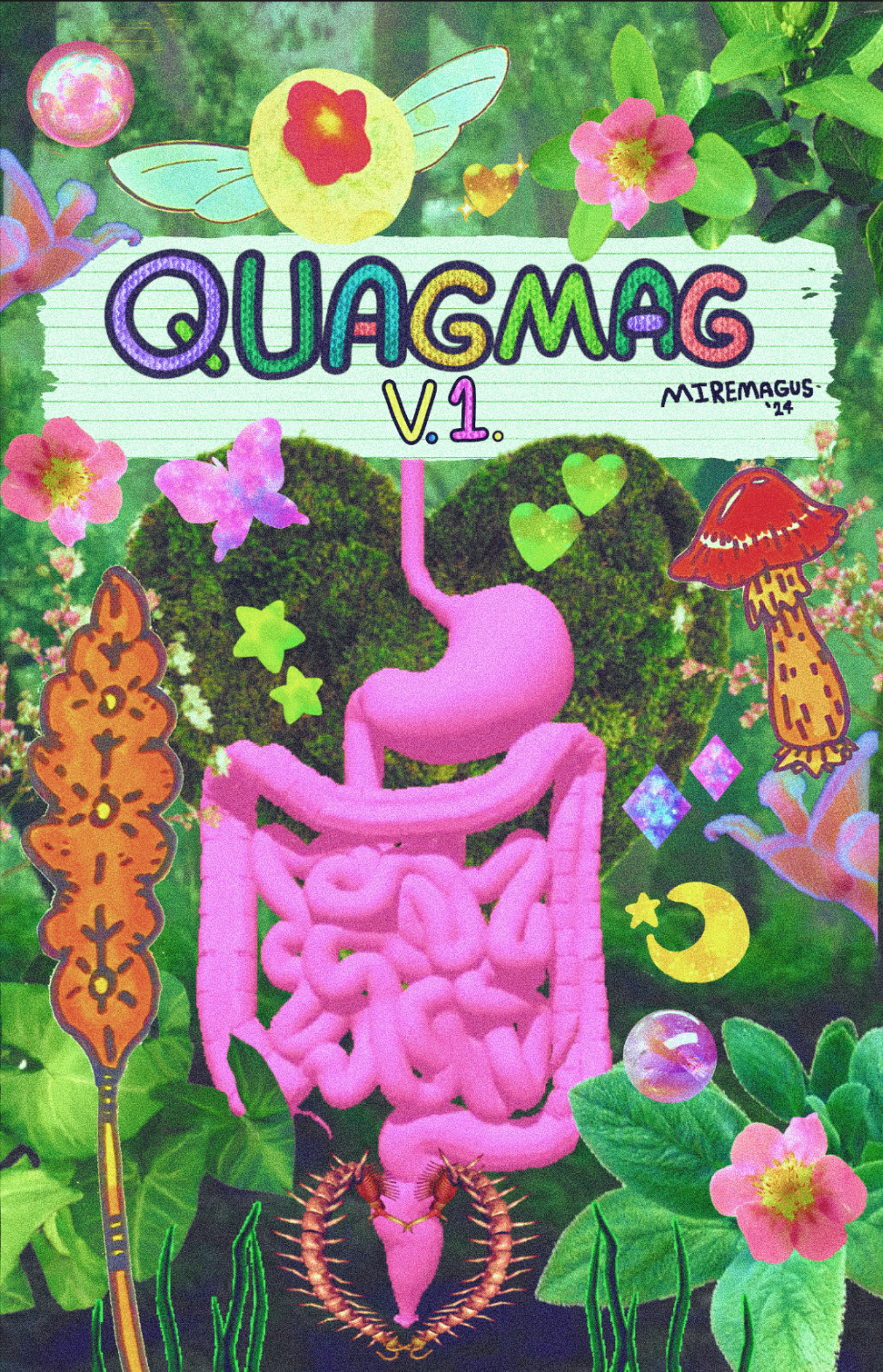
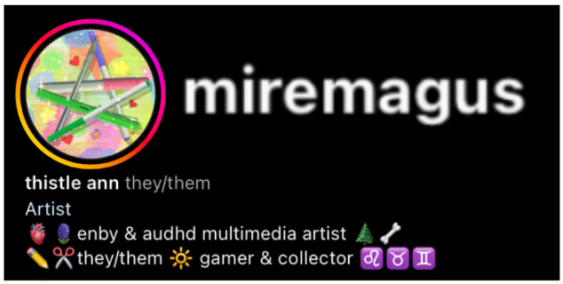

QUAGMAG
V.1.
MIREMAGUS
'24

hi! I'm thistle! I've had an interest in zines and independent publishing for much of my life!

this is an experimental venue for sharing my poetry, thoughts, interests, insights, etc. I had a lot of fun making it and I hope you like it too.




DO YOU
DREAM
IN
CERTAIN
COLORS?



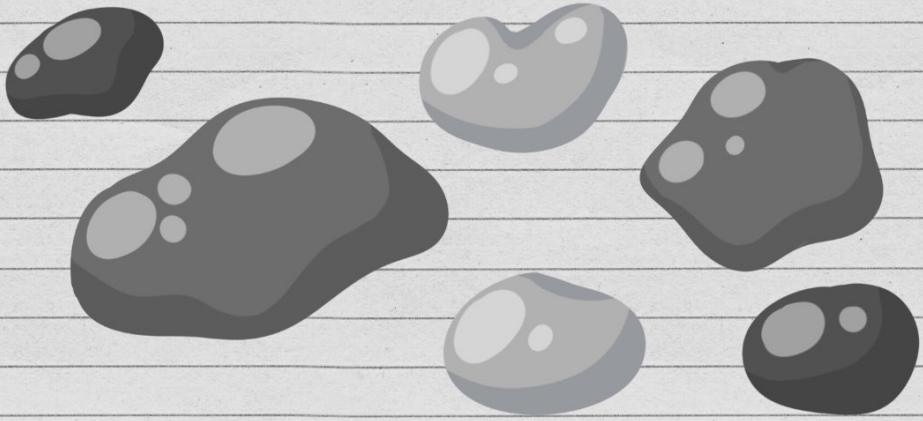



FUNGI
(true fungi and slime moulds)

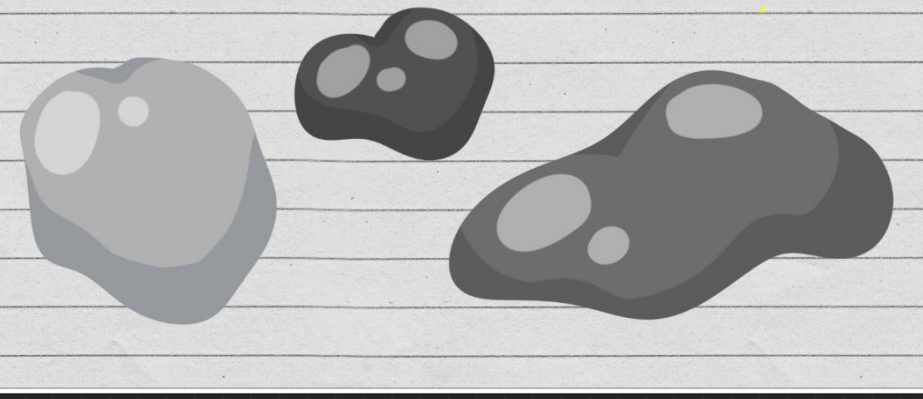


I touch your mouth,
EAT THE songs
FROM your lips
AND SAVOR how
sweetly
they sound





An ancient tide met
the coast today,
somewhere east of
i- don't- know
and the brine which
clawed its way through time
turn the stones which old
waters must have known
as mountains -- what
of the pebbles once boulders?
they clatter in my pockets,
currency of a current
that always comes back
eventually.



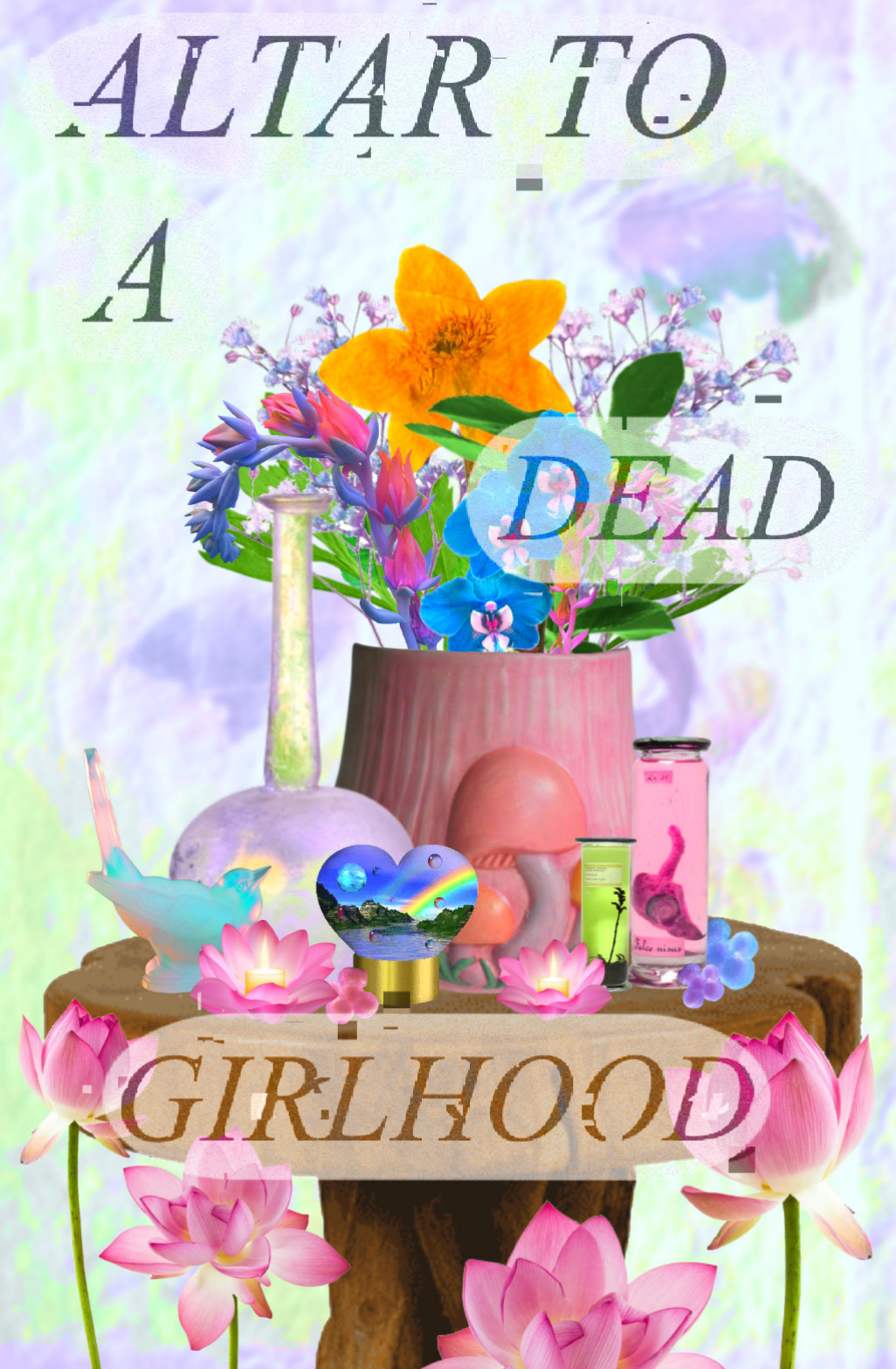
the shell flops up
onto the banks
where land and sea
always lay in discourse,--

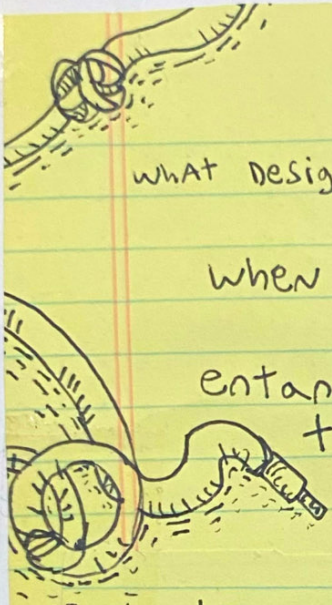
aloft with foam,
brine-bellied, pearl
heavy, stinking
of both birth
and birthing.



what a divine blessing
it must be
to arrive fully
formed.

# ALTAR TO A DEAD GIRLHOOD



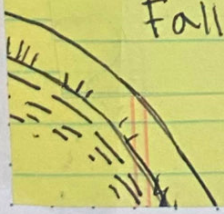


what design is the noise
inside
when it all turns
to knots ?
entangled, still it turns
to senseless stillness?



i learned to tie shoes
later
than those beside me,
hunched
upon a stoop,
scraped knuckles
and slip-ons
while my mind
is chapter's deep.

loopty-loops of thought
and my shoes
fall off my feet.





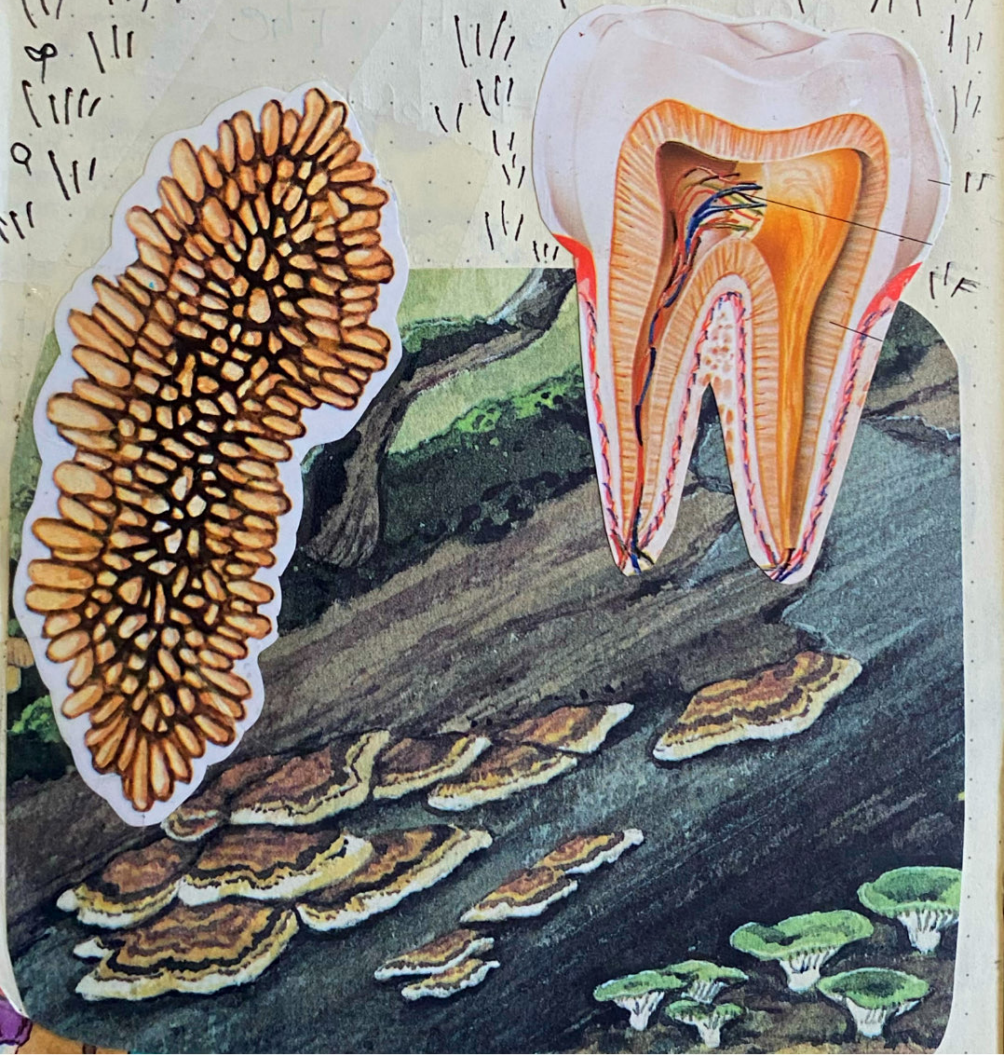
searing.

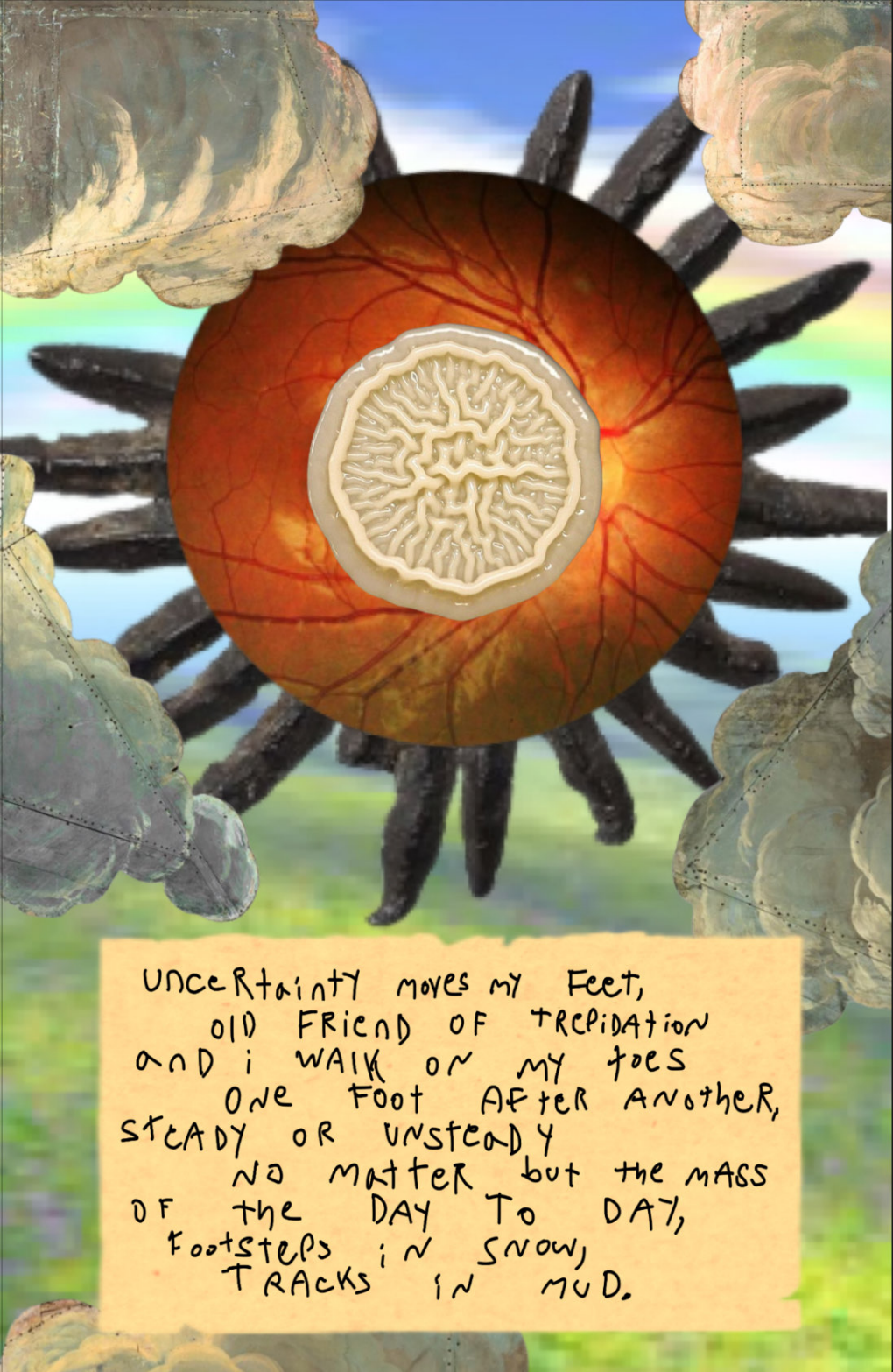
WHAT of the GRIT of MY ASHES?





SULLEN MASS,
A SODDEN CHERUBIM
whose full HEAD of hair
ENSNARES and Entangles
the MANY REEDS UPON
the bANKS of a timeless
RIVER, ONE whose bANKS always
FEEL LIKE home.




UNCERTAINTY MOVES MY FEET,
OLD FRIEND OF TREPIDATION
AND I WALK ON MY TOES
ONE FOOT AFTER ANOTHER,
STEADY OR UNSTEADY
NO MATTER BUT THE MASS
OF THE DAY TO DAY,
FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW,
TRACKS IN MUD.


SUMMER
VERDANT and alive!
Swimming!
LATE night WANDERING...
WATERFALLS!
CRITTERS!
WHAT BLISS!
THERE'S SO MANY STORMS
ALREADY!
SMELLS LIKE RAIN.

*This Peppermint Pig™, as aptly it was named, was cast of hard candy similar in fashion to a candy cane and festive pink in colour. And while the pig is honoured in Victorian holiday tradition as a symbol of good health, happiness and prosperity, these special Peppermint Pigs™, unique to Saratoga Springs, New York, came to represent much more. They proudly stood for an old-fashioned Yuletide itself - a wonderful time when red-cheeked children laughed and rode old wooden sleds over fresh snow, while church bells pealed and fond recollections were shared by family and friends. After the holiday dinner, the Pig was passed amongst those gathered, each in turn giving the pouch a firm tap and sharing a tale of the past year's good fortune. The delicious broken peppermint and warm memories were enjoyed by all in hopes of prosperity for the coming year.*

*As holiday seasons passed and time marched further into a new century, the tradition of the Peppermint Pig™ continued on in popularity... until Father Time could wait no longer. One by one the candy makers of Saratoga Springs passed on to their reward and the Peppermint Pig™ became but a wonderful memory.*

*We at Saratoga Sweets are honoured to revive this timeless tradition and invite you and your family to celebrate a Peppermint Pig™ holiday season!*

*Good Health, Happiness & Prosperity!*



# Kathleen Anne Hewitt Yackel

born august 31st, 1947




I've been wearing my maternal grandma's ring on a chain everyday, right above my heart.

Kathleen Anne Hewitt Yackel passed away on June 1, 2018. Kathleen was the first-born daughter of Mary Alice and Edward P. Hewitt.

oldest of ten.
nurse. mother.
antiquer. gardener.

I think about her just as much. As a child I would rifle through countless drawers and boxes of antiques; trinkets, pins, and costume jewels. It was treasure to me, golden memories. She knew the stories of all of it. She kept magic alive in the mundane.

It's calming to feel her with me.

