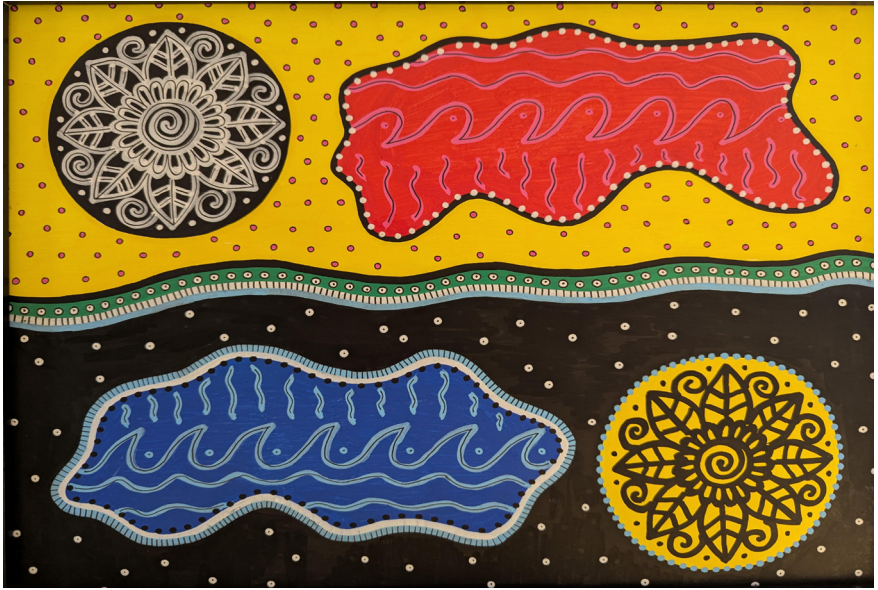


Thimble Literary Magazine Presents

Thimbel: Transpoetics



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Spirit Finds Me in the Deep & Light by Elle Decelles

Thimble Literary Magazine

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A Special Edition of Thimble: Thimbel: Transpoetics

Guest Editor in Chief Ren Wilding

Guest Editors Izzy Maxson and [Sarah] Cavar

Thimble Literary Magazine is based on the belief that poetry is like armor. Like a thimble, it may be small and seem insignificant, but it will protect us when we are most vulnerable.

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Brief Guidelines for Submission

We are not looking for anything in particular in terms of form or style, but that it speaks to the reader or writer in some way. When selecting your poems or prose, please ask yourself, did this poem help me create shelter? Simultaneous submissions are accepted, but please notify us if the work is accepted elsewhere. All material must be original and cannot have appeared in another publication, including social media.

Poetry: Please send us two to four of your poems.

Prose: Please send a single work of around 1,200 words. It can be fiction, creative non-fiction, or somewhere in between.

Art: Please send us three to five examples of your art, which can include photographs and photographs of three-dimensional pieces.

All work goes to ThimbleLitMagSubmissions@gmail.com with the genre in the subject line.

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Editor's Note

by Ren Wilding

Lorem Ipsum

Botany of the Self

by Evan Wilson

Beneath the quiet architecture
of bone and breath
something dormant
began its slow insistence

Not a rupture
more like a murmur
moving through marrow

A filament of green
threading itself
through the sediment
of old selves

Petals rehearsing
inside the dark

Roots learning the language
of my fractures

I cupped the tender center
of it all
this small
incandescent heart
half afraid
the light might unmake it

But the body remembers
what the world forgets

And even buried things
practice arrival

And so here
I remain

Unfinished

Unfolding

A quiet germination
becoming
its own horizon



Untitled by Sukanya Majumdar

check-in

by eli moseley

foxes are threshold walkers
they travel between brush and street
shadow and porchlight
wildness and neighborhood

they recognize people
already living between worlds

the fox paused and stared

maybe she was checking
whether i was still traveling

Birdsong is Another Word for

by Maxine Chen

Sweating through the cotton balls If I could
walk forever I couldn't How many
times I put my ear to the same glory
hole Kneeling akimbo in patchwork dirt
 If she said it was a flight risk I would
believe her These days I pay for my own
skin to grow Officers found me eighteen
kilometres away from her bedframe
Told you Public decency says get off
 There's a line behind you At least one man
ages to migrate for spring A common
magpie furnishes its nest with my ear
 Thrusts its beak inside and eats it out Noise

Women

by Maeve Fox

The key is not to speak up in public.
The deep resonance of my voice,
ironically, never deep enough before,
shatters the illusion spun
from spider web and eyeshadow.
A fairy glamor, cotton candy fragile,
spins apart as I quietly say
“Excuse me.”
Dresses conceal the heft of a body
That wants curves and softness,
And is instead stocky and bold.
Wigs conceal sparse hair
which has lost all its battles.
Retreated in defeat.
Concealer and contour reshape my face
with changeling grace.

When I open my mouth
carefully crafted
shadow play
splinters into pieces.

hands

by eli moseley

what is the muscle in your neck called
i hold my stress there
(i think, maybe... stop overthinking)
my whole body holds stress

i should ask my sister
(think how to ask so we don't have to hear it all)
she knows too much about bodies, sometimes more than i can handle
we all like different things
(listen, don't interrupt)

i am tense most of the day
i remind myself to relax

(drop your shoulders
roll them back
straighten your back
wear your crown
feet shoulder length apart
knees slightly bent
don't pass out
breathe
keep breathing)

my masseuse says it will take about three months to get the knots out i
cannot imagine keeping that schedule
(be real, this isn't possible no matter how hard you try)

even if every minute was heavenly
hand chisels removing ancient granite from a quarry
(what a funny thought to imagine)

tomorrow i will have bruises
and i will be able to take a full breath

what do you pick
vanilla or chocolate
(both but eat chocolate first)

i will not be able to be touched for a couple of days my skin is on high
alert
hide and take cover
(even cool air stings)

excruciating
extremely needed
tiny hugs
don't cry

this is good for you
(remember only babies cry)

you can breathe now.
widely regarded

you say i'm fine.
you say i'm okay.

the room stills
like a glass slipping
before it lands.

i say
i need to leave.
i am overwhelmed.

you hear
i am hurting you.
i ask what you mean.
you answer something else.

i fold my hands
until they are quiet.

i slow the rhythm
of my body in the doorway.

my words stay
where i set them.

i don't move them
to meet you.

yours keep turning

toward the nearest
face toward the next
silence

until the room holds
them and no one can
say
whose they were.

*You are invited to close your eyes if that
is your tradition*

by Charlotte Van Schaack

In September, when I undressed my chest for you for the first time,
wanting the soft and shamed skin to be anointed in your sweat and
hair,

I was surprised to see, once unblinded by my shirt,
that you had cupped two hands to your eyes

like you were praying, like we had gotten to this moment of trust
to feel less alone in the hot trails of summer that had chased us inside.

You left my legs shaking, knees unsteady on a mattress,
head bowed in supplication, in sanctuary, in your room's quiet.

I asked for clarity as I looked at you there. When I lean in,
you call my rough hands soft and needing. Our voices rise up

together, curling into the eaves and crashing down.
I tell you to open your eyes, and your mouth seems to whisper,
as it meets mine.

we got married on a train to Chicago–

by Eden Phillips

with a hawk eyed woman
three rows back as our witness
since our friend was ordained
but only in Minnesota
all we had for proof
was your ring on my finger
and my word that once
you really did love me

Madame Mangetout

by Maxine Chen

Here you go, swallowing lamps
and crustacean shells and day
old rice. Could reach out and drag
my finger over boa constrictor city
line, point out crooked skin
bump named shard of glass and crab pincer.
Found the lightbulbs! Too full
for sex. Keep waiting to call
the emergency line — you said
it'd be a long wait. Late night
fridge romp and it's worse
than the mia girls. Tupperware
with cabbage and half bricks
of cement and that Polaroid we
took roadtripping. Slip that
into my pocket.

You mouth-breather, you indecent snorer.

A bulb still on at the back
of your throat with that awful
tunnel glow, and curse me for
diving in! Thought to land in bile,
but it was a front porch and
the door was ajar. Fully furnished,
you know? You know.
Has an attic for a telescope. Has
a tiny magnetic frame for the fridge,
so the Polaroid fit right in.

*French comic Michel Lotito, more famously known
as Monsieur Mangetout, consumed an entire Cessna
150 airplane within two years. He claimed no
digestive side-effects.*

A Letter to the Child I Once Was

by Evan Wilson

I'm writing from a place
you didn't know existed yet
A place where your name is not a question
and the air no longer demands anything from you.

The weather holds steady here
Even the dark knows its place

Where you are now

The fog lies about distance
It bends memory and dulls sound
It's a place where every shape is a warning
Every step is a landmine waiting to explode
To remember over and over and over again

But Here
There is safety
There warmth in abundance
There is a home that stays

Here,
Your voice is no longer muted
It is a place where words do not rush you
But instead offer shelter
A place where silence no longer feels like a threat

Here, the night comes without instructions
And morning does not arrive as an alarm

A place where someone whispers your name
like it has always belonged to you
Where love is spoken quietly and believed
A place where your voice is met not measured
And no one mistakes your fullness for danger

Here, safety is a hug
that doesn't rush to let go
Hands that remind you where your body ends
A smile that reaches the ground

And when you speak
you are heard the first time
not corrected
not softened
not asked to explain yourself smaller
Here, you are given space
to finish becoming

No one asks you to be less

Here, the words tattooed across your back
are no longer a warning
but a vow
an anthem you finally get to live inside

Nothing in you is too much

This is a warm place
A nurturing place
A place where you grow

And someday
without realizing it
you will find this place too

And when you arrive
nothing will need proving

You will know it
by how easily
you breathe

Passive Voice

by Jennifer Elise Wang

Even though you were taught to avoid passive voice, it is encouraged here. Partisanship is avoided by passive voice. Culpability is not to be implied, for funding has been granted from those who may be angered at the suggestion. The scientific method is often elucidated in this manner, as results are obtained, never produced by humans who may be playing god (lower case here) though that is not to be hinted at either. All pronouns (even the royal “we”) are to be removed. Judge, juror, and executioner are not to be assigned by implication. It is okay to be saddened by a violent killing, but to feel more for a fallen comrade and be stirred into naming and action is dangerous. Death is to be accepted, no matter how unjust. Sorry if you are offended.



Inching Through & By by Elle DeCelles

Alaska Air, Boston to Seattle

by Subhaga Crustal Bacon

We're in the pre-boarding group, the first
of those who need extra time—
no questions—when a tenor voice
behind me asks if there's room in the closet
to stow their guitar. The blue-suited
attendant says no, but thank you for asking.

I can't imagine it fitting in the overhead,
bin, premium space that it is. Halfway
down the aisle, we hear: *Sir, sir!*
When neither of us—the only people
on the plane so far—turns she calls *Guitar! Guitar!*

It seems the closet is free after all.
(Nothing hidden, no shame.)

On landing I see they're dressed like me:
tee-shirt, baggy jeans, the same lace up
boots. Their hair, shorter than mine,
but longish. Two shiny butterfly clips
keep it from falling in their eyes.

Not in the closet, neither sir, nor madam,
we are *guitar, guitar, guitar!*

We Don't Stop Here

by Maxine Chen

so
we drive
with our red
blinking lights, wax
molassing our chins,
sinking heat spells. light moults
off your blonde hair, until our
warm bodies, ambering mid-fall,
absorbs the noise, slanting underground.

Mindless Repeating of Myself by Elle Decelles



love letter to bisexual lighting

by Heather Moss

Violet light? That's the thing they use in movies
Chrissy tapped me on the shoulder and pointed at the screen
where a character of a film of an adaptation of a novel
walks in a determined fashion
spares a glance for another
accompanied by music that creeps into my bones
and is more memorable in ten years time than my
then best friend's name

violet that bleeds to blue in an act of royal assent
that made me clutch my papers until ripples formed
cutting my skin in delightful arcs of shocking pink
a hue that Chrissy hated
a shade my mother shunned
leaving a scar I was too afraid to touch
some legacy for a heart that beat in the margins
and a head that followed the flock

ten years later Chrissy blends with Charlie and Chloe
when familiar notes start to thrum through my bones
the scar ruptures and my very marrow
cascades in a river of violet light across the carpeted floor
blue mist swirls and soaks my socks
pink hurtles by my closed lids
all because of a brush of hands
a decade in the making

IYKYK

by Subhaga Crystal Bacon

for the young trans man in seat 18F

More than your pink hello kitty t-shirt,
scissor-cropped at sleeve and midriff. More than
your soft chest and the curves of your back,
the flesh under your arms, the way it folds,
like mine over even the softest bra. More
than your binder peeking out below your shirt.

It was your hands. Not their size, but the way
they brushed against each other to clear the crumbs.
Quick, loose and light. Unstudied. More
than your mop of dark curls, your new beard
against the glint of fat silver hoops
in your ears.

What does it mean for the body to replace itself every seven years?

by Charlotte Van Schaack

From the moment I became aware that I recycle myself,
I feared what that meant for selfhood.
I had already spent enough years feeling like the bounty
of my form was trying to abort itself.

Now confirmed: the young was being pushed out
for younger. Every cell was born with a goal and deadline
and rapid maturation indicated that womanhood
was innate, which is to say out of my control.

Already a failure of the thing I was meant to be,
it made sense for the natural cycle of bushfires
to be my punishment. Destruction and regeneration; a reminder
coming back, and like the scruffy hair of shaved legs, back again.

Enough years passed where fat and hair and scabbing
clots of blood mount themselves in a rush
to be severed from the host
that the transgression is out of my control.

I dedicate the fall of zippers in disappointment in dressing rooms
to the forms that have tried to hold me and failed.
I gave up on the beauty I was prescribed to reach.

If there are little deaths within me,
every day, at least let me feel them.

Don't Confuse Restraint

Subhaga Crystal Bacon

Sometimes what's strapped down tight—
breasts, cock—needs restraint,
and restraint a kind of freedom. Can you
understand what I mean? Buttoned,
flattened, tucked parts become wings,
exotic creatures disguised against the world.
In camouflage, we pass unseen except
by the trained eye that perceives our infrared,
glowing eyes like moths whose backs
mimic faces. We deceive,
create spaces we crave.

Contributor Bios

Subhaga Crystal Bacon (they/them), is the author of four full-length collections of poetry including, *A Brief History of My Sex Life*, from Lily Poetry Review Books, and the Lambda Literary finalist, *Transitory*, 2023, winner of the BOA Editions, Ltd. Isabella Gardner Award for Poetry. A Pushcart and Best of the Net nominee, Subhaga is an AWP Writer to Writer mentor and teaching artist working in schools and libraries with youth and adults, as well as private students. Their work appears or is forthcoming in a variety of print and online journals including *Terrain*, *West Trestle*, *The Bellevue Literary Review*, *Cider Press Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Nelle* and others. A Queer elder, they live in rural northcentral Washington on unceded Methow land.

Maxine Chen (he/they) thinks every poem is a trans poem, unless it's a trans poem, in which case it's about the opposite of absence. He can be found dozing off on the late bus, about to miss their stop. Wake him up?

Elle DeCelles is a genderqueer nonbinary visual artist and writer living in Denver, CO. Their focus is on creating completely sustainable, freehand pieces which are accessible to and can be enjoyed by any visual art consumer. Their poetry has been featured in *Thimble*. Find them on instagram @elle_dee.cee or at www.nuGaia.co

Maeve Fox writes poetry that invites you on her journey of navigating trans identity in the Appalachian mountains. She published her first book *Letting Go of Me*, in 2025 from Redhawk Publications. She has been featured in *Kakalak* anthology, *Writing Fae magazine*, and *WALTER* magazine. When not writing poetry she is an LGBTQ+ advocate and a mediator.

Sukanya Majumdar is a non-binary artist born in a remote district, South 24 Parganas, in West Bengal, India. Since childhood, she has shown a deep inclination in art, music and literature and unconventional creative works, including movies that depict the societal plight of the underprivileged and the underrepresented in society. She has been a victim of homophobia in society, among her family and peers during her school and college life. Sukanya is a published author, with multiple works published across different magazines internationally.

eli moseley is a late-diagnosed autistic and adhd writer who pays attention to how bodies learn to stay with what is happening between people. they are Black and Korean and carry both as living inheritance. they move through the world as trans and queer. they live on the homelands of the Payaya People of the Tap Pilam Coahuiltecan Nation, in what is now called San Antonio. they share their writing at @autistickynotes on Substack.

Heather Moss lives in Durham, England and spends most of their time lost in day-dreams. They love writing poems that explore the complexities of identity, love, desire, and obsession, and have been featured in anthologies and journals from a selection of presses including *Swim Press*, *Transmuted*, *Free Verse Revolution* and *Crossing the Tees*.

Eden Phillips (he/it) is a poet from Stockbridge Michigan. He has had several poems published in *Central Review*, the literary magazine at Central Michigan University, and is pursuing a degree in English, as well as a master's degree in Creative Writing. It writes queerly and unapologetically, inspired every day by the joy of being trans and being alive.

Charlotte Van Schaack is a genderqueer poet who was raised in North Carolina but now resides in Washington, DC. Their work often explores the relationship between identity, memory, and landscape. Find her work in *WWPH Writes*, *Screen Door Review*, *Dialogist*, and *Door Is A Jar*. @cvanschaack.writes on Instagram.

Jennifer Elise Wang (they/she) is a nonbinary femme in STEM and punk rock pretty boi poet from Dallas, Texas. When they're not in the lab or writing, they enjoy action sports, cosplay, dancing, and volunteering at the animal shelter. They have been published in *FERAL*, *just femme & dandy*, *Penumbra*, and *Bethlehem Writers Roundtable* and featured in *Inner Moonlight*, *Phynnecabulary*, and *Cobalt Poets*. Their website is <https://jenniferelisewang.com>.

Ren Wilding (they/them) is a trans, queer, neurodivergent poet. They are the author of *Trans Artifacts: Bones Between My Teeth* (Porkbelly Press, 2026) and *Trans Archeology* (Lily Poetry Review, 2027). Their work appears in *Braving the Body* (Harbor Editions), *Meat for Tea*, *Nixes Mate*, *Palette Poetry*, and elsewhere. They were a finalist for Lily Poetry Review's Paul Nemser Prize, are a two-time Pushcart nominee, and are co-curator of the *Words Like Blades* reading series. They hold an MA in Literature and Gender Studies from the University of Missouri and live in St. Louis.

Evan Wilson is a queer/transgender poet and writer whose works range from creative non-fiction to poetry and multi-media design. Born and raised in Tallahassee, FL, he received his BA in Editing, Writing, and Media at Florida State University. He hopes to break boundaries in both the publishing and technology industries by combining his passion for design with his love of storytelling. He infuses his experiences of racism, homophobia, and his struggle with identity to help bring awareness to sensitive topics. He's published a creative non-fiction piece, "Behind Closed Doors," in *Stellium Literary Magazine* and a few poems in the chapbook, *Snakebird 2021 A Big Bend Community*, published by Anhinga Press.