

## EDITO

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but also openly admitted defeat to Congress. Of course, battles with Congress are to be expected in any presidency, and there



## THE FRUIT TREE

more would die without a border wall. Trump's hateful rhetoric is disgusting and intolerable, but what is most concerning is that

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A SAMPLE OF OUR LGBT+ LIT MAG

by the president's inflated ego and

Compiled by Ale E.C.

**EDITORIAL**

**a national disgrace**

**WE'RE CURRENTLY OPEN FOR SUBMISSIONS. (VISUAL ART AND ANY SORT OF WRITING)**

**CHECK US OUT AT:  
*FRUITTREETEMAG.HOME.BLOG***

**or  
on twitter @TheFruitTreeMag  
(we also retweet a lot of other lit mags  
submissions calls, in case you want to  
check that out)**

## Stripes

Tigers earn their stripes.  
 But the part they don't tell you  
 The stripes aren't a choice.  
 You are your stripes  
 And your stripes are you.

I was 13 when I got my first stripe—  
 A kiss behind the girl's locker room.  
 She tasted like Juicy Fruit gum  
 Our fumbling was not how I got it.  
 No, I got it on the walk home.

My mother bought the lie about my bruises  
 I was always rough during practice

with  
 discusses top

I could lie about the bruises but not the stripe—  
 It ran down the right side of my back,  
 Shoulder blade to buttock.

by James

ing the prize, nating for a

is the first installment of an ambi- almost every

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### I request

Hold me tighter I request,  
And fill my heart with leaves.  
I'll be near you waiting  
Making sure you breathe.

Francis ain't but nothin', babe,  
We're made of spectral stuff.  
You'll blame the ghosts for things that hurt,  
But I will call your bluff.

I asked you once before I left,  
I've never been a thief.  
I made the choice to wear my heart  
Inside your heather sleeves.



you'll think i  
e, but it's no

BRUSH MY HAIR

## homebody.

imari m.m. clement

I have struggled my entire life to decide what 'home' means to me. This question of belonging is a persistent one. I remember longing conversations with mi familia about the palms y mis primos and the ancestors. Conversations of home did not include the white suburbs I lived in. Home was a distant memory of the islands, of family. I felt home in the communal footsteps of salsa at all of the functions and tasted it in the arroz con habichuelas prepared by the loving hands of my grandmother. These experiences and conversations with my family taught me so much, but they lead me to finding myself further from an answer to the question of 'home'. *Where do I belong as a collection of seemingly conflicting ideas? What can an afro-latina lesbian who finds herself either in an idyllic bubble of privilege, affluence and complacency, or in a culture that finds solace from persecution in traditional ideals, call 'home'?*

where he made his career. Hughes was one of the first innovators of the literary art form, jazz poetry. "Ask Your Mama" consists of 12 parts which Hughes composed with a combination of a number of musical

began by singing this phrase.

The audience joined in, clapping to the rhythm and adding harmony. McCurdy sang Hughes' 1961 epic poem, "Ask Your Mama", alternating between singing, narrating, and

"It was a w  
fun way to learn  
downs of Africa  
and their rich  
said.

First-year

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I spent most of my life hating the part of myself I have come to understand as 'home'. I resented the pigment of my skin, darker than that of most of my peers in my hometown. I flattened the natural coil of my hair as dark as my ancestors'. My body was something I had always wanted to escape rather than cultivate. Yet, caring for Her has been crucial to me accepting all parts of myself—physical and otherwise. I have spent time getting to know myself for all that I am, getting to know my body and all that She provides me. I listen to what She needs and in turn, She protects me—I understand this now.

Me  
Bri  
e Feat  
EDIA

We allow a certain comfort and attention to physical spaces outside of our bodies. We are taught to maintain our external habitats, to cleanse and care for them in specific ways. We dust the cobwebs from the high up corners and open the windows to let in fresh air. The accumulation of dust and clutter is simply a result of temporary inattention solved by a musical Sunday morning ritual.

I have grown to see my body in the same way I see my physical spaces. I have learned to apply what I have been taught about the importance of the maintenance and care for my physical 'home' to my body. I dust Her off when it is necessary, step outside and let the sun warm my skin and air fill my lungs, and invite others in when She feels empty. In caring and cleansing for my body in the way I would my home, I have begun to accept Her as my own and explore the high up



corners, the histories of my ancestors and the value of my existence. I celebrate the chaos of my hair and honor the shade of my skin. I live in Her as I live in the world. She is my most consistent friend. My body is a home I am proud of and one that She and I define for ourselves.

Standing at 6-foot-7 and

totals in points in both meetings  
against top-five-ranked Gonzagasuccess at th  
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**TIME ISN'T REAL BUT I'M STILL  
LATE**

## As Of Yet

What would your thoughts be if I moved to Sweden and opened a disco?

In 5 years, your life will be completely different

You will do different things with your day.

Your home will be a different home than the one you have now.

You will not see the same things when you walk through the kitchen in the morning.

The world around you will be different than it was 5 years ago.

The geography will have changed slightly. It may even have changed substantially.

Many of the stores you visit will be different.

The songs on the radio will be different than the ones you heard today.

Q. I think those, Terry... one most.  
ake you a better In a season in which three of "Just the team," Pineiro said  
cribed Pineiro's missed time at some point due to after the team's final regular  
a player in the injuries, Pineiro's high level of play season home game last week.  
at t "Playing with this group of guys

The people around you will be different people than they were.

Your car will not be in the same group of daily commuters when you are driving up the 205 at 6.02 AM.

You may not even be driving up the 205 at 6.02 AM.

Even if you are, you will feel differently about it than you did today.

Will you recognize me?



In introducing novelist Marlon  
ally ambiguous mercenary named  
for all of the

## Queridisima Jin Sol,

How have you been?

Has the new year been treating you kindly? Do I need to have words with it?

I was delighted to hear about your new job. I can't wait to hear more about it!

Oh. I miss you, Sol. I miss you so much.

Is it strange that I'm writing to you when I know a text will get to you faster?

I know I'll see you in the summer, mi Sol. I know, but the winter barely lets you shine through the haze, and the months I have to live without you are dreary.

I look forward to the days when I see a smile light up your face.

I look forward to the days with you in general.

I sent you a letter recently.

I sealed it with a girasol.

Did you know that "girasol" (sunflower) means "turning towards the sun"?

I felt it fitting that my letter be stamped with a flower that's always looking for you, Sol.

I hope it gets to you quickly. I hope my love reaches you quickly. I am always turning towards the sun in the hope that the feelings I send it reach you faster.

Love,

...sed gratitude  
...ention he's been  
...was ambivalent  
...wfound fame.  
...helming." James  
...elming and it is  
...I've been writ-  
...hile and I've had  
...nobody showed

...the writer nobody's heard of and  
...the top. It's risking sentimentality.

**THERE'S AN ORCHID FARM IN  
THE MIDDLE OF A LAKE AND A  
KIND MAN WAKES UP AT FIVE  
EVERY DAY TO WATER THEM  
AND THAT'S HOW I KNOW THAT  
LOVE IS REAL**

**VICK'S**  
Since 1896

'BLA  
LEOPA



...amera as he

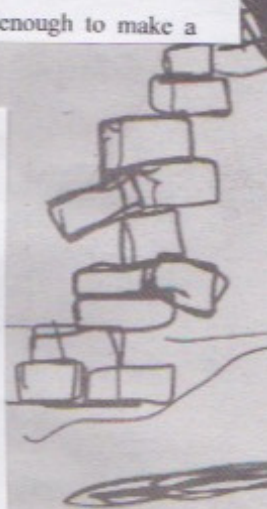
"I think it's places like this that convince me God is real,"  
She said, the sunset matching her every step.  
I said nothing as I was not yet convinced,  
But two friends at a lake at sunset was enough to make a  
memory.

garn its border  
as the cornerstone

of Trump's presidential campaign.

## GREAT TREE

After a storm, a tree fell  
at the ranch and  
it was a great tree;  
not great from size  
(because to be honest it  
was not that big),  
and not great from  
some divine awe  
(it was not a burning  
bush),  
but great  
because it gave the  
animals some shade,  
and because  
even after it fell,  
it did not fall  
in pieces but  
in one strong  
piece with roots  
skyward,  
and it fell with  
no sound.



Scan me

does not share the vi

The opinions expressed in this section ref

### FROM 'LAND':

- Queridisima Jin Sol  
<Raquel Robinson Bours>
- There's An Orchid Farm In The Middle Of A Lake And  
A Kind Man Wakes Up At Five Every Day To Water  
Them And That's How I Know That Love Is Real  
<Ale E.C.>
- Campland 1  
<Kate Mizner>
- Great Tree  
<Hollis Tevez>

### FROM 'HOME':

- Stripes  
<Grace Nim>
- Brush My Hair  
<Del Hanson>
- I request  
<Kate Mizner>
- homebody.  
<imari clement>
- Time Isn't Real But I'm Still Late  
<Hollis Tevez>
- As Of Yet  
<Riley Suglich>

(IF YOU'RE INTO THEIR OTHER WRITING/WORK,  
YOU CAN FIND MORE OF THEIR INFO AT:  
[fruittreemag.home.blog/masterhead](http://fruittreemag.home.blog/masterhead))