

GOT A

[recipe]

[poem]

[doodle]

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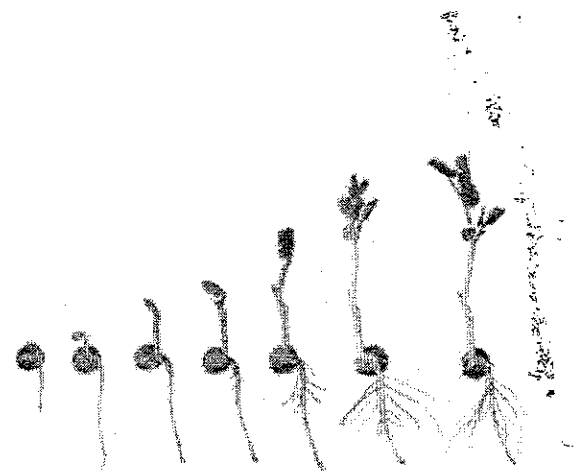
MAY THEME:

“contra”

RADICLE

ISSUE 1, aperio

APRIL 2015



Whidbey Island

RETURN TO RADICLE

Bonnie J. Stinson

Let me admit
that I went back in time
to write this poem
with rounder cheeks and a tender heart
too much willingness to compromise

kittens stuck in coils of metal
my hands stuck like electricity to
my pen
shuddering kneecaps and
truth-telling hookah
freedom in an unfree land
looks like getting your ass pinched
by a child
and convincing your
companion to
leave
it
alone.

Gait of shoulders and hips
spindly fingers and
awkward chin
walk ahead
on duty today
I laid my safety on your back and
laid back in silence to watch the sky

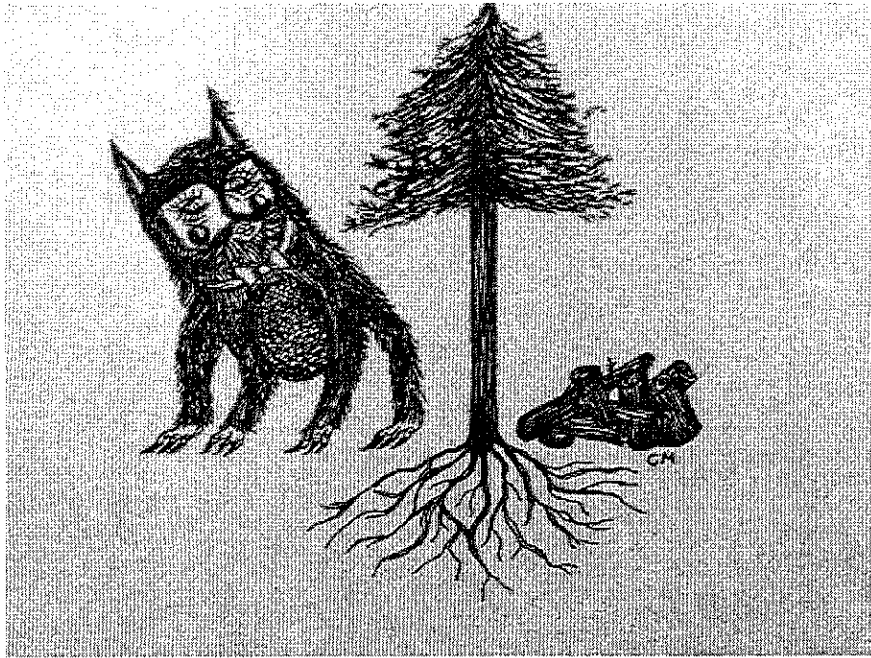
and the shape of the purple scarf
falling over features like
the rainstorm over
Sinai.

Even now
I lag behind you
not by minutes but hours
necessarily pushing your forward
away from me and parallel
so I could find someone
on my own meridian
who does not
leave
it
alone
and tells the truth
whether speaking or sleeping

To tell our story in reverse
is a narcissus
forced to bloom in
midwinter:

observe its petals slowing closing
return to radicle
gravel in my hands

and witness
the resplendence of my garden
now.



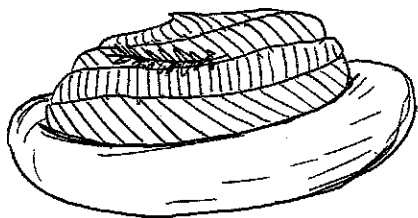
Caytie Matthews



Caytie Matthews

SEASONAL EATS

DEVILED EGGS



watercress horseradish

stir finely chopped watercress and drained horseradish into yolk mixture

roasted pepper-thai chile

pulse yolk mixture with diced roasted peppers, minced red thai chile, salt

olive garlic

mix finely chopped pitted olives and minced garlic clove into yolk mixture

miso-sriracha

add dash of soy sauce, 3 tsp. miso paste, & 1 tsp. sriracha to yolk mixture

avocado cilantro

stir mashed avocado, dash hot sauce, and minced cilantro into yolk mixture

SEASONAL EATS

RHUBARB

cobbler

pie

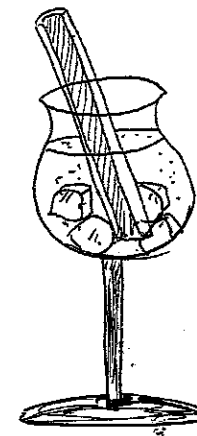
galettes

jam

cocktail

muffins

sweet and sour sauce



HOW TO STEW RHUBARB:

slightly less than 3 cups of chopped rhubarb (1/4" pieces)

2/3 c. sugar

2 T water

place rhubarb, sugar and water in medium sauce pan over medium low heat. simmer *gently* for about 8 minutes, stirring occasionally until sugar is dissolved and rhubarb becomes nearly tender.

remove rhubarb pieces with slotted spoon, set aside. raise heat to medium and simmer liquid until thickened, about 10 minutes. remove from heat and allow to cool.

add the cooled, thickened liquid to the reserved rhubarb and stir to combine.

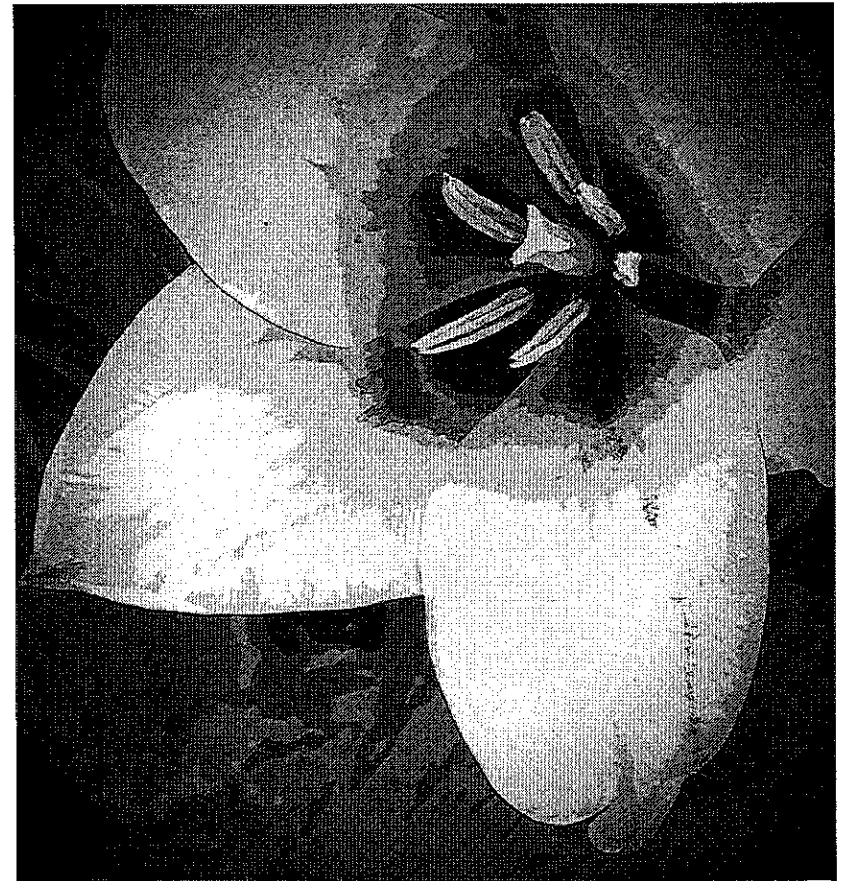
consume delightedly!

FROM THE DEPTHS

Rebecca Cleary

Hecate
Goddess of Intersections
Torchlight
Swallowed by black gullet
Of roads unknown.
You are Presence
Touchstone
Heartbeat
In the cacophonous silence
Of uncertainty and darkness.
You offer the pathway down
Into realms of richness
Amidst decay and emptiness
Of bones stripped bare.
You stand at your post –
Hold tight your lanterns
Anchoring
Tethering
Breathing for me
Even when breath has been totally sucked out.
Gleeful
You bless me on my way.
Fearful and anxious
I tremble onward
Knowing you stand behind
Steady, stalwart, true,
Waiting.....

Dream Tending – Sunday, April 25, 2004



air.water
fire.stone
worm.earth
seed.root
stem.leaf
bud.flower
pollen.bee
opening.closing

no difference

Diane Jhueck

THE EAGLE'S CHILDREN

Chantelle Meyer

I flew in at sunset
The red of the sky tearing
With cold fingers
At my hair
My heart
And my feathers

Pulling me to return to the air.
But I landed
Bare feet touching the hard dirt
Of our farm
My home
Only it's yours now.

You probably thought I died
Slipped away from home
Leaving no sign of my captor
Of her wings
Or great claws.
No sign of the eagle.

She snatched me away from the road
Her talons ripped into my shoulders
Carrying me far away to her nest.
Where eggs cracked
Split
Hatched

And I was just one of the Great Bird's children
A limp, wet, squawking baby like the rest
Crowded into a nest lined with
Orange leaves
White feathers
And dark jewels.

I didn't know if I was a treasure
Or a baby bird molting
Changing from one set of feathers to the next
As the gashes in my back healed
Scabbed
Sprouted

Growing wings just as spotless and white
As hers. And her children.
But mine were also. An addition.
Extra to my arms
And legs
And humanness.

I was no longer an only
Or an other. I was loved as fully —
Another feather in the nest.
Then I flew soaring
Wheeling
Flying with abandon
Back to you and my home.

Glad to find you but you were gone
While a monster stood in your place
Shaking in grief
Fear
And new fury

You struck out at me
Until I hated you
Hated my return
And the ropes
Chains
And gravity that you were.

I left a feather on your doorstep
And flew back into the sky
Back to my home
Where the eagles love their children
Praise their children
And let them fly.

THE LAST OF GOOD INTENTIONS

Aleah Stacey

I enter the theatre happy, unaware that I am about to get an education into the buried parts of myself. The room holds its breath as the lights come up and a woman steps into her spotlight. Class is in session. I see her face, how she stands, how sex is the precision in her every movement. She walks around the room like she built it herself, and I am spellbound by her potent confidence. I watch her stalk around the men in the room, watch her offer herself to them and turn away in the same movement. I know now that she is the teacher I have been looking for, a sorceress painted up like a housewife. She is Mrs. Robinson and I am the neophyte intellectual, versed only in the life of the mind. I know nothing of a woman's heart but here she is to show me the way, to give me the guided tour of a future version of myself.

She starts out calmly, then throws herself at me. Her body is a glowing warzone, fresh with the scars of self-denial. Ravaged by the absence of love. Her eyes are both ambulance and flatline, radiant existential wastelands. Physically she is undisturbed. She is statuesque, appropriately taller than her husband. She is thin, weighing just enough to anchor her to the world. She is terminally angry at the man she has married, her body wincing at every look or touch. His fingerprints tattoo her body, and she simmers with the knowledge. If she could she would deconstruct herself,

reduce her loveliness to the wreckage of other women's bodies. She strips away her immortality. His dull words grate against her skin, and her hands fly to her temples. In her mind she tears away at herself. She starts with the parts he loves. She tears out her vagina nerve by nerve, until it is at last outside of her. In her outstretched hands, the breasts that have so often held his full attention. The remainder of her body she rubs all over him, until it is off of her, until he is awash in her sins, and she absolved. Now she can hate herself unhindered. But she is not done yet. The curtain has not fallen on Mrs. Hedda Gabler. She returns to the scene of the crime for her power, the vitality that we thought had been taken from her. She returns to her husband and shows herself to him. Her hands, her mouth, are silent, but she is burning where it counts. With her hands where he can see them, she begins a game of Russian Roulette, a deadly beautiful sleight of hand. She has always loved the feeling of a loaded gun, gotten off on the union of flesh and metal. She is finally desperate enough to act. I fall in love with her then, when she remembers herself and rewrites her ending.

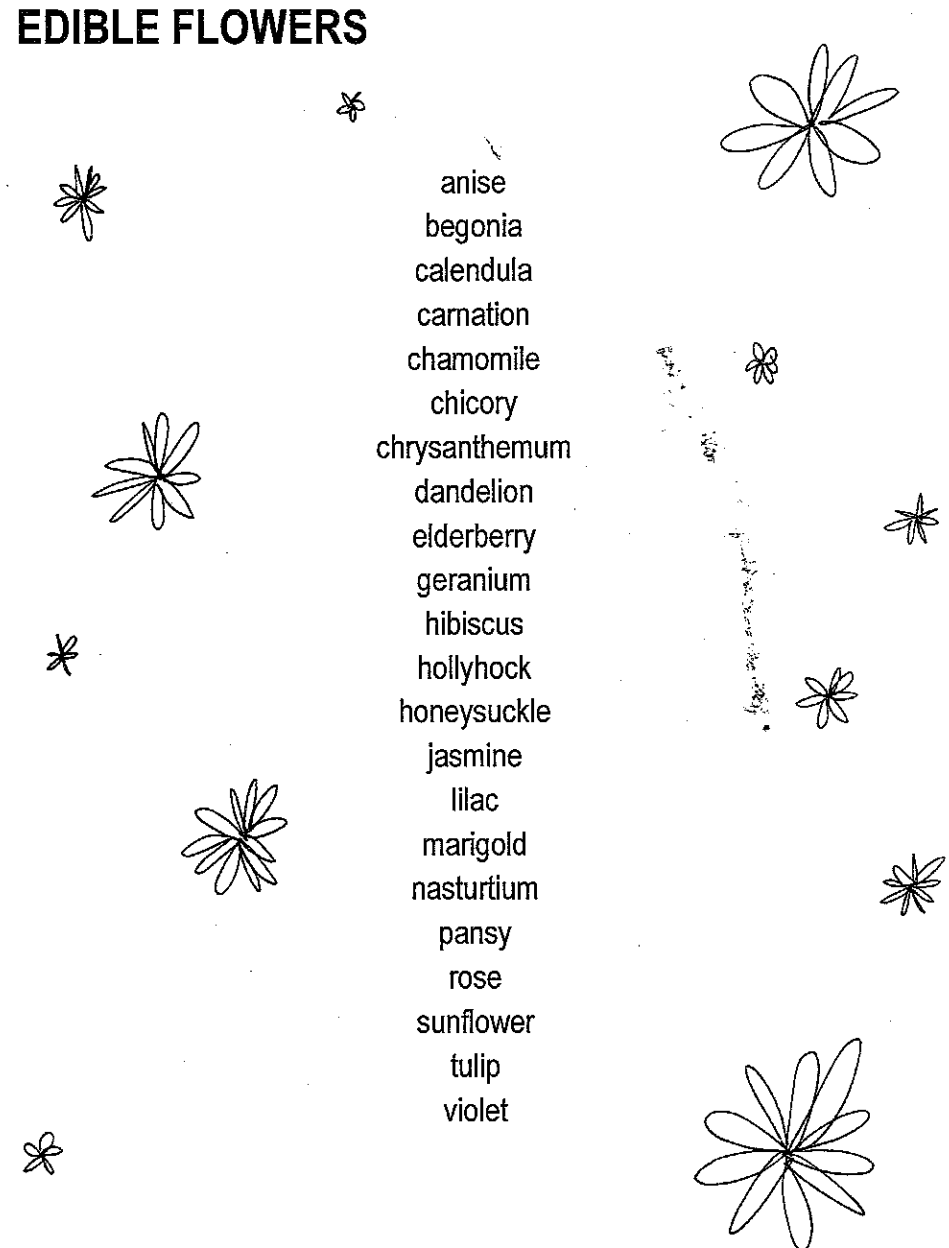
This is where my world shifts, and I grow older with what I have just witnessed. As she chooses to end her story, I choose to begin mine. But things are different now. Now I am prepared, obsessed, in love for the first time. Her journey was a two-hour world that I know I will inhabit for many lifetimes to come. Here, finally, was a world that I am comfortable in. The drama, the gargantuan emotions that she threw around the room like poison darts are the same feelings that before now I was powerless to express. Theatre is nothing if not a lesson in power, a chance to up the

stakes. Now, finally, I had stepped out of the black and white and into the technicolor. Watching her live, my blood thickened to epic proportions and my heart became electric. I knew that I wanted to spend my life with my heart out in the open, for how else would I know that I was alive? I knew I had been forever changed by this, and that I needed to keep changing. At the end of her performance I was literally shaking, unable to tear myself from the void I had fallen into. This woman was bottomless, and I realized that I was as well. And that was the most beautiful, liberating lesson I have ever learned. She affirmed the swelling life force in me. She was immortal, a spirit that has become part of me. I knew that she would always be there when I needed her, and many times I have. She is the queen of the darkness in creativity, and I walk into her open arms. I walked into the theatre an impressionable girl, and she took me under her wing. I knew at once that we share the same heart, and that I would never try to fight this. I let myself be wounded by her. She showed me that we have to let ourselves be consumed by life, to be subject to radical change. To be obsessed with another person. Otherwise what do we learn?

That night the artist in me was born. The first time that I gave life to the darker passions that have always been dormant in me. She made a believer out of me, and I became what I was always meant to be: A person with an independent heart. It was the end of an era, and I helped to give her ghost got a standing ovation for all that she taught me. It was the beginning of my descent into truth. The last of good intentions.

SEASONAL EATS

EDIBLE FLOWERS



anise
begonia
calendula
carnation
chamomile
chicory
chrysanthemum
dandelion
elderberry
geranium
hibiscus
hollyhock
honeysuckle
jasmine
lilac
marigold
nasturtium
pansy
rose
sunflower
tulip
violet

**please double check before you nibble!*

UPWARD AND INWARD

Bonnie J. Stinson

In partial shade
is where the squash
likes to grow

which is why
beans and squash are planted
together

to shelter me from sun
and I nourish you
with the gift of my refuse

mother made us
this way, separate
and better together

we share the same sky roof
soil enriched by
our combined stalks

while stomach tongue and eyes
delight in
devouring our shapely flavor

wrap around me
with your vines
withstand the elements entwined

you bear seeds
different than mine
rooted in material entirely foreign to these leafy palms curled in
sleep

toes in moonrise earth
feeling the creeping pleasure
of tendrils on my back

we grow together
upward and inward
even by starlight at midnight.

I SAW YOU LAST SUNDAY.

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM
YOU GAVE ME THE LOOK
THAT YOU USED TO GIVE ME
ALL THE TIME.



AN ^{ARROW} ARROW, A MISSIVE, A PERMISSION SLIP,
A MISSED CONNECTION.

NUANCED, SOMEHOW.

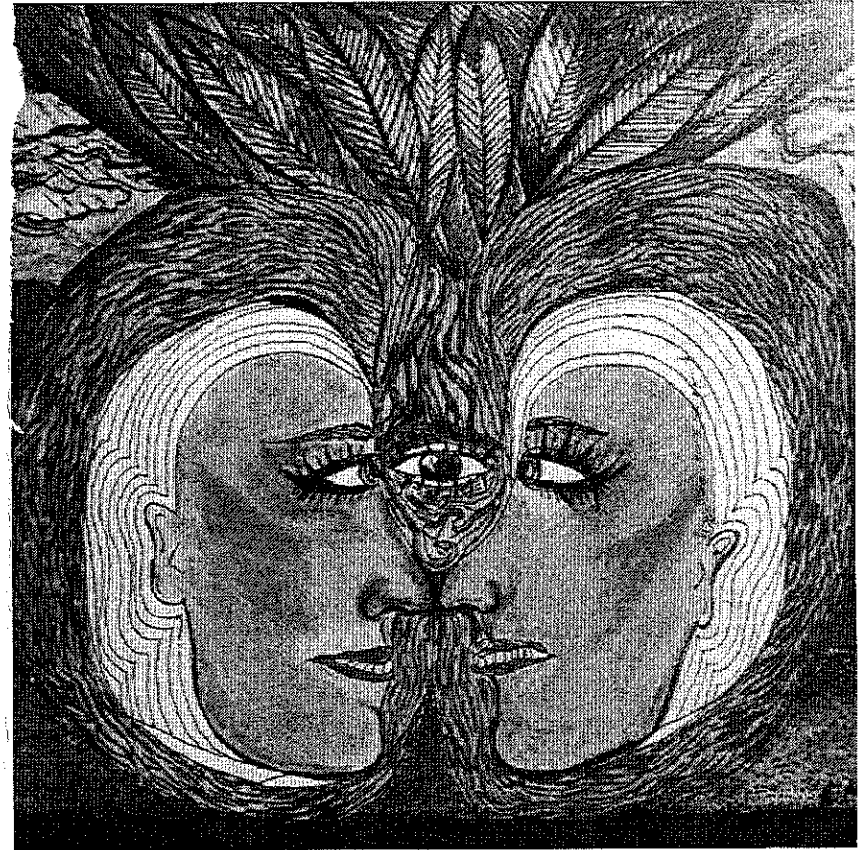
THAT LOOK THAT WAS NEVER
A CALL TO ACTION--
//////////

RATHER: A CONDESCENDING HUNGER.

FOR YOUR YOUTH, MY BODY.

FOR A PAIR OF PEOPLE JUST DIFFERENT
ENOUGH FROM OURSELVES THAT THEY
COULD SAY: WHAT-THE-HELL,
& EMBRACE.

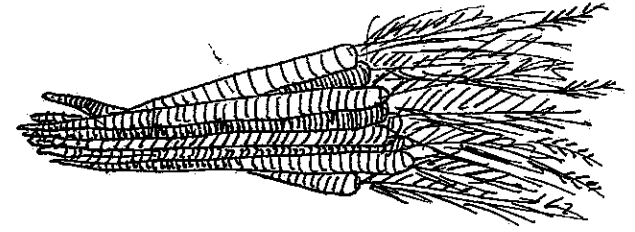
K. WOODZICK

Caytie Matthews

SEASONAL EATS

CARROTS



spiced carrot soup

carrots, onions, paprika, thyme, olive oil, broth, water, salt & pepper
sauté veggies. add liquids til veggies are soft. puree. serve.

carrot, bean, radicchio salad

carrots, red onion, olive oil, red wine vinegar, cannellini beans, radicchio
steam carrots til tender. add other ingredients. garnish with bleu cheese.

orecchiette with rosemary carrots

carrots, rosemary, unsalted butter, orecchiette pasta, lemon juice
cook carrots, butter & rosemary in skillet. cook pasta. combine with lemon.

creamy carrot dip with crudité

carrots, coriander, cilantro, olive oil, crudité
cook carrots & herbs with water in skillet. puree. dip endive and crackers.



Caytie Matthews

LIKE ROSES

Bonnie J. Stinson

Come home after you take your bows
let me perform for you
pull back the curtain of my hair.

Let us not occupy the empty space but
embrace the emptiness until the condensation
slips into the sink.

To be crushed yields such a sweet scent so
like a rose, I press you against the wall to release your essence
and
you throw yourself against the fourth wall to restart your heart.

I offer you my feet and kiss yours.

Let us stand our ground, this dirty ground,
together,
thrusting upwards like Roses.

SEASONAL HOME

13 HOUSEHOLD USES FOR BAKING SODA

1. odor absorber: sprinkle in garbage cans and on carpets
2. food de-gunker: soak pans in baking soda, then scrub
3. laundry booster: add 1/2 c. to the wash cycle
4. silverware: soak items in a tray with foil, baking soda, and hot water
5. natural dentifrice: 3 parts baking soda to 1 part salt, add flavor
6. dental appliance cleaner: warm water and baking soda, scrub
7. shampoo booster: add 1 tsp. to shampoo bottle to reduce buildup
8. comb cleaner: to remove oil, soak brushes in baking soda and hot water
9. sting soother: apply baking soda paste to neutralize acid in bee stings
10. sunburn reliever: baking soda plus cool water, apply gently to skin
11. antacid alternative: mix alkaline baking soda with water, and drink
12. flower freshener: add 1 tsp. to vase water to keep flowers fresh longer
13. fire control: heated baking soda releases CO₂, suppressing fires

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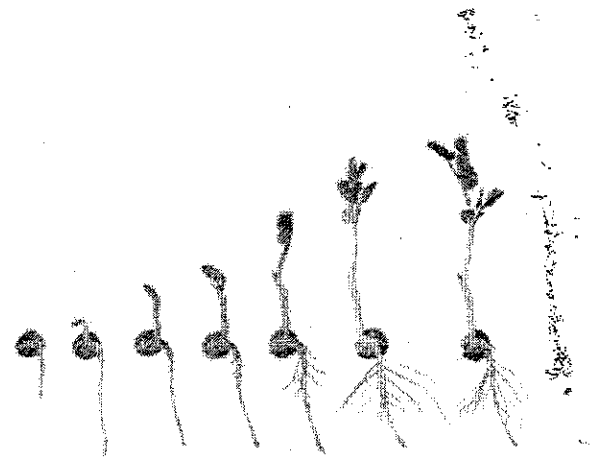
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