

# THE RAVEN REVIEW

LITERARY MAGAZINE



VOLUME I, ISSUE II  
APRIL 2020

# THE RAVEN REVIEW

Volume I, Issue II

April 2020

*Editor-in-Chief:*

Rachel Strickland

*Guest Fiction Reader:*

Seth Strickland

*Cover Photo:*

Kytalpa via *Pixabay*

# Table of Contents

<b>Andrew Gibeley</b>	
Quietus .....	1
<b>Arja Kumar</b>	
Indigo .....	2
<b>Breanna Leslie</b>	
1961.....	4
<b>Brian Rihlmann</b>	
Preparation for Adulthood .....	9
<b>Carl Parsons</b>	
The Postmistress .....	11
<b>Clara Burghilea</b>	
Impermanence.....	20
<b>David A. Gray</b>	
Murmurations.....	21
<b>December Lace</b>	
Divinity .....	24
<b>D.M. Kerr</b>	
Starting to Realize the Enormity of it All .....	25
<b>Elizabeth Stoessl</b>	
Incursions .....	27
<b>Fredric Hildebrand</b>	
Autumn Frost .....	28
A Funeral .....	29
<b>Gary Beck</b>	
Judgments .....	30

<b>Geoff Cohen</b>	
Afton Canyon.....	36
<b>Ian Nathan</b>	
The Ballad of a Self-Proclaimed Bastard.....	38
<b>J.R. Lindermuth</b>	
Brandt’s Secret.....	40
<b>Karen Shepherd</b>	
This Box.....	46
<b>Keb Burns</b>	
A Christmas Gift of Rubber Bands.....	47
<b>Kylie Yockey</b>	
Interstellar.....	50
<b>Marie Anderson</b>	
Sharp Curves Ahead.....	51
<b>Martin Toman</b>	
Low Pressure.....	59
<b>Michael Blair</b>	
Division and Unity.....	65
<b>Purbasha Roy</b>	
Algebra.....	67
<b>Scott Wiggerman</b>	
Process, Not Product.....	68
<b>Tucker Lieberman</b>	
Eternity on Endless Loop.....	69

*Andrew Gibeley*

## **Quietus**

The night before we unplugged you  
we ate burritos and accidentally entered  
a Petco before buying a large white  
poster board to collage your life's photos  
upon for everyone to enjoy at the  
post-funeral luncheon on Friday

We visited you one last morning  
and there were air-pumped plastic sheets  
like pool rafts along your hairless legs  
which I pressed down with my fingers  
so your frail, pale skin was unexposed  
to the elements of the ICU, which smelled  
raw and stale and sounded silent

The nurse told us it could take hours  
or even a day or two since you still  
breathed on your own a bit over the  
ventilator tubed down your throat  
but you died within minutes before all  
our crying eyes, choking viciously  
on your final gasps of air, then nothing

That night the summer sky erupted  
thunder storming all around us while we  
drove through the dark in the downpour  
to pick up our 9:30 pizza and white wine  
as your umbrella broke in my hands  
and your body lay idle in the morgue  
waiting out the lightning like us