

THE CHIMÆERID

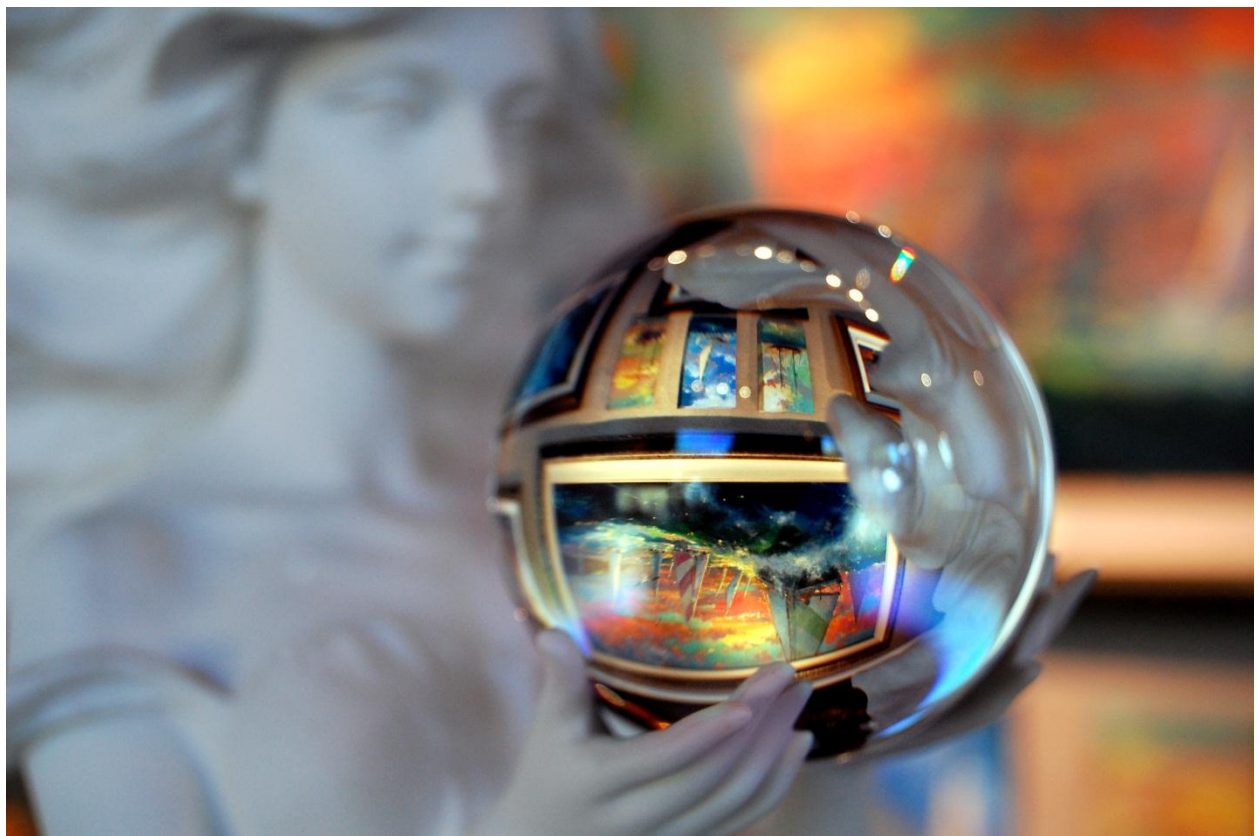


Photo by Kara Korab



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Chimaerid (K-EYE-MI-RID) – The chimaerids are a group of fish, named after a Greek mythological beast, the *chimaera*, a monster put together from the parts of many animals. Our magazine also is put together from many parts and includes the talents of many types of artists – poets, photographers, filmmakers, painters, prose artists, etc. We’re that kind of fish.

Magazine Credits:

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Cover Image: Kara Korab

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Brianne Cortez

Acoustics

Nothing matters when music penetrates my soul. The future is gazed upon as a mere end; the end, a future. Resonating in the deepest part of my eardrums with its empowering melodies, it draws out swelling in my eyes. The flooding release of emotions that has crashed against my body is like a tidal wave as it sweeps me away like driftwood to the shores of reality. Reflections of past mistakes burrow deep within the confines of my soul.

The seduction of music has caught me in an inescapable bind of intimacy. The pain. The pleasure. The reality. My spine shivers with anticipation of becoming enveloped in it all. Like a virus, music extends its infectious pleasures to the rest of my body, infused with the very blood that circulates through my veins.

As a soft flickering candlewick burns down and melts the wax beneath it, a flame ignites within me; warming my core as my body begins to melt into the pure essence of an acoustical voice that tremors with a raging passion.

When it ends, the world becomes unclear. Coming to an abrupt halt, my body grows cold and limp. The brilliancy of my gaze fades, becoming numb with the reflection of my desolation. Without music, my spark will not be kindled and my spirit will cease to exist as it does today.

- Brittany Szabo



Brittany Szabo
"Landscape"



Brittany Szabo
"Mother"



Brittany Szabo
"Seal"



Brittany Szabo

Journey Towards Before

The ocean climbed into the sky
And opened a treasure chest
Blue beamed down on us
Pots of gold, splashes of night
The wind lit candles through town
Shadows revel in the dusk
We need not fear what lays ahead
Artificial fireflies swarm in our presence
And indistinct voices warm the air
There's no harm in what we can't see
Ambiguous footsteps, uncertain handshakes
Until I find your warmth seated by my side
We're looking out the same window

- Chrissie Chinebuah

No More For You

Love's first rendezvous ignited a flame in the hearth
Our hearts, pleased to meet each other's acquaintance, mixed quickly
Sugar and spice were not the company to keep
Masqueraded beneath ripped masks
Momentary pleasure incurred detrimental consequences
We saw through the holes poked in our makeshift bliss
Into a promising that darkness that foretold a happy ending
Whispering sweet nothings, those delectable goods
Left a distinct bitterness that you and I knew all too well

Love's consecutive matrimony forced my smile into a ring
White garments donned on tainted souls
Both underserving of this impeccable scene
The greenery kissing beneath our feet
The sunshine worked past its capacity
Vast oceans threatening to dry out
Our bond non-existent, yet we were stubborn
Gave one last breath, this union was surreal

Love's penultimate honeymoon knew the treasures in store
Forbidden apples with innumerable teeth marks
Sleepless nights spent together in solitude
I wrote with my tears
You stared further on
As usual, distracted by a distant glisten
Once upon a time, you took me to a lake
You cured my parched heart
Steered me clear of regrets
Presently, you drown me in shame

Love's finale left nothing than an ominous heartbeat
Hearts in sync but intentions beating to their own drum
Laugh out secrets while I smile in curiosity
Chance came knocking at our door, you sent her away
That wheel of our lives almost tore us apart
You promised to stop it, I had my doubts
I found it spinning faster than eve
And to my horror, in reverse direction

- Chrissie Chinebuah

The Regent

The bride trudged on the velvet carpet
Her mother flooded the church pew with pretentious tears
While cameras captured pictures
That spoke louder than the tribute speaker
A distant relative coughs at an in-law's murmured remark
Up front, the groom stands in a sonamublist's nightmare
No one deserves to know
How much they mean to each other
Not even themselves
Hands stained with blue blood
A heart pressed against the window frame
A stranger welcomed into the family

- Chrissie Chinebuah

Performance – “The Land of Milk and Honey”
Frank & Dependent



<http://frankanddependent.bandcamp.com/>



Gunita Singh
Untitled

"I am a cup that used to be filled with love, filled with hope. Filled with ease, filled with calm.

Most of the contact I've had over the years has been with serrated edges: objects too hard and sharp for my delicacy.

Consequently my once smooth edges have cracked - at the base, at the rim, inside and outside, making me brittle. All this hope and love and ease and calm slipped right through. It began gradually, but soon these elements gushed right through my fractures to find a new, less broken home.

I sat on my dish patiently. I stopped waiting for sweet contents to pour back into me because I accepted that sweetness deserved a safe and elegant chalice. I, however, was neither of these. Thus, I sought bitterness and acidity. These would settle for a dreadful thing like me.

Time passed and I became more worn down and anything and everything I once accommodated has depleted. Left empty and utterly irreparable, I once more sat alone.

Then came You: harboring no intentions of piecing me back together with adhesive -

Because You found me perfect just as I am."

- Gunita Singh

Video – “Sikh Experiences in America”
A film by Gunita Singh



<http://youtu.be/8yovR1PK62A>



Kara Korab



Kara Korab



Kara Korab

Video – PSA “Washing Your Hands”
Michael Levinsohn

Mike Levinsohn submitted this public service announcement (see link below) to the CGS 2012 Film Festival, and won second place.

<http://youtu.be/qfFBZm50ecA?hd=1>

on being afraid to speak

Names drop from my head like dead
flies, paralyzed, my hands rest, burden-less.
There are stars in my pockets, knives
in my teeth. Hiding, or dying
I crouch in the reeds. Watching
fire sputter from forthright lips,
mouthing their words while my throat
whispers, volcanic expanses tremor
just under my skin, waiting to flower.
Colder and colder whines the weathered
tomb, where entranced puppets swelter
in clandestine shame. If only I could
breath sirens, breath laughter in answer
to laughter. If only I could answer dawn's
dirge, clear and strong, in wooden song.

Street tramps huddle just before the
Shadows lift like golden fawns, dancing through
Shouldering through the trees like
Shaking suns, dealing dancers in glitter gloves
Sounding guns, signaling the start.

My mind is glued shut,
a gray, pallid sky on a warm day.

- Melissa Papalcure

fences

they boarded up the fields
and planted rows of trees
they boxed up the new grass
hid away each trodden path
beware of dog - beware of brick,
Mrs. Abbott's pies were sniffed for dread
tossed to mewling feline squadrons
and coons with daylight nausea
the doorbell rings? quick get your gun
we share a plot of land, split down the middle by
a big white fence, we tipped the builder, we'll
start with lemonade, vodka bathed
and our hammock is forever stained by dirt and rain.

- Melissa Papalcure

drum circle rain

miraculous, delicate beings
we're spirits underwater
hibernating in the sky
tonight, we're just some rain -
sloshing in the gutter.
you're invited, you're invited!
talk of the town, a crystal blue crown
rain splashing in the gutter
hat pulled down, ears warm and red.
and the street smells like roasted nuts
like smoke and leaves stripped fresh
you're invited, you're invited!
drum beats bellow, bellow
bopping our heads, twirling in stomps
and colors twist into the sky
we float on down, down, a well of tremors
scooping up our limbs.

- Melissa Papalcure

violets

I tried to draw people with my
miniature hands,
purple, deformed circles
with feet attached, but
to me they were people.
lost in rays of time, bright and crisp
like sunday mornings
or wonder, puffing out
from wrinkled button downs,
the kind that chokes
on the first day of spring
when the grass becomes checkered
with violets

I never learned to tie a tie
or go a day without feeling lost
but I doubt I'll ever wear a tie
and if I don't get lost now and then,
I'll never know where to go

my miniature hands ripped violet
from beside our blanket
I put them in a flute glass
so bright and sweet
the light played across our skin
under the budding trees
even the rocks looked especially gray
on the first spring day

- Melissa Papalcure



Presley Rodriguez
Untitled



Sarah Noyes
Untitled



Sarah Noyes
Untitled



Photo
Taryn Polanco



Photo
Taryn Polanco



Photo
Taryn Polanco



Photo
Taryn Polanco