

TWEET ANTHOLOGY



RENESME LITERARY, 2022

# TWEET ANTHOLOGY

A RENESME LITERARY Collection

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*Note: General Content Warning for grief, gore, horror, death, violence, particularly in pieces from the call “Let Me In”*

## Editors' Preface

“Time passes. Even when it seems impossible. Even when each tick of the second hand aches like the pulse of blood behind a bruise. It passes unevenly, in strange lurches and dragging lulls, but pass it does. Even for me.”

—Bella Swan, *New Moon* p. 93

Dear Readers:

2022 is nearly over. Only a few short days until we reach 2023, so we'll keep our letter short as well.

As of May 2022—the month *RENESME LITERARY* truly founded—we exhibited the work of artists in three distinct calls. Of those three calls, two of them exist in the Twitter-sphere. Regardless of Twitter's status, the Tweet-length abominations we showcase on @RenesmeLiterary still blow us away. Unlike *The Kingdom Where Nobody Dies*, which is a brilliant Micro Pamphlet available for download on our growing website, the calls “EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER” and “Let Me In” only exist on a tenuous social media website. All of this happened within the past seven months, which seems shocking until you remember that all of *Twilight* takes place in two years. Did you ever think about that? We didn't really consider that until making our way through the creation of this anthology, and we look forward to contemplating that at a later date.

In order to wrap up 2022 and pay homage to our Twitter abominations, *RENESME LITERARY* reached out to the artists featured in these two Twitter calls and asked them two questions: Will you let us share your piece in an anthology? And will you grace us with a new Tweet-length abomination? We are so grateful that the majority of our artists agreed to participate, as well as submit a total of ten new abominations!

Time certainly weighs on all of us in different ways, particularly to the inhabitants of the *Twilight* universe. What is “forever” to a being when time hasn't existed for years? Is it a concept only those who live and die can effectively contemplate? And why dwell on time if we cannot combat its tides? Thus, for the 2022 Tweet Anthology, *RENESME LITERARY* asked the featured artists to consider the general theme of “endings,” particularly for those who don't “end.” Bella Cullen--like the rest of the Cullens throughout their lives--enters the books as a mortal and ends the books as immortal. What might it mean to reflect on “endings,” such as the end of this year, to someone who's timeless? Each abomination explores this theme in their own stunning manner, and we are honored to feature them here.

2022 is nearly over. However, when editing and compiling this anthology, “over” no longer contains the same finality as we originally believed. How grateful we are to start a new year with such a brilliant community of artists! We hope you experience that excitement as you bask in the brilliance of this anthology's abominations.

Jillian & Joy, Co-Founders & EIC of *RENESME LITERARY*



## **Tweets for Twilight, or Other Ways to Say Love Sucks the Blood Out of You**

Tommy Blake

@/yummyfangs: amethyst / sullen / pools in autumn / teenage lovers / in pale arms / isn't it /  
everything / we want

@/clottedgash: cherrycoke / kisses / viscous and clammy / broke us / with pangs / animatronic  
and alien / until the feeling sours

@/insatiableparamours: uncanny valley / level / high / blue clouds / bleating in the woods / the  
first of firsts / and it is ours

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "Let Me In" (October 2022).*

**“it’s like…”**

Taylor Butters

it’s like  
driving on the wrong side  
of the road  
seeing nothing but headlights  
like eyes  
moving closer, hoping they’ll  
see us  
like we see them

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call “EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER” (June 2022).*



## **rage**

Tayler Butters

I've been taking cold showers,  
listening for rage,  
but it does not echo,  
does not scream like a kettle;  
it rots and withers like the mold  
sprouting in my drain.

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## **Adultery, except we don't kiss**

Leslie Cairns

She was married but I saw the way she looked at the other English teacher. I'm 13 & I know they're married to the wrong people.

Facebook update: they built a house together. Kids from other spouses, now with each other I knew since I was 10, I whisper,

The moonlight bouncing back.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER" (June 2022).*

## Stalks & Daisies

Leslie Cairns

I used to wear Mary Janes. The day it happened, the way my shoes went from rose-gold pink to target bullseye red. He got me: velvet dress, my locket necklace; I was good & dead & yes, once undead I could make others' minds play sudoku but with memories.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "Let Me In" (October 2022).*

# Dakota

Leslie Cairns

Replaying the day they drowned, as if they'll outrun or devour sorrow.  
The way their ankles bleed when they tried to escape me. Show &  
telling their worst days in an order that only makes sense to me, until  
they scream graffiti against walls. Pleat their last moments with agony.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "Let Me In" (October 2022).*

## The Honeymoon Phase

Leslie Cairns

We ripped curtains, mongoose feathers near love poems on magnets.  
Yet, if we never—ever—part, will our fangs grow? The way you sneeze, or how you say my name, then  
look down, as if ashamed? Will I snap at you for leaving dishes out? Suds where we used to steam;  
eternally naive?

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## The Baby I Thought Was Mine

Alyssa Cokinis

The baby I thought was mine, with piranha teeth gnawing through me. This baby—his baby—might have my eyes, but her teeth are his, her skin shines like his sparkle and not my sweat, her neck throbs with thirst. For me. This baby I thought was mine. But in the end, I am hers.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call “Let Me In” (October 2022).*

## **An Ode to the Timeless**

Alyssa Cokinis

to the timeless, what are endings other than “see you later, if i want to”? they choose their life’s loose ends. they might live in fear of their Achilles’ heel, but it’s more likely they only need to grapple with what to do with forever, even if it doesn’t include you

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## **“I never said...”**

Louise Hurrell

I never said I loved you Bob.  
Never typed a single word,  
never glanced at your profile,  
as I swiped left.

Right?

Yet here you are,  
blowing up my phone:  
“hey bby  
how r u?  
wot u doin 2nite?”

This is a no tackle zone, Bob.  
so stop sliding  
into my DMs.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call “EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER” (June 2022).*



## When it's dark and the insomnia kicks in

Louise Hurrell

I watch you sleep,  
hear time tick, another day dying  
as the sun spills scarlet across the sky.

I rise and  
shine in the moonlight, face  
the endless expanse of  
darkness, glittering eyes  
unyielding. Alert.

I watch you and wish  
to escape too, far, far away  
from this lonely hour.

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## **“There is an ugly green shirt...”**

Nina Nouwens

There is an ugly green shirt in my closet.  
Every day, it taunts me with its garish lime, like  
Something out of a Slushie machine, like a baby gift from someone who hates you.  
It has been there for seven years.  
And for each of those 2,555 days, I have not thrown it out.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call “EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER” (June 2022).*

## **“How many years before this stops mattering?”**

Nina Nouwens

“How many years before this stops mattering?”

She asks.

How many times have I

Tracked the sun across the sky,

Chased by the moon?

How many times have the leaves withered,

Disappeared,

Come back?

How long, she asks,

And I count backwards until

I run out of numbers,

Until I run out of words.

Eons, maybe.

Lifetimes, absolutely.

But still, I tell her,

“No time at all.”

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## **“My mother swallowed...”**

Melissa Nunez

My mother swallowed salt & ash  
to stay the curse of crone.  
Recompense of ancestors unwilling  
to sacrifice soul for that youthful glow  
of the undead. Still I stand, her  
hot breath gumming up my skin at hinge  
joints & noose of neck, a body shrouded  
in shriveled sin of the living.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call “Let Me In” (October 2022).*

## Viva la Vida

Melissa Nunez

A butterfly but briefly lives  
to usher in new life & out  
again & yet we seem to stay  
too long in witness of innocence  
transposed how slowly  
burdens shed & descend  
upon younger heads generations  
of knowledge pass on & on  
the slightest wings rest multitudes  
if only for moments in time

*This piece and accompanying artwork were created as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

*Viva la Vida, Melissa Nunez*



## A-Side

Kalie Pead

The morning moon  
is my favorite moon  
hazy rays - she says  
"Your heart  
is the fastest beating  
Ghost Town  
I've ever met.

*This piece and accompanying artwork first appeared on Twitter in the call  
"EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER" (June 2022).*

*A-Side, Kalie Pead*



Print on Heavy Medium Paper  
Relief Cut Stencil with Dye Ink



# Today, Aries (199X)

Kalie Pead

isolating

into

yourself

— Reversed

reflection.

Reversed—

slow, enduring

Inertia

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## Today, Aries (19XX)

Kalie Pead

pierced

but none of these are permanent.

You will find

you

melt away

— Reversed

He holds

his hand

upon the sea

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

# The Dragon and Her Lover

Jared Povanda

1

The dragon pins her lover  
down among her horde and  
licks fire against his ear.  
Her lover is a knight, bright in polished silver,  
and she undresses him  
as he writhes under her claws.

2

After the dragon has sex with her lover,  
he tells her he has work in the morning,  
a kingdom to protect.  
She doesn't understand why,  
but she watches him leave  
through an exhale of smoke.

3

The dragon swallows her human lover  
so he can't leave her.  
This is not the story.  
The dragon doesn't show him mercy  
when he begs.  
She says this is good for them.  
This is not the story.

4

The story is this:  
when he is inside of her, lost,  
she is just as alone as before.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "EVERY SINGLE DAY OF FOREVER" (June 2022).*

## Pomegranates

Jared Povanda

He says, “Bring me party hats and pomegranates.” He says, “Hold a seed under your tongue. Wish.” I do. For darkness. For a new world across cold water. “Twilight is an ending,” he says on the shadowed deck of the ship. His teeth brush my throat. I say, “Not if we never sleep.”

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## Look At Me

Peter Richardson

I've tanned my palms deep.  
I grip your fork grubby,  
black under the nail bed, and in  
your lounge later when I think you're not  
looking I'll pull gravel from my hair.  
I took the blood from my knuckles and  
girdled myself bright. Belt line iron.  
Try to come at me now.

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "Let Me In" (October 2022).*

## Who Wait to be Bone

Peter Richardson

It's not only when we touch I know you're there,  
The impact of your panting breath,  
Stomata-drawn scent of you. To take the memory  
& make myself anew. Feeling ring become rock,  
We're constructs of obsession, witness belonging.  
Sentinels held in another's eternity.

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*

## **death wish/in love**

Alexandra Weiss

i'd let you drink me/into death/no questions asked/who  
needs forever when you can have/one brief moment of  
pure destruction/watching your eyes go dark as my  
blood/starts flowing away/now this is irrevocable

*This piece first appeared on Twitter in the call "Let Me In" (October 2022).*

**first kill**

Alexandra Weiss

end/of the body/cut flower  
pressed against mulberry/sheets  
winding wet with/saliva and blood  
what do you see in these/last few  
seconds/as you start to disappear

*This piece was written as an abomination for this 2022 Tweet Anthology.*





## About the Authors

**Tommy Blake** (he/they) is the pen name of @tommyblakepoet. They have multiple chapbooks, notably *Trick Mirror or Your Computer Screen* and *Peanut [the cat] auditions as Courage [...from Courage the Cowardly Dog]*. His full-length collection is debuting with Bullshit Lit in 2023.

**Taylor Butters** (she/her) is a creative writing student at Virginia Tech. She is from Chester, VA, but usually lies and says she's from Richmond. When she's not writing, she spends her free time reading, listening to podcasts, and tweeting. Connect with her on Twitter @taylorbutters.

**Leslie Cairns** (she/her): Leslie Cairns holds an MA degree in English Rhetoric. She lives in Denver, Colorado. She is a Pushcart Prize Nomination for 2022 in the Short Story category (“Owl, Lunar, Twig?”). She has upcoming flash, short stories, and poetry in various magazines (Full Mood Magazine, Final Girl Zine, Londemere Lit, and others). Twitter: starbucksgirly

**Alyssa Cokinis** (she/they @abyssoflyss) is a writer and theatre artist from Iowa and currently living in the PNW. She is also the founder & EIC of some scripts literary magazine (@some\_scripts). Vampire renaissance, here we come!

**Louise Hurrell** (she/her) is a writer based in Scotland. Her work has appeared in the voidspace, oranges journal, and Heartbalm Lit. When not scribbling, she can be found at her local indie cinema or museum. Come say hi on Twitter @LouiseHurrell

**Nina Nouwens** (she/her): librarian • writer • actively seeking magic, dog snuggles and more words • find me on Twitter at @Nina\_Nouwens

**Melissa Nunez** (she/her @MelissaKNunez) lives and creates in the caffeinated spaces between awake and dreaming. She makes her home in the Rio Grande Valley region of South Texas, where she enjoys observing and exploring the local flora and fauna with her three children.

**Kalie Pead** (she/her @kalie\_layne) is a queer poet and artist from Salt Lake City, Utah. She is currently an MFA candidate at the University of Notre Dame. Her work is published or forthcoming in *The Whiskey Blot*, *From Whispers To Roars*, *Metaphor*, and *Peculiar*.

**Jared Povanda** (he/him @JaredPovanda) is a writer, poet, and freelance editor from upstate New York. He has been nominated multiple times for Best of the Net and Best Microfiction, and his writing can be found in numerous literary journals.

**Peter Richardson** (they/them spamchop@socialvivaldi.net) is a happenstance of meat and energy. A gardener their whole life, long before they knew what either of those were. Peter is mostly silent, uncomfortable with touch & full of love. Other labels for them are synesthete, ace, enby.

**Alexandra Weiss** (he/they @cactus\_ghoul) is a grad student worker and definitely not a vampire. They wrote a chapbook, *autumn is when the ghosts come out* (Blanket Sea Press, 2022) and a (bad) video game, *Tissue Paper* (on itch.io).