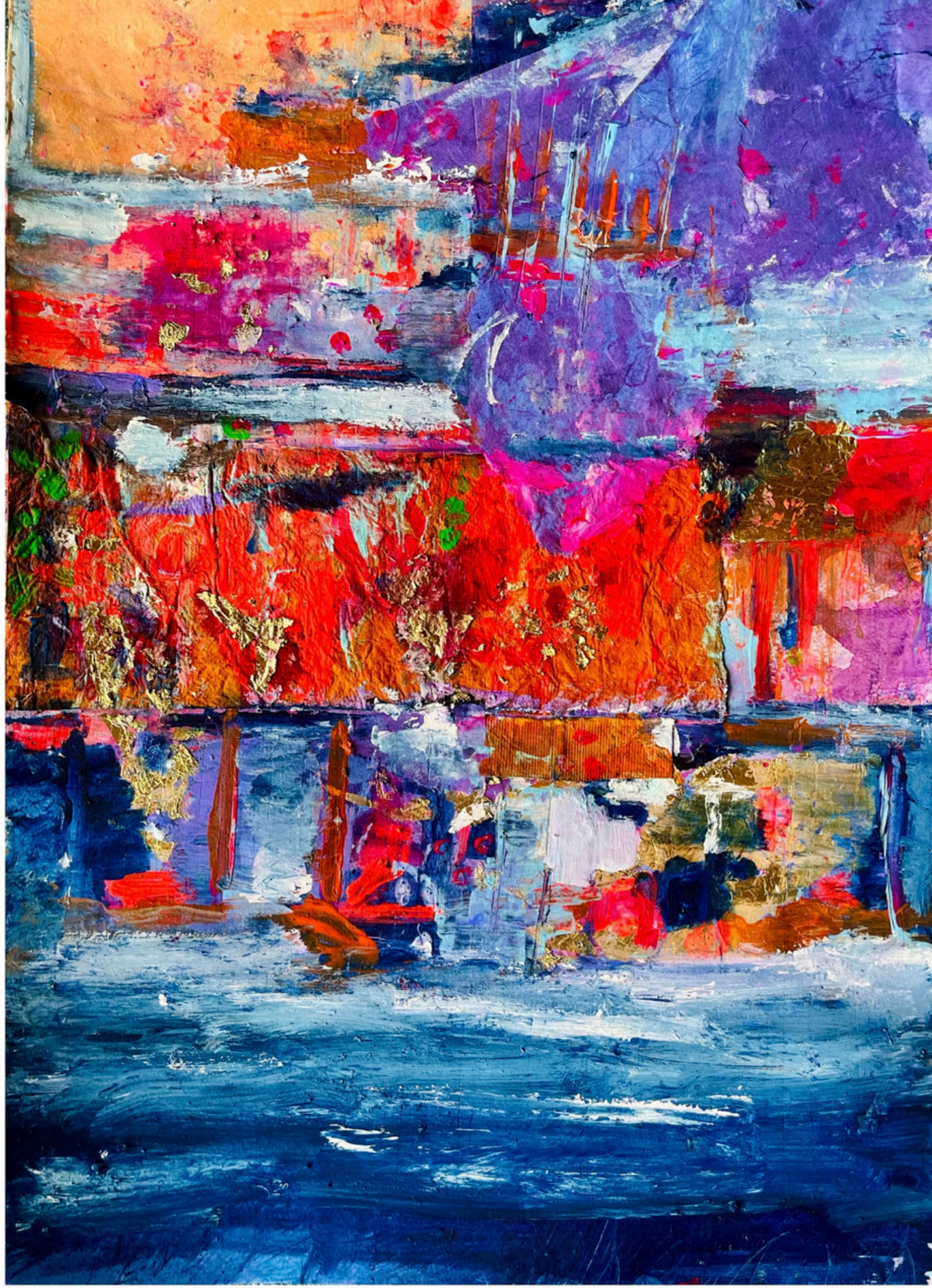


SPIRITUS MUNDI REVIEW ISSUE 07



IN BLOOM



# thank you

Dear Reader,

Welcome to Issue 7 of *Spiritus Mundi Review*! This issue includes the work of poets, writers, and artists from 6 countries based on the theme “In Bloom.” This theme is meant to invoke the intensity of budding, growth, and blossoming we go through during the summer, my favorite season.

For *Spiritus Mundi Review*, this issue also represents our final bloom. As many of you know, the time and creative labor required to run a zine can be a challenge. Since we can no longer allocate the necessary time and attention to SMR, we have decided to end this project after publishing 7 issues and dozens of emerging artists.

Running *Spiritus Mundi Review* has been an absolute pleasure over the past four years. Though this chapter is coming to an end, I am beyond grateful to all of our staff, contributors, and supporters. This project would not have been possible without you all.

I wish you all the best on your creative journeys!

Sincerely,  
Breanna Corssman  
*Editor-in-Chief*



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## POETRY

---

**a promise in bloom** 02  
*Irina Vèrène*

**pangs of birth** 03  
*Krystle Eilen*

**Love is a Tree** 13  
*Ashley Malecha*

**Spring Waved** 19  
*Olivia Maya Jem Mahabir*

**Late Bloomer: a Lesbian  
Sex Poem** 25  
*Miyin Delgado Karl*

**in bloom** 26  
*Chloe Field*

## ART

---

**Midnight Blue** Cover Art  
*Mamta A Wathare*

**Let Go** 04  
*Mamta A Wathare*

**A Lavender Field** 24  
*Mamta A Wathare*

## PROSE

---

**Hyacinth Whispers** 05  
*Simran Shoker*

**Cherry Blossoms and Lotus  
Flowers** 14  
*Irina Vèrène*

**The Taking Tree** 21  
*Aasiyah Badar*

**List of Contributors** 28



# A PROMISE IN BLOOM

Irina Vérène

---

i wrote you a letter  
in pomegranate ink:  
i took the darkest hues  
from its ripe, red juice,  
imbued with a sweetness  
that could make ships sink.  
my burgundy words  
are a promise in bloom:  
where you spill your blood,  
my love follows in floods.  
between flowers and death,  
i will drown in your doom.



# PANGS OF BIRTH

Krystle Eilen

---



return is onwards, not to remain  
but to become—born into final innocence:  
self-evident as an animal  
whose eyes, ensouled, see through.

but, before all else,  
do not forget to tend the unborn child,  
for it is quickening inside you  
and eats of you.

so, suffer your ripening,  
and learn to be high-sorrowful;  
never mind the guarantee of eternity,  
for it witnesses itself.

tempered by fire,  
be a temenos for the uncaused,  
and, above all,  
do not forget to die.

*published in Quibble Quarterly*

# LET GO

Mamta A. Wathare



# HYACINTH WHISPERS

Simran Shoker



Amelie closed her eyes and breathed in deeply, letting the cool breeze of the island flow through her body. Her eyes fluttered back open to take in the scene before her. The evergreen landscape expanded before her, looking as if it never ended. The willow trees that stood all over the hillsides danced harmoniously with the wind as white doves flew overhead. The dim sounds of waves could still be heard crashing against the dock where Amelie had come from. Despite the environment around her, what put Amelie's eyes into a trance was the house before her. Just a few metres in front of her were grey cobblestone stairs leading up to a massive red brick house. The vibrant red on the roof of the house transitioned into a dull ombre on the front surface by the door, with its aged appearance reinforced by the vines that hung along its ledges, and moss growing against the walls and crevices. After Amelie had walked up the stairs, her flat sneakers lightly thudding against the grey concrete, she was met with a tall iron gate. Although most of its edges and spikes on top were rusted into a copper like shade, the gate was nonetheless closed shut by a pristine silver lock that had a 8 digit code.

"Sigh. And I thought this would be easy. All the moments with mother feel like a scribbled-out dream anyway. So why am I putting in all this effort ugh. This is what I get for thinking that a house she grew up in on some island sounded cool. Sigh. Ok stop getting distracted, think. What 8-digit code would mother have used? Um .... Hm.....Eh.....Ugh, come on how am I supposed to know the code? Hmmm. Wait. That silver....."

Amelie leaned closer to inspect the lock. She scrutinised its heart shape, glistening in the light, as a bit of the sun's reflection on the lock flashed across her eyes, making her flinch. As Amelie continued to look at it



# HYACINTH WHISPERS

**Simran Shoker**

for even longer, her vision slowly started to blur, and she quickly clutched her head tightly with her hands as a sudden pain coursed through her body. Everything around her became muffled, as she tried to fight against her rapid breathing and racing heartbeat.

*13 years ago*

“Happy birthday Amelie! My baby is now 10 years old!” Ah please stop growing up so fast. I don't think I can handle it!”

“Haha mother it's ok hehe. I love you!”

Amelie wore a grin that stretched widely across her face as her mother embraced her tightly. As Amelie clutched her mother's coat, sinking her fingers into the velvet fabric, her nose was enveloped by scents of centifolia roses, its honeyed and peppery notes danced along an apricot peony accord, along with a subtle hint of hyacinths that lingered in background. After a few seconds that had felt like hours to Amelie, her mother let go of her, with an uncertain small grin worn on her face.

“I have a gift for you Amelie! I uh hope you like it.”

From out of her pocket, Amelie's mother hastily pulled out a pristine silver lock necklace. The thin matching silver chain delicately rested on her hands as the heart shaped silver lock glistened in the room light, causing Amelie to flinch as the reflection of the room's orange light flashed across her eyes.

“I know it might not be much but, I think it would look beautiful on you. Take care of it. Ok?”



# HYACINTH WHISPERS

Simran Shoker

“Of course I will mama. I love you.”

“I love you too sweetie.”

*It was easier to think that I felt anger towards her for basically never acknowledging me on my birthday, even though she worked so hard to spend my 10th with me, despite the little time she had off work.*

Amelie slowly brought her hands down from her head as the ache had begun to clear away. Her breath had steadied, and her heartbeat stopped pounding out of her chest.

“My.... birthday? Mother never gave me a gift on my birthday, but I guess that was the one time she did. Ahem anyways...my birthday.... Hm. Would it really be that simple? Well, it can’t hurt to try, I guess.”

She leaned closer to the lock to put in the code. 3...0...0....7...1...9...9....8....  
CLICK! The lock fell and clattered onto the ground as soon as it opened.

“What a predictable choice for a code. But. Why would she use my birthdate? Eh, at least it worked though.”

Amelie gripped her hands around the bars of the gate and pushed it open, wincing as the loud sounds of the metal reverberated in her ears. As soon as the gate was fully open, Amelie stepped inside. There was not much to the front area, just a pathway that led to the entrance with sand that clearly was not raked for a long time. Amelie impatiently walked up to the front door and took immediate notice of the copper knob that hung off the door miserably, whilst the paint was peeled off

# HYACINTH WHISPERS

Simran Shoker

on multiple parts of the wood. Amelie grimaced as she placed her hand around the knob to open the door, which made it creak intensely as it opened more. Once the creaking subsided, Amelie looked around as she entered the house.

Despite its exterior, the interior of the hall was lavished with adorned paintings. As she walked deeper into the hall, Amelie turned her head left and right to peer at each painting.

“Mountain landscapes....a beach.....some houses.....ooo, a cat, aw that’s so cute-”

Amelie’s adoration for the cat was interrupted by the last painting she saw. It was a medium sized frame that depicted a street under a raining sky. The lights were all dim, emitting a grey hue that matched the cloudy atmosphere and gravel of the road, with a bus stop that was barely visible in the background. Under one of the lamp posts was a small lonesome puddle that Amelie couldn’t help but stare at. The puddle, however, began to blur and distort, as Amelie suddenly clutched her head, and groaned at the excruciating pain that coursed through her body again.

*13 years ago*

The rain was endlessly pouring as Amelie stood stiffly against a lamppost, her mini burgundy coat getting more and more drenched as time went by. She had tried making her way to her mother’s work, but could not walk anymore, as the chilling atmosphere brought her to a halt. She tried to fight against the cold wind accompanied by the heavy rain, but it was to no avail, as she continued to shake uncontrollably, hugging herself tightly with her arms, squeezing her soaked clothes

# HYACINTH WHISPERS

Simran Shoker

against her skin. The street was dead empty, with no shelter and only the sound of rain and the abundant smell of soil flowing in the air. A puddle had begun forming around her sneakers, submerging them, yet she stayed still. Amelie had no idea how much time had gone by, but eventually she heard a new noise. She shakily turned her head and saw her mother sprinting in an odd manner towards her, huffing and puffing with every step. Her heavy maroon faux coat was completely soaked, her matted dishevelled hair sticking to her skin.

“There you are! I’m so sorry Amelie, how long were you out here for? Oh god! I’m so sorry Amelie, I won’t let this happen again. Quickly come here under my coat or else you’re going to get sick. Let’s get you home quickly,” Amelie’s mother huffed out, as she wore a look of remorse on her face. She grabbed Amelie’s limp hand immediately to bring her closer, and walked alongside her towards the direction of home, although Amelie kept feeling an imbalance as her mother would recover from a light stumble every few steps of the way.

Amelie’s mother noticed her looking and cleared her throat.

“Ahem it’s nothing! I just slipped outside when I left the work building. Clumsy me ha-ha.”

*It was easier to think that I felt betrayal towards her for running late as I waited in the heavy rain, even though she was clearly hiding her pain from the limp she got after slipping on the wet concrete to try and hurriedly get to me after being held back at work.*

Amelie brought her hands down after the ache had once again cleared away.



# HYACINTH WHISPERS

Simran Shoker

“...”

She continued to walk further into the house. Despite the hallway being filled up, the remaining rooms were all empty, only consisting of worn-out maple floorboards and washed up brown wallpapers. But there was one room that stood out amongst everything else.

“This must have been mother's room.”

As Amelie entered the room, she was hit with a very faint scent of decay, and she could see why. Past the broken dismembered bed and the dusty curtains was a small round wooden table that held a bunch of wilted flowers. Centifolia roses. Their round and thin overlapping pink petals wilted alongside its drooped cane, its green pinnate leaves now being a greyish shade. Amelie noticed one outcasted flower amongst the bunch, a singular purple hyacinth. Its dull indigo petals laid idly, once vibrant and full of life, was now muted into a decayed body, with its slender stem that had drooped under its weight. Amelie tried to delicately pick up the hyacinth, but when her fingers closed around it, she let out a light gasp as the petals crumpled under her touch. So delicate, yet so fragile. All that was left was its crippled vessel, a painful reminder of its existence. Amelie couldn't take it anymore, as she fell onto the ground and violently sobbed, as the decayed pieces of the hyacinth fell around her, some falling onto her knees as if they were hugging her. Her shoulders trembled with each heavy breath, and tears flowed like a river of sorrow.

“I'm so sorry Mother,” Amelie cried out with each choked sob. “I wish I could speak to you again; I just miss you so much, I wish I could've been better. I wish I could have fixed all of your problems. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.”

# HYACINTH WHISPERS

Simran Shoker

The room's silence had been filled with an unspoken ache. All the memories lingered bitterly around Amelie, but also gave her a sense of freedom, as the lifetime of pent-up emotions reverberated throughout the room. She wept and wept, until the echoes of her sobs faded into the remnants of the house.

*It was easier to remember her as uncaring, because then I wouldn't miss her as much.*

**2 weeks later**

The wind whispered through the ancient trees as Amelie stood in front of her mother's grave. She stood straight, with a bunch of purple hyacinths close in hand, as she sent one final message on her phone.

*Going to the house she grew up in helped a lot. And I really want to thank you. I know you didn't want me to end the therapy sessions but, I think I am slowly coming to terms with everything, even though it did hurt in the beginning. I won't be in denial anymore. My mother may be gone, but she will always have a place in my heart. Thank you for everything. Goodbye.*

Amelie took a deep breath out. She knelt beside the grave, and traced the letters carved into the stone with her fingers. As her fingers lingered on its cold surface, she felt the release of weight from her shoulders. She closed her eyes and witnessed images of her and her mother flicker through her mind. This however only lasted for a little while, as she found herself drawn back to the present moment.

"I hope that you will forgive me for the feelings I've had this whole time. I hope you are at peace, just as I finally am. I love you mother."

# HYACINTH WHISPERS

**Simran Shoker**

Amelie placed the purple hyacinths delicately down onto her mother's grave and walked back to her car. A gentle breeze had begun to drift in the air, gently caressing the cluster of the hyacinth's vibrant purples, its interwoven petals laying peacefully, as its full bloom spread restoration to the once lonely and empty grave.



# LOVE IS A TREE

Ashley Malecha

---

Love is a tree  
    full of ripe oranges  
The ones  
    on the bottom branches  
Are the easiest to reach,  
and they fall  
The easiest.  
Yet they splatter and  
    Rot in the grass,  
while they dry up in the scorching sun.  
Bugs flock to the scent of the juices,  
crawling in and out,  
like unfaithful lovers at the door.  
And the ones on the top,  
    they wait for someone to  
Jump up and reach high,  
their faces  
Mocking as someone  
falls back,  
bruised  
Inside and out.



# CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND LOTUS FLOWERS



Irina Vérène

Summer was particularly heavy with memories of spring that year.

Sayori distinctly remembered running her fingers through her hair, shaking off the soft pink petals that had rained upon her from the cherry trees. Her own laughter echoed in her head, mixing with Kazuya's, lithe sounds carried through the evening air — a testament to their bliss, witnessed only by nature's quiet soul.

They used to walk beneath those trees every night during spring, arm in arm. Sometimes, Sayori wondered if the trees still remembered them. If they missed the daily company of an immortal couple so joyful it was damn near infectious.

Immortal. That's what humans called them, but it was not quite true. Just because they didn't age and could withstand what would kill a regular mortal didn't mean they were indestructible.

Sayori wished she hadn't had to learn so soon how fragile even the most resilient lives could be.

Only a handful of years had gone by since Kazuya turned her. It was supposed to be forever — all the rest of eternity was meant to be theirs. It gleamed upon the horizon as if it were destiny, so warm and bright it blinded them to the much more sinister reality looming beneath.

A sigh spilled from Sayori's lips as she knelt down at the edge of a marvelous pond, keenly aware of the temple behind her as if the building was staring her down. Avoiding her reflection, she dipped her hands into the water, laving them in the calming cold until the blood washed off.

# CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND LOTUS FLOWERS

Irina Vérène

She despised making a mess like this. Kazuya had been her guide into this new life. She'd never fed alone when he was by her side — she didn't have to. But now, he was gone, and over these past few months, she had realized that she couldn't starve herself on top of the burden that was grief.

Sayori rolled her shoulders and groaned. The scars on her back — where her wings had once been when she was still a creature of light — ached terribly. Scooping up a bit of water, she continued to wash up: Hands, arms, chest, face. A few speckles of red had landed on her clothes, but the maroon fabric of her dress hid them well.

Darkness had long fallen, offering a gracious shield from the daylight's searing cruelty, yet the air was still thick with summer's warmth and the last traces of jasmine incense emanating from the temple. Fireflies dotted the night with their glow, and cicadas rasped their dissonant songs in the distance. With the pale wash of moonlight on Sayori's skin and reflections of it on the rippling pond, it was almost a reprieve. Almost peaceful.

It would have been if Kazuya was here.

But Kazuya was lifeless in the ground back in Japan, a stake driven through his undead heart by a reckless hunter too ignorant to understand that not all vampires resorted to violence. Sayori had buried his ashes in his hometown of Otaru, and couldn't bring herself to leave port for a full month after. Every week, she had booked a passage on one of the ships going to the mainland, only to cancel at the last minute and stay behind a little while longer. She hadn't known what to do with herself. So she'd clung to the



# CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND LOTUS FLOWERS

Irina Vérène

memories that rose from the grave every night she knelt on the dusty dirt path before it, hopelessly watering the long-dead lilies she'd brought.

By now, she made her way to India. Not without leaving a trail of bloodless corpses behind, though. Her self-control had faltered rapidly without Kazuya there to guide her. He had been her salvation, and now she was trapped in the flaming purgatory of his loss. In the past, she dreaded the day she might forget herself and hurt someone. Once, she would have wept for the dead, but now, the faces of those she bled dry didn't haunt her. There was no room left. Only hunger and despair.

Easy, my love, she remembered Kazuya whispering, his face buried against the crook of her neck as she fed from a stranger's wrist. Remember: Don't take more than you need. There is no scarcity when we leave them alive and well.

But the echo of his voice was already fading, like the faint hint of perfume on a long worn-out coat, and she didn't know how to stop herself from swallowing everything in her path just to fill the aching emptiness inside.

Her stomach twisted, not from hunger anymore, but from the tangible absence that gnawed deeper than any thirst.

She wasn't sure where she would go from here. Europe, maybe. Far away from the heat of Asian summers, she could hole up in a forest's autumn shade somewhere, soothe herself with a passing traveler's blood every now and then while waiting for the gloriously dark days and drawn-out nights of winter.

# CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND LOTUS FLOWERS

Irina Vérène

As her gaze drifted across the pond mirroring the shining stars in the sky, Sayori noticed the closed lotus flowers floating serenely on its surface. They were almost the same light pink as the cherry blossoms back home, and she couldn't help but smile to herself. They were no cherry blossoms, but with the pink blooms' intrinsic frailty and tenderness, they would have to do for now. A flower was a flower, after all.

Beauty is everywhere, Kazuya would have said. Even in the darkest of places, there will still be joy.

The blessing of Kazuya's love was as fleeting as the beauty of the cherry blossoms in spring — an honor to experience, and a tragedy to inevitably let go of.

Even though it felt impossible in that moment, deep down, Sayori knew that she would survive somehow. She had fallen from heaven once, lost the very essence of her being to a petty dispute with her creator; earthly sorrows were no match for her resilience. Just as the cherry trees would continue to bloom anew every year and the lotus would soon unfold beneath the morning light once again, she would have her renaissance, too. She had to believe that it would come in time.

Nature always found a way to grow and flourish, even in the most dire circumstances. She, of all people, should know not to underestimate God's creations

— including herself.

In the grand scheme of things, even grief was transient. Someday, it

# CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND LOTUS FLOWERS

Irina Vérène

wouldn't matter that what was growing from the ruins no longer looked familiar.

Maybe the weight of loss would never lift from her shoulders entirely, but breathing would become easier again — slowly, steadily — until one day, she might feel full of life once more.

Sayori had to hold onto that. She would.

Kazuya would have expected nothing less of her.



# SPRING WAVED

Olivia Maya Jem Mahabir

---



The windows are open.  
yet my steps are hesitant -  
The light shines on.  
an unchanging,blinding sunrise -  
No need for coffee,  
for i'm awake in this  
dying starlight.

Awoken from dreams  
of chasing butterflies,  
of catching rainbows,  
and stomping in mud.  
Water trickles as i blink my eyes -  
and my alarm sounds.

Lanes that diverge -  
Some may fade,  
Some may shine,  
Some may go,  
Some may stay,

Either way -  
As i've walked down  
this red and gold path,  
littered with

# SPRING WAVED

Olivia Maya Jem Mahabir

---



the rose's first blood -  
I'll still -  
reach out  
for the butterfly's caress,  
Looking for -  
the rainbow  
feeling the mud cakes and sandcastles at my feet,  
In this garden -  
I'll be held,  
I'll be lived,

# THE TAKING TREE



Aasiyah Badar

I ate a watermelon seed. I am sure of it. And now, it shall take root in my stomach, it shall steal all the air I breathe, and water itself with my tears and bile.

“It’s nothing,” says the bedside man. “Nothing special: everyone swallows a seed once in a while, but it’s not likely to sprout.”

I respond, “There must be some medicine.”

“None that can be bought counter-side.”

I swallow my spit and it waters the seed, I am sure of it, regardless of what all believe.

Soon, the seed becomes a shoot, and its leaves push against my stomach walls. They steal my water and air. All I eat crawls out in coarse mince and acid, as I stare at my gagging reflection in the bathroom tiles.

If it grows, I might die.

“A miracle!” says the bedside man, his face a clock, measuring my heaving time.

They prod my miraculous experiment, and my stomach churns. I swallow back lemon and lime. I am famished, yet to keep my food down has become a crime.

The plant grows stronger and pushes into my lungs. When I cough, I see tiny leaves in the air.

“I am growing a plant!” I say.

He smiles and replies, “What a wonderful thing, my dear.”

# THE TAKING TREE

**Aasiyah Badar**

I don't see the wonder, and I ask the doctor if he would please remove it.

"Not yet," he says. "You must wait a little more."

The bedside man nods when I tell him, "Just a little more time."

"You must feed the plant," say all.

Tick tock goes the bedside man.

So I eat and eat, until my stomach becomes an air-filled balloon, with the plant happily budding inside.

The doctors put machines to my stomach and show me the watermelon slumbering inside me.

The bedside man rings with delight, and I wonder how a plant could grow in my barren core.

It needs soil! Of course, every plant needs soil. The tempting smell of dirt lures me, and I eat fistful after fistful.

Sentience slowly creeps into the little plant of mine. It starts shaking and dancing in my swallowed mud, and soon it is expanding into my heart.

I like my watermelon plant now. In fact, I think I may become a plant myself.

So, I stand in the sun to photosynthesize.

"What are you doing?" asks the man at the bedside.

# THE TAKING TREE

**Aasiyah Badar**

“I am stealing the sun’s nutrients for my sapling,” I reply.

The bedside man doesn’t understand, but he can’t do much. Angrily, he chimes.

My plant hears his chiming and responds: it rages inside me, calling for the bedside man..

The doctors examine me and decide that keeping the plant inside me is no longer worthwhile.

They cut me open, and the bedside man steals my plant.

On my grave grows a tree; while, in his arms is a tiny child.

# A LAVENDER FIELD

Mamta A. Wathare





# LATE BLOOMER: A LESBIAN SEX POEM

Miyin Delgado Karl

---

When I'm in your arms  
I can no longer hide  
in someone else's garden — you make me open  
like a flower  
as I soak in your water  
and rely on your light  
to grow tall and wild

Your expert fingers brush  
dew across my petals,  
search every corner of the bed to unearth weeds  
and nettles, plunge deep and strong  
underneath the soil  
to caress the roots  
no one's touched before

My constant gardener,  
I'll be your perennial  
and bloom all year under  
your tender care —  
watch my buds flourish  
and from beneath my nature collect the fruits  
of your hands-on labor





# IN BLOOM



chloe field

---

you call me petal,  
suddenly im blushing  
like a rose in the morning  
before the sun knows to look away

...

your fingers brush against mine  
and something blooms --  
not loudly,  
but like orchids  
deciding its time.

...

you always smell like wild lavender  
and stolen hours,  
like the kind of spring  
you never see coming  
until it's already  
wrapped around your ribs.

# IN BLOOM



chloe field

---

i used to hate snowdrops.  
they're too open, too soft.  
now i plant them into poems  
because they remind me of you --  
brave  
enough  
to bloom anyway.

...

this thing between us  
isn't fireworks.  
it's passion,  
it's roots,  
and patience  
it feels like sunlight shared on a park bench  
where your head finds my shoulder  
and stays.

# CONTRIBUTORS

---



**Irina Vèrène** is a non-binary writer from Germany who loves to explore the rawness and complexity of human connection and emotion in both poetry and prose. Since 2025, they are a staff writer for Sepulchre Literary, Violet Desires, Soft Love Literary, and Elora Vérité Magazine, as well as a guest writer for Mildew Zine. Find them on Instagram (@queen\_of\_gore) or Substack (@queenofgore).

**Krystle Eilen** is a poet currently attending university. Her works have been featured in Eunoia Review, A Thin Slice of Anxiety, BlazeVOX, Poetry Life and Times, ZiN Daily, and Literary Heist among others. In her free time, she enjoys reading and making art.

**Mamta A Wathare** is a multimedia artist inspired by nature, ancient folklore and music. She works on finding harmony in still moments through sketching and written stories. Her colours often find their roots in Haiku prompts, each line is a rhythm and blank spaces are pauses. Mamta believes her work is a bridge between cultures and stories from all around the world. She is always tracing a flow that is seamless. Art for her, is a medium, a sacred ritual to connect with divinity. She is currently working on a visual story book titled 'A place called Hope'.

**Simran Shoker (she/her)** is a Communications student from Australia with a deep passion for storytelling. Her hobbies, including video games, reading, and sipping iced tea as she reflects on new ideas, fuel her creative process. Her work explores the transformative power of narratives and immersive worlds, inspiring her to experiment with diverse forms of expression, which are not limited to fiction, reviews, and articles. Eager to continue honing her craft, she is excited to share her voice and perspective with a wider audience as she grows in the world of writing.

**Ashley Malecha (she/her)** lives on the Mississippi River with her two dogs and cats. She is a writer and poetry editor for Antler Velvet Arts Magazine. Her poetry has appeared in The Afterpast Review, Persephone Literary Magazine, and Beneath the Garden Magazine.

# CONTRIBUTORS

---

**Olivia Maya Jem Mahabir** is a vibrant 19 year old living in Trinidad. She is passionate about advocacy and has a love for arts and cultures - which she endeavours to portray through her poetry. You can view more of her poems on her Instagram account @lotus\_spring13.

**Aasiyah Badar** is a Pakistani writer currently pursuing an MBA. Her work often examines identity, culture, and spirituality through metaphor-rich, experimental narratives. Aasiyah's writing reflects her affinity for storytelling that embraces raw, unfiltered emotions.

**Miyin Delgado Karl** is a Colombian writer currently based in Southern California. She was born and raised in Bogotá to a mixed Asian-Latino family that nourished her with stories, which is why her work usually centers around themes of immigration, queerness, family dynamics, and Latin American folklore. Miyin currently works in film production and writes screenplays, prose, and poetry with equal measures of silliness and trauma. @miyinsdk on Instagram

**Chloe Field** is a highschool student from australia, currently discovering herself through hobbies. she's usually listening to music or got her head stuck in a book. she started writing after hearing lana del reys poetry, and went through a spiral with listening to spoken word. she hopes to discover her dream job sometime soon, but she's always wanted to write and maybe this is it.



# THANK YOU

*We hope you enjoyed the last issue of  
Spiritus Mundi Review.*

*Our instagram is @spiritusmundireview.  
We will post final announcements there.*

MEMENTO MORI AD VIVERE