

Jodi Drinkwater

Jodi Drinkwater received her MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry from Wichita State University as well as a Film Studies—Screenwriting degree from Santa Fe Community College. Her short plays have been performed in a variety of venues in Santa Fe, and her poetry is published in small presses, including South Dakota Review, and A Project for A New Mythology, among others.

Zombie

Written by Jodi Drinkwater

Dust settles on floors, now.
Wind sisses through slats,
so no use, but I mop and brush,
sweep and wash, and, yes,
I scrub the linoleum.

Cellar's stocked with jars unused
and no one left to claim them.
A spider skates from shelf to shelf
its humble thread vibrating.

I hang what needs hung
on the midday line
when the sun's high and hot
and shadows long.

Bare, my closet,
but, there, I fold
sweater with sweater,
new with old.

When I have to, I sort
like with like,
black with black,
white with white,

stocking with stocking,
sock with sock.
A hard wind's rattle,
but the front door's locked.

No one outside,
at least it seems,
so back, I step,
alone, I glide.

Now, the sun's low
in the desert dun sky,
pale strata,
sanguine line.

The cat has vanished.
The birds have flown.
No dog barks.
The mice have gone.

There's the spare garden,
in bleached moonlight,
dry heath and heather,
wilted redvine.

But one bloom stands.
alone in the isle—
Vermilion blossom
and purple lisle.

Should they come now,
let them come.
My will is this
for whomever is left—
if anyone:

My mark was to make it,
if anyone cared,
to leave them dazzled,
to make it big.

Then these zombies,
and I, stuck cleaning the house.
I'd barricade windows,
but what's the point?
Then I couldn't see out.

No weapons here, either,
just paintbrush and pen.

I kneel in my garden
and lament. I cry.

Someone cries,
"Get into the house!"
But here I bow
by my last autumn flower

and hold still
as a rabbit on the chaparral,
hoping they'll pass me,
hoping they'll see,

I'm one of their own,
the sin on my brain,
my heart a black demon
covered with stain.

In silence of night,
"Pass me," I plea,
hoping my blossom
will not betray me.

Angela Foreman

The Best Thing In Life...

Written by Angela Foreman

Knowing where you come from,
Learning from where you have been
And willing to work hard to get to where you want to go
And being comfortable with your choices
Better days ahead
And acceptance for everyone
No matter what they have been through

Pictures

Written by Angela Foreman

Memories,

 Good times,

 Fun times.

People I know

 People I don't know

They mean something

 Pictures.

David Trujillo

I'm from Santa Fe and have lived here for most of my life. I've heard voices/chatter all my life, which has led to my diagnosis of schizophrenia. Is there efficacy for me with cognitive defusion? It's hard when thoughts are fused by the constant chatter that I hear. The help I have been able to get from Lifelink has saved my life.

Soul and Spirit

Written by David Trujillo

Soul music plays in
The churches of our minds
Spiritual beliefs play
Between the dark and the light
Soul and spirit are not one
The spirit leaves your body
When you pass, but
Your soul remains in the
Universe, soon to return

In some life form to come
Your spirit needs to soar
To become a part of the greater world. You feel
The spirit take you up
You feel your soul guide
You. And, somehow
The spirit and the
Soul never meet.
Your soul is neverending
Whereas your spirit may
Be broken and you
Only feel pain
This is when you
Should call on your
Spirit to help you
Through the depths
Of your soul.
One builds on the
Other, yet still with
Autonomy. They say
Keep your spirit gay
And your soul will stay.

Katelyn Feldman

I struggle with mental illness. At first it seemed to slow me down but later I realized I looked at life differently, as if it were a gift. Life is fragile and I have to make the most of it. As an illustrator and artist, I want to share my work with people that appreciate it. I wrote my story through a child's eyes. I was asked to see a doctor for my depression in highschool later, and I saw a psychiatrist and was diagnosed with bi polar, schizophrenia, and depression not all at the same time.

A Man She Meets

Written by Katelyn Feldman

The door at Tribes opens
A short man enters, he glances at the girl from Bumble.
He smiles, and asks her what's good.
Carrot cake, and coffee. He orders both of them. Her look back,
We didn't have a six pack. Maybe
I'll take a second look. Her friend was there to see if Sam was a nice guy.
Laura gave the thumbs up to Rebecca. Rebecca gave her a hug and took off.
Sam was sweet, not too nervous
Very open about casual dating, and how much Laura reminded him of his mother.
Sam wasn't convinced that Laura could break loose and have fun.
He was wrong, Laura was up for bars, tattoos, and talking to strangers.
Laura came off as a nervous church goer, but was very open minded.
I'd get a tattoo or clean up the one I already had.
Sam changed his mind but there was no kiss, just a hug
A simple hug.

Dating Apps

Written by Katelyn Feldman

The movie He's Just Not That Into You.
Do dating apps help make you more desirable? Do these cliches make sense?
The answer is that most men do not want to be on a dating app, unless desperate for the cliché, either ugly or wanted casual encounters only.
How does that work, men think that women will give up and settle.
And that can be true. However, the ugly guy gets no love.
He does not look better online, just the same. However, maybe a desperate woman will say yes.
There is hope.
The average nice guy looks the best, has the motives, and has lots of women to choose from.
Women with a good profile are more likely to get more likes or chat hits.
Women that are older may have less chance for love right.

Want to be featured in our next issue? Please send a bio and up to three short pieces of writing (approximately 2000 words or less) to rruff-wagner@thelifelink.org by November 26th.