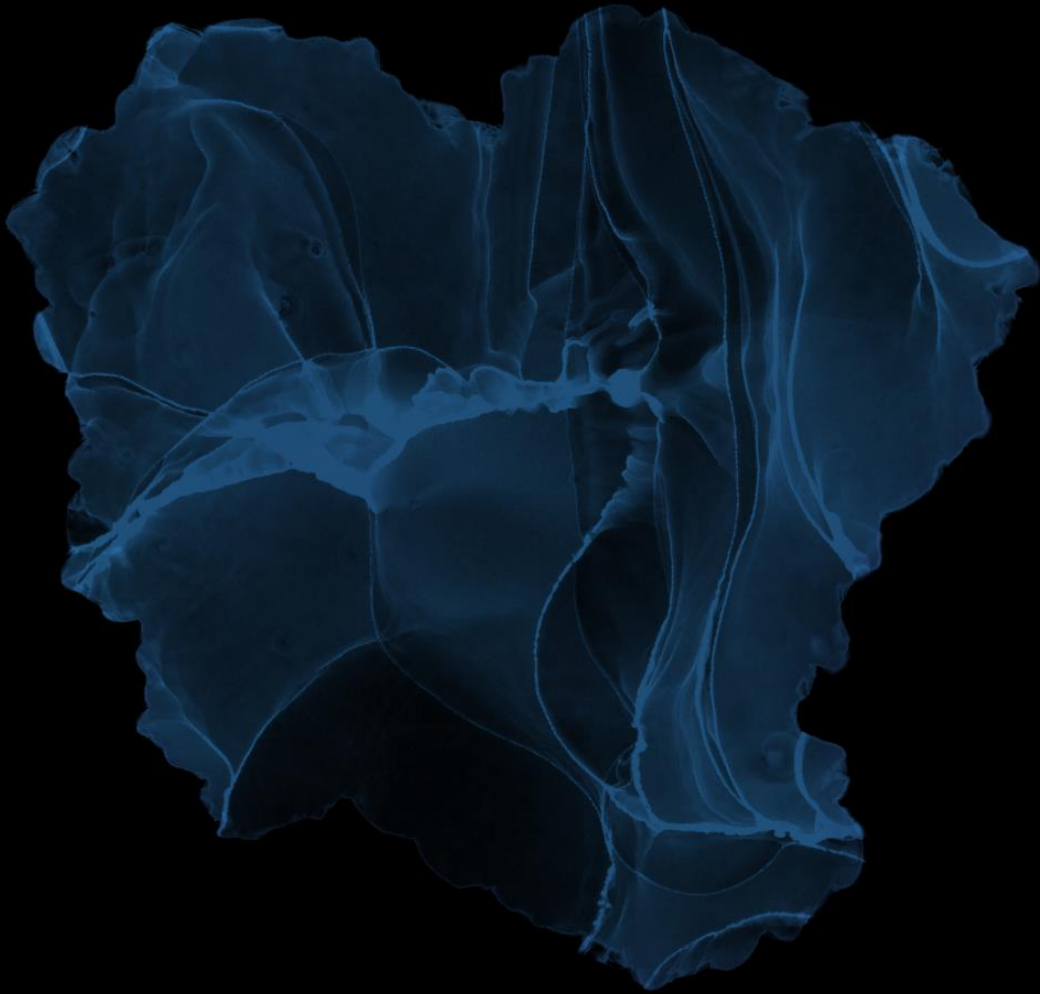


blue filter



RENESME LITERARY

ISSUE 1

BLUE FILTER

A RENESME LITERARY Collection

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blue filter © RENESME LITERARY

Cover art by: Canva

RENESME LITERARY recognizes that the story of *Twilight* takes place on the real, unceded Indigenous land of the Quileute Nation and exploitatively uses the nation's history and present, as well as their people and culture, to tell a teenage love story. Please visit <https://quileutenation.org/> to learn more about the tribe and the impact of *Twilight* on their existence.

Additionally, the RENESME LITERARY editors acknowledge their presence on the land of indigenous nations, including the [Poarch Band of Creek Indians](#), the [Alabama-Coushatta Tribe of Texas](#), the [Kickapoo Traditional Tribe of Texas](#), and [Ysleta del Sur Pueblo](#).

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Editors' Preface

Finally we're suspended within the bright, perfect, blue sky, with only an occasional cloud. Slowly, the clouds start getting more numerous, thicker, darker...Finally, we emerge from the clouds to find...nothing but deep, dark, green forests for miles...Over it all hangs the mist from the ever-present cloudy grey sky.

—Scene Directions, *Twilight* (2008)

Dear Readers:

This coming November, we will join the world in celebration of *Twilight's* (2008) US release. And today, this twenty-eighth of May, we celebrate the one year anniversary of RENESME LITERARY.

Originally a COVID-19 fever dream, RL is now a full-fledged online publication that has featured fifty (and counting!) abominations from a multitude of wonderfully diverse domestic and international artists. We have over 1300 followers across our platforms, great relationships with small presses and literary journals, and a relatively-active online presence that strives to celebrate artists who do not receive the attention they and their works deserve from the “traditional” publishing sphere.

What better way to ring in this anniversary than with the longest collection of abominations YET?

blue filter is not only our first collection of longer-form work, but it is also our first themed submission call dealing explicitly with one of the *Twilight* films. We found that the visual choice of director Catherine Hardwicke—namely, the titular “blue filter”—stood out as especially unique and generative prompt. If rose-colored glasses filter the world towards positivity and happiness, then what might a pair of blue glasses do? We know that Hardwicke’s blue filter provides a distinctly “indie” vibe to the film, so how does it both stand apart and introduce the entire multi-billion dollar saga artistically? What “blue filters” exist in YOUR world? in YOUR art? These abominations consider these questions (and more), and we are certain that *blue filter* is the start of a wonderful series of full-length issues.

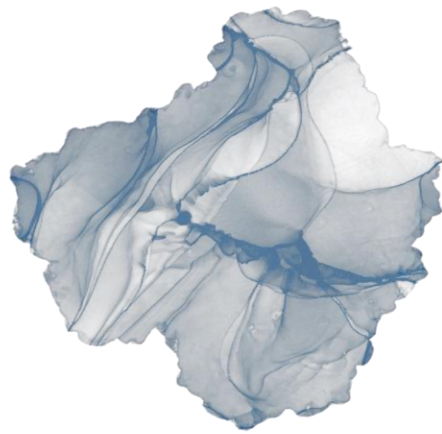
One part of RENESME LITERARY that has never and will never change is our dedication to North American Indigenous nations and organizations, particularly the Quileute tribe. Stephenie Meyer brazenly and abusively stole from the Quileute people to make millions of dollars, and RENESME LITERARY wants to make sure no one forgets her heinous behavior. Due to this, we regular donate from our own income to Indigenous organizations, legal aids, mutual aids, and causes. For this particular issue, we contributed financially to Move To Higher Ground, which is the Quileute nations’ campaign “to secure the future of the Quileute tribe by moving the at-risk community to the safe zone where their culture and heritage can continue to thrive for generations to come.” When you decide to delve into these artists’ brilliant work, we hope that you also join us in contributing to the tribe’s move here:

<https://mthg.org/>

And, as always, our celebration of brevity in art never seems to translate to our Editor’s Prefaces, simply because there is just so much we wish to say and so many we wish to thank. With that...

Hold on tight, spidermonkeys.

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

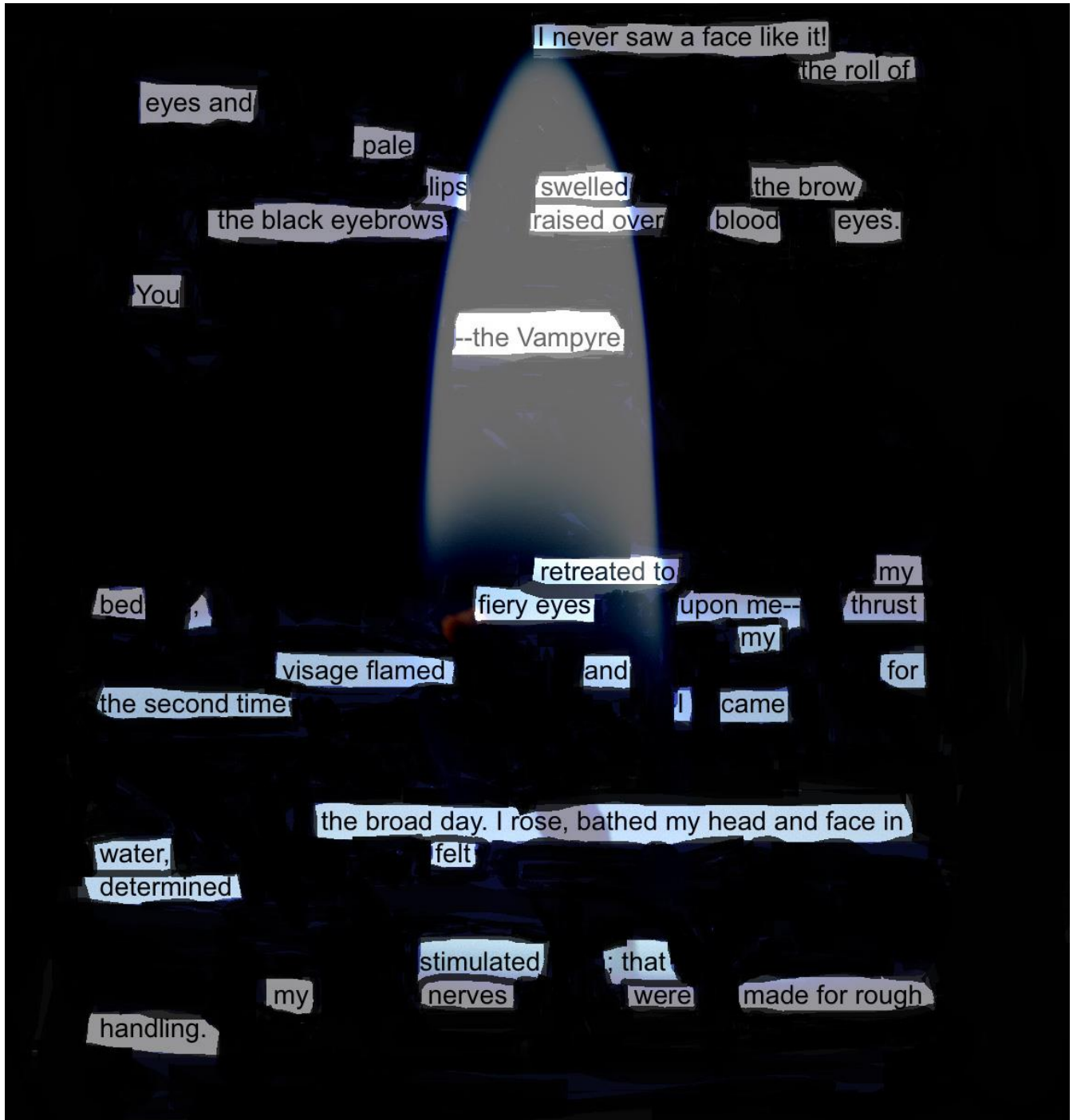


blue tinted glasses

Abby Moeller

we're always warned
about viewing things
in rose-colored glasses
ignoring the red flags
a carnival for the eyes
that we see in shades of merriment and awe
and letting that toxic love
bloodred and decades old
sink its fangs into unsuspecting necks
in order to bleed poison into our lives
mid-laugh as to swallow the cry of pain
but far worse
is the blue filter
subtle and alluring
basking sleepy towns buried with secrets
of fall-time movies
painting rainy days in soft hues of azure
to wrap us in an unsuspecting cocoon
where real monsters
with sharper fangs
with cunning words and dazzling lives
lurk outside bedroom windows for their chance to strike
and causing the worst damage of all
breaking a heart

Last Night
Louise Hurrell



Almost Alive

Julie Alden Cullinane

I wasn't born into easy
He left me for the distance
Never fell into the breath

Like a thirsty rose petal
That falls from the almost-gone-bloom
A life sacrificed for a second more of beauty

I almost wasn't sad
Because who am I but another animal

On the edge of extinction anyway
Scoffing at reason like a mother's advice
Here is overrated anyway

Our young chase perpetual youth
Concerned only with being remembered and
Curating an appearance of perfection
Content with being almost alive, age a virus

I make my way by feeling along the edges of this life
Moving blindly forward with both arms outstretched
Trusting the silent orders that rise
From deep deep in my waters

My hands have deep scars, they are the map keepers
The wolf will be here soon
I will meet you at the bottom of the sky

The Night Quivers Under Your Touch Like a Blue Animal

Rafiat Lamidi

You do not like sleeping in the dark. So I wait for you every night, with a mountain of light in my stomach. You snuggle up to me like a fish deprived of water. I make a house out of your spine. You hold me like you would hold the moon, if your hand could reach it. Our bed is a blue whale. It is massive and holy, brimming with a blow of warmth.

I keep the light blinking blue ready to burst into a blue cloud. I dream of blue moon dust falling as right as blue rain. In my dream, I sit in our house and watch the television screen go blue and static. It produces a blue sound and I realise I am alone without you. I reach for our blue telephone and dial but no one answers. Instead I arrive in a market selling only blue coloured things. I wonder how many things can be coloured blue. I see a blue screen and walk through it. It transports me back to where we first met. You are sitting in a friend's bed watching a blue film. I say *let's go outside, you spend too much time indoors* and you were like *okay Blue. My name is not Blue* I say. But you do not answer.

When we reach outside, it starts raining and you want to say the colour of the rain is—don't say it, I interrupt you and proceed to walk towards the beach. At the beach, we play with blue sand. And just like that, we are twelve again, two girls running around in white shirts and blue jeans. You look back at our house and say that all the windows are blue. *There's nothing like blue glass.* I reply, trying to sound smarter than I really was. *All glasses are blue,* you say clearly, trying to tease me. But I continue to build a blue castle out of my blue sand. The water destroys the mountain I built. I taste the sweet blue water and hide it from you. You catch me, and I think you are going to say something, but instead, you hold my hand and tell me to look. *The foam is made of blue light,* you say, pointing to the blue ocean water rushing at us across the edge of the sand. I am afraid of the water consuming us, so I close my eyes and hold you close. So close I feel myself pull through your blue skin into your blue lavender blood back into our blue whale bed. When I open my eyes, you are still in my arms searching for the light I swallowed for you.

my faith the fire
Melissa Nunez



Crow's Feet

Sarosh Nandwani

i will lapidify slowly. with lethargy in these
synapses, i may drag my weary body, devoid of
curiosity, across the beams of a half-built house.

with monotony to guide me, a reliable star,
safe. i may rot in this big city. trudging to the
same tea shop, leaving a well-worn trail.

may i not. may i linger in wonder, wistfully
reflecting on all the homes my body lived.
may i feel my joints ache, remember
trampolines.

again and again, may i convalesce, chin held in
my lover's fingers, crow's feet folding as half a
moon reflects sunlight into night.

Blue Lit Glasses

Lillian Fuglei

Blue hue tints
her glasses, in squares
the color pops. Shifts
center lens, moving
as she tilts her head,
flips her hair, laughs.
Body shaking in joy, the color
vibrates, flashing over
her eyes.

I thought it eyeshadow
at first, a bluish-purplish
hue, some Y2K throwback.
Maybe eyeliner, the way it
stuck to her lashes, made
her iris pop, especially when
she raised her brows, hinted
a smile.

It's the fluorescents, I'm
pretty sure. Or, whatever
lights the room. Rectangles
of blue framing center her
eye, each glance captured
in Hardwicke tint, a glimpse
of what's to come.

italian dusk as directed by Catherine Hardwicke
nat raum

idle chatter bookends
streetside arias which
bounce over the river's
blackening rapids & sound
track the setting sun as cobalt
creeps into the air & blankets
pale faces in sky

Night's Blue Fruit

Julie Alden Cullinane

Now that the air is safe to breathe
We must breathe it while we can
So I have been told

I answered to a farfalling
Came to study the blue
The hungry ghost

It is always day here yet it is my night
I miss you in the music
In the blue cruel distance
I'm trying to keep the truth in song

The summer sunlight lasts too long
All savage azures

I am just a wanting mare
I yearn for cold and mossy limestone, wet and aching in the rain
Umbrellas and green rainboots

I peel an orange in the dark
My heart clock stopped
Watch ghosts dance on the ceiling
The bells are my sirens
Bouncing from ancient towers
To anchor me here

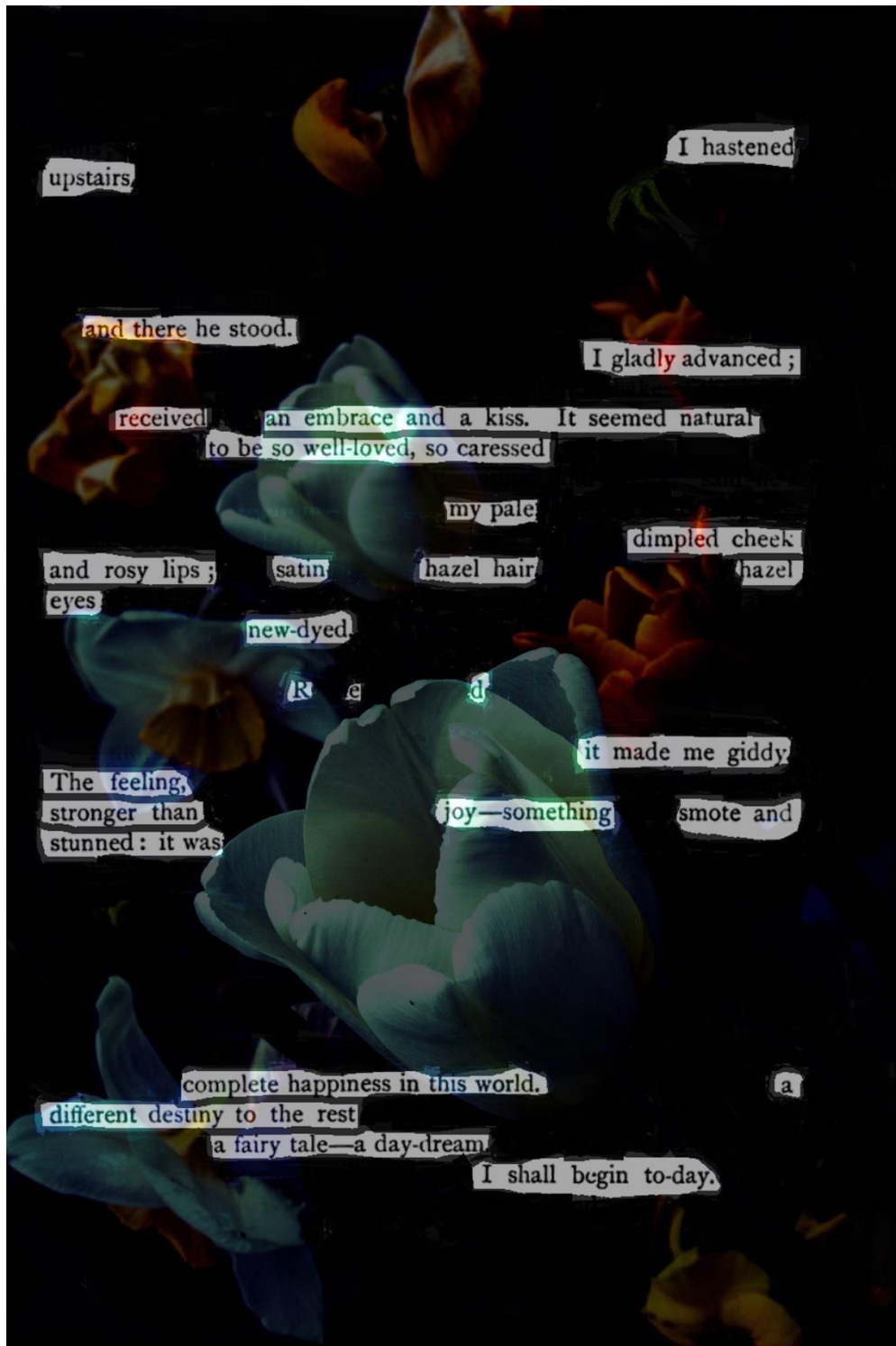
How far did this fragrant globe travel
To meet me here on this island?

I write an apology to my future
In my head.

Suck the sweet orange.
The night's blue fruit.

A dream so far beyond any of my expectations

Louise Hurrell



Shades of Blue

Julie Alden Cullinane

She is never now or before
Not a memory or a hope
Even her smell is
The perfume of her future – a future
Love that is quick and sharp-clawed
Filled with people who can afford bad luck
Summer leaned on fall
Fall leaned on
Skin turned to tissue paper vague with fatigue
I rip at the slightest scrape

My waters were down
A shade of quiet ichor
The type of quiet you run from
A spoil of blue thread
A sewed-up bag of offal
Trying to be cool - aloof
Instead of feasting and fattening on laziness
I leaned over my hunger
Waited for it to pass
Buzzed with dizzy emptiness

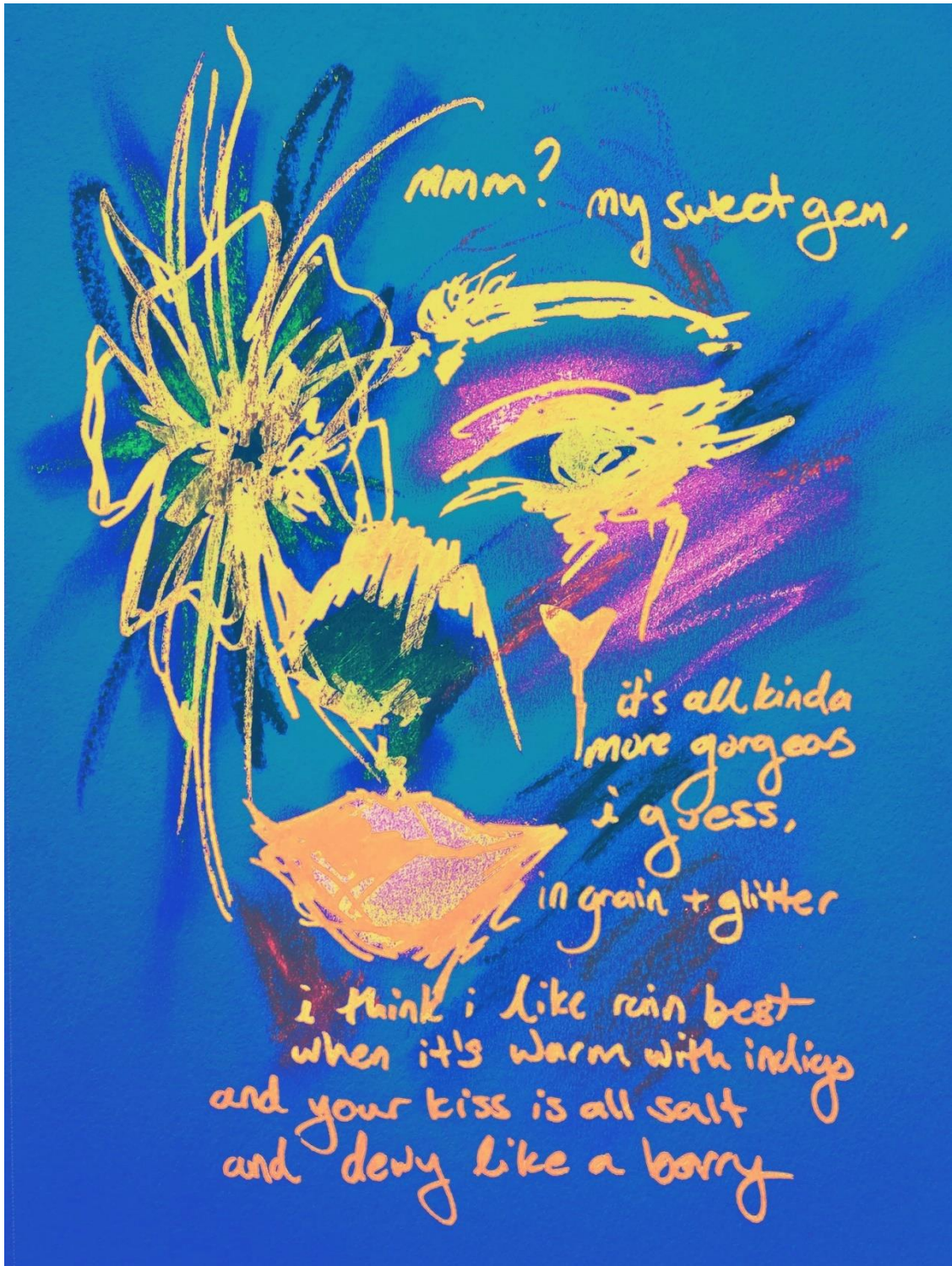
She was the winter that lasted forever.

blood volume crystal structure

Alexandra Weiss

i used to + throw salt -
over right shoulder - and left in +
sequence + for luck -
never remembering - which it was +
supposed to be +
now my blood boils brine caught in -
leaflets pools + eddied by pressure -
two liters or more a day - ten thousand mg of +
salt rimmed glass - mugs of electrolyte drink +
the sidewalk after snowmelt + smell of home -
curling my hair - glittering sand + encrusted
with crystals + mica, uranium -
seawater swelling - to riptide + back to
consciousness + push blood to carotid -
keep away the dark +

sensation I
dre levant



Blue Napkins

Hiram Larew

It's not easy being a cloud –
to magically circle or melt
and always ignore time
To be near in the distance.

Looking about me just now
I sense that most of us have the need to
start over like clouds do forever.

With few exceptions everything worthwhile
begins in our hands
or just slightly beyond them --
Reach for blue napkins and feel how lucky you are
or imagine birds above
chasing each other
almost within you
And feel how they will never really end.

Or follow the brightest thing you know
to where it's whistling and then touch it.

You'll be convinced in a jiff that
the world is really just a basket
on wheels.

lethe

Alexandra Weiss

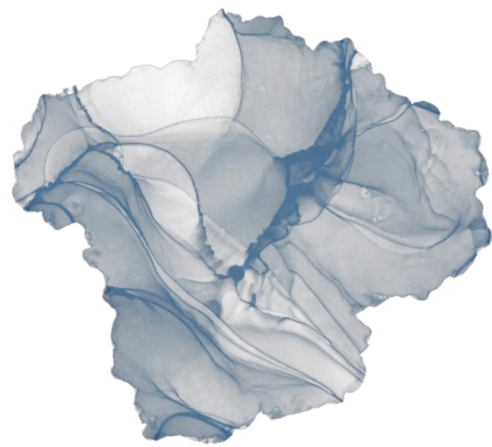
time goes through phases,
like neat little rooms, everything contained within so succinctly interconnected.
the last two months, a blur of bad antidepressants and k.flay songs, the month before a pure void
of math problems and k holes.
when you're young and smart everyone tells you you have so much potential. then you grow up.

i got my first real rejection letter from a med school today. it slid right off like rain down a
window. the great thing about being disconnected, disaffected and prone to dissociating is that
sometimes, when you're really lucky, things just don't faze you like usual

i used to want to be a doctor. i wanted it like you want to run when they wheel you into surgery,
wanted it like the blood, leaping from the needle lumen to the vacutainer tube
wants to be caught, to be held

i wanted to know what it's truly like to be human, what that means. i think i can remember how it
tasted to want. some days i can feel its ghost in my mind
but i can't write the stories of all these past lives, all the rooms in this house, because the doors
lock so quick

i'm each of the million albertines for a minute, but the through-line gets caught on the door-
jamb, and whatever line let us stay consistent, connected, shattered



About the Authors

Julie Alden Cullinane (she/her) is a poet, writer, and mom in Boston. She struggles with anxiety, ADHD and enjoys writing about these issues. She has published poems, short stories, and flash fiction in many literary magazines over the past year, including Chapter House Literary Journal, Red Wolf Periodical, and Anti-Heroine Chic. She also has creative nonfiction essays coming out this summer and early 2024 in Bulb City Press, Underscore_Magazine, OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters, Salmon Creek Journal, and Washington Square Review. More of her work will be published in late 2023 and 2024. She is currently knee-deep in a mid-life crisis. It takes up most of her time.

Lillian Fuglei (she/they) is a lesbian poetess based in Denver, Colorado. She began writing poetry in High School, after a lifetime of attending open mics thanks to their mother. They bounce between poetry, journalism, and academia, hoping to find a home for her writing somewhere in between the three. You can find them on Instagram @literary.lillian or Twitter @LFuglei.

Louise Hurrell (she/her) is a writer based in Scotland. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in Vine Leaves Press 50 Give or Take, Underscore Magazine, Trash to Treasure Lit among others. When not writing she can be found at her local indie cinema or trying (and failing) to learn photography. She can't wait for everyone to read *blue filter*, the first full-length issue of RENESME LITERARY. Come and say hi on Twitter @LouiseHurrell

Rafiat Lamidi (she/her) is a lover of art, a poet and photographer who resides in Nigeria. Her works have recently been published in Olney Magazine, Lucent Dreaming, Lolwe, Isele Magazine and The Blood Beats Series. She is a shortlisted candidate for Awele Creative Writing Trust. Her twitter is @rauvsbunny.

Founder of Poetry X Hunger: Bringing a World of Poets to the Anti-Hunger Cause, **Hiram Larew** (he/him) has had poems published recently in Contemporary American Voices and Poetry Scotland's "Gallus." His most recent collection, *Patchy Ways* was published in 2023 by CyberWit Press. Find him here: www.HiramLarewPoetry.com and www.PoetryXHunger.com

dre levant (he/they) is a trans masc writer, artist, and cozy blanket collector. he is the author of *icarus rising* (kith books '23) and *jack invites werewolves to the tea party* (Alien Buddha Press '23). for snippets of poetry and cat pics, follow @drethepiper on Instagram and Twitter.

Abby Moeller (she/her) is a writer based in WNY who explores her writing in forms varying from poetry to dramatic monologues to epic fantasy stories. Her works can be found published with Sad Goose Cooperative, Black Moon Magazine, The Daily Drunk, Intrepidus Ink, and many others. A full catalogue of her publications, both fiction and poetry, is available on chillsubs: <https://www.chillsubs.com/user/amoeller>. Currently, she lives with her growing zoo

of pets and endlessly teetering piles of books, in hopes of one day owning her own personal library. In her spare time, she can be found reading, writing her little poems and flash scenes, wandering bookstores and buying far too many books to reach that library goal, or playing video games on her Switch with a furry companion nearby for moral support. She can be found rambling about writing and life on Twitter at @abbym823.

Sarosh Nandwani (she/her) loves her dogs, anthropology, biking, hiking, reading, experimenting with her curly hair, skating, strawberries, outer space, baking, gaming, engineering, drawing, making to-do lists, and yoga. She is CNF co-editor for the Longleaf Review and has been published in Susurrus Magazine, Corporeal Lit, Dear Damsels, Bitter Melon, and was nominated for Best of the Net for her Hellebore Press piece. You can follow her on Twitter/Instagram @saroshnandwani.

Melissa Nunez (she/her) 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, exploring, and photographing the local wild with her homeschooling family. She writes an anime column at The Daily Drunk Mag and is a prose reader for Moss Puppy Mag. She is also a staff writer for Alebrijes Review and an interviewer for Yellow Arrow Publishing. Originally a nonfiction writer, she has expanded her craft to include poetry, visual art, and fiction, and enjoys the challenge of creating compelling genre-bending works. Some of her recent publications can be found at Bubble Lit, fifth wheel press, Hypertext, and Voidspace Zine. You can follow her on Twitter: @MelissaKNunez.

nat raum (they/them, b. 1996) is a disabled artist, writer, and genderless disaster based on occupied Piscataway land in Baltimore, MD. They're the editor-in-chief of fifth wheel press and the author of *the abyss is staring back*, *you stupid slut*, and several chapbooks and photography publications. Past publishers of their writing include Delicate Friend, Corporeal Lit, Stone of Madness Press, and ANMLY. Find them online: natraum.com/links.

Alexandra Weiss (he/they) was on the bus a few weeks ago and overheard two people discussing what they predicted Renesme Cullen would be named. He was flattered to hear Sasha as one of their guesses. Sasha is a graduate student at Indiana University, and their first chapbook, *autumn is when the ghosts come out*, was published last October by Blanket Sea Press.

