

LOCH NORSE MAGAZINE

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Mark Daniel Smith J.

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

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Caitlin Neely
 Editor-in-Chief

Jordan Padg

Here's To T Stained Ear

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Patti Bray

Lay This Burden Down

Edge of morning in skies tinted blush,
cows come in for milking.

Leave their burden in buckets and bawl
with relief.

This land nourished them—
they nourish us.

Simple gratitude is not enough.
Who will feed the cows in winter?

Some birds leave for southern realms
flying over emerald earth, never noticing
grass concealed beneath snowy splendor.
Dairy farms everywhere—

everyone awaits a thaw.
Footprints left in whiteness
melts mixing with muddy happiness
of approaching warmth

as coldness has come and gone.
Animals trod over paths worn by years—
content in echoes, soothed by a milking.
And I will feed the cows.

Joe Schumann

The Hardest Part

"Yeah," I said n
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"Your first one
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the lighter. "You w
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"I'm okay. It jus
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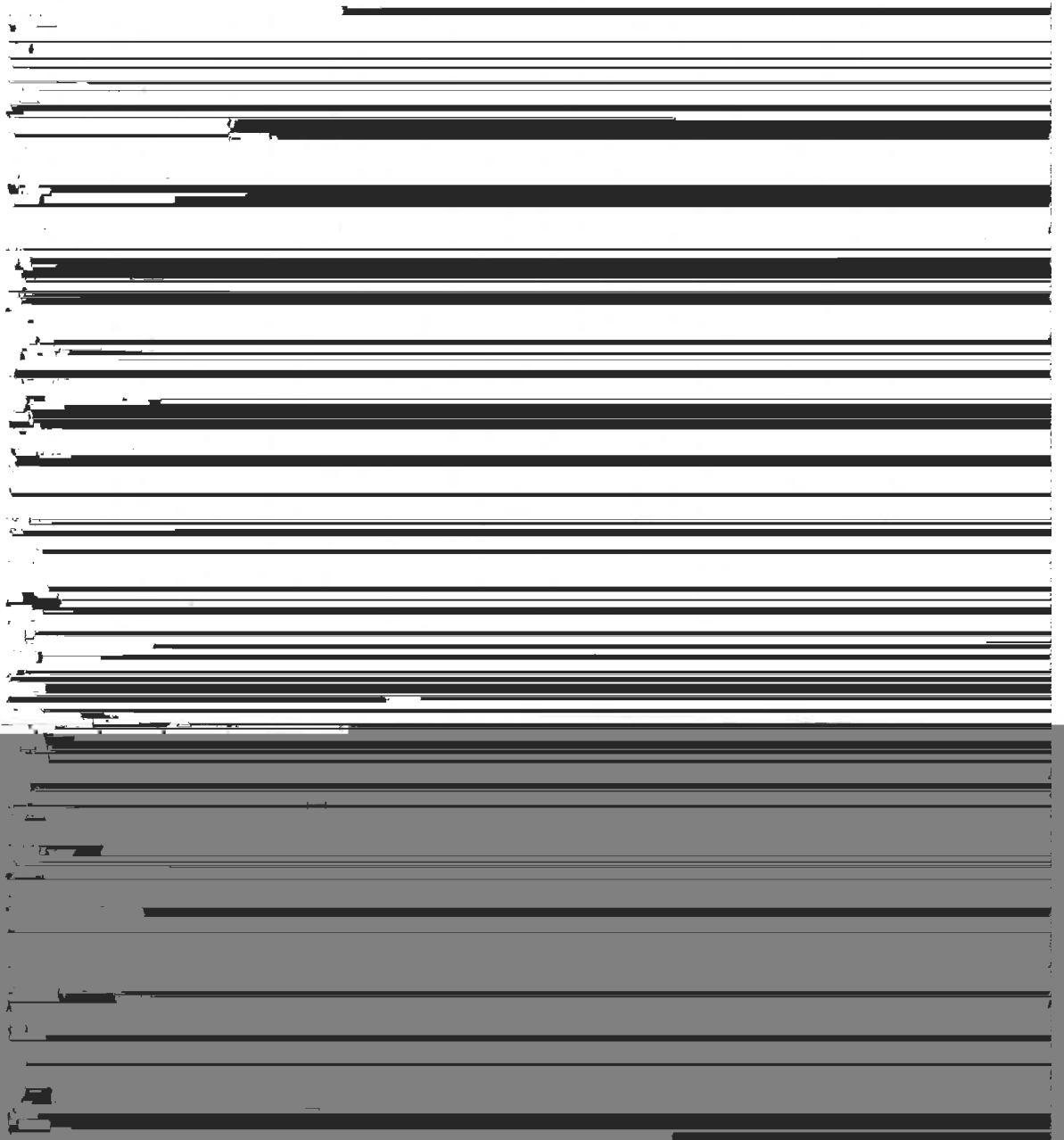
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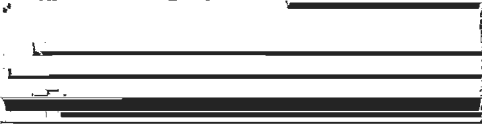
Tyler Griese - "One In Four"
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Nikki Moore

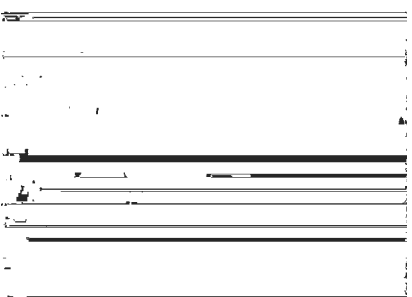
Panning

Her veins are maps c
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 covered by sleeves b
 her mother said so.
 Tell me,
 have you ever met a
 couldn't bleed?



Audrey Childress

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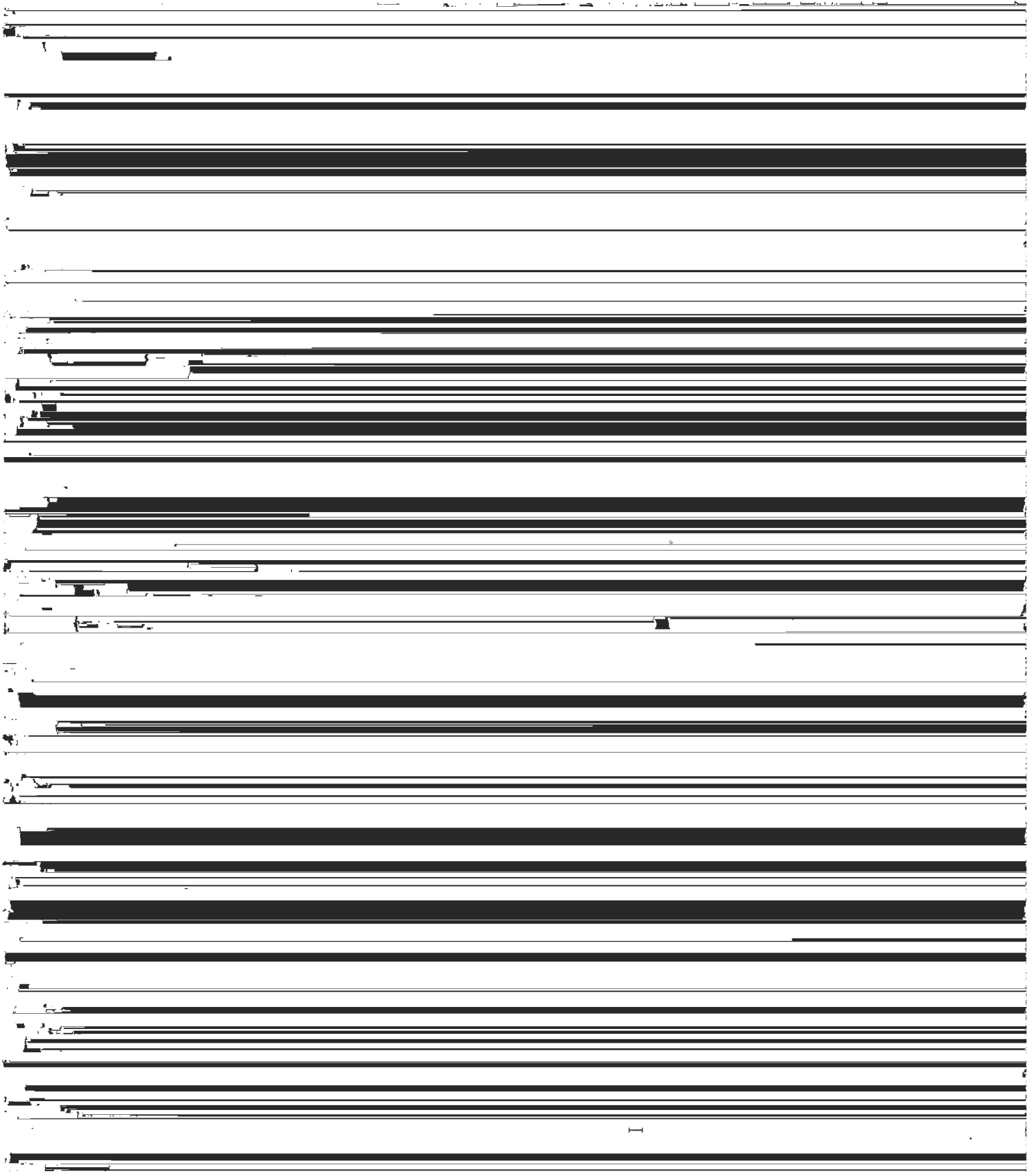
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*Audrey Childress***Moth Messenger**

I tried to call you. A moth came instead.
 Little Hermes crawling into my mouth,
 settling on my tongue, and feeding
 on the words I never said to you.

Confessions crystallized among my teeth.
 I wanted to feed them to you.
 Place each one between your lips,
 and watch you eat them.

My fingers were too weak to pull
 them from my mouth. The moth takes
 them and stores them in her god -vessel,
 then carries them into the night.

Brittney

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