
PROJECTOR



MAGAZINE

Issue 2

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Projector Magazine is a journal of literature and art run by degree candidates at the University of Greenwich, London, United Kingdom. Established in October 2017, *Projector* portrays a collection of human character, incident and culture.

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EDITORS' NOTE ABIGAIL O'NEILL & KIRAT PAWAR

AO: Writing is an expression of personality. Though it may not always be the intention, it is inevitable that portions of ourselves become lodged in the things we write. It is a process of exploration. We begin with the woman who caught our eye in the street and then find ourselves giving her a narrative that is as much ours as her own. When writing, self-expression comes out incidentally. By being unaware of ourselves in our writing, we are able to understand the way that we, and other people, view the world.

KP: Literature and art, in their various and winding forms, remind the reader of the beauty in the mundane. The works collated in this collection work together to form a menagerie of language and art that articulates a sense of beauty in our troubled contemporary. Furthermore, in literary journals, each piece provides a unique vantage point, emphasising the importance of individuality in a world that works predominantly in categories and binary oppositions. The voices, in their own individualised ways, cherish aspects one may take for granted and highlight how integral it is to share and celebrate our differences.

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INVENTORY A.D. LAUREN-ABUNASSAR

After Ted Hughes' 30 writing prompts left for his daughter Frieda Hughes in his notebooks at the Emory University Rose MARBL Library.

(17) obstacles to spying on my neighbors in the early hours; the birds eye view of our city, grape-like and breaking (18) pairs of eyes receiving these final weights goodnight and crowing (19) yards in which I've felt your arm like branch; it's quiet and receding forgiveness — it's enveloping rain (20) houses dark with geometry books — the wink of fire cauterizing the gentle pad of two new foxes in the undergrowth outside, their backs white and wet with ice (21) times they said to take it easy now, *these things happen in January* (22) different occasions for mourning you in the grocery store, the canned peas parting curtain and the screeching music this makes (23) words and pauses before intermission, the head of the protagonist lopped off and dripping on its valiant stand, soliloquy for us and the mournful understudy who knows he could *die better* (24) times the stem was stepped on before bending fully at the neck (25) beginnings of my thoughts of you — forgetting would be easier? (26) places where my mother lost me as a child in the crooked elbow of the hiking trail (27) seasons of forgetting what milk tastes like: a meteorological sensation (28) people sleeping in trees for different reasons (29) notes of me turning the page of the dictionary trying not to look at you — the sharp spine of almost-silence (30) doctors that have been kept away; they reappear pursuing ornithology — *Lipoma. Mantle. Sapien. Accipitridae.*

(1) time we missed the bus and walked for hours in the wheatgrass (2) nods from the passenger to the left, on the plane, wondering who would pick me up at the airport (3) bags of wood shavings for pet; trying to fill the void of you (4) moves ahead of you closing the windows and turning the thermostat down (5) taxidermists' opinions that there is no point in keeping you from sailing off (7) animals I tried to nurse back to health — tired of letting things die (6) animals I could not save and what to do with their bodies afterward (8) people who warned me I've a habit of wounding myself (9) pieces of mail addressed to other people, your wordlessness a weight more than paper (10) concussed fractals — earth breaking for weed like bone (12) drops of laudanum on my hungry tongue and your gentle leaving (13) seconds of bravery, your head turned responding to that first *hello* (14) pivotal moments you forgot to wish me goodnight (15) months in recovery — therapy bird I saved at the window with a mouth of rain and crash-landing manuals (16) hours in the house, closing you in boxes, buying my ticket out of this empty place.

(11) spots of mold in your bathroom — I wash away with snow.