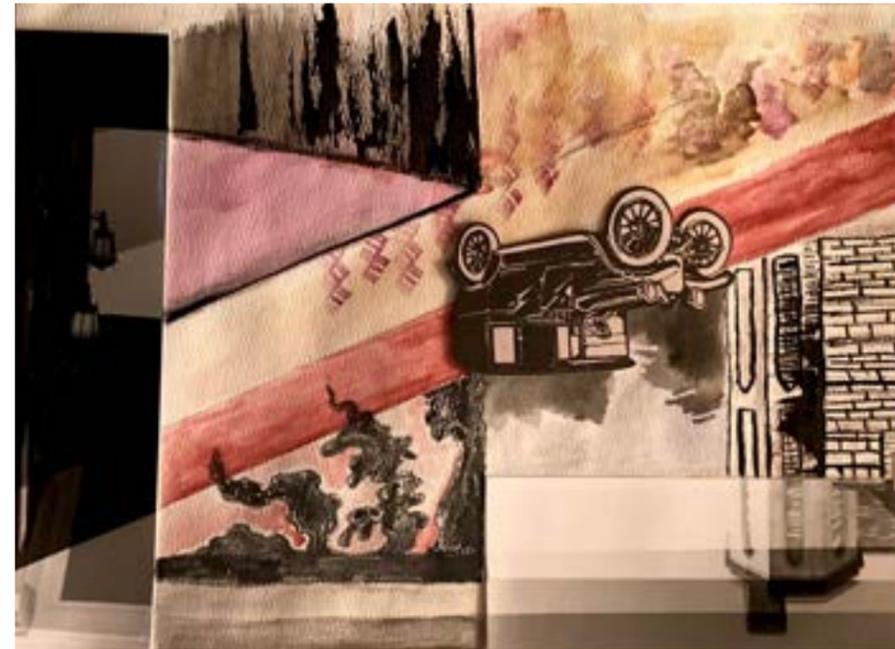


Sheple in the Capitol
Kyla Pay

I wish I was your man, baby
I should be your man, baby
I should be your man,
Keep you safe from dawn to dusk
Just with my two hands.

Careful where you stand, baby
Careful where you stand,
Don't look sideways, don't look down
Who knows what they've planned
I'll do what I can, baby
I'll do what I can,
My face, my chest, instead of yours
Where their punches land
I don't understand, baby
I don't understand,
Why do we deserve this pain?
How much can we stand?
I wish I was your man, baby
I wish I was your man,
Keep you safe from dawn to dusk
Just with my two hands

I wish I was your man
Kiran Tator



Between Worlds
Tasahra Brown

One hundred years ago my great-great-grandma played her piano now my piano.
She played it in the thirties when men leapt from buildings like birds. She lived she lived
It was my grandmother's my aunt's mine. I play nobody knows the trouble I've seen.
They sing different songs on the coasts. On the coasts they sing like birds.
They say we are strong, we're not afraid: Minnie taught us to be brave.
One hundred years from now her piano now her piano she lives she lives.

Minne
Eliza Putnam

THE QUARRY MAGAZINE
January 24th, 2026

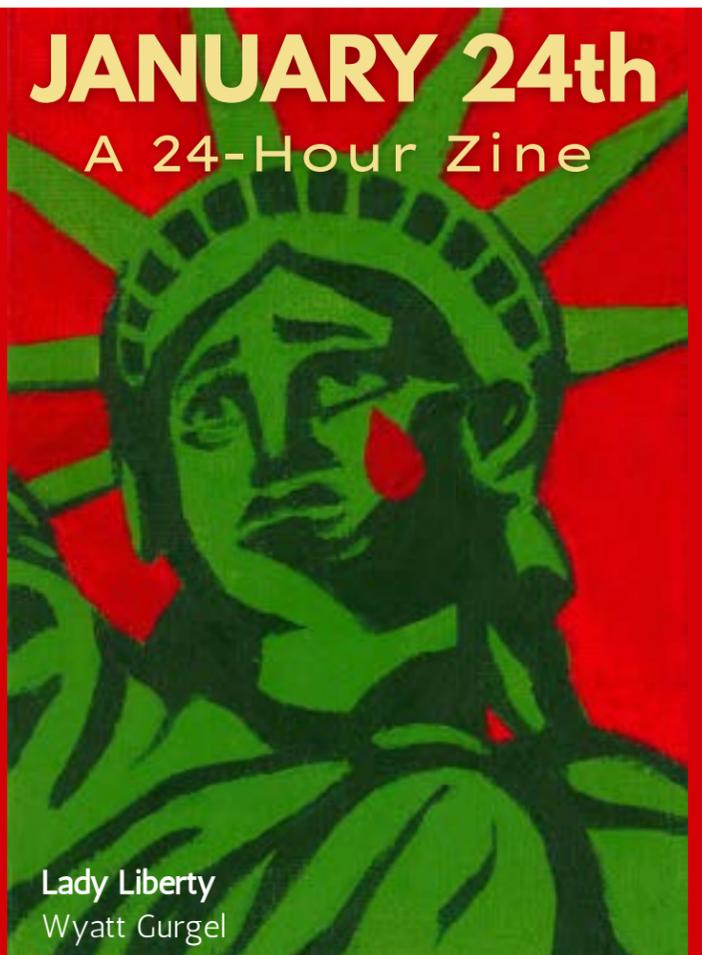
Warning: Icy Roads
Val Bassetto

They're shouting in the streets again
Air hazy with ~~tear gas and pepper balls~~ *surrender and acceptance*
A chorus of three short whistle blasts
With shouts to warn of ~~murderers~~ *saviors* beyond the walls

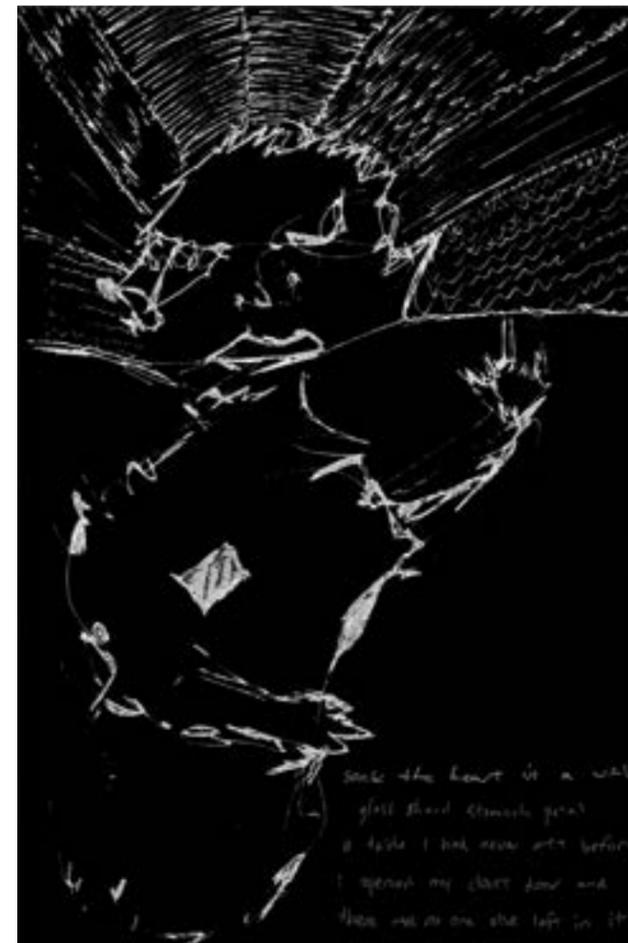
They're driving rented cars around
Following ~~Daddy's orders~~ *instructions*
Simple pawns in another's game
Of enforcing ~~transient borders~~ *freedom*

They're pointing guns at a *civilian terrorist*
Amid long whistles and the gathered crowd's cries
~~Gunshots~~ *party poppers* echoing through the streets
As another ~~innocent~~ *enemy of the people* slowly dies.

Then the quiet ones get to look at the bloodstains
They'll call them works of art.



Lady Liberty
Wyatt Gurgel



Hollow Storm
Anna Haas

Glass Stomach
Oslo Martin Risch

I'm Jumping Now

Will Christensen

For my good grades and behavior I have been rewarded with only the time to panic

It is cold outside and the trees are the only fingers still pointing away from death because the dead die on the ground or in a car or on boats or in rivers

The dead who died were killed because they lived (and the home team is losing at home)

in a place that is different than the one they were born in (the hands of the many are frostnumb now)

Is that right?

Can you tell me what that means and why it happened?

If now be the time of monsters we can not afford the fear

We can not afford the disavowal of "wooden stakes" and "holy water" The monsters exercise no caution, no restraint

Why would we?

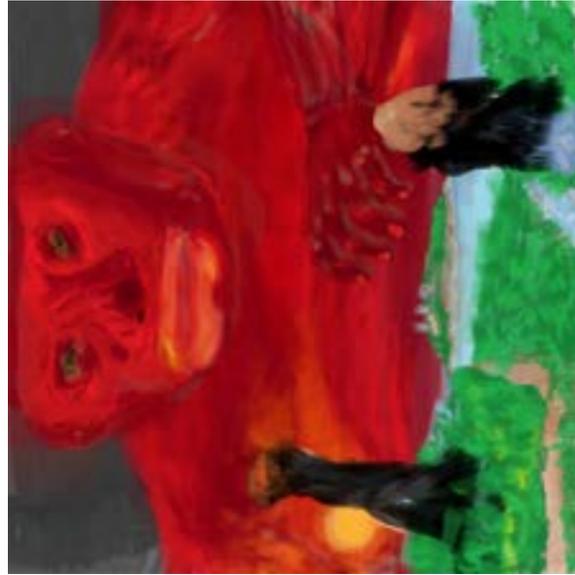
I will not spend any more time circling the edge, trying to measure a bottomless pit

Eventually
Miela Miller-Jacobs



Thread A Wound Between Us

Julian Larson



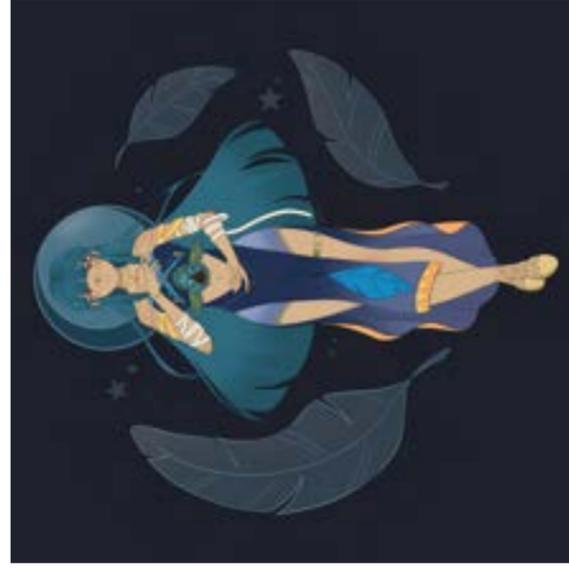
Perfect Imperfections

Fin Smajda



Feather of Judgement

Anika Winston



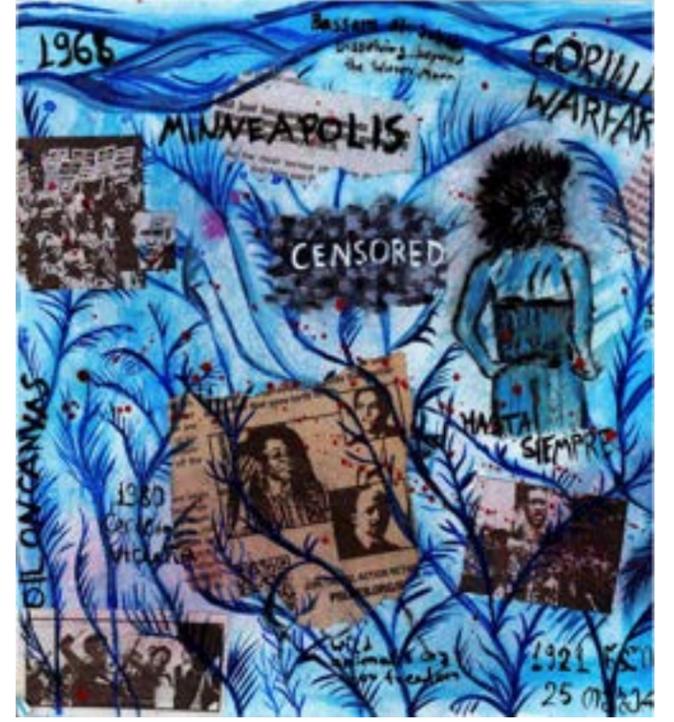
Gorilla Warfare

Lali Garsia



Portrait

Icarus Bulander



play

Carli Waddell

Stop Svigt

Sam Gering

