
CROOK & FOLLY

NEWSLETTER

Submissions Are
Now Closed!



Keep an eye on your inboxes in the meantime while we review all of the submissions! You can expect an email by March 5th.



**THIS
WEEK'S
WRITER**



Violet Bowdle (she/her) is a senior majoring in English and minoring in Communications and Media. She is part of the social media team at Crook & Folly this year! Outside of her life at University, you can find her performing alternative folk music under the alias "Violet Clare" or dwelling on everything that has ever happened.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Upcoming poetry readings



AT THE CHICAGO POETRY CENTER!

March 18 | 7:30pm

Reading and Workshop

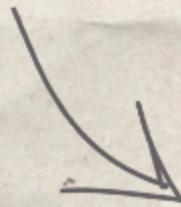
With April Gibson and Mira Cameron



April 15 | 7:30pm

Reading and Workshop

With Diego Báez and Samyak Shertok

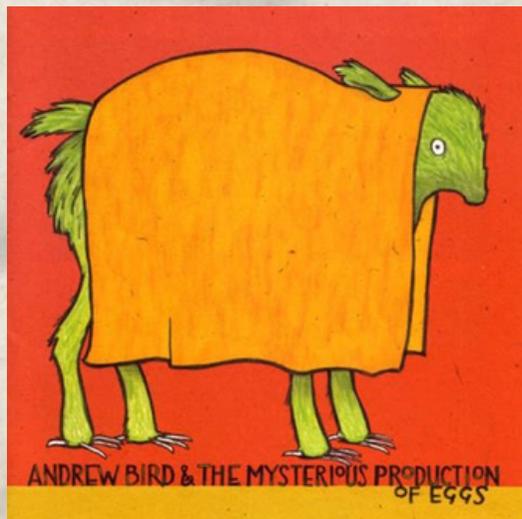
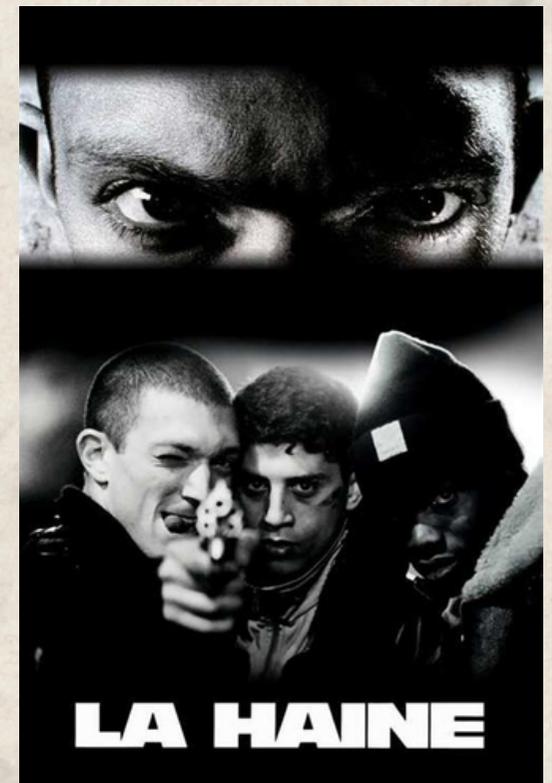
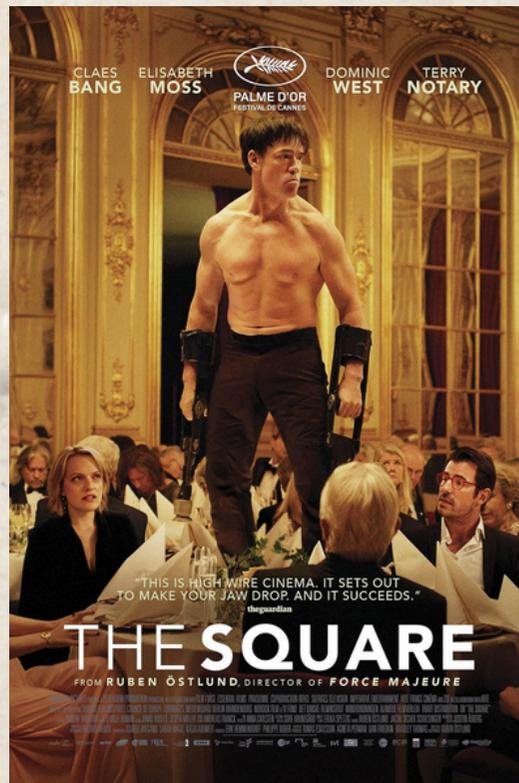


MEDIA OF THE WEEK

FILMS

La Haine - Mathieu Kassovitz

The Square - Ruben Östlund



ALBUMS

Chutes Too Narrow - The Shins

The Mysterious Production of Eggs - Andrew Bird

have *YOUR* media of the week featured in the next issue
by clicking [HERE](#) or see the link in our bio!

A SESTINA VIOLET BOWDLE WROTE IN
HIGH SCHOOL – REVISED

WHIRLWIND

It has been forever since that April
We concealed each other in smoke
Hid in plain sight on denim roads
Been forever since dad held me in his arms
As I crumpled, capsized, cried
He comforted me with cliché after cliché



You convinced me of a convenient cliché
'Love is pain,' I've been through downpours in April
But they couldn't compare to our hurricanes, the clouds which cried
And had howling wind strong enough to clear our cover of smoke
I was dead weight, heavy legs, torso, arms
But outside your window I saw freedom in those roads

I was never alone walking vacant roads
You were always with me though it sounds cliché
Always there to catch, grab, hold me with your arms
Heat thawed your temper in April
I distracted myself with laughter, crowds, campfire smoke
And alone cried

When we became unchained you never cried
You disappeared from our roads
Doused yourself in alcohol and smoke
And became a coming-of-age burnout cliché;
You were 15 that April
Still felt growing pains in your calves, back, arms

(piece continues
on the next slide)

WHIRLWIND, CONT.

I haven't yet banished your warmth from my arms
The oceans should be envious of how I've cried
I've shed tears enough to parent each bud in April
And aid the runoff in cleansing the roads
Of the marks we left when we thought ourselves a lovely cliché
I forgot fresh air after months engulfed in your smoke

The clouds above me were draped over a mattress of charcoal smoke
Dad watched me replace the empty space in my arms
With lovers who I thought too cliché
He cried
I sacrificed your winding paths for stable roads
Began loving spring for the petrichor in April

My life is a poorly written movie, full of cliché
Stories that detail the aches in my shoulders, neck, arms
Stories best kept hidden behind a screen of smoke



C

INSTAGRAM: @crookandfolly

WEBSITE: www.crookandfolly.com

QUESTIONS? crookandfolly@gmail.com