

The Utican

Volume 3

May 2026

Note From The Editor

Enjoy the summer!

Thank you for reading.

- Luigi Murri, May 2026

To behave

Dallas Garvey

To melt at a cold touch
While flinch in warm glow
Hear often times too much
Things I don't want to know

I want to be heard
And know it's so very hard to listen
Honestly it's absurd
Eight billion brains working in unison

So do I murder that longing?
Make way for new cravings
Or continue a search for belonging
And try to redefine what is behaving

I'm not sure

and now

With no wrong decision
The choice still impossible
With planetary precision
I drift into the imaginable

There I find answers
But in the form of questions
A bunch of toddlers
With very old complexions

Diamonds

Nick Neumeyer

We walk to the park without concern for fleeing skylarks, yellow-leaved trees, nor the passerby's watching us. We've got frayed mitts and steel bats, resting by shoving and jesting in chat. We stroll to the gravel diamond crowned with dandelions. There's enough of us for two bases, two outfield, one batter, one pitcher. No shortstop, no catcher, no dugout. Countless pitches never reach home plate. Many are balls, a few are strikes. One of us chips the ball like a golfer to the pitcher who catches it in a cap. They hold the ball behind their back.

They attack and it cracks against the bat! The reply rises towards blue skies, clearing absent fences. The runner sprints bases, dodges our tackles, and slides home, coated in light gray dust. We begin combing for our ball in the field.

Hours later, we acquire ice cream, and eat it as it melts in the sun.

The Water is Always Bluer

Mackenzie Meyer

When I left, I knew home as most do:

A few lakes,

Four seasons,

And a door frame with notches scratched into wood.

I was eleven when I was 5'5"

And my parents thought big dreams would only take me to Superior.

I suppose they did,

But I begged God to take me also to the ocean.

Turns out it's not the grass always being greener,

But the water bluer.

Because I swam in cerulean

And thought not of salt, but freshwater.

That December I wrote my friend a postcard

A picture of San Sebastián and a shell along shoreline,

A note penned in cursive on the back:

*I may find myself in many waves,
In any water,
But my mind will wander
To winter where
We're holding hands in mittens
Watching rolling, dark blue that never fully freezes.
A place I once thought too cold
Now warms my soul
The water is always bluer where you don't sink.*

The Scenery of Mesopotamia- Odes to the Motherland

Jenna Abroo

Burgundy red pomegranate buds in the Baghdad heat
Fluttering leaves flowing in the sand carried winds
Blistering sun rays beating down below
Sweet and sticky date trees surround the city like jewels of a crown
Towering sage green palms command space in the clear blue skies
The mountains of Mosul proudly cascade their shadow over the ancient
Nineveh plains
Umber colored waters thrash and crash along the fertile crescent banks
of the Tigris and
Euphrates Rivers
The deeply perfumed scent of roses floats through the streets of the
cities
And when night finally falls, the alluring glow of the desert moon lulls
the land to sleep, drifting
softly into Mother Earth's tranquil slumber

The break of the sunrise shifts to the southern marshes of Abraham
Chirps of cicadas vibrate between the cattails
Pelicans, flamingos, and birds alike glide through the muddied reeds of
the wetlands
Fish flip and flop and swim and dart through the grassy waters
The hum of the frog's croaks and ribbits echo at the surface
Humid whiffs of salted mud tickle the air
The scorch of the sizzling southern sun gleams and glitters on the
dancing pools of the rivers
Mighty water buffalo guide their young to the puddle edges for a
refreshing drink
The tall sight of brown and green and yellow marsh is scattered
throughout, swaying ever so
slightly in the peaceful Iraqi breeze
The scene transitions once more to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon
A sight that had never appeared so magnificent, so ethereal, so grand
Not a single expense spared to satiate the yearning of his Queen
Intertwining vines green, bushes lush, flowers fragrant like ambrosia
nectar
Palm trees tower the masses of concrete
Lapis lazuli stone shimmering between the golden figures
Luxuriant leaves elegantly draping down each and every terrace
Canals of glittering blue water rippling below the grounds
A symbol of nature's most spectacular grandeur

An oasis so beautiful, rivaling the grandiose gardens of the gods
themselves
Forever captured in the picturesque land between the two rivers

Coffee Stained Teeth

Gordon Lewis

A tangle of worlds,
Broken hearts & worn down faces.
I walk past them & through them.
I feel at home among their graces.

You gave me a smile,
So I bent my lips & flexed my cheeks.
Through the drops of salt & acid
I flashed my coffee stained teeth.

Now we hug & we waltz & we step & we sway.
I fear my balance left me long ago
But I'll keep pretending for today.

So hold me for now
Until my legs grow too weak.
And I'll hold you right back
And flash my coffee stained teeth.

(stillness holds your shape)

Taylor Garber

once woven into
the fabric of
my day -

love is in the quiet

i reach through
the veil

a gentle corner
that waits
for nothing

(a glance toward
the place
you'd be) a blink -
a sigh

thin as air -
thick as missing

some place beyond
the physical

grief
wears
your
weight

& i carry it

in the soft collapse
of rain

(like dust on light);

- until i find
my way
back to

you

Kind of Love

Yuet

Love,
The kind that shoves flowers into your arms,
Holding your favorite hojicha latte on the other,
With a naive shyness only a child will know,
The kind that holds your hands tightly,
When your heart's falling apart,
The kind that waits and lets you soar,
Telling you to breathe and believe,
The kind that protects your smile,
Mirrors your quirks,
Judges your hobbies while getting into it,
Loving your family for you,
And with the most hilariously genuine soul,
The kind that embodies the phrase "I adore you"

To wait for such love,
Is to first be in love,
With you and everything else.
To harness such love,
Is to have patience and hold,
The nooks and crannies within you.

The love will come,
It always does,
Both loud and subtle.

Thank you for reading!

Look out for Volume 4 later this year!