

ISSUE No. 8

# DARLING

*the art of being a woman*





THE INTELLECTUAL

There is a certain romance,  
in the days of cool walks on arid ground.  
Parched late afternoons,  
later in the summers.

In my version, there is rain,  
all things barren possess life,  
all things hostile are calm, and there is  
a gentle breeze of conversation.

In this retelling, there are books, scribbles  
and the cracked, weathered notes  
of a trusted scholar,  
a historian of my own hidden memories.

Grains of thought blowing across my feet  
into the dunes, into the dreams  
of a young girl hoping she can change the world  
with nothing but ink and story.

Tales told by gestures of wise, wrinkled  
fingers pointing to the impossible.  
Shallow and rocky the voyage, a charge  
to go exactly there.

I wish we were together, my faraway friends.  
A meeting of the minds, ideas discussed,  
the language of possibility spoken silently  
bound by a paper spine and boundless spirit.