

INKSTAY MAGAZINE

19

October 2018

CONTRIBUTORS

editors + designers

apcllo.tumblr.com
ibuzoo.tumblr.com
matrimcauthon.tumblr.com
reinacm.tumblr.com

writers + poets

iamrmt.tumblr.com
jonaswpoetry.tumblr.com
just-my-thoughts.tumblr.com
mleighsquickspot.tumblr.com
m-ondieu.tumblr.com
noesaidshewouldwrite.tumblr.com
september-stardust.tumblr.com
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

photographers

Alesia Kazantceva via Unsplash
Amanda Moody via bombshells.com
Annie Spratt via Unsplash
Charles Etoroma via Unsplash
Mona Eendra via Unsplash
Nicole Honeywill via Unsplash
Oscar Blair via Unsplash
Paulina Ponce via Unsplash
talkingtomymind.tumblr.com

page

content

04

writer interview

06

writer showcase

14

august prompt entries

30

monthly prompts

32

news + affiliations

dear readers,

Happy October! This issue features a wonderful interview with the very talented fragments-of-my-mind. It also features 14 brilliant works by ink-stay readers. I was also very excited to put in more photos than usual from Unsplash, a photo posting site for aspiring photographers. I hope that you enjoy this fall issue!

- Reina

A person wearing a bright yellow raincoat is shown in profile, standing in the rain. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey, suggesting a rainy day. The person's hand is in their pocket, and they are looking towards the right.

Writer's Corner

WRITER INTERVIEW

D.G.

Fragments, or DG, as they are most commonly known on Tumblr, is currently living in Europe, while they pursue their studies. They began writing around a year ago, ironically when they actually discovered tumblr can be used for writing, and they had it in them to give some sort of form to the thoughts that clouded their mind. Hence, “fragments of my mind” came into existence. It’s not much, but there are times when they are actually proud of their URL. You’d probably find a lot of heartlessness and darkness within their words, and that’s probably the way their mind works, for now at least.

ALSO KNOWN AS

[FRAGMENTS-OF-MY-MIND.TUMBLR.COM](https://fragments-of-my-mind.tumblr.com)

What inspires you?

Being around nature, blissful silent solitude and often darkness too.

Where did your love of writing come from?

I guess the most prominent reason would be being able to channel my thoughts in a positive way (being able to reach out to people with your words is a positive thing I believe), writing provided me with a refuge I didn't know existed, through writing I was able to give some meaning to the utterly useless thoughts I had in my mind.

What do you like to read in your free time?

Usually novels, mostly based on inspirational stories or war time stories, philosophy, mystery and sometimes fantasy as well.

Why did you choose to write in your particular field or genre? And if you write more than one, how do you balance them?

I usually do not consider as writing in a particular field or genre, most of it is just free form, because that's the only way I can channel my thoughts, sometimes they take form of poetry, other times its prose but really there is no particular way of going about it and I guess that's where the beauty is, the rawness of the writings you spill, just pouring down your thoughts to

paper or screen alike.

What projects are you working on at the present?

There are a lot of unfinished poems in my drafts right now, and some ideas I had ages ago waiting to be transformed into anything near about substantial which doesn't feel like happening anytime soon, but I'm not losing hope just now.

What do your plans for future projects include?

A poetry book and a novel (at the very least) but both of them seem to be very long shots.

Have you ever brought one of your works on stage?

Nope, not really, I don't really think I'd be able to, but not sure. If I'm in a place where no one knows me, I just might.

Do you engage with the writing community in your own region?

Not much, because writing side of me is not very much known to those around me and I tend to keep it that way. No one from my real life knows about my blog here lol.

Do you write in your native language? If not, why

Yes, I often do, maybe not as much as I should, but I still do. I haven't

shared much here because people wouldn't really understand it, but maybe in future I might, with translations of course.

Are there recurring themes in your work? What are they? And why these themes?

Heartlessness and darkness are probably the two most recurring themes I think, and that's possibly because they are a few things which have stuck with me for longest of times, I am not particularly proud of them, but I think I'm learning to channel them somehow.

Find DG on Tumblr at fragments-of-my-mind.tumblr.com!

Their poems are showcased in the coming pages:

Hole in his shirt (pg. 6)

And I wonder... (pg. 7)

You ask how easy it was for me to forget you (pg. 8)

The lonely swing (pg. 11)

Broken Windows (pg. 12)

Take me back (pg. 13)

Hole in his shirt



He didn't come home that night,
Plausible she shouldn't have been too hard on him,
Now she didn't know where he'd be,
Maybe spending the night with his mistress,
Her thoughts went berserk,
As doubts clouded her mind,
Didn't bother calling him either,
Nor could she remember her words,
Just decided to leave his place,
And drove back to hers.
Slept through daybreak without thinking of him,
No one heard of him,
And she got a little worried,
Tried his phone, it went straight to voicemail,
Drove back to his place,
No sign of him but,
There was an ambulance in the alley,
For the first time in ages her heart skipped a beat,
As she dreaded the worst,
Holding herself she went inside,
Paramedics guiding her, thinking she was family,
His body's covered in a white stainless cloth,
No, it couldn't be, she didn't want to believe,
They uncovered the cloth,
And she saw him,
In his favorite white shirt he had worn that night,
When he asked her out to dinner for the first time,
Only this time it was reddened and dirty,
A hole pierced through the left side.
Crestfallen, unable to think properly,
She reached for his pulse,
It was too late, he had been dead for hours,
In her attempts, she found his clenched fist,
A note, piece of paper perhaps, stuck,
Uncovered with deft touch,
Her heart sank as she read the bloodied paper,
"Now I'm truly heartless".

and i wonder
how many
more stabs
to the pulsing core
my heart
can survive,
before it
stops
beating
completely.



You ask how easy it was for me to forget you

You ask how easy it was for me to forget you?

Let me tell you how easy it was, just how easy it actually was to really forget you. It took sleepless nights, exhausting myself to crumble to sleep, to crave nothingness seep into my eyes and take me to the world of darkness, and even then I wasn't free, for there were no dreams, only nightmares. My demons had taken over to haunting me every night, not a moment of peace.

Days of longing gave way to moments of desperation, exacerbating to searching for you in the crowds, everywhere I went, until I was able to convince myself you're not gonna be there, and even then I'd find myself still looking for you, always had a hard time coming to terms with things as it was.

Every text, every call, and foolishly I'd hope, I'd wish, it was from you, yet that wasn't so forth coming. Came to a point when I was able to tell my stupid heart, which actually didn't exist, mind you, that what it was waiting for, wasn't gonna come. Still, the remnants of my heart continued to hope, how they got the strength I never came to comprehend.

Every class I went to, the lessons didn't feel the same and I told myself I'd have to get used to it, used to not having you around, but you had been such an integral part of everything I used to do that it just wasn't like a switch; flick on, everything good, flick off, total darkness; life just doesn't work that way.

It didn't happen just like that, it didn't happen in the blink of an eye, it was an ardenous process. A grilling procedure I had to succumb myself to, to be able to come to the point where I could actually try to forget you.

And after years of hard work, years of killing my inner self, years of murdering my own heart, of cursing my very being, years of not going where you used to go, I came to a point where I woke up not thinking about you, where I slept not thinking about you.

The very next day, however, there, you had to come right across me, and then you also had the nerve to look me in the eyes. I mean, like you could have just killed me, I guess that might have been better. Years of atrocious efforts to forget you and when I finally got there, you come out of nowhere, and then you say how easy it was for me to forget you.

How ironic, indeed.





The lonely swing

Out there in the fields of hues,
I'll meet you under the bamboo tree,
Of a life, once colorful, now full of rue,
That's what you said, yet you're no where I see.

~~

A blend of purple, orange and green,
What would be described as truly ensorcelling,
Girdled around a life that was once so serene,
For now, a wait, I can feel it unbearable but forcing.

~~

The lonely swing you promised to let me ride,
Hangs in silence, dejected, awaiting your return,
Tears stream down my face where a smile used to reside,
The remnants of my heart are crying, wounds burn.

~~

The white of my dress, so pure but staining,
In anticipation of a caress, not so forth coming,
Time's passing by, a longing not fading, I'm draining,
Looking over the horizon, dusk is looming.

~~

In desperation, a look at the skies, so beautiful,
Hiding my face, afraid someone sees the fear,
Of losing you, seemingly so possible, almost pitiful,
Stranded in your wake, slowly drifting,
In a heavy voice, I tell my heart, not lifting,
You're not coming dear.

Broken Windows

You have finally stumbled upon this path, that lead you here,
How do you like it I wonder, how do you feel I procrastinate.
Things are no longer as you left them, you didn't leave them with any protection dear,
You have come after so long, in these ruins you'd probably dissipate.

/

Can you see these broken windows, I'm not really hiding,
Shattered glass, pieces of wood sprawled on the floors.
I built a fortress, they put up a siege, alone I was fighting,
I couldn't contain them, they got through, banged down the doors.

/

Came in hoards, took away what they pleased,
I was crippling, looked at their atrocities in horror.
Everything we had put together, demolishing, possessions siezed,
Felt like one of those nightmares, I'd wake up in terror.

/

It was no nightmare and there was no you, to calm me as I lost my way,
You've come now and I haven't got anything to give to you.
Did you walk through the corridors, did you hear what the walls say,
Or are you still deaf, to your surroundings, or will you cry in rue.

/

The white sheets you used to love, wanted them to never be dirty,
Did you pass them on the way, I'm sorry they're not that clean now.
I should've known you were coming, would've washed them for you, so haughty,
The red marks on them are of blood though, thought you should know.

/

Why did you leave, what was important than what we had,
Now you look through my broken windows with those eyes,
And not being able to do anything, I feel so bad,
Can't meet your stare for it burns me, myself dies.

/

Things that took place among these rooms will never let you sleep,
I tried to defend and guard but I was not really any match.
You can try forget but everything will cut you deep,
I'm here stranded with my broken windows without even a latch.

**"I think these words conveyed in the most beautiful of ways
what I wanted to write at the time I saw a picture of broken
windows of a mansion."**

– D.G.

Take me back

Take me back, Take me back,
To the start, to where we began,
There were no quarrels, we didn't need to slack,
Everywhere we went, together we ran.

/

Take me back, to where there was just us,
Neither me and you, nor you and me,
We used to flow so smoothly without any fuss,
To our locked hearts, only we had the key,
Now yours has been locked with someone else,
Whilst remnants of mine have withered, leaving me heartless.

/

Take me back, to the point where there was love,
Every instant spent together was a moment to cherish,
Now you're in another corner and we've clove,
Even the memories are fading, as if destined to perish.

Find more of their work on fragments-of-my-mind.tumblr.com!

A person wearing a bright yellow hooded raincoat is shown in profile, facing right. They are standing in a misty or rainy environment. The raincoat has a large hood, a front zipper closure, and a visible pocket on the left side. The person is wearing dark tights or leggings. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey, suggesting a rainy day.

Writer's Corner

SEPTEMBER

PROMPT ENTRIES

October prompts can be found on page, or on inkstay.tumblr.com.

PROMPT ENTRY #1

expose, equal, ordinary, deprived

the trouble with equality

to be considered of different value
just because of being a woman
how strange that sounds to me
equality by now should be understood
as natural and favorable
society cannot survive otherwise
however
untill now we somehow seem to
be in doubt about it
without knowing exactly why
but isn't that clear?
we always like to know who comes first
and we draw coclusions
which enhance a division of society
that's the trouble with equality

by
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #2

What does it mean to be a man?

a two sided thought

the thought of being
an influential person
with responsibilities
sounds both inviting
and on the other hand
worrisome to me
does it mean others are
constantly weighing your words
looking upon your daily schedules
I would hate that
but
getting things done
because of having authority
is certainly an attractive thought
so
being puissant:
if that happens to be the case
I'd concentrate on that

by
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #3

What does it mean to be a woman?

magazines will tell you that you are too big/ the streets will tell you that you are too small/
packs of wolves aren't as hungry or as deadly as the men whistling/ they will teach your
sister to hate you if you ever look better than her / hide your stomach, blow up your chest/
don't be plain and don't be a clown / shadows move and you want to turn your keys into
a knife/ you look for escapes and hurry your pace / you think you would hit them while
counting all the other girls that were torn apart and put into a garbage bag/ smile and look
nice/ your sisters want to take your place, you must fight them / men will move you around,
you must let them/ but you don't want to hurt your sisters and you don't want men to shape
you/ you got the sparks of the witches that swallowed the stake



by
noesaidshewouldwrite.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #4

proud, diamonds

such a relief

write on my soul
just anything what made you proud
bow towards the mirror
to see yourself clearly
or open the windows
and let your happy laughter be heard
by passers by
to feel proud - such a relief
after years of uncertainty
desertsand seemed to make a passage
unreachable but you found a solution
just in time

by
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #5

What does it mean to be a man?

equals

to be a man:
grew up with prejudices
about females
fought against what I learned at school
to be a man
I rather prefer to say: I am a human being
accept me with my failures
expect no macho
but someone searching for an
equal companion
I hope you like it

by
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #6

A siren that lives in a desert

My oasis always draws them in - the sand sailors. They ride strange creatures with long necks. Sometimes they tell me they haven't seen water in days. Sometimes they tell me they thought my home was a mirage in the desert sun. Other times they tell me they've seen more water in the past two days than the last two months, but it was never real. They are always relieved to see I'm unarmed, for some reason. 'Always a relief to see an unarmed man in the desert,' they tell me. 'There's too many out here ready to kill.'

I can always convince one to stay the night. Sometimes they argue about their trading schedules. Sometimes I get impatient and begin singing earlier in the evening than I want. They all turn in terror, but cannot resist. It is my song, my call, that beckons them to the pool. We all wade in, and then they go down, and drown themselves.

The irony of dried and parched sand sailors drowning doesn't reach me. My vacant voice rings through the air, and I don't stop singing until after they are all fished out of the water. Then, and only then, I cry, and give the bodies to my cruel god, who lets me stay alive in exchange. That cruel god you pray to. That cruel god who banished me to this dry desert to live in an oasis trap for the sand sailors. That cruel god who said I wouldn't be alone, but couldn't promise anything about being lonely.

by
iamrmt.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #7

A group of young people just drinking the night away

Siren Desert

Sun in my eyes, hot, sticky, humid air goes in and out of my lungs choking me into a current reality. How'd I get here, where am I, sand blown at my skin like tiny needles pinching me with a thousand stings. Pulled here I don't know why but I feel like I need to be here now, even if the reason is still unknown to me. Looking around no one as far as the eye can see but I hear a sound floating along the dense air. This sound calms, cools, calls me to it like a moth to a flame I'm powerless to not heed it's words. Walking for what seemed like hours I made it to the source. Dancing like a mirage among the rolling waves of musty heat a beauty, temptress, goddess whispers for me to come closer. Surrounded by an oases in this barren land I move towards what I think I see. My mind playing tricks on me as I take one step she moves three steps away, yet I'm pulled, ever drawn to this figure calling to me, her sweet song is a drug now that I need to live. Eventually night falls, and as the sun sets the moon rises on my pitiful attempts to claim my prize. All sense of time is lost, steps in the sun, steps in the moon light I can't reach her yet I can't give up either. Slowly wasting away a body full of life withers becoming a skeleton full of nothing. The passing winds whistle as they pass through the bones wholes while a spirit still lives on, watching her dance in the desert scenery just beyond my grasp. When will I leave this place, will I ever be set free, am I nothing more than her amusement, a shell of a man trapped between life and death with her calling to me.

by
mleighsquickspot.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #8

flattery, oppose, volatile

parents of yesterday

I still remember
how volatile the atmosphere
at home became when we grew up
wondering what sun ,moon and clouds,
always witnesses of the process
would say if they could speak.
indeed jealousy must have played a part
also regrets as if to say:
'why were we children then and not now?'
resulting in a wrong attitude towards us
It was indeed awkward enough
and a late attempt to correct it
was exactly what it was:
too late

by
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #9

lively, marshal

we are alive, it is still summer

memory, boxed in,
stuck to wisteria on the facade.
all teeth and lightning and searching
for squash blossoms in the park, bright green leaves,
for empty basketball court murals and the beach hidden
behind strings of luxury condos.
eight and a half million bees buzzing around every sidewalk and
outdoor cafe, in living color huffing honeyed exhaust.
love is beginning to smell like bbq smoke and the feeling of warm
rain pounding on the sidewalk outside the bar.
the gloaming, a blue hour reverberation lost in the way the light bounces
off the tops of the buildings at dusk on havemeyer welcoming the new
season splayed out on the doorstep

by
m-ondieu.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #10

winding, rash, forest



that night my blood exploded
this body is a ruin
an angry red galaxy on my skin
and i do know
how my words are always hollow
when i scream they just fly
to where nobody will listen
my name was scratched by your nails
and then the city expelled me
and told me to die in the woods
i took two roses from a abandoned garden
to stab my heart
and hide the fact that it is rotting

by
noesaidshewouldwrite.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #11

nonchalant

emotions and nonchalance

she tried in vain
to appear halfhearted
as she simply had a passionate drive
regarding so very many things
touching her life
It simply was her way to defend herself
vulnerable as she was
because of her emotions
and yet once I understood
I loved her all the more



by
wachtuiltje.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #12

What do school children carry in their backpacks?

Away on feet so small

Ten-thousand miles from home,
As un-prepared as well-, infantile steps
Jangle those poniards all carry
And must learn how best to use
Without missing keenest points, lest
Edges be unfortunately dulled,
Villages brought to the block, or
Innocent heads decorate high walls

-

Further, comes the clatter of shovels so deeply eager
For several rich soils into which they may delve
And reveal treasures for taking home or sharing
With they held at greatest worth and – hopefully –
Any sat in dire need of warm, shining gold

-

This to-be-toiled earth does beg
For any and all seeds too borne
By narrow, unaccustomed shoulders
So yet unburdened as to never guess
That others might, daily, know
Great weight, truly crippling, or
That such encumbrance could –
At a turn towards some tomorrow –
Easily become their own to bear, but
Buds & blooms grown either in or out
Will produce fruit for nourishing
Overcoming of that ignorance, as well
As many other sweets and sour
To be swallowed willingly or bitterly

In the same depths where daggers hide
Lay glittering crystals guiding on
To ever brighter scenes even while fighting
With shadow-claws seeking at tearing
Every innocent gleam to dull shreds
Of ineptitude, inactivity, and lonely death
Without a single chance at proud triumph

-

We must tighten the straps, and gently kiss
Unmarked sheets goodbye; our progeny carry
All they need, and can hope to receive –
Just as you did, and just as I, striding off
With satchels sunk low, but heads held high
In tear-stained greeting of the rising sun
And what harsh edification she'll bring
Unto those marching away on feet so small

PROMPT ENTRY #13

Someone is fishing for stars, they already have a few in their bucket

1204. Out of sight, out of mind

I'm fishing stars out from the sky, trying to stop myself from making any more wishes about you.



by
september-stardust.tumblr.com

PROMPT ENTRY #14

What does it mean to be a woman?

What does it mean to be a woman?

To be a woman is the greatest honor you will ever have. It is so much more than what a human mind can possibly fathom. To be a woman, it is to realize that you have every resource in the world and you just need to learn how to use it.

Women have not just been blessed biologically, but also intellectually. You see, a woman's ability to soften the mind of others and use her powers of persuasion to convince those around her to do what she wants is in itself a way to get work done as well as avoid conflict. A woman's mind works in marvelous ways. It has the ability to be fair just as well as to be biased towards the ones she loves.

Another captivating factor is her ability to decide her own fate. A woman never will never leave it up to others to make decisions for her. She makes the rules of her own life and she decides what to do and when to do it. She always has her plans in motion and is well focused on her goals. Whether she achieves said dreams or not is not that matter of importance, the fact that she works towards it is the only thing she needs to be worried about.

Last but not least is a woman's ability to empathize with others. 'Empathy' is defined as 'the ability to understand and share the feelings of another.' And no one can understand you like a woman does. A woman always makes sure that everyone around her is well and happy before she tends to her own needs. They always put others before themselves and are so selfless in every stepping stone of life.

Women don't exist to be better than men. They don't need to be. The two genders are incomparable because each gender has its merits and drawbacks. They need to support each other and co-exist peacefully. One gender will never be inferior to the other. Women are women, and they will always be.

by
just-my-thoughts.tumblr.com

A person wearing a bright yellow raincoat with the hood up, standing in the rain. They are looking to the right. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

I *nspiration Corner*

MONTHLY

PROMPTS

Write a short story, poem or anything that inspires you based on one of these prompts and either send it to inkstay.tumblr.com or tag it with [#inkstay](#) so we can reblog it - we will feature your work on the inkstay.tumblr.com blog and in the next magazine.

OCTOBER PROMPTS

- 01 Describe a mountain. How tall is it, how steep is it, do lots of people walk its paths, do animals live there, can it be seen from very far away, ...
- 02 A little boy has a little bird as his best friend
- 03 Every word you write bleeds on the paper
- 04 Write about purple things.
- 05 A woman is afraid of water
- 06 A fox watches people walk through its forest
- 07 Everyone is part machine. You can always hear the sounds of the machinery inside them and yourself, you wonder what silence is really like
- 08 Someone walks like a chameleon through a city
- 09 A town where only ten people still live
- 10 Someone dreading the moment their take away food arrives.

WORD PROMPTS

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| secrete | 01 |
| woods, biannual | 02 |
| mouth, armor, social | 03 |
| atone | 04 |
| soothing, period | 05 |
| shine, melancholia, advert | 06 |
| trivial | 07 |
| enigma, behavior | 08 |
| fathom, wanderlust, phrasing | 09 |
| chat, essence, banshee, favor | 10 |

NEWS + AFFILIATIONS

coming soon

october magazine

contribute

complete monthly prompts
and post to tumblr.com
with the tag [#inkstay](https://www.tumblr.com/tagged/inkstay) or
send it to inkstay.tumblr.com

contact us

we are always interested to
hear what you have to say!
contact us through inkstay.tumblr.com

