

# THE RAVEN REVIEW

LITERARY MAGAZINE



VOLUME I, ISSUE IV  
OCTOBER 2020

# THE RAVEN REVIEW

Volume I, Issue IV

October 2020

*Editor-in-Chief:*

Rachel Strickland

*Fiction Reader:*

Seth Strickland

*Cover Photo:*

via *Getty Images*

# Table of Contents

<b>Brandon Lewis</b>	
Suicide's Grave .....	1
<b>Carl Scharwath</b>	
Countdown to Darkness .....	3
<b>Charles K. Carter</b>	
Wolf .....	4
<b>Chelsea Poole</b>	
Across the Street: An Autobiography .....	5
<b>Darlene Holt</b>	
The Fortune .....	6
<b>Ellen A. Grazioso</b>	
Nevermore .....	11
<b>Emma Lee</b>	
Blurred Borders .....	12
<b>Emory D. Jones</b>	
The Look of Death .....	13
<b>Ferris Jones</b>	
Parents Are Gold .....	14
<b>Jacob Frommer</b>	
Very Little Like Alan .....	15
<b>Jan Ball</b>	
Episcopal Bath .....	21
<b>Jillian Danback-McGhan</b>	
On Progress .....	22

<b>Jisun Lee</b>	
I Want to Break This Weight .....	23
<b>Joan Gray</b>	
The Creature on the Wall .....	24
<b>Jonathan B. Ferrini</b>	
Tea with Old Friends .....	26
<b>Kenadi Blake</b>	
The Little Girl .....	29
<b>Maeve Barry</b>	
The House on Westdale Avenue .....	30
<b>Mary Kathryn Shanley</b>	
Shelby Said .....	35
<b>Megan Mary Moore</b>	
After the Accident .....	37
<b>Noah Farberman</b>	
Lees and Patterson Save the Sports Movie .....	38
<b>Reed Williams</b>	
Weight of Seeds .....	42
<b>Robert S. King</b>	
The Way the World Is .....	43
<b>Sarah Jean Valiquette</b>	
Home as a GIF .....	44
<b>Sibanda Ndaba</b>	
A Poor Person’s Precarious Paces and Spaces .....	45
<b>Tiffany Washington</b>	
Gram’s Anniversary .....	46

**William Ogden Haynes**

A Garden Bench in Early Spring .....47

**Yash Seyedbagheri**

September Song .....48

**Zachariah Claypole White**

Party for the End of the World.....49

*Brandon Lewis*  
**Suicide's Grave**

We agree it's the right thing,  
a year later, and in a swarm

of mosquitoes we take turns  
with a shovel off-trail at a stand

of cedars, take turns throwing  
handfuls of dirt into a hole whitened

by your ashes, a sapling stuck  
in its center. Rain patters

on leaves and drooping ferns,  
drips from your father's bald

head as he kneels down  
and smooths the earth level

around the stalk, his touch caring  
and precise like a gardener's.

Everything he wishes he had said.  
On the walk back to our cars

in the parking lot, the green  
slopes of Mt. Pilchuck showing

through clouds, we give each  
other quick looks, we nod not only

because you beat these trails,  
or because you weren't granted

a funeral service—not even a party  
where everyone who knew you

could get shit-faced and blast

your favorite metal songs on the stereo--

but because a mind, whether  
conscious or dreaming isn't suited

to be a grave, and finally we needed  
to put you someplace else.