
vol. two

brackish

art.

poetry.

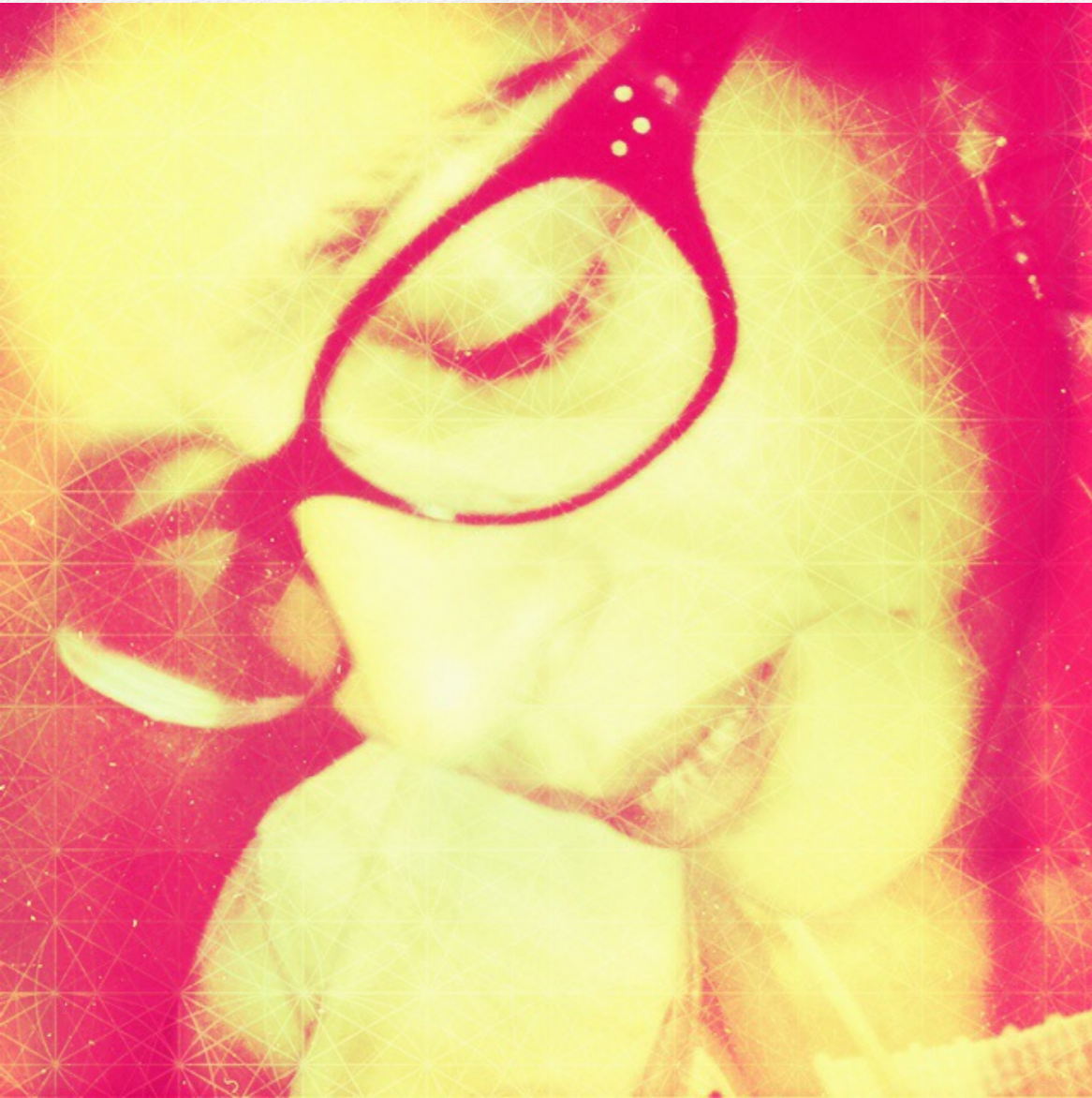
photography.

california

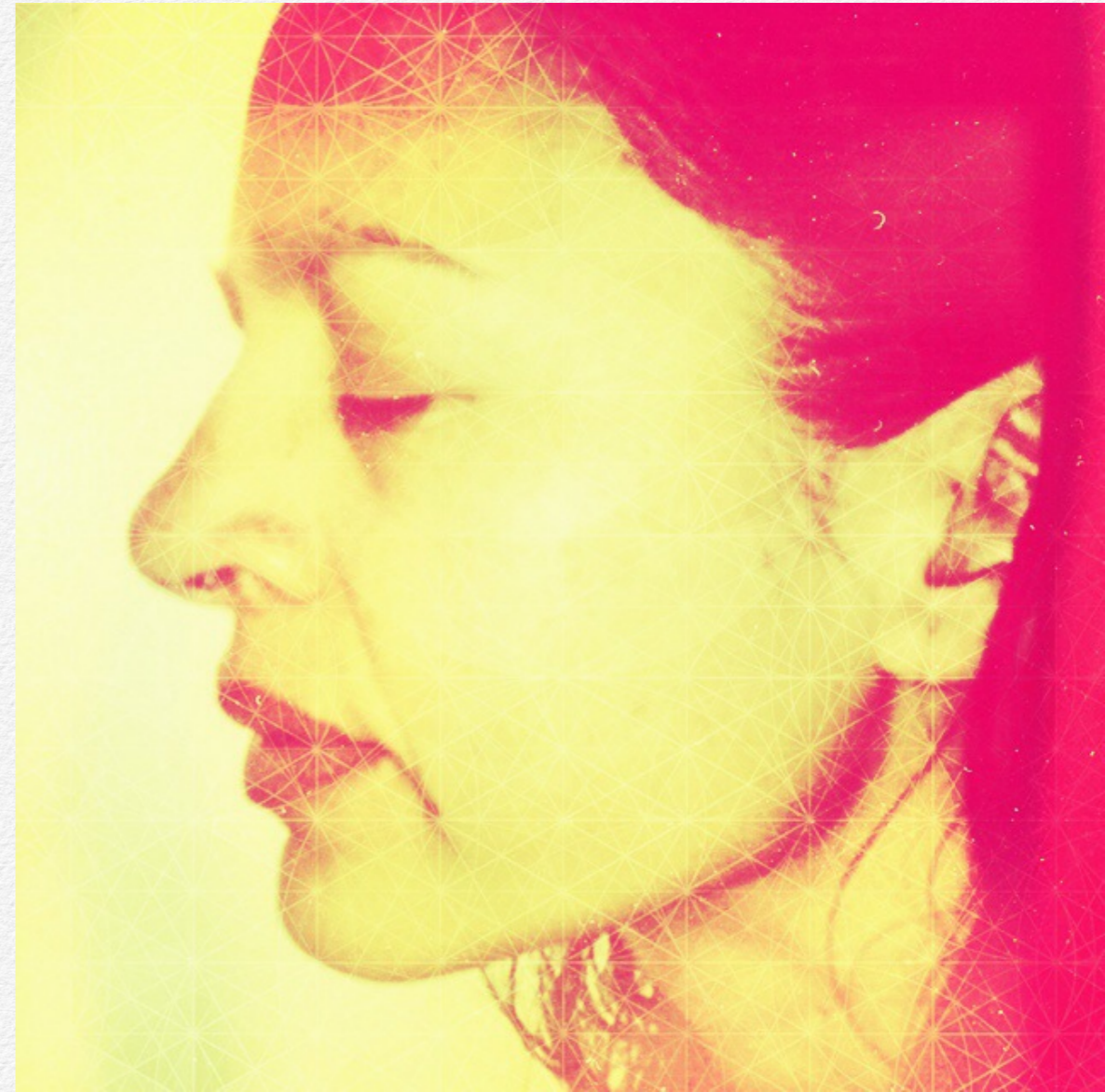
brackish

art. poetry. photography.
edited by evan hartzell





Evan Hartzell, *Stars*, 2015. Photograph.



Evan Hartzell, *Sueños*, 2015. Photograph.

The First Flame Holder

In the darkness, where nothing
walked, nor ran
came the first man.
raising the torch,
his manmade fire,
to extinguish the darkness,
and bring in life,
he led people to be born there,
and led them to die,
he watched as the world
he founded grew,
from a seed to a tree in

the nature of life,
he led more people there,
and he led people away,
when they needed to see new lands,
he was friends with the Eldest of the people,
although he was much older,
he was not known by the people,
for only the greatest had that pleasure,
he lives forever
and watches life, first hand,
as we observe the stars

Aristotle Hartzell
2015

haiku

I would punch you in the face
if I could leave you at the door
in a lump, *stop playing the fool,*
and let me know
how to lead you. “hard times,
killin floor” “or Kristeva
whom I never really read
As if that would do anyone
any good, “covet
yourself as you covet
your neighbor”

Todd Baron
summer 2013

Timbre de Alarma

Such a soft timbre de alarma
I look for it
Like I look for el sol plástico
And then me acuerdo
Me acuerdo de muchas cosas...
Too much.

Y todo el tiempo el alarma sigue
Y all the time some sun se levanta
Mis lentes toman fotos (whispered)
Mis lentes toman fotos (whispered)

But I don't care about that
That's going to happen anyway -
This digital documachination
Maybe it will bounce off the shine
Broadcasting my eh-style ascension
En lo-fi, en lo-fi
Para los que finally waited

Laura Alvarez
2015



Laura Alvarez, *Eh-style Ascension*

2015, acrylic, ink, paint pen, watercolor, collage on paper.

Stay

This the life I created from the dirt under my nails.
From the miles of DNA vibrating inside me and all of the places I have been
Walking this green and angry planet
This is where my path has led me.

Stay

All the materials are here--
An old soulful house, a husband now of many years, beautiful unfurling girls.
I have planted my beds with hard won seeds and sprays of love.
God smiling inside me--always.

Don't let the storms that blow through dishearten you.

Don't make everyone's plot yours.

Your job is to love them all-always.

Love them and let them be.

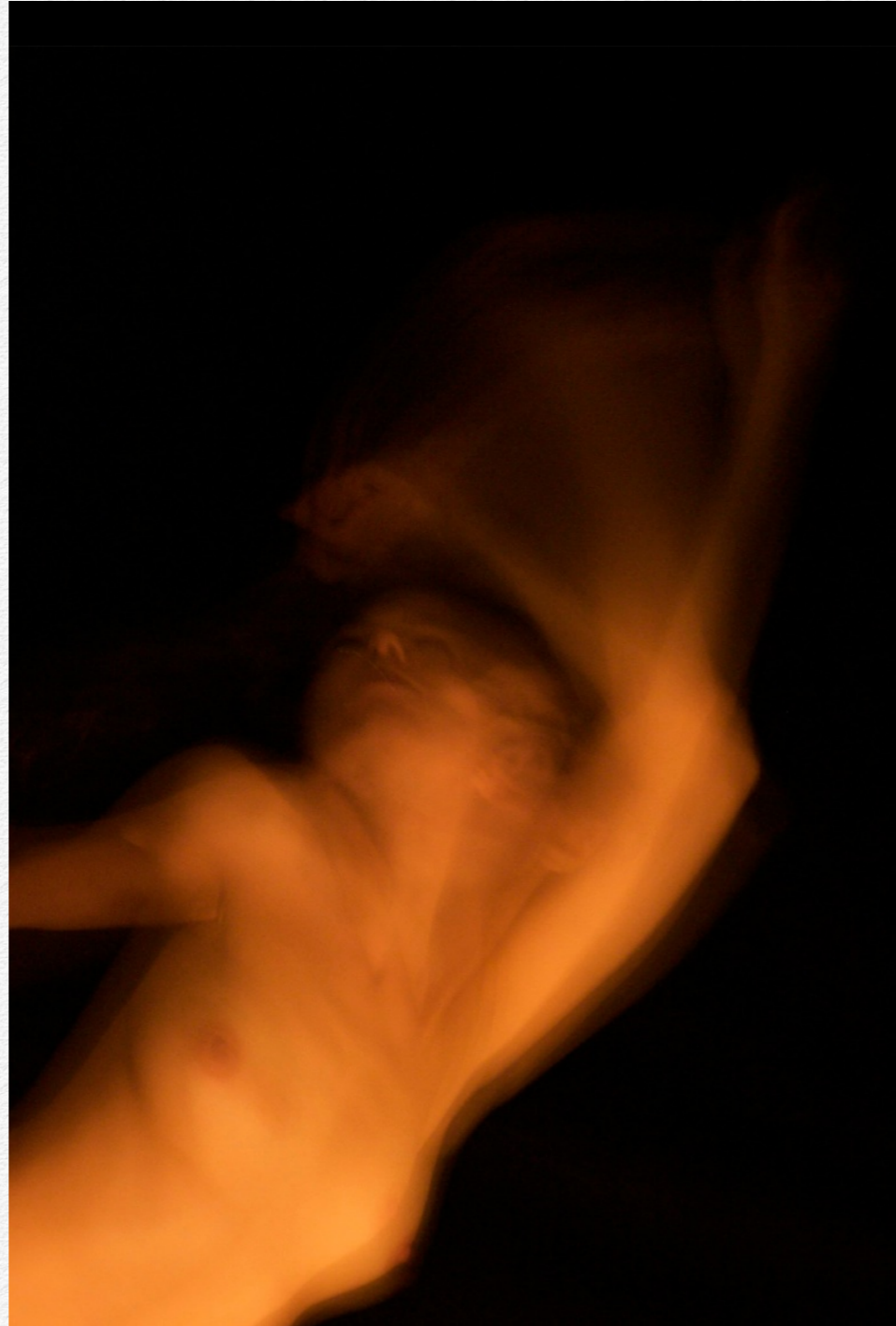
Stay. Don't go. Stay.

By Spring I will be rewarded with rose blossoms
sprouting from my fingers.

And children who grow up knowing devotion from the very
beginning.

Anne-Marie Cappellano

2014



Mark Cappellano, *Falling*, 2014. Photograph.

Earthmaker

Earthmaker, our mother,
Covers the ground with flowers
And breaks open the soil to make way
For the sprout bending its head
Dreaming of the sun.

She releases the seeds of Aspens
That dream of their someday leaves,
Shivering in the wind,
Their undersides silvery and flashing.

Earthmaker, our mother,
Holds in her embrace
Her giant Sequoia sons
As well as the memory resting in the fossils of their prehistoric brothers.
She holds the buried acorns that will be her
Sturdy Oaken daughters,
As well as the memory of those long ago first fern-like plants
About which so little is known.

Earthmaker knows.

Earthmaker, our mother
Sees every child of hers grow or not grow.
She mourns the ones who leave her embrace
She wraps herself in a fourfold robe of night sky, fire, water and loam.
And nurses her sadness for the lost
In the old soul company of the stars.

The love of Earthmaker, our mother
Like every mother,
Is never less than a mountain.
The strength of every mother's love
Contains the force of oceans,
The weight of seas,
The might of rivers in flash flood,
The depth of springs,
The quiet endlessness of aquifers beneath clashing tectonic plates.

This is love that outlasts death,

This is love with a geologic age,

This is love that embraces every child,

Found or lost

And takes the lost one, and holds him up to the stars

Where he will take his place among them.

Maureen O'Leary

2012



I. Cuicuilco

Gustavo LeClerc, *Cuicuilco*, 1990, Painting.

How do geometric forms encourage new possibilities? The settlement of Cuicuilco (located in present-day Mexico City) dates back to 1400 BCE when the Lago de Texcoco in the Valle de Mexico nurtured many farming communities. Its circular pyramid is unusual. Cuicuilco was later buried under a lava flow and the Valle's populations combined to create Teotihuacan, the first great urban civilization of pre-Columbian Mexico. The Valle landscape has been intensively overwritten with the layers and rhythms of the past. Nezahualcoyotl was poet-king of Texcoco in the mid-fifteenth century. His poem, *Tlamatinime*, reflects Aztec obsessions with predestiny: cycles of birth, death, and re-birth. It foreshadowed doom just at the time when Cortes the conquistador was arriving from Spain.

TLAMATINIME.

En los caminos yacen dardos rotos;
los cabellos están esparcidos.
Destechadas están las casas,
enrojecidos tienen sus muros.

Gusanos pululan por calles y plazas,
y están las paredes manchadas de sesos.
Rojas están las aguas, cual si las hubieran teñido
y si las bebíamos, eran agua de salitre.
Golpeábamos los muros de adobe en nuestra ansiedad.
y nos quedaba por herencia una red de agujeros.
En los escudos estuvo nuestro resguardo,
pero los escudos no detienen la desolación.

¡Dejenos pues ya morir,
dejenos ya perecer,
puesto que ya nuestros dioses han muerto!

AFER N.Y.
DEC. 1970

Gustavo LeClerc, *Tlaminime* (after Nezahualcoyotl), 1990

Tlaminime

En los caminos yacen dardos rotos; los cabellos están esparcidos.

Destechadas están las casas, enrojecidos tienen sus muros.

Gusanos pululan por calles y plazas, y están las paredes manchadas de sesos.

Rojas están las aguas, cual si las hubieran teñido y si las bebíamos, eran agua de salitre.

Golpeábamos los muros de adobe en nuestra ansiedad, y nos quedaba por herencia una red de agujeros

En los escudos estuvo nuestro resguardo, pero los escudos no detienen la desolación.

¡Dejenos pues ya morir, dejenos ya perecer, puesto que ya nuestros dioses han muerto!



Arabella Holzbog, *Island of Sand*, 2015. Photograph.

Island of Sand

A place I have known.

A piece of the earth.

A land where rock walls last longer than the soft flesh of humans.

A morsel of the universe that represents our part.

How we treat her is liken to how we treat ourselves. She is us.

She is the individual who can make a difference, for the good of things.

The Island of Sand.

Take care of her and the world can survive. She is our hope, our peace and our love.

To Explore her, to learn her, to know her and to care for her, is to know the wonder of this universe.

One need go no further.

Each part of her is part of us; from the deepest rock crevice, to the swampy mossy holes, to the wild rose hips with thorns that scratch and race across the sandy beds.

An island is a land unto itself, that represents it's part of the whole. It contains all the microcosms of it's neighbors and species and organisms.

A little piece of the heaven on our earth, without the whole.

A chance to go deeper to explore and to discover.

A human being is an island. An island of flesh.

Each body and soul represents a part of the whole of human consciousness.

To go inside, is to learn the human island and to know it's wonders. To care for the island, is to take responsibility for it and the good it can do and the magic it can create.

The island of sand comes from all earth as does the island of flesh. To explore one, is to know the other.

Arabella Holzbog

2015



Evan Hartzell, *Shine*, 2015. Photograph.

Superstars

frolic

over water

so long

since it's been this good

peace and vitality

hold hope for

all the people

Evan Hartzell

2015

brackish

vol. two

all works courtesy of the Artists

thank you/

aristotle hartzell

todd baron

laura alvarez

anne-marie cappellano

mark cappellano

maureen o'leary

gustavo leclerc

arabella holzbog

evan hartzell

venice, california

2015

All Rights Reserved / por ellos