
Threw you to the ground  
Wrapped you in its tail of green,  
Snarled, hissed, the moment you reached your hand out to touch the  
sleeping girl.  
Bit into you, tearing flesh, and ripping sinew, as soon as you grabbed her  
slender wrists.  
Made sure you'd never walk again,  
Thought you were a tasty snack  
Devoured you whole.  
Was never made to be an obstacle.  
Was made to be the hero.  
The Princess controlled the dragon this whole time.

## The Princess

Was not made to please you, to entertain you, to keep you satisfied and happy  
Was made to burn down cities, destroy your broken castles,  
to ruin you and bring about your destruction.

Was a devil in disguise, a clear indicator of your demise.

Has always been more dangerous than you've ever thought. She's

Sugar and spice and everything that bites, she's

Sewn together by darkness and tragedy buried in her bones for  
far, far too long. (Please forgive the anger that you see here.)

Was never a princess, but an evil queen all along.

The only evil here is femininity. But it scares you all the same.

**oh but honey,  
don't let it scare  
you. celeste and  
the goddesses,  
the warrior,  
the angel,  
elska, aline,  
the dragon,  
and the princess  
watch over you.**