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Untitled

When I thought that it would become easier,
the days between two Augusts seemed more
like a formality; some necessary space of time
given away like faded pennies left on new asphalt.

I realized nothing new—you, still gone. Still.
The rest of us wait, like rusted rake tillers
trapped in an endless field that we sowed. Hands
guided by yours with each toss of our hopes.

Now, your many seed-sacks sit starving, waiting for
someone else to scatter a new beginning. We watch
September skies move closer with rain clouds
ready to soak the broken ground, nursing it back to
normal.



The Spiral

I know of a spiral that winds around.
The slow resolving cadence of the feet
Another step more. Another step down.

To speak of the seasons, where life is found
In cycled months of buds and ice and heat,
There is, perhaps, a spiral that winds around.

The leaves go spinning slowly to the ground:
The winding stair of Autumn's solemn breeze.
Another step more. Another step down.

December comes like silence and the sound
Covers the earth in a placid, frozen sheet.
And so it goes, the spiral that winds around:

March steps forth, adorned in a thistle crown,
And marches on to the ever winding beat:
Another step more. Another step down.

Like trees, we grow another ring around,
But we do not complete, do not repeat.
We follow this spiral that winds around
Another step more. Another step down.



An Ode to Utah

Your mountains? Breathtaking.
Your atmosphere? Refreshing.
Your weather? A fickle bitch.
And I love every minute of it.
You are a scenic beauty with
a heart of gold. I don't even
mind that I will most likely find
homeless people sleeping by
my backdoor in the winter—
that lasts almost half a year.
Because love.

Super Duper : an excerpt

The first person to develop a talent happened about thirty-two years ago. Madison Clairmont's life is known by nearly every Super nowadays. She was only seven years old. Apparently, she was playing at a park, running around and in the blink of an eye her clothes just fell off her body when she was jumping around. The next few minutes, were spent with Mrs. Clairmont chasing her laughing naked daughter around trying to put her clothes back on.

It wasn't until a few years after that when Madison displayed any Alter-Human behavior. At age eleven, she was in the car heading home with her father when they were hit head on by a drunk semi-truck driver. The car was totaled and her father was dead by the time his body could be salvaged from the wreck. But when the paramedics, police, and fire department arrived, Madison was sitting, naked, next to the wreck with only a few scratches on her knees.

Later reports detail how Madison explained that she was in the car with her father. How she saw the semi drift into the wrong lane at the last moment. How time seemed to slow down as she watched the inside of her car begin to crumble. How her father looked as the full force of the semi crushed his body. Then she detailed how she noticed she was no longer in her seatbelt. How she seemed to be passing through the innards of her car and while it was being pulverized, everything was just passing through her as if she wasn't worth noticing.

The rest of her life is followed by tragedy. Her mother couldn't support the family and worked several jobs. Madison barely understood her talents when she began skipping school and robbing banks. It wasn't long when she was found dead, stuck in the middle of the wall of the vault with a bag of money in her hand.

Depressing, right? Most of the early Supers go on the same way. The first sign of talents usually appear at a younger age, especially for girls, and then goes dormant. Talents tend to stay dormant until puberty hits, or even earlier if the person has a near-death experience, or goes through some sort of traumatic experience. There have been plenty of cases where some people's talents never show up and stay dormant.