

Dear Readers.

Welcome to the Fall issue of *Text Power Telling Magazine*. The Fall season is a short one, but somehow feels the most impactful to me. Depending on where you live, the air feels cooler, the lushness of green changes to fiery reds and brilliant yellows which then turn to the quiet that the death of leaves bring. The muted, monotone landscape deepens my desire for reflection, introspection, and silence. Out with the old, in the new. Such is the cycle of life. I am personally embracing this season as I ready myself for new growth – perhaps dropping old ideas of who I thought I was meant to be.

In this issue, you will have the chance to see the process of that "dropping" or letting go, by our writers and artists which gives birth to brilliant work. In *Death of the Oracle*, Ann Herrold describes layers of her suffering trying to be loved the way she deserved.

We are rotting
The putrid sweet scent of ethylene clouds my vision
Upon the altar is an offering of mixed signals and false promises
It is never wise to give prophecies during the coldest months

I've bathed in the spring and chewed the oleander If only you knew what it cost me to have this sacred disease...

Dropping shame and pain in order to find joy and a rightful place requires the work of sweeping "out the cobwebs" in Brenda Asterino's poem, *From Another Time*:

So twirl and swirl,
Dance through the dream
To knit up the time
So we all can be seen.

Sweep out the cobwebs Ache loose the pain. Sing praise to all Goodness Without any shame.

In *To the Boy Who Resurrected the Butterflies*, Odi Welter wonders at his capacity to accept love post-trauma. His once decomposing body regains health and life (and butterflies) as he is loved through all his past pain and suffering.

I thought they were all dead,

massacred and decomposing

in a mass grave in the

pit of my stomach.

Crushed under wandering

hands before they had a chance

to fly from childhood

crush to love.

Reflections on assaults are a painful process of going back while trying to move forward; reimagining oneself to find some semblance of peace and self-acceptance. There is a beautiful French proverb that evokes a softness that brings me comfort, "L'automne est le calme avant l'hiver." "Autumn is the hush before winter." I wish you, readers, some silence, and stillness to find that for yourselves.

Love, Anita Lakshman Editor-in-Chief