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**teodor
bordeianu**

early in the morning

There is a certain breed of people that cannot distinguish dream from reality. For them, the border between the two is just diaphanous, blurred out. They build their destiny in their dream — completely raptured by various literary characters — a dream they adapt to reality and which they often replace it with.

At some point however, they all are confronted with the unforgiving, the correct, yet to them unintelligible flow of the masses of normal people. Their dreams turn to dust, and in the conventional reality, they find themselves as strangers. Tolerated beings.

And so, they start building their shell of transparent dreams again. And once they are back in their hideout, they start taking it for reality. Again. They honestly and methodically believe that the whole world revolves within the oneiric space they constructed. But the world does not like being drawn into games against its will. And it punishes harshly and — from its own perspective — rightfully those worthless half-dreamers, those eternal inhabitants of abandoned stations.

But no, for them these stations are not abandoned.

They see trains coming and going, passengers cramming against the doors. Yet the routes don't appeal to

**harriet
goldman**

charlotte silver

Standing at the eighth-floor window of Chandler Concrete, looking down at Union Square, Charlotte thought the world had become a newsreel. There she was, Eleanor Roosevelt, crossing the park to the new War Bonds booth near the subway with a long assertive stride. She was taller than the men in her entourage, and waving while flashbulbs popped. Charlotte thought she saw that famous smile with too many teeth and the receded chin that by all rights should have made Mrs. Roosevelt ugly, but instead made people judge her by a different standard. Charlotte checked the sky. The clouds were thick, but she figured she had at least fifteen minutes before the rain began. Gail, her desk mate in the bookkeeping department, tap, tap, tapped her hardboiled egg on her typewriter, and the room began to smell like sulfur.

Grabbing her coat, Charlotte made it down to the street in time to join a crowd cheering as Mrs. Roosevelt left the booth, disappearing into a big black car, one white-gloved hand to the window. With faint bewilderment, they stared at the spot where the car had stood, what luck to have been a witness to history! As a thin drizzle began to fall, they dispersed.

Around Charlotte, some booksellers were already

**jane
rosenberg
laforge**

sisterhood
of the infamous

A body always begins a story such as this. My body, her body; mine to be burned, hers razed by violent action; to be discovered along a remote trail of russet hills and yellow grass, beneath an open sky. She will be laid in a cemetery that becomes a stop on a tourist bus, or a destination undertaken on adolescent pilgrimages. I will be spread on the water, to sink to the bottom, or evaporated into the nether-history of oxygen.

My city is one of many bodies, and many hillsides to receive them. Only a particular type of body found on a hillside, by a jogger or a group of stoned teen-agers, inspires curiosity into its origins. Only a body that is female and clean, with neither venereal nor retroviral antibodies in the blood; without the scars of surgery, braces, medically-sanctioned beatings, much like I wear now. But they are temporary; they too will be swallowed up by the fire. Her body will be remembered because of its face, recognizable, youthful, with the power to remind people of their youth. Mine reminds people not so much of age but of the frustrations of aging, missed opportunities, squandered talents.

Some bodies are born to punishment, like mine; others are drafted, like hers. Some are transformed by

**roger
d. mullins**

summer, 1967

We spent most of our free time at the lake the summer the body drifted into the little cove we claimed as our own. That was 1967, the Summer of Love in San Francisco, a mere hour away in the opposite direction, or the Long, Hot Summer in places far away from us, like Detroit. The world was a distant drum-beat, dissonance pounding through cheap Craig stereo door-panel speakers, radio-noise that faded in and out as we snaked our way along the narrow road to the lake. My then best friend, Daniel, always drove his '58 Impala convertible, the top up during the cool morning ride to the lake, the top down during the sultry, late afternoon cruise home. His girl-friend, Mary Beth, stretched out in the passenger seat, her feet up on the dashboard, her long, nut-brown legs tantalizing close to, but light-years away from me; me always in the backseat behind Daniel, looking past the shell of Mary Beth's ear, following the sight-line from her knee to her toes, those toes that left little wet dabs on the lakeside rocks, ephemeral prints that melted away in the dry afternoon heat with each step she took away from the lake, her skin glistening with coconut oil and water; me in the backseat looking for my thin reflection in the door window, or staring past those

**sylvain
souklaye**

the waiting room

‘Caught between History’s frontiers and actual frontiers, I stand still. I’m on a razor’s edge, trying to keep my balance, but I’m unable to choose between the crash test and backfiring ...’

I should write some bullshit like that, I might even be able to escape unharmed. As I frantically scratch my head, I realise I need to cut my nails or my fingers. I’d like to lose them all through scratching a wall of my prison, but my imagination is too cheeky to let me play the role of an ordinary prisoner for very long. What would I do with my arse stuck to this folding chair in the middle of a no man’s land? I know this jail is custom made and that it’s at least thirty years old. It’s built to fit my body - flabby, soft, hairy, brown and black with blood running aimlessly throughout and holding oxygen hostage. So, I can’t escape. I’ll just continue going round and round in circles. I go round in circles by taking detours, following bends, right turns, and especially cul-de-sacs. It doesn’t really matter if marathon runners have more ethics on the road than premature ejaculators. The starting point and the finish line are hard to tell apart anyway. Uterus, grave, placenta, earth - I’ve always loathed the packaging, the wrapping paper. And the surprise is always more

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m i s s i o n

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