



Exerpt from PMF Vol. 1: Rikki Holland

she perches

on the edge of a porch swing
the smell of red wine on her breath
her cheeks flushed from the bite of winter

she exists in a state
between the planes of reality
a liminal space
where tomorrow will not come until tonight decides to end

she ponders
with cracked lips
and broken skin
if self love means something different
than finding herself here again

-You know when you are drunk alone after a party?? that.

I wake up happy
taking a deep inhale of linen sheets
don't fly too close to the sun, Icarus
the wax is holding me together

I tell myself
don't let yourself become apathetic
a victim to the numbing cold of December
take in the smell of cloves and cranberry
draw tiny pictures in the frosted glass
with the tip of your finger

notice the biting of winter on your cheeks

your hands

allow yourself to feel it

to experience the discomfort of living

prove that you can

catch a snowflake on your tongue

lay on your back and stare at the sky until your ears freeze

watch the sunset at 3pm

allow yourself to create the meaning you are searching for

-A Moment of Clarity in the Darkest Months of the Year