

HERE WITH A TRACE

a poetry zine

poetry - kaley addison wood

design - zoe-aline howard

- when was the last time that you prayed? to whom?

- when was the last time that you prayed? to heaven?

when was the last time that you prayed? to earth? -

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issue two: poems as prayers

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What's really inside? What do you desire when you crawl into bed, more than covers tucked

to your chin? What will you deliver to the mountain top or the cresting ocean waves, or any place where you feel yourself something more than human but far from heaven? Perhaps a book of prayers.

Kaley's work explores the comfort of prayer.



A PRAYER TO THE NIGHT MOTHER

She kneels

I know I've not prayed to you in so long Mother

I am sorry I have forgotten my ways

Tears fall from her weary eyes

The music told me I'd find peace here,

Praying once again

But God never seems to listen

She sighs

Please, Mother Goddess, give me the peace

I've been seeking for so long

Make this body feel less like a battleground

Scars litter her, bruised and broken

I am so tired of fighting.

She weeps, heaving air into her tired lungs,

Begging for forgiveness for transgressions she has not committed.

I know I've not prayed to you in so long Mother

But what's the point if no one's listening?

~~it's hard to keep faith when the Gods never come~~

~~when you call them.~~



KARMA'S ANSWERS TO PRAYERS FOR FORGIVENESS ARE
RARELY EVER ANSWERED

I do not want you
To pray for forgiveness.
Forgiveness will not come for you.
Pray for quick vengeance.
Pray for my wrath to be swift and painless.
Pray for my anger to weary and tire.
Pray for the gods to weaken my ire.
Pray
So that I may ruin you,
The same way you've ruined me.
No god will come to answer your pleas--
Only my bloodied hands and long-tired grin.
Pray
So that you will know
How it feels to lose a battle you did not know you were fighting,
How it feels when the gods have abandoned you.
Pray.
So that I may answer your prayers with
Exactly what you do not want
The same way you've done to me.
Karma and the gods have turned their backs on you,
It is only I you have left to pray to.



*here with a trace
paintings of mary magdalene in
penitence by artemisia gentileschi*

do you believe that artemisia



*know that the world warm the hearts
of teenage girls who pray to hope?*

*the painted mar
magdalene*

REVELATIONS BROUGHT ON BY SHORT HAIR

1. You thought you'd hate it at first- feel naked without it but so far you just feel more... you
2. The mane you wear like a crown has always been just that: a crown. One you were born with, proof of your birthright to the throne
3. This whole world has become your kingdom and you were born ready to fight to defend it
4. Put on that armor girl, paint your lips ruby red and make those wings sharp enough to maim
5. You don't have to worry about catching on fire while the world burns if you are the flame.

ure. please allow me to find home in my body, dear universe, please give me home, dear heaven, give me shelter. amen.

young women may be raised to pray to god. God, gods



I wonder if sirani prayed
that her work may someday

be
RECOGNIZED.

Elisabetta Sirani

hat primal instinct to turn to someone else for help, dear nat

not necessarily understand the act of prayer myself, but i understand the act of hope and t
or something else. a best friend says a moravian prayer. i think it's moravian. it could

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DIVINITY

He speaks of divinity--

The kind that stains your fingers pomegranate red,

Burns your shoulder blades with melting wax,

Breaks your soul with the hiss of snakes and rage--

As if it is something lovely and wanting.

I want to scream "ask the goddesses if divinity was ever anything more than pain"

I want to scream "must this life be so hurtful?"

I am tired of hurting.

He speaks of divinity,

The kind that separates Persephone from her love

six months of the year,

The kind that Icarus is given only after his fall--his real self left for the ages

The kind that makes Medusa a monster for her own protection, vilifies her

As if it is something lovely and wanting.

I want to scream "must you ignore our suffering when we are howling for help?"

I want to scream "we are right here, can you not see us and our pain?"

I am tired of listening.

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He speaks of divinity,
The kind that men use to ruin lives,
The kind that keeps us hidden and dying,
Divinity that tears
As if it is something lovely and wanting.
I scream "This is not lovely, this is not wanting.
Divinity is torture."



*Judith Slaying
Holofernes*
artemisia gentileschi

HOLY

In your dreams you are holy
We are sitting in a champagne pink room with smiles on
tired faces and
Your hand reaches for mine and it is there and it is warm
and it is still;
In your dreams we are angels
Halos askew on bowed heads our temples are in the sky
but we still look down
Maybe we are searching for something broken.
In your dreams I am holy
A goddess of willful destruction, lustful creation
I touch you and we both are on fire but it does not burn
and it does not hurt
It simply fuels desire.
In our dreams we are free
Our hands still themselves and we are no longer frightened
we are
Too in love to care.
In our dreams we are holy.

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allegory of inclination
artemisia gentileschi



A PRAYER

Subhanaka allahumma wa bi hamdika

Oh Allah, how perfect You are and praise be to You

Oh Allah, my heart hurts. I am begging You to fix it.

Wa tabara kasmuka

Blessed is Your name

You created me, gave me life from nothingness,

gave me spirit when I was born. You breathed

Your sacred breath into me and taught me I was Holy

I strayed from You and You still loved me

I stray from You and You still love me.

Wa ta'ala jadduka wa la ilaha ghairuka

And exalted is Your majesty. There is no god but You

But I spent so long away from You

I still do not follow You like I should

I am careless, I am reckless.

There are days where lies slip off of my tongue like dew falls from leaves

But You still love me

I do not do as You have asked of me, I am foolish, I am dangerous.

I pray to You now, when I have been so negligent, that

You would help me find my way back to You.

This road is a long one, this You know, and

I do not wish to walk it alone.