Writer's

Block

WINTER 2025

51st ISSUE

Students' Magazine for Writing, Art, and Photography

Content

Instagram page @writersblockmag

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More information on submission guidelines can be foun	nd on	Sara Atwater Viola Ferrante
our website writersblockmagazine.com	More information on submission guidelines can be found on	
our website writersblockinagazine.com		Yuval Gila'd
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Editorial

I seldom know where I'm headed, but if the story is meant to be, you cross over to the other side - you're inside it, and there's an engine.

Jhumpa Lahiri

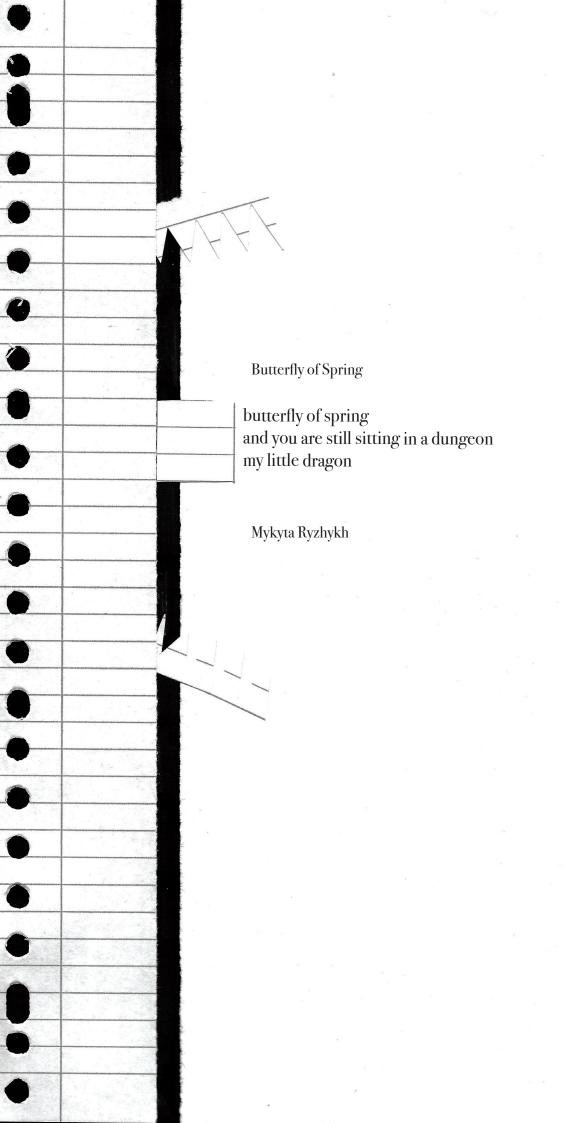
The sentiment of feeling blocked has haunted every single person that enjoys writing at least once in their journey. The frustration of having something to say yet being unable to transform these thoughts into words puts a damper on the personal journey of writing. The aftermath of this blockade, once this block vanishes into thin air and the words start flowing, articulating themselves seamlessly, often results in many beautiful projects. And that is when our magazine comes into the scene.

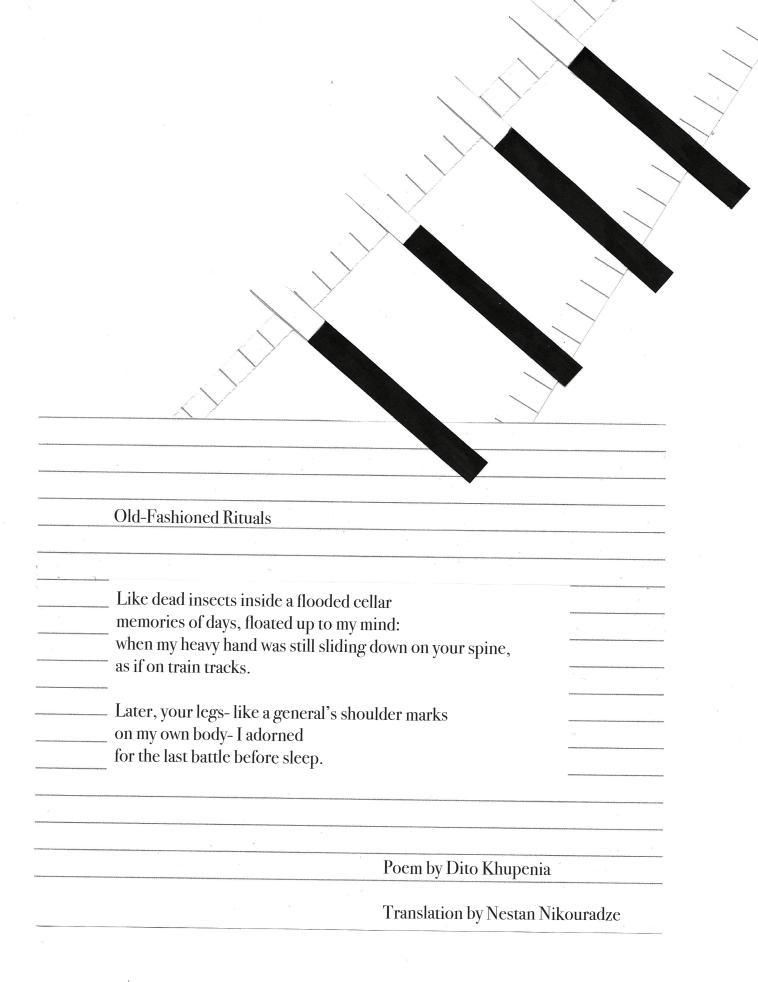
Writer's Block yearns to house fantastic works of writing, giving a voice to those who share the passion for writing. From beautiful well-versed poems to enticing short stories, Issue 51 is a curation of pieces that our board invites you to read and contemplate, hoping it provokes joy and perhaps even the inspiration you need to dissolve your own blocks.

With the turbulence of a shifting editorial board and feeling blocked sometimes even during our work on the magazine, we are proud to continue to offer a place for these works of writing and photography to be remembered. Amid laughs, frustrations, and many moments of creative mismatches, we are proud of our team's strength and commitment to creating such a wonderful platform for those who want to share their stories. We are forever dedicated to the continuation of our most important tradition: offering a creative platform where writers from any part of the world can find a safe haven for their pieces. For their poems, their short stories, their reviews – their art. We are immensely grateful for everyone who chose to be part of this beautiful story; this magazine would be nothing without its visionary writers, its devoted readers, and its committed board.

Despite the twists and turns, we move forward as stubbornly and passionately as ever. Issue 51 is now yours to cherish.

The Weiter's Block team



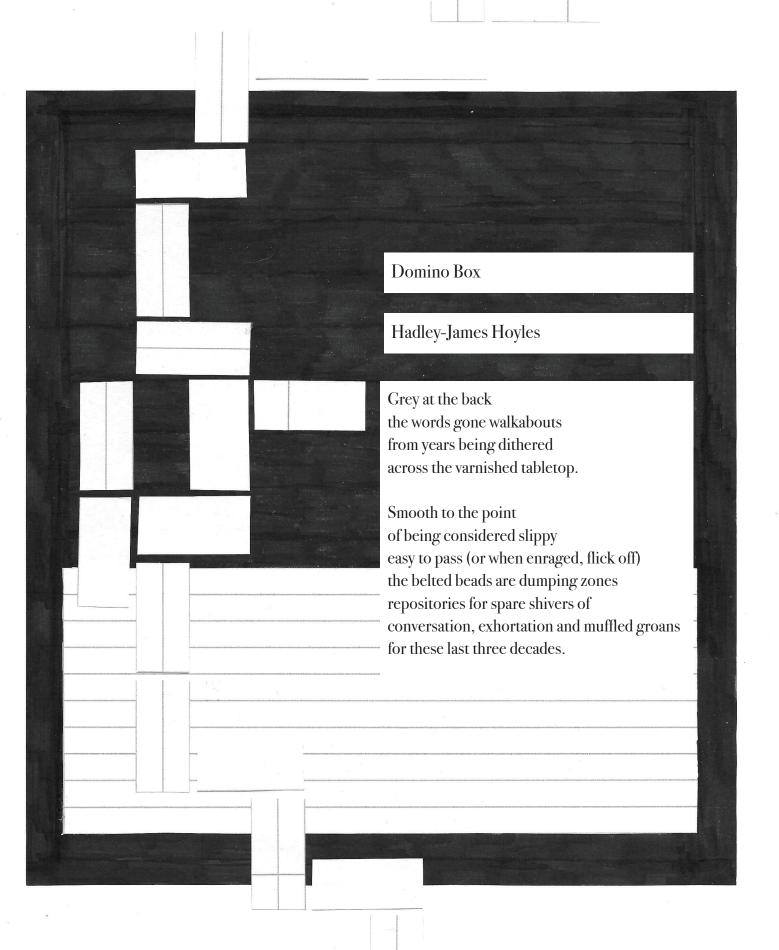


QUINCE VODKA She wanted me to do sports, to pierce the mellow cocoon of self-pity with her plain admonishment. "Do sports." Isn't walking a sport? Isn't the crude benevolence I feign toward strangers a sport? Isn't guilt a sport? Roll the blunt end of your vanity and disrupt me like a new market. You're good at that right? You could tear it all down right? Cole Forster 6.

LABOUR DAY FIREWORKS

Gunpowder stars rain down on the park as sunset erupts mixing with wildfire smoke chocking the country through summer. Eyes shut tight to bursting lights trying to keep my thoughts whole protecting a mind from itself. Saskatoon's aging me faster than anywhere else ever has. You place my name alongside profanities screaming things we both know I don't deserve and you'll blame on vices and your mother through messages sent just beyond dawn. Interpret to tell you about a friend who died a day before in Galveston only thirty-eight not far from who we are. Through a laugh you tell me to bother a therapist before digressing words to try and bind you and I into what was left in May. Time apart was meant to allow us to decide on one story or at least find a form of forgetting instead of wondering why I came back at all.

Daniel Bliss



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Separation and Separa

Oh, teach me sister I want the cards And PLAY I sat Witch> Narrator, I looked their prose Tomorrow we shall laugh. Is my poetry too strong or meaningless I shall ask, pity shameful I am Tell me lover I will tell you our story, as you deserve and I complain. Once there was two Of three and then ten. Meaningless numbers number of beers each The love we felt and the passion we Yelled At the orange blue sky of our deep country So young and damned. All in love - Are u thinking of breasts? One of us! One of us! 10.

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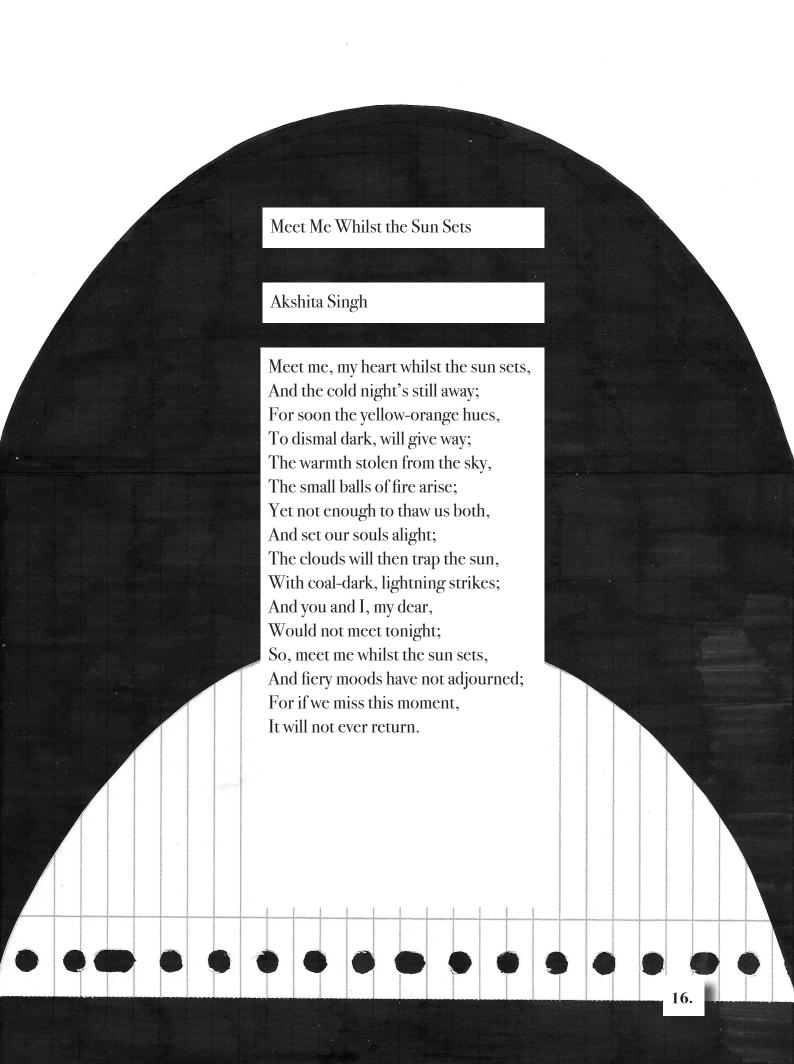
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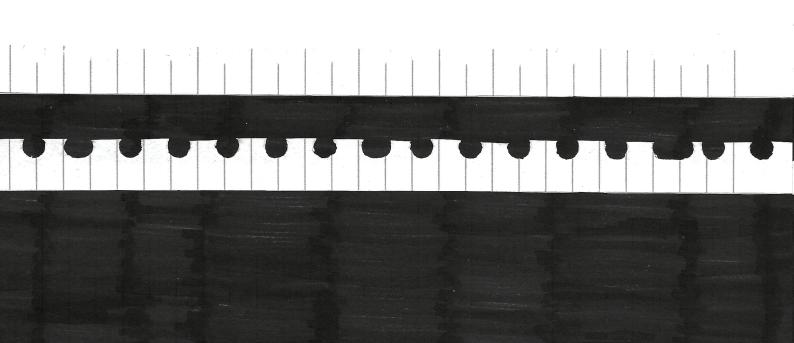


River

Just as, decades ago, she'd believed a truck with a certain name on it, a name of a dream which had been fine and then wasted and then stolen through someone's else glory and someone else's fault—was, glowing, waiting, by the side of the road, a sign and a promise, and it (mostly) was—now she was sure there was a dark boat moving toward her. In the day. Not the night. Toward the boat she was on.

The boat had the words *Youth is Strong*, like an oracle, around the curving part of its front, the part that was the pointed arrow of the boat, the part that could choose where to go, the part where the anxious driver of the boat always sat, unless they were distracted. Other than these words, which floated awkwardly and white, a strange title, the boat was a flat, deep green darkness, as if the soul of the riverbed had been boiled and condensed into its hull.

Large birds were doing their awkward flapping, moving wherever their current anxieties were telling them to move, across the water and in the eddies near the Mississippi which looked like the Seine, moody and rippling as if there were a million irritable fish near its surface. These rivers, since trucks came and cars, and slow horses were gone, felt ignored: like a heart that ran, but for who? Like a lover now ninety and near the end of his life, surely, best forgotten, his memories faulty; whatever he might say could be troubling, could remind you that much of love is a desperate diver who gives away part of his soul every plunge, in exchange for something he is slowly realizing is not enough: he was a foolish diver, sacrificing too much, causing, by the end of his life, damage to himself.



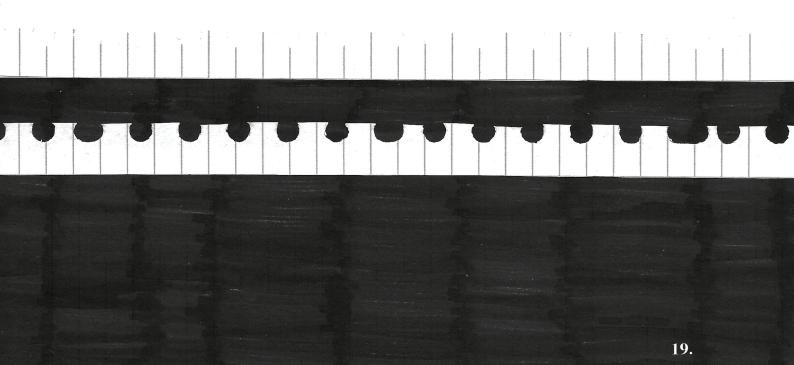
The man in this boat that seemed to be cartoonishly outlined was not young or old. He, whose face was as unsad as a map, was heading across the river. It was not easy to go across the river. How pale his skin was! He must never have done this before! Much easier would have been going with the river, wherever it wanted to go, ending up eventually where it always ended up, and finishing the difficult day, taking tourists to places Tom and Huck and Jim and Becky had likely been, if they were real people.

The clouds seemed to have sharp-cornered shapes. Wafts of soft white turning to almost cutting corners signaling the wind was moving faster, faster, signaling the clouds didn't have much interest in hanging in the air around the river. The clouds wanted to get to the plains and eventually pour themselves into the ground, their jobs done. They wanted to start over as clouds again.

He was handing her a canvas sack. The sack was very old but beautiful, dirty, never washed, with words printed into the canvas which meant something historical or hopeful about a company, but she couldn't read the words, only saw a fancy "W" and two cursive letters which were twinned and alike, and then the sack was rolled over again like a cloud, jumbling the red-printed words. The letters were bordered in dark blue. *Look at me*, said a company's name. But she wasn't looking. She was looking at him and wondering why there wasn't much expression on his face—just watchfulness.

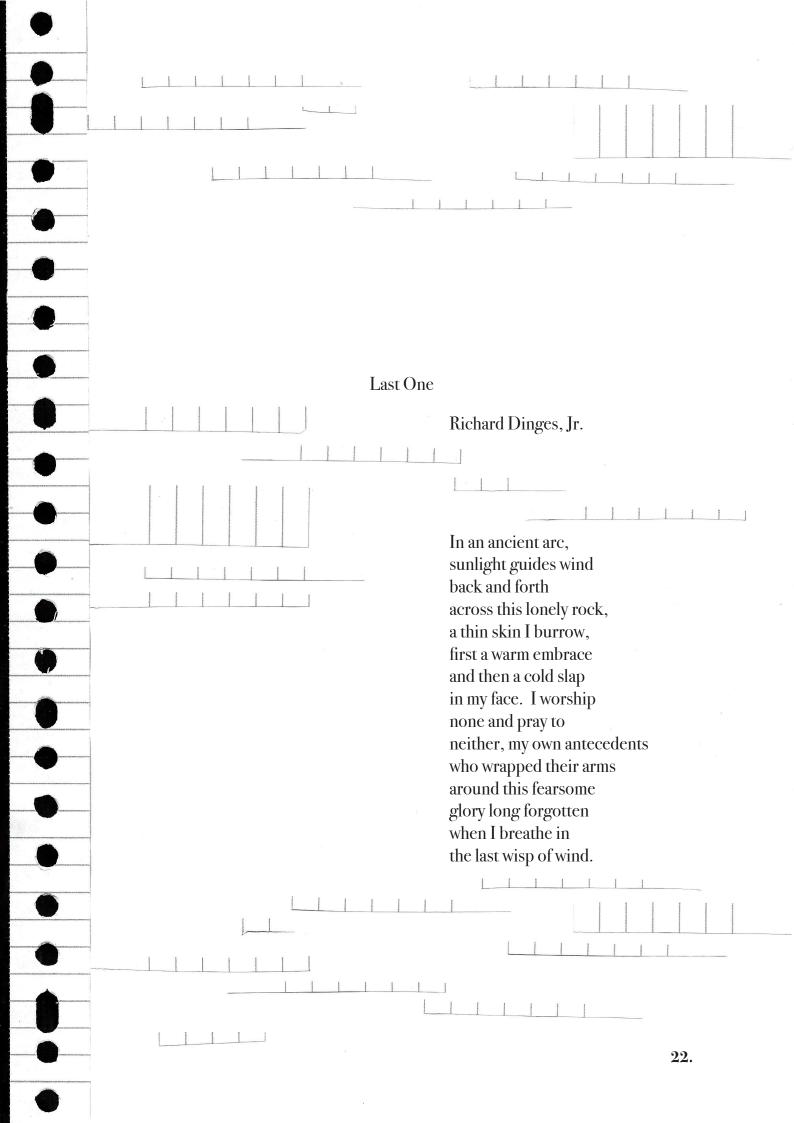
It's full of money, he said, and he smiled. All I have.

Rebecca Pyle



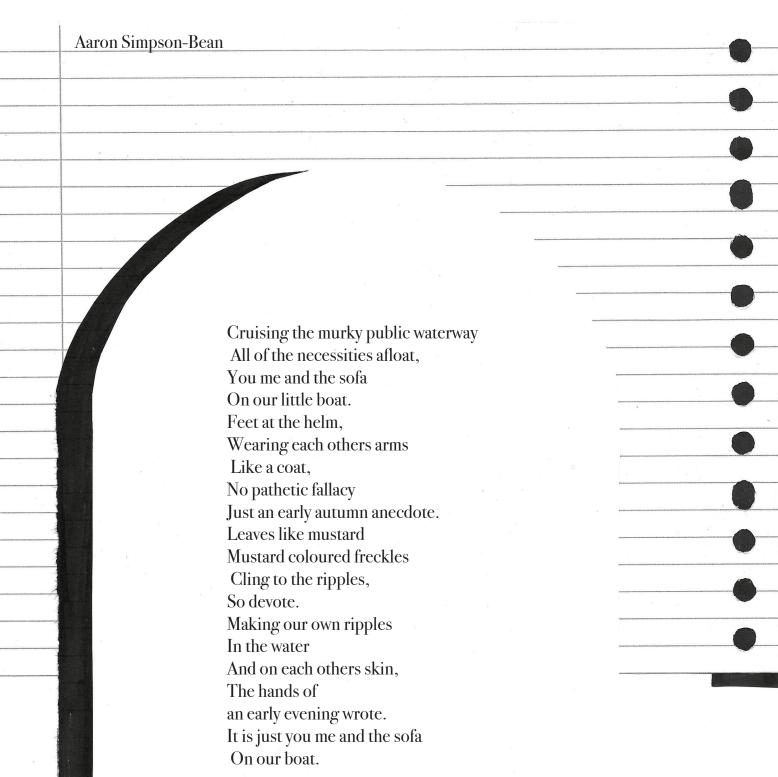
	Salt Lake City					
	James Croal Jackson					
	I don't want to return to SLC– I know it's only fifty percent congregational. But the world seems cultish. Its sand revolts the way a graduate of Christian school crashes into a rock while rafting whitewater, begging salt to return an act of thirst.					
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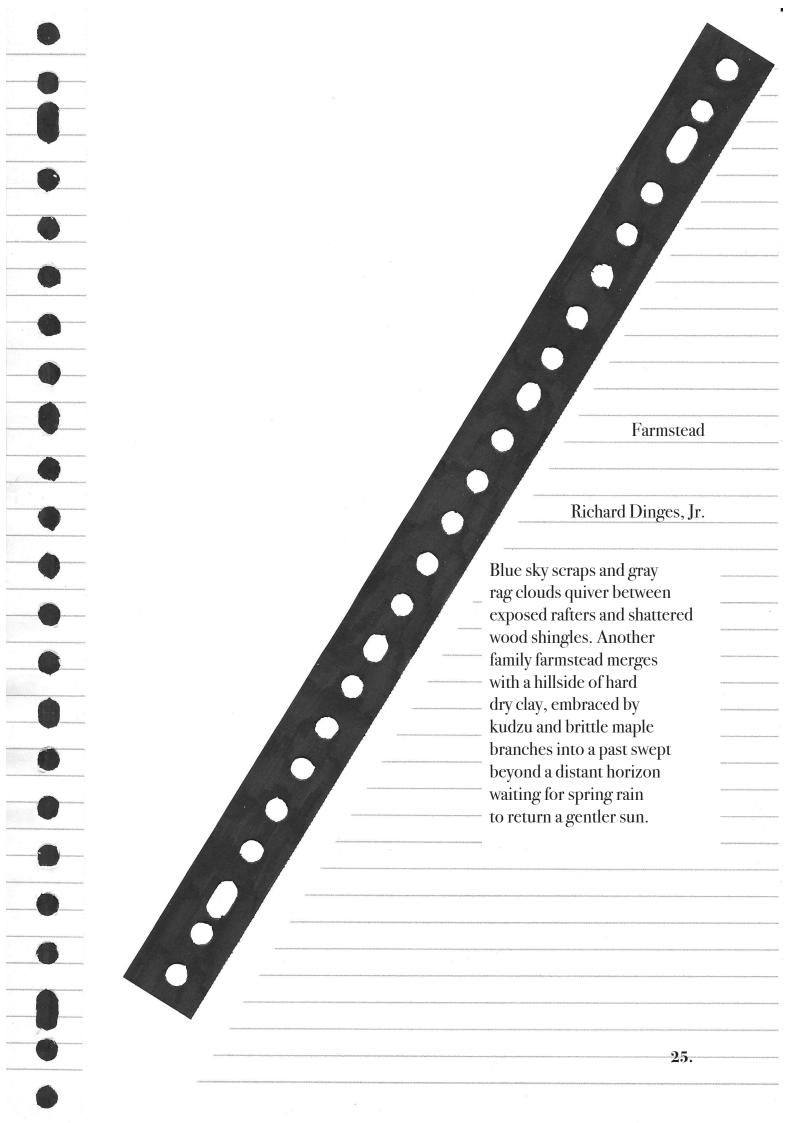
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	Did not exist	
	Nobody was thrown into the river	
	tied to another person with a bullet in	
	his head	
	The Danube is so wide	
	That it can wash away in minutes	
	tree logs, human bones or rocks	
	from one country to another	
exemplement of the must desirable desirable and the must desirable a	Every city has a soul	
	and the soul of Budapest	
	caused the poet Attila Joszef	
	to lay his head	
	on railway tracks	
	as if they were pillows.	
	Sorrow is capable of love	
	but that of Budapest	
	Is vicious.	
	Bored German tourists	
	drink cold beer in hot springs	*
	The Euro is an enlightened coin	kurdisterinnskleinerheidernerötterstätet skrise um stänssch-ände sten sondetilsstätigt.
	thrown into a hat of a Romano	
	playing the accordion on Erzsebet	
	bridge.	
	Budapest is depressed.	
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	A celebrating sad city	
	does not remember a thing	ethickensensensk kilosopin saksa valitation til kantalainen ja
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How would you savor it: a sunlit field, warm with particles of foam and starch? Devour it right away, crouching over ligaments and a heart faintly beating? I think you'd let it slip away. Unable to digest eerie beginnings, the how-it-came-about: free of charge, without the specter of fulfillment that sleeps with one eye open beside your pillow. Inside the question creeps a scornful last try. Thorny, barbed, calling you back or to throw you off. On the charnel lawn, where bodies no **Charnel Pastoral** longer mingle intact, the question dithers. You stutter at the S in my name. Stumbling Sara Atwater sideways towards the charnel ground where our bodies might meet. Meat unrecognizable. Undead. Not yet devoured. How would you welcome it: with a vulture's patient desire, an eclipsing sun at your back? Inside the question a reckless caress. You'll discard it before reaching the jackal that waits at the gate. **23**.

Sofa Boat





The Room With the Flowers on the Walls

- 1. there is a room on the ground floor the window just about works, and you can use it as a door.
- 2. the room is expansive see if you turn the TV on and watch the program in which couples date and un-date one another, the space grows.

if you touch the other in the toes and in the thigh the belly button the penis, the mouth the space grows.

3. let me also suggest sardines left in lime juice for 15 minutes to eat on the sheets, white.

before the eyes. if you stare in the other's eyes two, three, minutes the room is huge so big that it is no longer there the dark takes over engulfs the light is soft

everything

is gone.

4. who can say what time is you've begun the sentence and it has already moved on or inflatedwith

disappeared-

into

look, I love you

I love you.

5. what is that -love? being inhabited-by inhabiting being. look how many shades can you give the colour white?

6. the room is in a village somewhere in the North of Spain where your car might get stuck in the port for the day and you may have to re-think your schedule.

the elderly men meet to fish in the evening at the water's edge as do the kids, fighting for the weights and baits he brings them.

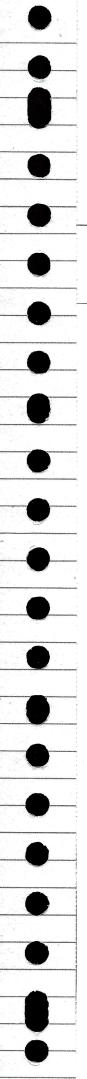
in the bar at the top of the slope, across the church on the square, you stop for *sidra*. the crowd is watching a football match on TV and outside it is getting darker. space here is dense.

you would like to say

things

you cannot, because you don't speak the language so well and anyways, you are not sure that words for these things you want to express

exist.



7. the room
has its own bathroom
showerhead from above
and if you put it very hot

the whole

becomes somewhat spa naked there, you are beautiful. he is beautiful

snake tattoo

and open eyes

he's ready to leave it's been too much sex

(too much?)

but in the car ride to the airport:
"I wish this car ride would never end,"
he says in the emptiness of 6AM's highway.

8. the village is small

nearly
as small as us (in our wanting)
there are excursions to be made
down to the rocks
which
despite their jaggedness
inspire security,
or up to the woods

where the passer-bys show up

when

you least expect them to (just as you reach your climax in the hammock, for example).

anyways you will have the room to come back to

which

might after all

be bigger than these long shuddering exteriors.

9. at night you sleep so soft
I hold you tight as you get
sicker and sicker
not knowing what else to do.
(it's from the shells we found
and ate out on the rocks)
(you are so often getting up
to second lives
while I sleep)

in the car ride to the airport
the silence inflates the space
"I hope this car ride
never ends," you say
zooming through the dark, we did
go on and on
on and on

Naomi Pacifique

Aesthetics

You are a sunlight simmering on dust-worn leaves waiting for a rain lost behind flat long skies on dry patches silence shrined

barely buried in a rumpled dress by implication the fate of a word is to be obsolete afterwards but its echo survives in big rooms

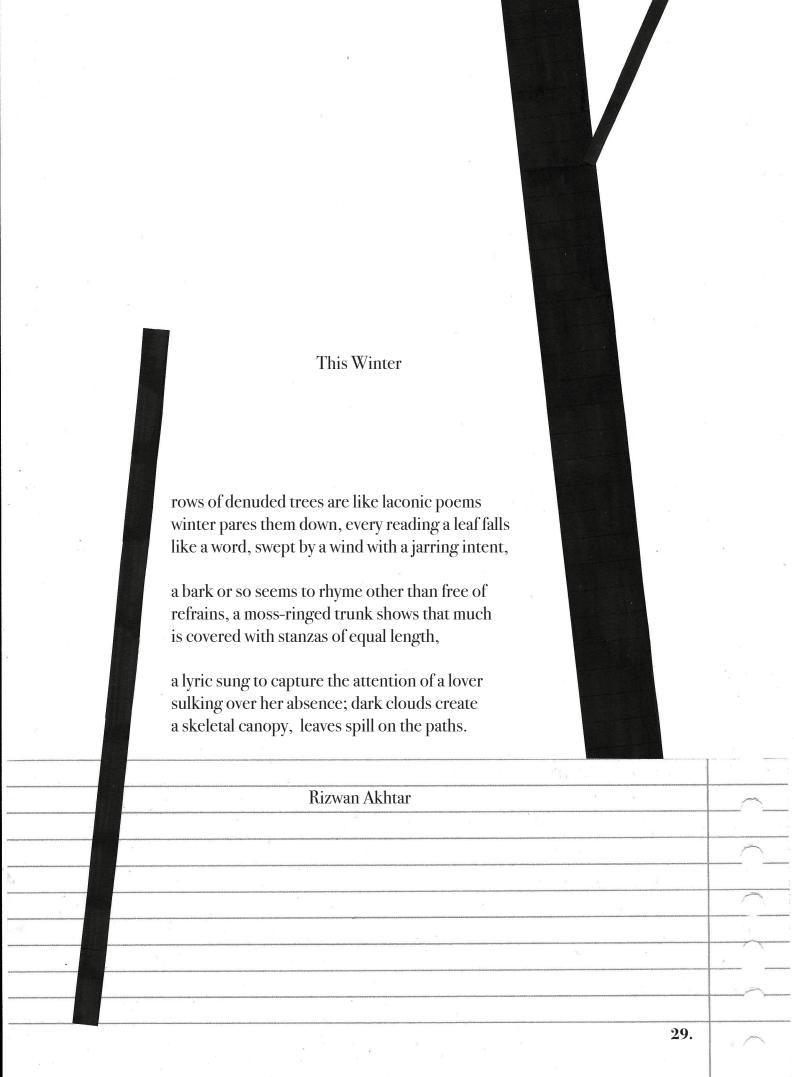
beeping monitors controlled monsters defanged creatures claim your body leaving out fingers on black keyboards

palpitating nights in driveways edges of roads histories refuse to live same as files once corrupted do not open and make you a clown

heavy with levity of details of your private pause in a park or city's dead end makes you a recluse but early morning garbage men

rattle the utopia engraved on many cards in your wallet you would wish to lose and confine to a bench withering beautifully.

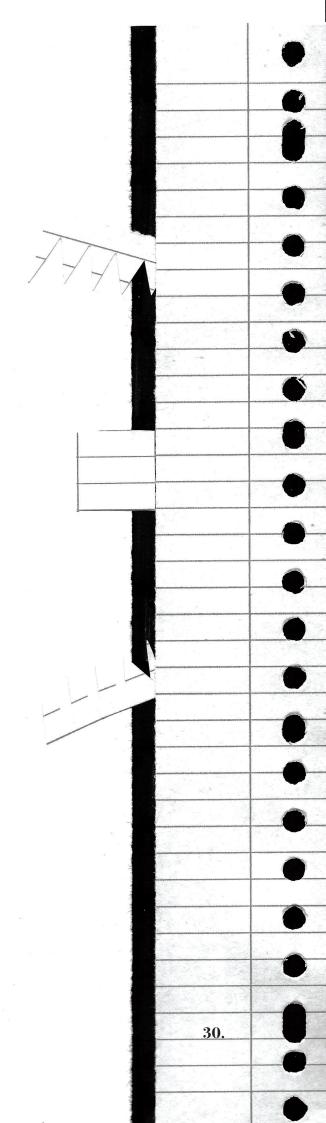
Rizwan Akhtar

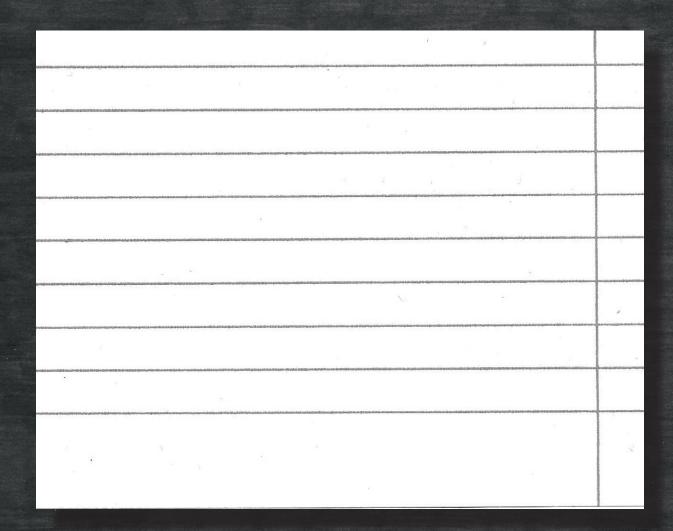


Spectacle

My dragon is Better than Your dragon.

Dominik Slusarczyk





In collaboration with:





