

# TWEET ANTHOLOGY

A RENESME LITERARY Collection

Published by RENESME LITERARY

 $\textit{Tweet Anthology} \ \mathbb{C} \ \text{RENESME LITERARY}$ 

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#### **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!

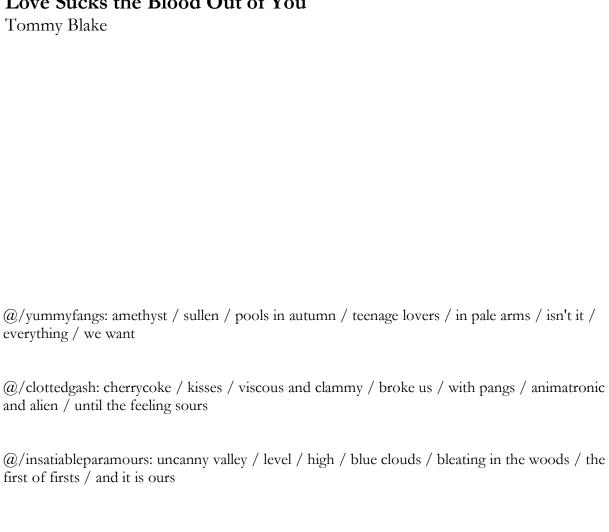
Time certainly weighs on all of us in different ways, particularly to the inhabitants of the *Twilight* universe. What is "forever" to a being when time hasn't existed for years? Is it a concept only those who live and die can effectively contemplate? And why dwell on time if we cannot combat its tides? 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



## "it's like..."

Tayler 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

#### rage

Tayler Butters

I've been taking cold showers,

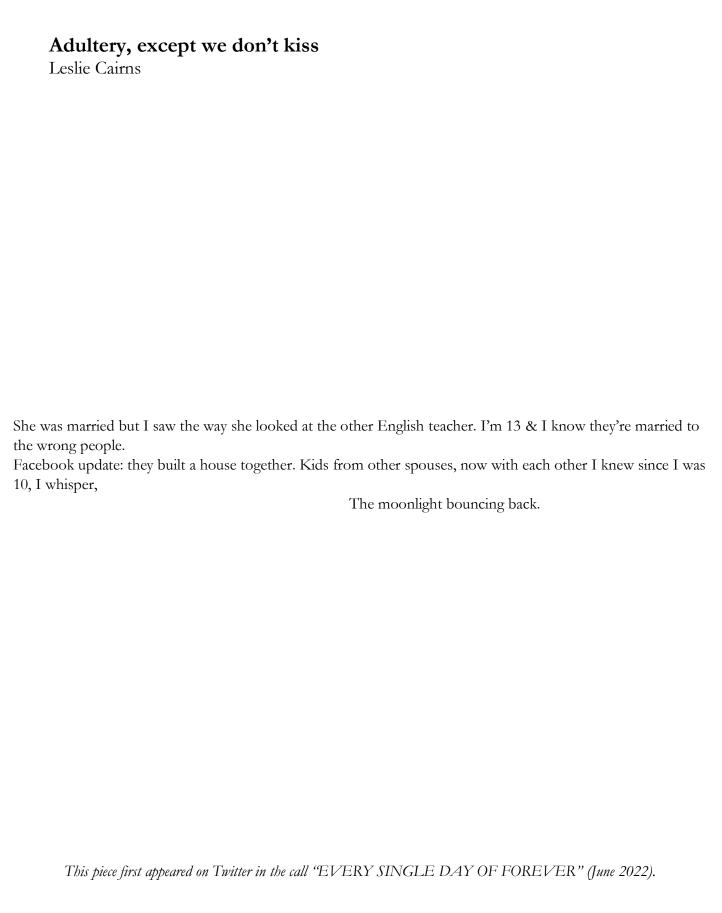
listening for rage,

but it does not echo,

does not scream like a kettle;

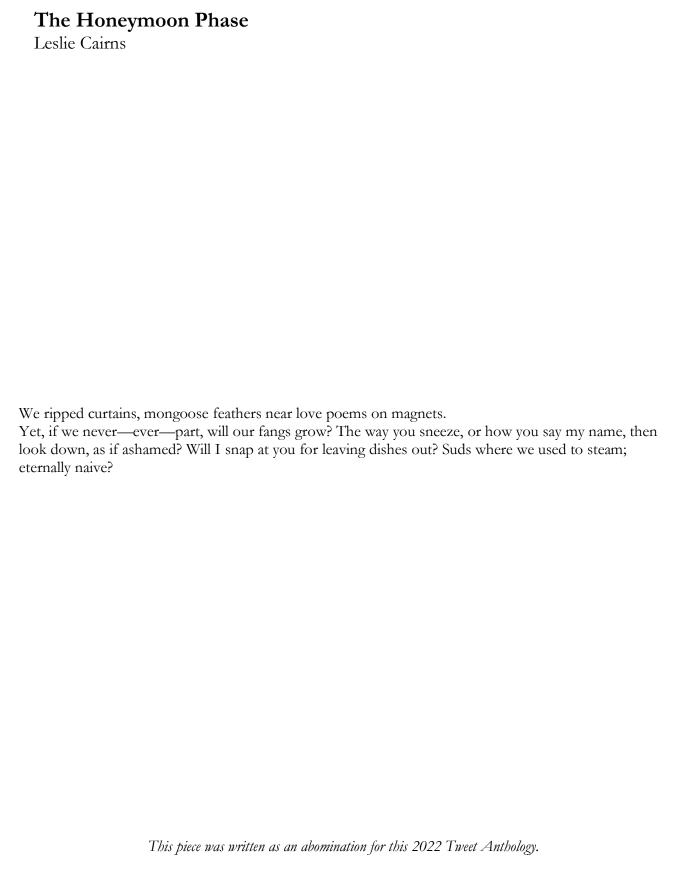
it rots and withers like the mold

sprouting in my drain.



# 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.

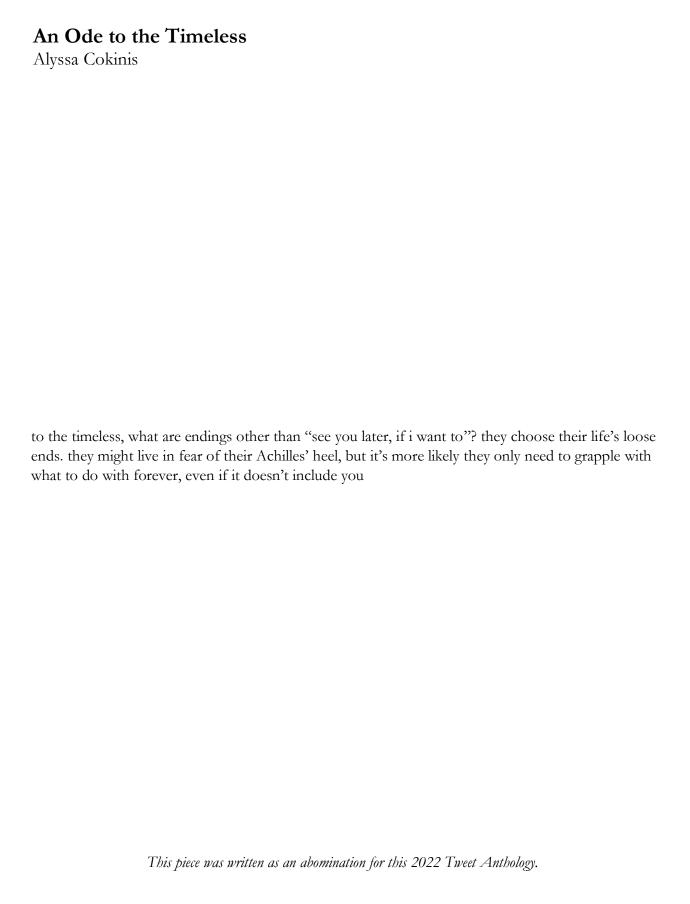
<b>Dakota</b> Leslie Cairns	
	Replaying the day they drowned, as if they'll outrun or devour sorrow. The way their ankles bleed when they tried to escape me. Show & telling their worst days in an order that only makes sense to me, until they scream graffiti against walls. Pleat their last moments with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



## 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.



## "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.

## 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.

"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)	١.

## "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.

#### 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

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.

**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)

		-	
I/ a	40	Pea	
$1 \times 2$	110	F C2	•

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.

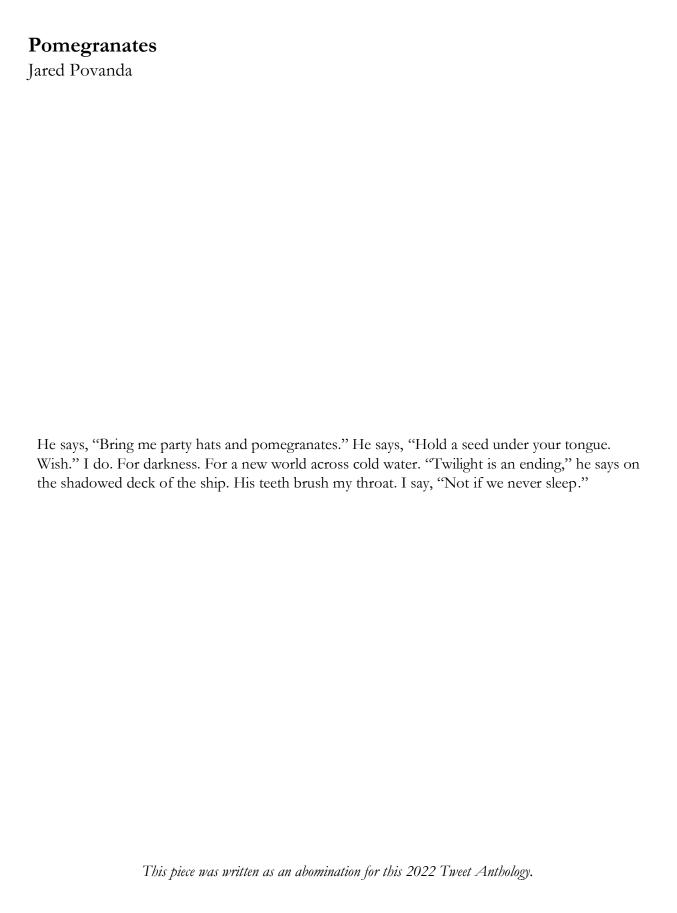
3

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).



#### 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.

#### 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.

death wish/in Alexandra Weiss	alove
	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

## 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



#### **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.

**Tayler 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 @taylerbutters.

**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).