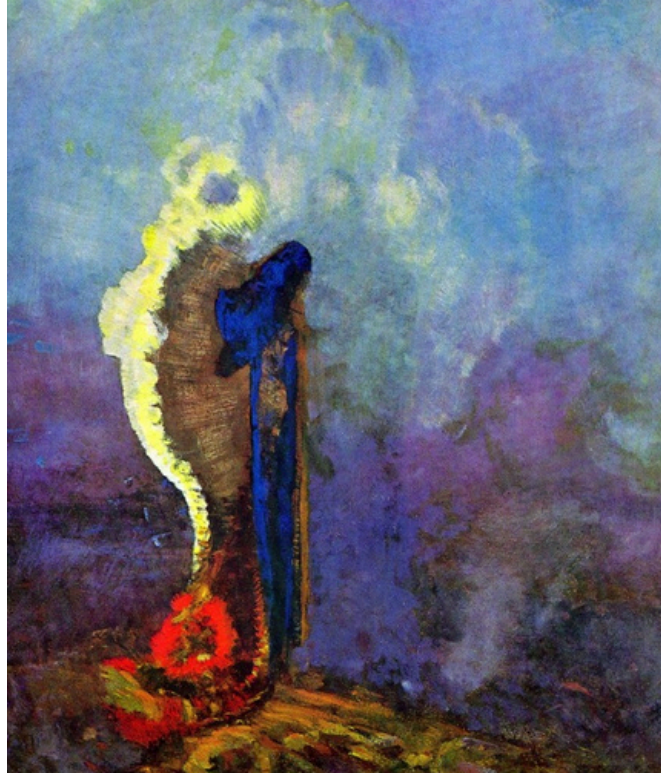
An abstract painting with a textured, swirling pattern of colors. The palette includes deep blues, purples, vibrant reds, oranges, and yellows, all set against a dark, almost black background. The brushstrokes are visible, creating a sense of movement and depth.

ISSUE VI: FALL 2024

DREAMS

SPIRITUS MUNDI REVIEW

From the Editor



Dear Reader,

Welcome to Issue 6 of Spiritus Mundi Review! I am so grateful that this magazine has continued into its third year, and all of the work we have accomplished.

This issue represents countless hours of work by our incredible contributors and staff members, and I am proud to present the product of their artistic labor. This issue features the work of 11 artists from 6 countries, who all approached our theme “Dreams” with their unique perspective.

As we approach a new year, many people devote time to examining the successes or failures of their dreams from this past year, and imagining what the future will hold. Issue 6 is a reflection of some of these dreams.

Dreams themselves can have many different purposes. Their origins are unknown, and their purpose is debated. To the Ancient Egyptians, dreams were a medium for divine revelations. Dream interpretation was practiced by the Akkadians and Sumerians.

Dreamcatchers have hung above the beds of infants by the Anishinaabe for generations. As you read these issue, we invite you to consider what dreams mean to you.

Thank you for your continued support as readers. This project would not be possible without you!

Breanna Crossman

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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Cinnamon

GRACE MAI KWAI

I spent my whole life becoming beautiful,

and aren't you lucky that I did?

My mother bleaches my hair,
my teeth, and my youth,
so it can all be perfect

just for you.

I'll never smoke a cigarette,
and I'll never break a bone.

I'll drop out of highschool so I can be your teenage dream forever.

You love me for it, I know you do.

You love how my skin is made of glass,
because you can see right through it

right to my organs.

If you had it your way

you would fold my intestines around your wrists

and wear them like bangles.

You would sink your teeth into my kidneys

just to see what they taste like.

When I want to be alone with my skin,

I take off all my clothes
and I unclasp my jewelry.

I wipe off my makeup,

Cinnamon

GRACE MAI KWAI

but it always stains a little around my lips

and along my lashline.

I rip off my nail extensions

and I kick the baseboard of my bed

until my toes go numb.

I once tried to eat a jar of cinnamon.

I scooped a spoonful onto my tongue

and then I spread it across my teeth.

It was grainy against my gums

It scratched the roof of my mouth

badly enough to draw blood.

Sometimes I still find specs of cinnamon

under my fingernails

and in between my teeth.

I told my mother that the only thing

I wanted for my birthday

was to cut off my hair

and to be by myself.

Instead, she sent you and I off to dinner.

Maybe it's meant to be this way.

Afterall, if every girl could be alone

get for dessert?

then what would people like you

Pictures Among the Pines

HANNAH M.

In the middle of a forest, I first met self-doubt. A meeting somewhat biblical in nature - an animal symbolizing growth and eternal renewal appeared on my path. The Peacock with its tough skin, and all-knowing eyes patterned on its grand display of feathers, stood between me and the human version of losing a feather, thereafter, creating room for regrowth. Some say the peacock was the only one not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden. At five the knowledge I was served did not agree with my unsophisticated palette but I'm twenty-two now and finally understand.

I grew up in the age of the first digital cameras. Out of my parents, my dad was the most enthusiastic about new technology, so most photos are of my mother, sister, and me. A frequent point of tension in my family -to this day- arises from the obvious difference in the number of albums of me (being the first child) and the number of albums of my sister. Though there were many pictures of me before the arrival of my sister I wasn't always solo; my best friend Georgia featured as often as a sister would. As children, Georgia and I

would spend afternoons looking through them all as if we were old ladies looking at distant memories. I don't remember the camera's presence in my life, but I was always aware of the photos. Maybe it was my dad's artistic predisposition, but one thing I love about my old photos is the lack of performance for the camera. So often I look through my current camera roll to find perfectly crafted arrangements of people who cater to the audience that isn't there yet, but imminently will be. With the widespread iCloud usage of the 2010s and 20s; masses of printed photos, arranged in large albums live stuffed away in now mostly unvisited drawers. That is until recently when I craved a sickly-sweet dose of nostalgia, and I came across a series of photographs depicting a day I began to forget. It was the day I entered the forest where I first met self-doubt.

I wish there was a photograph from before we entered the river of trees because I have no idea where we were. I know it was near home because I had never left the country, but once you leave the concrete-saturated cities for the miles of countryside forests, the trees all look the same, the rain that falls on the leaves is not unique to one place and the quietness has

Pictures Among the Pines

HANNAH M.

the same ring throughout.

The first picture is of my friend Georgia and I on a woodland walk. Our mothers met in college and had us both in the same year. Our Dads shared a love for golf and music. No matter the weather we spent most weekends outside; something we mostly resented given the usual conditions of the weather. In this photo, we walk hand in hand. You can't tell by looking at this picture that despite wearing our ugliest walking shoes we walked with a worrying level of instability, partly due to our age and partly because of the loosely placed sticks, leaves, and pines that formed our path. Taken by my dad from ten yards behind, he must have knelt to snap the picture level to our eye-line, and we were none the wiser of this happening.

In all the subsequent photos there are no mud stains on his tan trousers so it must have been spring. Not summer- he would have been wearing shorts, and I wouldn't be wearing my pink fur coat. Not autumn because the trees weren't bare. Our frequent outings of this nature had us bored more often than not and needing to

be carried by the end of the trail, but this time was different.

The second picture was taken a while after the first, we were coming up to the end of the path. Where I would expect there to be either a carpark or a concrete walkway, signalling reemergence into the real world, instead lay a pink carnival ride nestled into the trees straight ahead. On the side, a picture of a blonde woman posed among swirling clouds of pink and purple. My favourite colours. A large spread of deep green and blue feathers stood two meters in front of the stairs leading up to the ride. I don't think I'd ever seen a peacock before; I'd certainly never seen one acting as security for a spinning car ride.

The third picture of the day is of the peacock. Its feathers were nobly spread and its demeanour threatening. The phrase "safety in numbers" felt like a fraudulent tale to me when faced with the three-foot bird with nails much sharper than mine and a temper surprisingly even more unpredictable than the one possessed by my infant self. Despite feeling like the only person startled by this creature, I think my dad was too, given that this photo was a bird's eye shot. He must not

Pictures Among the Pines

HANNAH M.

have been brave enough to get down to its eye level.

Picture four is of the peacock and me. Assuming everyone else on the walk stood back or moved around to take their own pictures- I was stood closest to it. Just looking at the space that lay between It and I tightens the air around me. If this had been a video, from the time between “action” and “cut” were called, every still would be identical. I swear that even the branches of the trees stopped swaying in the wind. My memory begins to sharpen here.

I must have only been a few feet tall. My faux fur jacket was no match for that beautiful array of feathers that stood in front of me with the integrity of a steel shield. The great height of the trees around me was suddenly much more apparent in my mind than it had been all day. My hands were empty of my parents' touch, but I could hear them echoing words of encouragement from behind; instructions to simply walk past this magnificent beast and make my way up the steps onto a seat on the ride were among them. Georgia, hearing this, ran on and sat herself down.

I stayed having a staring contest with the peacock for longer than I should have. Five-year-old me was scared into stillness, but twenty-two-year-old me now knows that peacocks can be aggressive and that staring into its beady eyes could have done me more harm than just walking past. The illusion of beauty makes the human mind trust them, but they are territorial birds who may fiercely protect their space if they need to. Sudden movements can provoke them, which after the stillness I had held, was going to be whatever move I made. Reading their body language is the key to safely approaching them. Considering I was only five and not up to speed on understanding the non-verbal cues from my fellow humans yet, I was lucky to have been forgiven by this particular peacock. Unusually frantic music, with a rushing, heavy beat, started blasting from the ride. Realizing what I was missing out on, tears pooled in my eyes, blurring my vision and breaking my gaze from the eyes of the peacock.

The fifth picture is a close-up of Georgia on the ride alone. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was windswept, and a proud (but not smug) smile lit up her face. The type of pride

Pictures Among the Pines

HANNAH M.

that encompasses the face of a five-year-old when they get to do something alone, as an adult does. I always look back on this picture of Georgia having fun on the ride as a picture of myself and what I wasn't brave enough to do.

These days, I can't say that that pride is something I chase. I still freeze. I can't trust myself with courage, I've always been a clumsy girl at risk of dropping it along the way. In between action and inaction, I believed lay nothing, but I was wrong: every situation faced provides you with some form of change even if it can't be seen. My memory of this day was ensured by the existence of photos and there is no way I can leave this lesson in the pines.

I think a lot about whether we can truly change. I think the person I am is rooted in the actions I take, which ultimately stems from self-perception more than characteristics being set in stone. I watched *The Wizard of Oz* recently and saw myself in the lion. I remember having a soft spot for him as a child as well... I wonder what this says about change. Though the lion believed he had no courage his actions

showed otherwise. At the end of the road, he was served a drink potent with courage and only then did he believe he had it.

I was a little pink lioness in my fur coat. My mind has the power to remember the details of this day mostly from a series of photos; it also has the power to change. I've spent years believing I too was cowardly when I must have known all along that I could trust myself in the face of danger. Now, I need to make the choice to believe that there are pit stops with cups of courage for those journeys that seem too long, with terrain much rougher than the forest walk I went on that day, because funfairs with candyfloss and carousels are waiting there, left there for those willing to try.

Soggy Paper Straws

JULIA HUI-MING HOWE

The other day, you met God at the coffee shop.

You manifested him into the last drops in your iced latte, into those paper straws that are supposed to make you feel like you're saving the environment by slurping through soggy tubes. You thought that was God.

You decided you didn't want to order a latte. Instead, you wanted to order a purpose. God was the guy in the cartoons, long grey beard, toga, and all,

and you toured your city with Him.

You told Him about when you carpooled with Mom to Dad's funeral. She sat in the back of your cheerio-crumbed car, and you wore costume makeup,

so no one would mistake you guys for family.

You brought Him to your Tuesday work which meant a symposium on self-harm.

You took Him to that nice new French place and paraded up and down the table,

performing your usual bird of paradise routine.

If you shook your feathers well you could be informed that you were pretty, and this would be your God.

You could call Him Glory and in return, he would call you Sweetie Pie

or something

You let him watch your favorite show and

stared at him to see

if he laughed in the right places

Soggy Paper Straws

JULIA HUI-MING HOWE

Then again, I don't think you have to die to meet God
because when you're drowning, when you're staring down at the floor, the vermiculite
floor of your pool, maybe God is the one who

flips you up so you can see the sky through the water

Flips you up so you can see the sky.

Sea of Dreams

VIVIAN CHENG



The Salt I Wished My Dreams Tasted Like*

ALIN SENGJAROEN

The beach was much bigger than the fish bowl. With nothing but sand and rocks washed into the salty waters. There stood a tall man turned back. Bells on my sleeves clinked as I went over. He was unmoving despite my approaching presence. One step, two steps. A push. The cold surface splashed onto my face. Warm water hugged my body but soon became a cold, salty aftertaste.

I held my breath. Hands wrapped around my throat. I am no fish. But my life revolved within the bowl. Kaleidoscopic bubbles popped, the blue seaweed swayed, and were clown fishes always green? Lilies grew on the floor, my ears rang, snakes crawled the waves, the man swam backward, head throbbing, hands tightened—I swam towards the surface, coughing out saliva. A punch to my stomach—I instinctively breathed, embracing the burn of my lungs, but air replaced that belief.

I took a deep breath. And another.

But soon my feet found themselves on the

sandy beach. The man stood in the same place, unmoving. I wanted to yell, to ask him; but my mouth was full—kaleidoscopic liquid drooled from the corner of my lips. He began chasing for the edge of the sky. I followed him; hands on mouth, seaweeds growing in my lungs, heart aching every step he took.

One, two, five, seven. The chase never ends. Eleven, twenty, thirty, sixty. I could almost touch his flowing hair. Eighty, hundred, thousand—I bumped into his back and fell against the sand. But soon he continued, chasing the unknown, the faraway place I won't reach—not for now. Bubbles poured out of my nose, hands flared with dust, wheezing out crabs.

My eyes opened. Pellets filled the floor.

“I should get a bigger fish bowl.”

And coughed out the sand.

Crash A.D.

I had a dream about you. We were sharing a cigarette on the pier and talking about the past. It was you who was talking— I listened like I always do. you told me that when you were younger you slid your motorcycle straight under a truck. your ex-wife was fatally injured and you still carry the scars on your back. and while you are talking about your wife I'm still thinking that the real tragedy is not your scars but that I can't put my mouth on them.

in another dream I got my wish though we were not different people but merely ourselves. you had no dead wife and it was me who was hurt. you were probing my cuts with bandaged fingertips and the fabric was soaked red, still your hands stayed clean.

but these are only dreams. I do not get to tongue your wounds and you do not cut me open. there are no crashes and no bikes and no scars and no dead lovers, our bodies are immaculate and the asphalt doesn't glitter with glass. there are only these bright bodies that do not intersect—

but to see the ~~stars~~ one need only dream.

scars

Until the Morning

ALICIA WARREN

Here, your hands feel the same.
On my shoulders, they are warm and light
carrying hints of milk and honey
like the off-brand soap in the bathroom.

Your body passes me and I find myself staring.
First at you and then at what's missing:
our flea market wall clock, the photo of autumn leaves from a trip up north,
and the cork from our favorite cheap bottle of wine that we nonsensically
saved on the windowsill.

I feel a release, one that shouldn't be.
This is a sick kind of freedom
because my mind's design has no merit.
Yet fading hope puts up a good fight,
as it has done countless times before.

My eyes find yours, and of course, they are shining
as if no one is a lost cause, nothing is ugly,
and there is no such thing as disaster.

The window that should show me shrubs
is instead blurred. It whispers a warning:
Do not indulge.

Then you come up and hold me.

The Spiritual Touch

RUCHI ACHARYA

I touched the simmering lava in the corners of my mind, releasing a torrent of unprocessed emotions I hadn't even realized were there. Sometimes, I gaze at the stars and wonder what it truly feels like to exist with weight—not the weight of greed, like lust, money, or power, but the weight of your own significance and worth. Purely yourself. All naked. A few months ago, life knocked me down hard. I lost everything—my job, my cat, the love of my life, my lifestyle, my country, eight years of hard work, and even my confidence. I was thrust into a deep depression, with countless futile attempts to escape it. First, it creeps into my skin, then into my bones. Like a natural response, I began shielding myself before the molten lava reached my soul and reduced me to ashes.

Today, despite social anxiety, I found myself calm and composed, sitting in a fine restobar in Indonesia, breathing in the faint, sizzling air. A wave of happiness washed over me, and for the first time in a couple of years, I felt truly relaxed. The source of this happiness was within my grasp. I could feel it as my warm hands touched the fabric of my silk shirt, listened to the sound of people chatting, and sensed the invisible ambiance surrounding me. I embraced and respected this serene moment with myself.

The moment you feel comfortable in your own skin and trust yourself is what truly matters. Finally, you've won yourself, regardless of whether the world is falling apart. How far can you enrich yourself to the point where you knowingly or unknowingly subjugate yourself to a degree of emotional reasoning where your feeble heart prevents you from speaking to your mind and where art deflects your emotions? Curious about how I did it?

I savored the Sauvignon Blanc, elegantly poured into a weighty glass, its origins in Marlborough, New Zealand, where the crisp gooseberry and vibrant grapefruit notes flourish with unmatched brilliance. As the aroma ascended to my nostrils, it effortlessly dissolved the subtle tension I hadn't realized I was carrying, awakening my mind from the dull numbness brought on by the relentless demands of running my company.

The rattan furniture embellishing this restobar made me feel grounded.

The Spiritual Touch RUCHI ACHARYA

You might be curious: How did I do it? How did I achieve so much in just a couple of years? This is based on a true story—my story. As you read the next few lines, your initial reaction might be one of disbelief—and I wouldn't blame you for it. That's often the response of minds unaccustomed to what they consider impossible. But if you approach this with an open mind, guided by understanding and discipline, and incorporate these principles into your daily life, you might just find your own wings ready to take flight. Listen to me carefully:

“I can enter into the realm of spirituality anytime, anywhere.”

Yes, you heard me right. This isn't coming from a self-help book or a lecture you heard in a goat yoga class but from my very own reality.

I flipped open my phone case not to scroll through Instagram or check notifications, but to gaze at a childhood photo resting there, accompanied by the Wingless Dreamer logo. I smiled and combed my dark curly hair falling from the sides. I noticed many curious stares directed at my table. I didn't mind; in fact, I drew positivity from the attention. My arms rested upon the table, and I stepped into one of my mind galaxies as I waited for my lunch to arrive.

1.MIND GALAXIES

When I inherited the power of understanding spiritual science, I accidentally untapped the unexplored galaxies within my body. Mind Galaxies are like simulation rooms where your mind, in its full strength, explores various methods to solve life's most complex problems before applying them in reality. As I entered a dormant, semi-conscious state in the middle of an Indonesian restaurant, my first instinct was to whisper to myself:

“I can design my life a thousand times better.”

The waiter gently interrupted my thoughts as he entered my personal space to serve me a

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bowl of Ichiran Ramen, prepared by one of the world's finest chefs from North Korea. Spare the details, please. I closed my laptop, placing the pure cotton napkin carefully on my lap. For the first time, I realized I didn't need to adjust the cutlery arrangement. In the past, dining out often came with small inconveniences—whether it was waiting at the door despite a reservation, the quality of the napkin, smudged glasses, cramped seating, or an uncomfortable chair. Today, however, I was delighted to experience a slice of heaven on Earth. Coming from an upper-middle-class background, it's not merely about dining in a fine restaurant but about everything falling into place. Imagine the profound satisfaction of every small detail of your life aligning perfectly. Take a moment to reflect on this and savor the feeling.

My mind then refocused on my self-contradictory statement, "much better." What made me feel like my current life isn't worthy or worse? That was the moment where it all began. If I'm not cherishing every single day of my life—wanting to feel every emotion fully—then what's the point of planning for the future or accumulating valuable possessions, including memories? Memories are incredibly important, yet we often fail to make the most of them. We tend to collect memories when we're alone or sad, but trust me when I say that memories are like energy stored in the invisible potpourri of your emotional well.

2. IS THE FRAGILE MIND THAT FRAGILE?

I noticed an elderly woman with a bohemian vibe chatting with an older man. She must be here in Bali, Indonesia. She had a tote bag draped over her chair, adorned with the quote, "Yoga is the journey of the self, through the self, to the self," surrounded by Om and Swastika symbols. I couldn't help but smile, recognizing the quote from the Bhagavad Gita.

"Yoga is the journey of the self, through the self, to the self" translates to "आत्म संचरणात्मना आत्म निष्ठा" (ātma sancharanātmāna ātma niṣṭhā).

This moment is a reminder of why I'm compelled to write this article—to shed light on the

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profound impact of spirituality. The true power of spirituality unfolds only when you begin practicing it and witness its transformative effects in your life. I looked outside the window and it's bright and sunny weather.

As the steaming bowl of Ichiran Ramen was placed before me, its rich aroma immediately captivated my senses. The broth was a symphony of umami, while the noodles were perfectly firm and silky. Tender slices of pork and a runny yolk added to the indulgent experience. With each bite, I felt a deep sense of satisfaction, savoring every moment and nuance of this extraordinary bowl of ramen. It was more than a meal; it was a profound moment of culinary bliss.

Now, the tables have turned. Today is one of the many victories I have conquered. A wave of spiritual enticement swept over me as I took small sips from my wine glass. I can't help but laugh now, thinking back to two years ago when social anxiety dictated my actions every time I sat in a restaurant or went out in public. Perhaps losing everything caused me to stop believing in making connections—whether social, business, or even with myself by understanding my mind and body. I let the pain flow through me like a toxic river, its poison slowly seeping into my fragile mind day by day.

But here's something important: when people refer to a 'fragile mind,' it doesn't imply weakness. It simply means the mind is so adaptable that it can be easily molded, like water taking the shape of its container. That's why it's crucial to guide your mind in the right direction and make the most of this flexibility. It's the most powerful tool you possess in life.

Just imagine a day when you're absolutely confident in your body language in front of the world and crystal clear in making decisions. Now, reimagine living every single day like that of your life.

3. SPIRITUAL ALIGNMENT TO YOUR SPINE CORD

I finished my perfect lunch and left the restaurant with a generous tip that brought the manager

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their GPS devices guiding them through the lively streets. The soothing Ubud breeze swept away my worries. I signaled my driver that I'd take a stroll back to the hotel and would meet him there later for the evening event.

Have you ever felt the calm before the storm? Have you ever wondered where is this additional energy coming from? It's not the property of your brain or heart. It stems from the spiritual realm, a dimension beyond our ordinary existence because it can predict, and project based on our thought processing and actions over time. Just like a graph. Maybe in ancient civilization when they were not adulterated by anything, they created a graph based on scholars' observations, simulating by numerous experiments and validated by end results, now called as Natal Charts. What if this hypothesis is true? It's just we don't have enough data to prove it or maybe no researchist have done enough homework on this subject. This otherworldly energy can only be accessed by an awakened mind.

I hail from India, a land steeped in ancient history. And believe me, it's not about religion but the profound wisdom embedded in our ancient texts and monuments. Yoga, for instance, offers far more than just physical well-being; it opens doors to spiritual realms and reveals the boundless energy within us.

On my way to the Four Seasons hotel, I noticed a poster outside a random yoga retreat center that also housed a salon, tattoo parlor, and spa. It advertised a "Crash Course in Kundalini Yoga in an Hour." Honestly, I was taken aback. It took me years to grasp the concept and practical implementation of Kundalini, not to mention opening up chakras. The advertisement amused me, but I continued walking towards my hotel.

Kundalini Yoga is often considered the most potent form of yoga, capable of unlocking all the chakras and guiding us into the spiritual world. Once again, many possibilitarian already know about this and right now, they are sitting back and smiling reading the misinformation widely written all over the internet on yoga and meditation. A little information is a dangerous thing. The only righteous way to learn about these practices is not from following rituals that doesn't align with your core values but to request old Buddhists monks to teach you one. Spend money on learning this life learning skills than splurging on materialistic

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possession. I've always spent on experiences than products and while saying this it brings smile on my face. Buddhist monks hold plethora of knowledge waiting to be untapped. The spine, being the central support structure of our body, plays a crucial role in this process. It is the foundation upon which our entire physical and energetic framework rests.

4. OUTSOURCE ENERGY FROM THE LITTLE THINGS

I stopped by a local shack for a fresh “Jamu” juice, a herbal beverage from Java. Small business owners like the one running this shop remind me of my early days when I was in my late twenties, teetering on the edge of collapse. I nearly lost hope, but it was knowledge that saved my life and brought me to where I am today. Although, I wish I inherited the knowledge of spirituality long back.

I took a sip from the metal straw I carry everywhere, along with a basic pencil cutlery set in my purse, to keep my lipstick intact and smudge-free. The taste was phenomenal—so fresh and invigorating that it sent a jolt of energy through my entire body. I would highly recommend trying “Arak” too whenever you're in town.

My eyes widened as I looked at the Bali countryside unfolding the untold pages of emerald-green rice, tall palm trees, thatched huts and tropical foliage. My jaw dropped when I saw a distant volcano stands in the winding paths through picturesque villages. So tranquil. I quietly cursed myself for resisting the urge to fully embrace the moment.

What's lost is lost, I admit. But what remains within you—you're letting it wither under the weight of self-contradictory thoughts and trauma-inducing ideas. Can you pause for a moment, observe the vibrant hues of life, and channel them into writing the memoir of today?

You can't change the past, but you can certainly create your future.

Let the naysayers and hecklers shout from the rooftops but remember—you're the one who owns the building. Silence them with your kindness. Become the most powerful person in the

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room. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that I have the strength to conquer this world, no matter how small it may seem. Enjoy little things as it can last.

The aroma of coffee, friendly smiles, a fresh breeze, the sound of rain, the pages of a book, and the taste of your favorite meal—feel them, appreciate them, and harness them as powerful sources of energy that define your character. This tranquility is what we're all seeking, isn't it?

Finally, I reached my hotel room and walked up the pristine carpet to my room, passing through elegantly drawn curtains. I lay on my back on the bed, gazing up at the white ceiling, feeling at peace. I hope this article provides you with enough insight to embark on your own spiritual journey. All the best.

dream 1

JACELYN



then there was you CHRYSANNE

The sky bends and breaks - shatters, even - but I never fall.

I jerk awake instead, wrapped in the folds of a dream that has almost slipped through the corners of my mind; I still feel its breath on my skin and vague whispers in my ear and somehow I miss it like a lover I have never known. I untangle myself from the shadows of what I can no longer hold and swing myself to my feet.

The day stretches out long before me; the sky is too pale / colors bleed apart / voices muffle as if underwater / I'm trying to pull last night into this morning. I'm waiting for something else, it seems, and no one knows what. How do I tell them I cannot remember?

The ground isn't solid, and I don't have to be either. I walk on grass that feels like sand and sand that feels like velvet, searching crowds for a face I may have seen somewhere before. From the city, I see the sun melting into the sea and somewhere in between, I hear you calling out to me.

First there was the moon, then there was rain- then, with shoes slapping against the soaked pavement, was you sprinting towards me - fast as breath, slow as time.

Beneath the Surface

FAUNE VITA



List of Contributors

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Hannah M. is a twenty-three year old aspiring writer and filmmaker from the UK. She runs a blog dedicated to creative non-fiction and film reviews. Her other work can be found @hgolightly on Substack.

Julia Hui-Ming Howe is a Chinese-American writer from San Francisco. She is a National Scholastic Art & Writing Awards Medalist and a winner of the National High School Poetry Contest. She loves collecting sea glass and exploring.

Vivian Cheng is a Chinese Canadian Illustration student at Sheridan College. Her work focuses on introspection and the complexities of interpersonal relationships.

Alin Sengjaroen (she/he) is a teen writer, poet, and screenwriter from Thailand. Her works have been published in The Eyre Magazine, Rewrite The Stars Review, and more. You can contact him via @cl3fleur on Instagram and alinsengjaroen1408@gmail.com. Furthermore, besides reading, she is also an avid reader of classic literature, especially Russian classics.

a.d. is drawn to the sacred, the profane, the mysterious and the mythological, which provides inspiration for her work. She is an emerging bisexual poet and visual artist, and her poetry is published or forthcoming in Querencia Press, Midnight Fawn Review, THINK, Ode to Dionysus, Poetry as Promised and Sublimation. Meanwhile, her visual art, mainly photography and self-portraiture, is or will be featured in Small World City, SCAB, RESURRECTION Mag, Antler Velvet and Bleating Thing Magazine. Tumblr & Twitter: @godstained

List of Contributors

Alicia Warren is a college student and a poet. Last Spring she was selected by university faculty to be a Lannon Fellow at the Folger Shakespeare Library. When not in class or writing, Alicia can often be found listening to music, people-watching, getting lost in her head, or thinking about her dog back home.

Ruchi Acharya, hailing from India, is a distinguished English Laureate. Over the past two years, she has gained immense recognition for her remarkable publications, with her works appearing in more than 100 renowned platforms. Ruchi's true passion lies in supporting fellow writers and artists, evident through her establishment of Wingless Dreamer, a community dedicated to empowering and promoting creative individuals. Ruchi Acharya has become a prominent figure in the literary world, having made appearances in numerous interviews spanning the globe. During these engagements, she passionately advocates for the appreciation of poetry, emphasizing that human emotions are at the core of our existence. She urges others not to take this profound aspect of life for granted. Website: www.ruchiacharya.com

Jacelyn (she/her) is a self-taught visual artist who ditched engineering to make art because of a comic she read. Her artworks and photography have been published by the Commonwealth Foundation's adda, Chestnut Review, The Lumiere Review, and more. She can be found at <https://jacelyn.myportfolio.com/> and on Instagram at @jacelyn.makes.stuff.

As a teenage poetry-prose writer of all things love, loss, and longing, **Chrysanne** hopes to publish work inspired by mythology, nature, and art. When she isn't writing, she can be found reading mystery novels, making art, or splurging on cute stickers..

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Have any ideas for us? Feel free to dm any of our social media accounts or email us at spiritusmundi123@gmail.com.

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