A painting of a red-skinned figure, possibly a woman, standing with arms raised high in a V-shape. The figure is rendered in a solid red color with some shading to suggest form. The background is a blue sky with a few small yellow star-like marks. Below the sky is a thin white line representing the horizon, and below that is a dark blue sea with some lighter blue waves. The overall style is somewhat abstract and expressive.

IN THE HOLLOW OF THE WAVE

NINA
MINGYA
POWLES

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You look at me

and long to locate me

Somewhere

A place where a fault

can be mapped on a landscape

cut deep under the

island

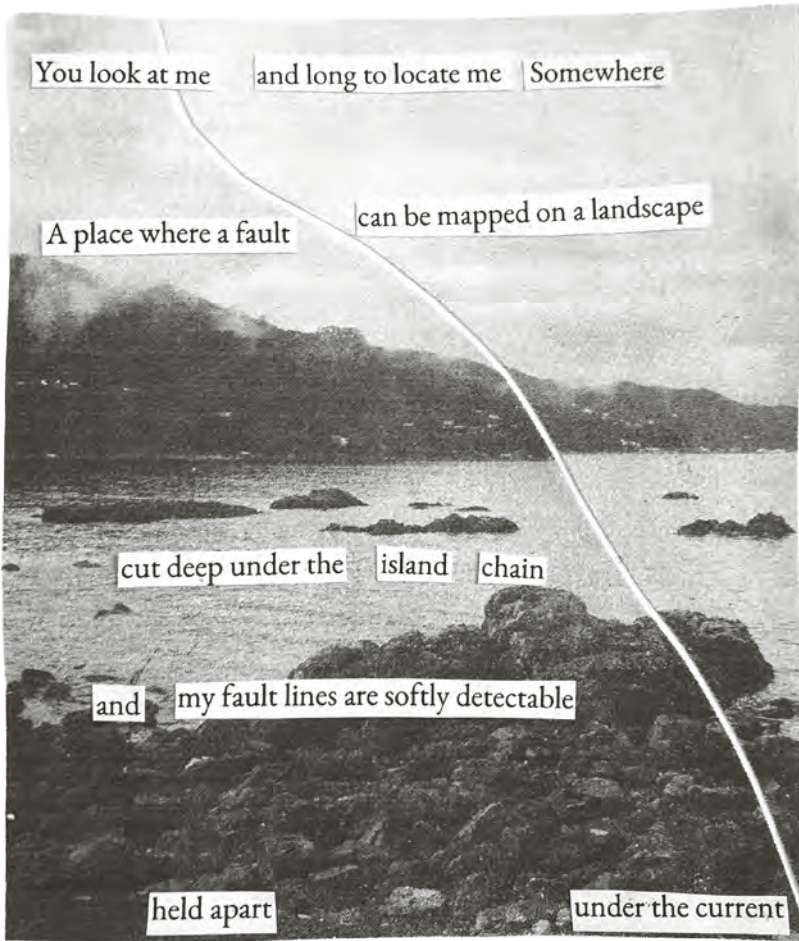
chain

and

my fault lines are softly detectable

held apart

under the current



Slipstitch

Can memory be unhoused or is it the form in which everything is held?

– Victoria Chang, *Dear Memory*

humidity

My mother won't look inside her old piano. The keys have
softened and won't play. She thinks something

might be growing inside, the wood now warped

and damp. Everything is porous here.

My old memories are full of holes. New ones float
up to the surface, sticky and ready to be shaped.

I can hear the cousins' chatter about heat lamps,
humidity, the local piano man. I step into the

path of the electric fan and part of my body becomes
air. Boxes of her records around my feet,

booklets of sheet music with frayed corners
where she turned the pages again and again.