

# THIMBLE LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Autumn 2018

*Thimble Literary Magazine*

*Volume 1 · Number 2 · Autumn 2018*

## *Thimble Literary Magazine*

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Phil Cerroni  
Publisher

Nadia Wolnisty  
Editor-in-Chief

The *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

The *Thimble Literary Magazine* is primarily a poetry journal but invites submissions on related topics such as artwork, stories, and interviews. 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.

*Poetry:* Please send us three to five of your poems.

*Short Stories:* Please send a single work or around 1,000 words. It can be fiction, creative non-fiction, or somewhere in between.

*Essays:* Please send a single essay of 1,000–3,000 words that touches on contemporary issues in literature or art.

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

Please send submissions to Nadia Wolnisty, Editor-in-Chief, Thimble Literary Magazine, [thimblelitmag@gmail.com](mailto:thimblelitmag@gmail.com) The author's biography should be included in the body of the email and the submission as a single attachment.

Cover photograph by  
Grace Pham

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## Editor's Note

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Dear readers,

This summer, I told myself, would be the summer I read *Infinite Jest*. I tell myself that every summer. Instead, I read *A Series of Unfortunate Events* for the first time. I am given to understand that *Infinite Jest* has more tennis but expresses equal despair about family.

*A Series of Unfortunate Events* strays into droll territory a little too often for my liking, but it has some lovely passages. The world is a terrible place. We all know this. Sometimes people die, lie to you, or put your sister in a cage. And yet, as Violet would say as she images pulleys and levers, there's always something.

Sometimes that thing is weeping. The narrator remarks, "You know that a good, long session of weeping can often make you feel better, even if your circumstances have not changed one bit."<sup>1</sup> And I think it's meaningful that the little Baudelaire orphans cry together, huddled in a horrible room, making a container for grief.

Shelters can take many forms. I lived in my car for a week. Humor is a transparent tent I try to hide inside. But I think that maybe words can be a shelter and a way of weeping for all things lost and for joy too, together.

Come in; this will be shelter from and for the storm.

With love,

NADIA WOLNISTY

---

1. Lemony Snicket, *A Series of Unfortunate Events: The Bad Beginning* (New York: HarperCollins, 2000), 16.

**Serial Operation**

A shift register is used to receive or transmit serial information. Often it is designed to also receive or transmit parallel information. Some applications require the register to receive in parallel and transmit serially or to receive serially and transmit in parallel. We will here be concerned primarily with the serial mode of operation.

Two simple serial shift registers are shown in Fig. 4-43; one is based on the JK flip-flop and the other on D flip-flops. The shift pulses are applied simultaneously to all flip-flops of the register. When a negative transition is applied to the shift input, each flip-flop is set with the information from the adjacent stage to its left. In this case, all information shifts one position to the right. The bit 1 of 10110101 and a 0 shift into JK8 and connected to the shift input.

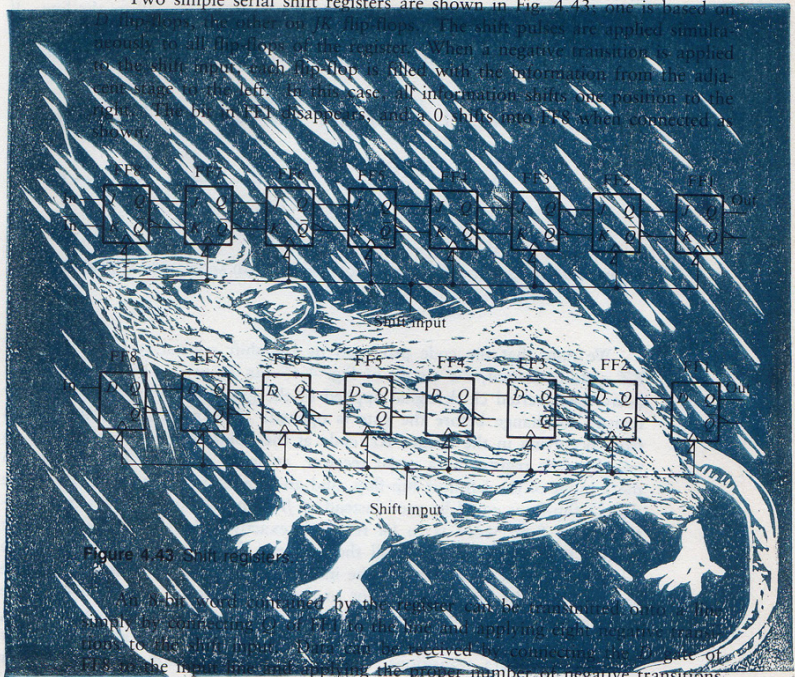


Figure 4-43. Shift registers.

For a bit stream transmitted by a transmitter, each bit is shifted into the serially connected flip-flop of the register. For a bit stream received by a receiver, each bit is shifted into the flip-flop of the register by applying the proper number of negative transitions to the shift input. For the JK register J8 is connected to the incoming data line while K8 is connected to the inverted data signal. Of course, positive transition sensitive shift registers are also available.

There are certain timing problems associated with transmitting and receiving information which will now be considered. Suppose we wish to transmit the 7-bit ASCII code for the character "J" which is 1001010. We will proceed from the LSB bit to the MSB as we transmit, but we must

Dan Collins, *Serial Operation*,  
block print on math book, 2018.

*Fair Day, or to the river  
with my Little Fish*

by Paul Koniecki

---

We came to the circus grounds  
by small train, not a toy in the forest,  
but the fog swaddled everything.

Between galena tintured arms of  
trees branching to smaller fingerlings  
and capillaries of damp brown hair

on the steam engine swam.  
And Adam and I immersed in it  
on the front most wooden bench

holding hands. And I whispered this  
is where the royals  
of divergent evolution reside.

---

*for Adam Rainer, the only recorded adult little person and adult giant in history.*

*Recently, the Nation published "How-To" by Anders Carlson-Wee, which sparked controversy over appropriation and abelist language. We accepted "Fair Day" before "How-to" was published. This poem also discusses deformity. The speaker, Adam's mother, is worried about her son and brings him to see the circus. Her reflections come from a place of empathy and love, and she is trying to convince herself that "deformity is where and how the magic enters in." The speaker is separate from the poet.*



God has many plans and we  
are two of them. Better to see the fault  
in others and the beauty in ourselves.

Deformity is where and how  
the magic enters in.

## *Adam's Song*

by Paul Koniecki

---

Now that I am tall, too tall,  
and nearer to god and death

we have come to the freak-show  
again. Where will I fit in at

seven feet eight inches tall,  
three breaths left and no time

for the rhetorical? In my eye  
there is a skyscraper, a sparrow,

and a new cloud, my own crown  
barely covered by the firmament.

---

*for Adam Rainer, the only recorded adult little person and adult giant in history.*

## *After the conjoined men*

by Paul Koniecki

---

we saw a woman with four legs.  
Well dressed, seated, comfortably  
appointed and knitting. And I wondered

if the soul of her twin was free and happy  
as I wondered if the stars of this show  
and in the sky and my son and any of us

are free and happy or non-ambulatory  
souls  
blind and wondering.

It seemed a similar example.

---

*for Adam Rainer, the only recorded adult little person and adult giant in history.*

*construction/paper*

by courtney marie

---

i build myself a deep nest.  
collect kindling, fiberglass strings,  
scraps of priceless tinder gathered like matches,  
photographs and dead grass.  
newspaper clippings  
and countless volumes of evergreen stored on  
bookcases that might as well be cedar branches.  
i live in a dry summer.

postcards line the wall.  
ships sailing, trips without my echo,  
reminders that now  
i may never leave this place, at least  
not for a long time,  
too long to make sense  
of where the time has gone,  
or how my ticket, that tiny twig,  
was lost  
and how you (at the last moment)  
caught your breath  
and the scene shifted:

plumes of smoke change their course,  
chasing the ghost of something beautiful.

it is easy to love what you do  
when what you do is pretend.  
we avoid using the word *burn*.  
i have copies of the letters i've sent,  
and the ones i haven't.  
i have an empty cigarette pack  
wearing a hand drawn map  
i have napkins with haikus  
i have a penchant for glowing embers.  
i have a bad habit of saving dry leaves like sawdust  
in every corner of the room  
and studying how to start fires.

*dead dog creek*

by courtney marie

---

when you told me about dead dog creek i didn't quite believe you. i didn't believe the bit about the dog and i didn't really believe there was a creek but we walked away from the trail and you showed me the creek and even though there was no dog i began to believe every word you said. i told you i felt like a stranger here, everywhere. we found a dead owl. i felt dumb because i wanted to hold your hand. the owl was perfectly dead like it was sleeping and i wondered what happened to the dog's body after you found it and i pictured a time-lapsed video in my head where the dog quickly disappeared and turned into water. of course there was blood and bloat and bugs but i was relieved at the end of the video that nothing was left except dirty creek water and a weathered collar. i didn't think these things about the owl, i wanted to look at it and look at it. the day was sunny and the trail went on and on. i still feel like a stranger here, everywhere.

# Artist's Statement

---

In one sense, these #grams are a stay against laziness. In another, they are an exorcism of the intellectual and emotional labor that my profession—content manager for a large digital marketing firm—demands of me. In yet another, they are Nietzschean Flamin' Hot Cheetos: the cheapest, most caloric, and most disposable form of *ewige Wiederkehr* I can allow myself.

The constraints guiding this work are so simple as to be nearly brainless, by which I mean only that those conditions aim to elevate procedural memory to the status of consciousness. Each Monday through Friday (excepting holidays), I take one stock image and pair it with one instance of established discourse. “Stock image” is interpreted broadly; Western art canons definitely qualify, at least in my imagination. Meanwhile, the discourses sampled span a range of disciplines, occupations, ideologies, geographies, epochs, and subcultures.

The pairings themselves are as improvisational as possible. The intent is to eschew apparent image–text juxtaposition as much as possible. Lastly, while the images are appropriated and the language is quoted, the writing is personal. That is, even though these pseudo-macros are displayed primarily via Instagram, they barely acknowledge the camera. Rather, they are holographic manifestations; they issue from my hand. The final products may be digital, but a major component of the copying constituent of their making is analog, old-fashioned, clerical.

JOE MILAZZO



Joe Milazzo, *Thought Leadership*,  
computer graphic, 2017.





Joe Milazzo, *Eminent Domain*,  
computer graphic, 2017.



Joe Milazzo, *Tootsie Trade*,  
computer graphic, 2017.



Joe Milazzo, *Wooden Kimono*,  
computer graphic, 2017.

*I Called in Sick Two Days  
in a Row This Week to Play  
a Game on My Phone*

by Nathanael William Stolte

---

Well, more accurately  
I called in with car trouble  
Because I had already  
Called in sick this month  
Somehow, car trouble seemed  
More believable

While we're on the subject,  
I called in with car trouble  
Because I didn't have it in me  
To face the day

So, playing a game on my phone  
Was a sort of sanctuary  
From depression

& I can't call in depressed  
Because, in my own twisted mind  
I'm too somehow old for that  
Depression isn't cute  
With a greying beard

So, I favor the prudence of lies

*Fault Finder*

by Nathanael William Stolte

---

This old bastard has a blackhead in his ear  
That appears to have been forming  
Since before I was born into the earth.  
I can't stop looking at it.  
It's magnificent, hypnotic and gross.

Then I realize—  
I haven't heard a word he's said  
I was too focused  
On his imperfections

*Dr. Phosphorus and the Solar Jar,  
or You Too Can Be T. S. Eliot!*

by Gabriel Mamola

---

Organisms or the death of organisms will be used,  
constructed such that a clear plastic jar  
decreased before reading.

Abstract, conducted, abundant,  
when one died  
to the west facing window,  
they that waste now thrived  
on waste.

We were not found dissolved. We  
were not prevented from growing. We  
were either eaten or found in the other  
sunlight. Energy collected,  
The imprecision of influences enclosed,  
We, not I, were small and necessarily significant.

We will be used again, settling or leaching,  
we will be used with richness, however exact,  
however predatory, however produced in mass,  
we will be used in ratios not dissolved,  
ratios hardly said to mimic simplicity  
and simplicity of form,

We will form sunlight and soil, macroscopic weeks of loose-closed energy,  
we will be present, we will be the cycle, we will be the figure and form  
of the average and used.

And this is a likely explanation.

## *Catechism*

by Gabriel Mamola

---

“Long live Iguana,” shouts the rain,  
“His spines are godly reticules, his temple in the green mush  
Is small and holy, weird. His fingernails  
Are sickness and his flesh ungood to eat. He will permit  
No termites or any small rodents.” The rain doesn’t know  
What she’s talking about. A codex in Forgottendom has this  
To blame: “Do not go into his temple lightly. It is not belong  
to him ... defend it ... [Iguana] and ... curse”  
This poem is over.  
Reticule, radical, catechetical—  
Permit no gods but the jungly ones.

## *The Big Bang*

by Sarah Karowski

---

I'm in a daze  
floating above reality  
not alive, not dead,  
but somewhere in-between—  
this hazy stage of nothing.

Words,

they drone around me  
peripherals blur indistinguishable,  
no awareness of limbs  
focus—too hard—on the heaviness  
of my eye lids, the drawl  
of my breath, this soft  
coolness on the back  
of my neck—

What did you say?

Are you real? Because nothing  
around me feels like anything—

yet we collide

like a feather brushing a cheek,  
strangers bumping shoulders,



like an explosion of a star,  
light years away from life—  
we are bound.

I'm not anything, but you are.  
We blend together, our entities,

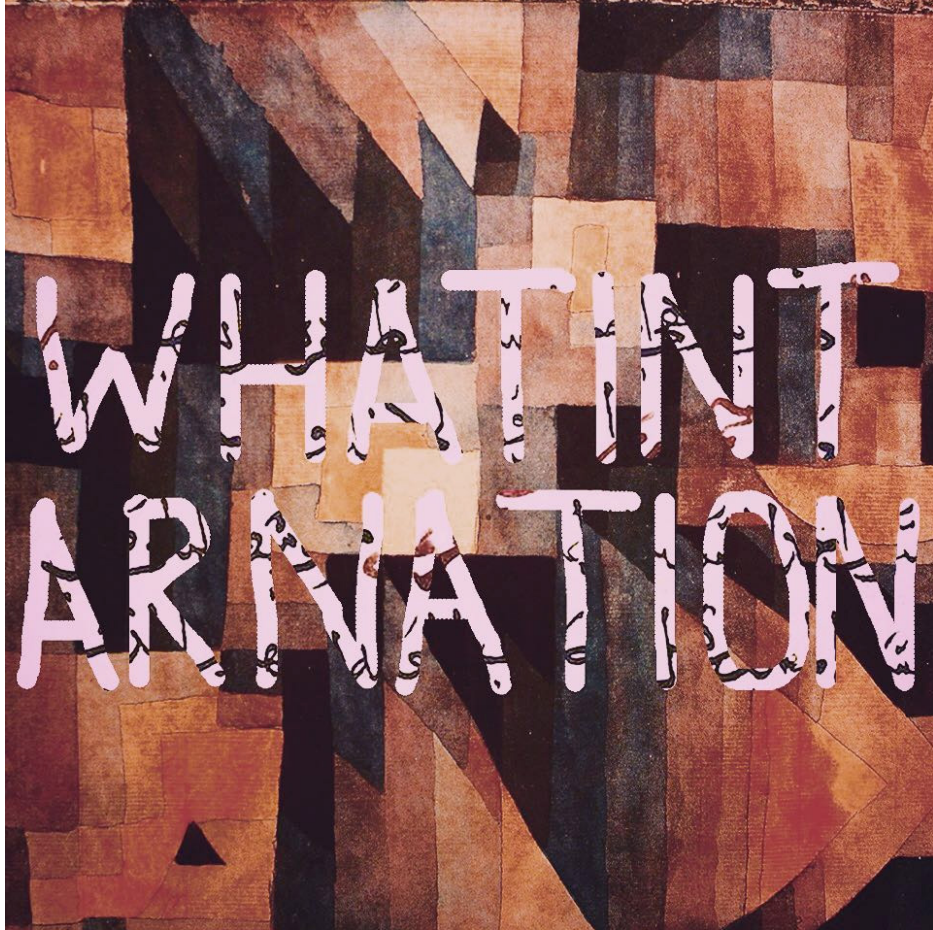
but—your cheeks, they've dulled—  
You've got my nothing.



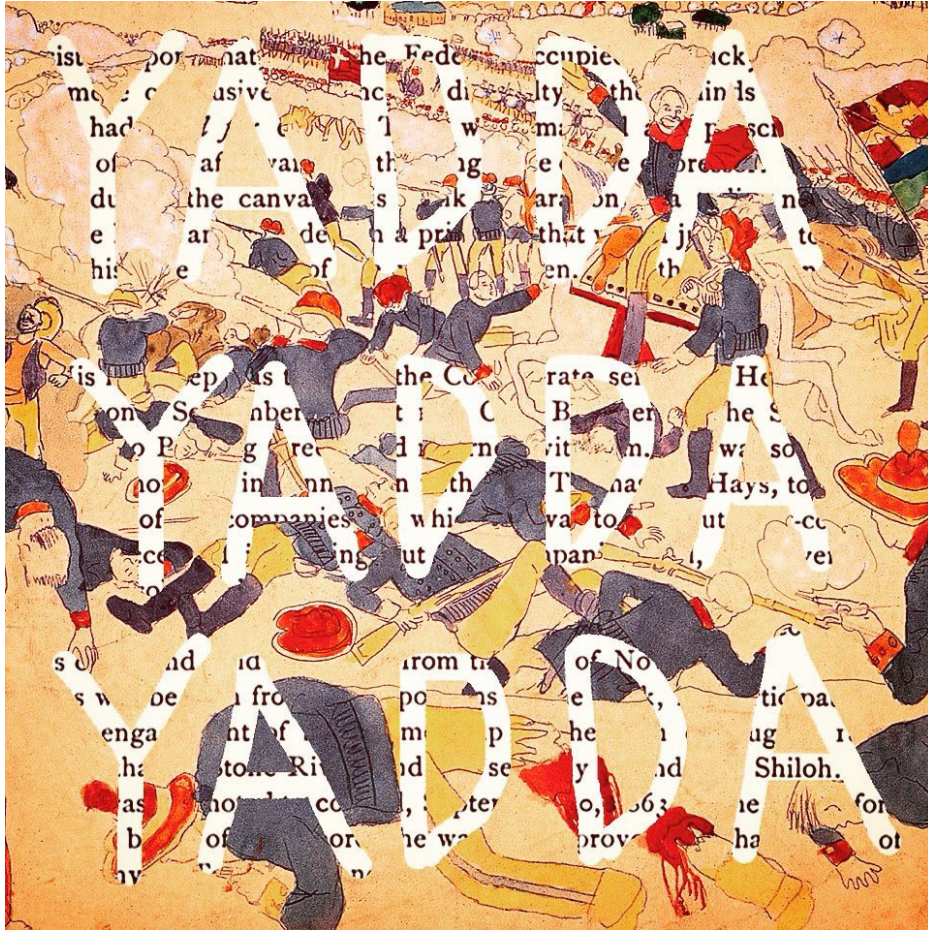
Joe Milazzo, *Hair Metal*,  
computer graphic, 2017.



Joe Milazzo, *Diplomatic Immunity*,  
computer graphic, 2018.



Joe Milazzo, *What in Tarnation*,  
computer graphic, 2018.



Joe Milazzo, *Yada Yada Yada*,  
computer graphic, 2018.

*kiss & tell*

by Victor Clevenger

---

reggie tells a story about a girl  
he knew for two weeks  
at a petco  
says they got real close  
one night she stuck her tongue deep into his mouth  
swirled it softly  
& his legs got weak

i tell him about thursday night at the villa  
how my lips against yours  
made my body feel like a sun rising  
above a city  
your exhale becoming my inhale  
warmth expanded & alive again

he says bullshit  
says he doesn't believe that  
i had actually kissed you

& that's okay

i tell him that  
i don't believe his story either

*bones age with each breath*

by Victor Clevenger

---

i wish i had an answer  
wish i didn't have demons  
didn't always feel like failing  
i wish i didn't have a situation  
was 22 again  
i wish i was smarter  
had gone to college  
i wish i was living life  
not letting life live me  
i wish i had your heartbeat memorized  
like a song by the national  
wish i didn't feel everything closing  
in on me didn't always cry when i hurt  
i wish that i could pick lilies for you  
year round  
walk to the kitchen right now  
make you cinnamon rolls  
i wish i was the earth to you  
lick your armpits until you laugh  
i wish i wasn't losing you to someone  
that will never love you i love you  
i wish that my heart was actually an object  
i could remove from my body  
i would rip it out & give it to you without hesitation  
as you sip your hot cup of vanilla biscotti  
i light a cigarette

hazing the room like fog lifting over a cemetery  
we've both seen  
in a dream  
but refuse to acknowledge



*Therapy is.*

by Hannah Searsy

---

A Treatment intended to heal or relieve a disorder  
A place you go to avoid dealing with your disorder

A Treatment of mental or psychological disorders by  
psychological means  
A hamster wheel for the overactive gerbils running around in your brain

The attempted remediation of a mental health problem  
A place all your friends commend you for going to, then later pretend  
they didn't

An important part of treatment for PTSD and depression  
An expense your health insurance company doesn't cover

Not just for the middle class  
Not usually available for the people who need it the most

A way to develop healthy coping skills  
A way to learn when and where it is appropriate to cry in public

A place you go to when you have low self esteem  
A place where you learn how to pop those hateful thought bubbles  
that pop up in your mind at inopportune times.

A way to help decrease your anxieties  
A way to create new anxieties you never knew you had

A place where you learn to deal with thoughts, feelings, past behavior  
and emotional disturbances

A way to avoid community service

An essential part of drug abuse treatment for many people

The only place you can tell an authority figure about your drug use  
and not go directly to jail

A place to get a diagnosis

150 dollars an hour

When a person speaks with a trained therapist

When you tell a total stranger your most intimate thoughts  
and darkest secrets. (You should probably kill them.)

A personal space that can help you cope with and  
resolve childhood traumas

A space where you get to bitch about your parents and how  
they fucked you up and someone has to listen.

A way to foster positive self-improvement

A place where you go inside a room with of your all past selves  
and a gun and see who comes out alive

A safe and comfortable space

A place that rarely has a couch

Somewhere to get a new lease on life

File thirteen

Part of a program that will help you quit smoking

A place where you can pick up smoking

More effective than talking to your friends

Worse than talking to your friends

Only the work you put into it

A thing you don't ever want to do the work for

The only place where you don't feel like you're crazy  
The only place that makes you realize that you're crazy

A way to move on  
A thing that helps you face the shit in your mind  
that goes bump in the night

A place you don't make it out of alive  
A place that teaches you how to make it worth staying alive.

A place that destroys your ass  
A place that saves your ass.

*"If I was going to kill myself I would tell you  
You're only young once but you can't be immature forever."  
Jimmy Urine, Mindless Self Indulgence*

*A Newer, Better Version  
of How You Died*

by Allison Emmaline Piercy

---

I'm trying out new ways  
to tell the story of you. (You see,  
  
the comings and goings of six summers  
have made it stale. I'm not dying anymore;  
  
neither are you, for that matter.) In this one,  
seventeen years—turkey sandwiches,  
  
Nebraska fishing, dental school—  
were enough to close the circle.  
  
By mutual agreement, you and God  
decide, golly, that's well enough  
  
enough. Nothing drags you  
from your bed into the whiteness.  
  
In this one, you just pull a string in your brain—  
poof!—so it blows up like a life raft  
  
and you drift up and up and up.  
God holds out his catcher's mitt  
  
and takes a great big sniff of you, like a new baby  
or an old book. Still ripe like a heap of old flowers.

You are happier, after that, in God's great big summer camp  
for seventeen-year-old boys.

Time is just one cloud in the biggest sky you've ever seen.  
You lose the shape of it while wrestling on the bunk ladder,

or making holy lanyards, trampling moons underfoot  
when the dinner bell rings. When he tucks you into bed, the ceiling is dirt

and real flowers, just like back home. And you sleep better than anything.  
In this one, you have no parents, no sister Martha,

no brother Mark. You have dirty feet,  
and no one has to miss you.

In this one, heaven doesn't even  
matter. What matters is when

God loads up all the boys in the van  
for an afternoon down at the river, when

you jump off the pier and plunge straight  
into a prickly cluster of river-weeds

and in that frozen joy of submersion,  
where plant and sun and stream all stream

together, a silver dart swipes past your ankle.  
Scale and flickering. Your brain tells you

*bluegill*, before you remember  
bluegills, or fishing line,

or hands; then it tells you, *you are in the Missouri River*,  
and only after, what it's like to have

a pair of glasses, and legs,  
and a name. For a minute there,

you are a boy who eats  
turkey sandwiches

and completes all his circles. For a minute there,  
you reach beside you for the pole

you left in your uncle's shed in Copeland Bend,  
and you can smell fish and metal,

and close your fingers on it all so nearly  
that nothing but the voice of God

could shake you from it—who does,  
and tells you get out and dry off;

it is time  
to head back home.

SYMMETRY

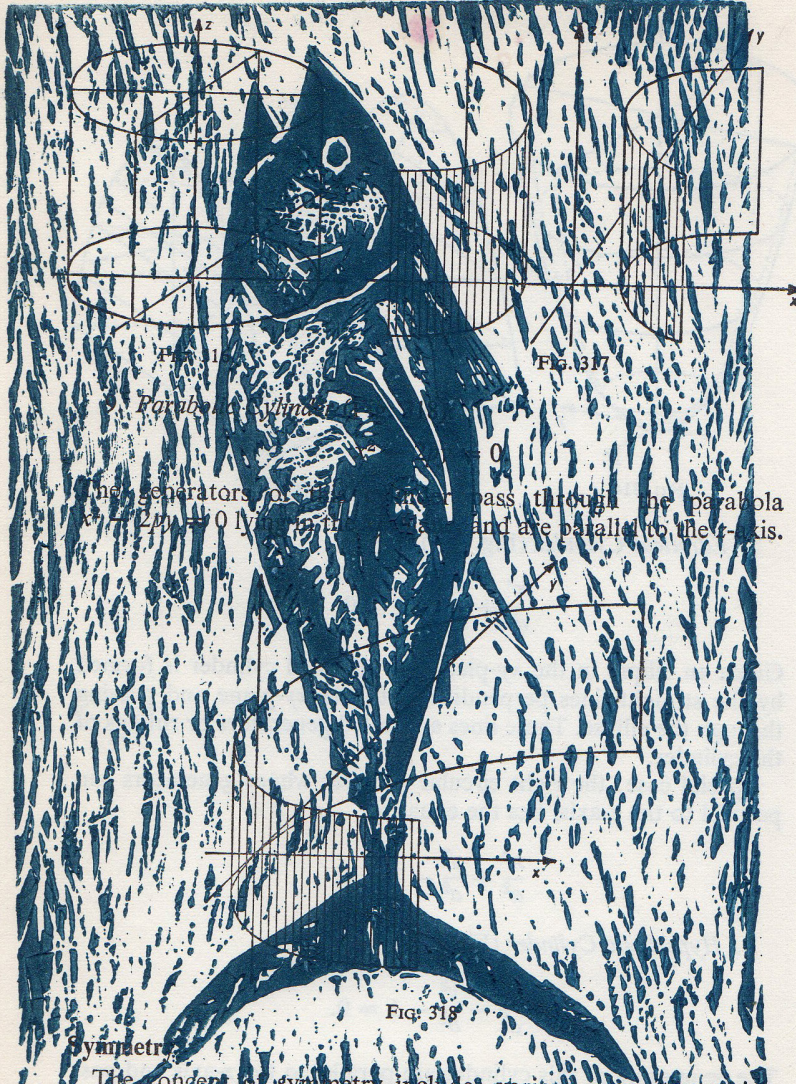


FIG. 1317  
*Parabolas symmetric*

The generators of the surface pass through the parabola  $x^2 + 2py = 0$  in the  $xz$ -plane and are parallel to the  $y$ -axis.

Fig. 318

Symmetry

The concept of symmetry includes various properties which can be applied to many of the geometrical figures. We distinguish between (see individual articles)

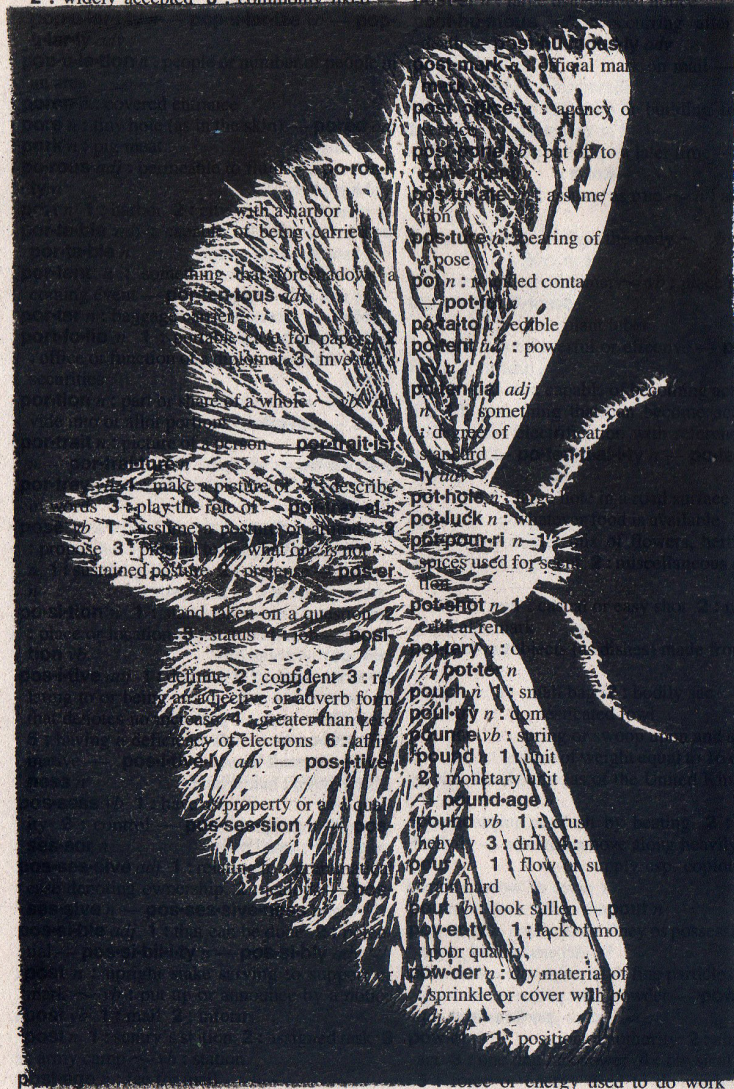
Dan Collins, *Symmetry*,  
block print on math book, 2018.

popular

148

pop-u-lar *adj* 1 : relating to the general public  
2 : widely accepted 3 : commonly liked

post-al *adj* : relating to the mail  
post-er *n* : large non-printed notice



Dan Collins, *Popular*,  
block print on dictionary, 2018.