

KALEIDO ZINE



EDITION

ONE

editors note

Dear readers,

Welcome to the inaugural edition of Kaleido Zine! Kaleido Zine aims to be a “kaleidoscope” of creativity, reflecting the ever-changing and endless possibilities contained within the human experience. Created by two high-schoolers in California, our zine seeks to highlight the diverse voices and perspectives of youth across the globe.

While our first edition is filled with submissions from Bay Area youth, we are eager to expand our reach and welcome contributors and readers from across the nation and around the globe. We accept all kinds of literary and artistic work, from prose and poetry to visual art and fashion design. We encourage all creatives to submit, regardless of experience!

Thank you to all those who submitted, and we hope you enjoy Edition One of Kaleido Zine.

With warmth and excitement,

Editor-in-Chiefs, Kaleido Zine
Padma Balaji & Jocelyn Wang

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when i was a child

i take the steps of this winding, infinite path,
wandering through the gardens, i smell the roses.
my grandmother taught me how to plant roses
when i was a kid, carefree, wind in my hair.

i see the birds chirping (gleeful tunes). robins.
the same birds my brother and i birdwatched
through our window with a tiny telescope,
when we were kids, curious and alive.

i pick up a penny on the ground (heads).
the same coin i filled a piggy bank with,
smiling because i was lucky and rich,
when i was a child who still believed in the world.

i wear the glasses i had grown so familiar with
throughout the past few years, as they travelled with me,
allowing me to read my beloved books, to view landscapes with detail,
ever since i was a child, knowledgable and logical.

i think about those words every single day.
i remnicise and contemplate and tumble down a dizzying path
of “what if’s” and “back when’s” and of comparing myself to who i was mere years
ago,
when i was a child who had faith in everything.

i think about who i am now, who i became.
i anxiously speculate the path that led me here,
wondering when this happened, how i became this, from
when i was a child, peaceful and calm.

i wonder what happened to her, to the girl i once was.
i try to wrap my mind around the drastic changes,
as i realize that there is no trace of her left in me.
i am a child no longer.

i am no longer running wild, carefree with wind in my hair.
i no longer question the universe with curiosity. i am no longer alive.
i no longer believe in the world; i lost all my faith.
i am not knowledgable, nor am i logical, or peaceful, or calm.
i am no longer a child.



beat stroke nostalgia

it's my birthday today
and i still live on the street i grew up on.

i gaze out my window
and all i can think of is
the scorching heat of the california summers / the shitty
gas station candy only a block away / the lone takeout bag
floating along the concrete sidewalk-

nothing is new.

i think i'm too sentimental, at times. too
sentimental for a fifteen year old,
but really, it's
hard not to be. i look past my
beat-up, unlaced converse &
memories of the past
and see the same stupid black asphalt that we had etched
our childhoods in and-

i reach for the sunlight and it
slips
right out
of my hand / burns the doll-like
plastic of my arm and-

the acrid smell of burnt plastic fills
the air &
overpowers the cloying scent from
my birthday candles and
i have never
ever
felt so alive.

happy birthday, me.



— *wanru zhao*



golden memories

edition one

PLAYLIST

- ① Glass of 2013 - Mitski
- ② I Wish I Never Met You - Babygirl
- ③ Saw You in a Dream - The Japanese Dream
- ④ Pretty - Fox Academy, Sipper
- ⑤ Are you Bored yet? (feat. Claire) - Wallows
- ⑥ We'll Never Have Sex - Leith Ross
- ⑦ New Flesh - Current Joys
- ⑧ kibs - Lorde
- ⑨ lavender blood - Fox Academy
- ⑩ your Best American Girl - Mitski
- ⑪ Mystery of Life - Sufjan Stevens

scan me!



work in progress

[excerpt]

Cast of Characters*

KALIA: 16, a teenage girl with synesthesia, sees emotions in color

CERAN: 40s, Kalia's father who is trying to keep the two afloat

VISHA: 40s, Kalia's mother who tries to take care of her in the worst way possible

EDEN: 16, a good girl trying to be a good friend

SCENE:

American suburbia

TIME:

2011

ACT ONE:

Scene 3

Kalia sits in front of her tree, picking at the fallen teeth and dropping them. There's a knock at the door.

The lights are lavender.

KALIA

Come in?

Eden, Kalia's eclectically dressed friend, enters.

KALIA

I thought it was my mom, but she never knocks so I was confused.

EDEN

Sorry? I just brought some of your school work. (signaling at the tree) What's this?

The lights turn yellow.

KALIA

Oh I... just an art project, I think.

EDEN

Seems kinda elaborate for just an art project.

The lights turn blue.

KALIA

Yeah I, uh. I don't know. I didn't start it with my dad or for him but uh, I guess I associate with him? (short laugh) The thing itself is a monstrosity but... I don't know, I care about it a lot.

Beat. Eden tilts her head.

EDEN

I don't know Kalia. It's sorta beautiful. You made it all?

KALIA

Yeah. I don't think I even remember how but...

Visha enters the room, dressed in scrubs.

VISHA

Kali, make sure to — oh. I didn't realize you had a friend over.

KALIA

Mama, Eden. Eden, this is my mom.

EDEN

(reaching for handshake) Nice to meet you, Mrs. Sarkar.

VISHA

(ignoring it) Yes. Kali, pick up pizza tonight, I have the night shift.

The lights turn red.

KALIA

When will you be back?

VISHA

Late. Do not wait up.

KALIA

I wasn't planning to.

Visha leaves.

EDEN

Whoa. (at Kalia's questioning glance) I've never seen a family be so... uncomfortable.

KALIA

(bitterly) That was one of our better interactions.

Uncomfortable beat.

EDEN

Hey uh... I don't have anything going on for dinner. Maybe I could stay, we could do some homework together? You can order that pizza your mom mentioned.

KALIA

Thanks Eden, but maybe not tonight.

EDEN

Oh. Oh, yeah okay. For sure. (scrambling around the room) Yeah I'm just going to... yeah I'm going to go. I'll see you later Kalia.

The lights turn green.

KALIA

No, no I just meant... I have a class in a couple of minutes. We can do it a different night.

Kalia offers her a tentative smile. Eden offers it right back.

EDEN

Yeah. Bye Kalia.

Eden exits.

Kalia looks after her. The lights turn blue. She sits down on the bed, looking at the laptop on her nightstand. The Thai iced tea is still there. She gets under the covers. Blackout.

Scene 4

Kalia and Eden sit on the floor against the bed with Kalia's laptop in front of them. Various noises of an action movie echo out of it. Eden yelps and covers her eyes. Kalia stares at the screen, more devoid than entranced.

The lights are blue. The teeth on the tree are sparse.

Visha slams in, still in her scrubs and clearly in a bad mood. Eden jumps up.

VISHA

Eden, I think it's time you leave.

EDEN

Oh, yeah, okay. Sorry, Mrs. Sark—

KALIA

(standing) No, Eden, stay.

EDEN

I, um, don't want to get in between you two—

KALIA

(looking at Visha) You're not, stay.

VISHA

Fine, Eden, stay. Kalia.

KALIA

Yes, Mama?

VISHA

I can't believe you.

KALIA

Yeah, go ahead and tell me everything I'm doing wrong today.

The lights turn red.

VISHA

I pay for this house, I pay for you — and that, that expensive school. I work long hours and night shifts so you don't have to see me. And you sit here and watch films? I try to do right by you and Ceran and you give me nothing in return. No ounce of respect or love, no dignity!

KALIA

(scoffing) Dignity! You barge into my room everyday, you give me no privacy, I have to beg for your attention—

EDEN

Maybe I should go—

KALIA

No!

VISHA

No!

VISHA

You think of your baba so highly, he's so perfect to you. I paid for this house, I bought it for your fucking tree!

KALIA

Oh, I know. I should be perfectly grateful to you for stepping up and taking care of me after my dad fucking died—

VISHA

KALI, I BOUGHT THIS HOUSE FIVE YEARS AGO.

Beat. The lights turn orange.

KALIA

What?

EDEN

Kalia—

VISHA

Social worker. A commendable job, I'll give him that, but he would have never been able to raise you unless I had stepped in.

KALIA

Mama—

The lights turn purple.

VISHA

No, Kali. I did my best. I did what I was taught and I won't apologize for it. I provided for you and I tried to love you but — Ceran was selfish. And he didn't want to move because of your — your tree — so I bought it. For you and your baba.

Visha leaves.

EDEN

Kalia, can I—

KALIA

Can you leave?

EDEN

I just want to make sure—

KALIA

(throwing the Thai iced tea at the wall) FUCKING LEAVE.

Beat.

KALIA

Please.

Eden exits.

Scene 5

Kalia has a knife and a lighter. She sits on her bed, bouncing her leg. The lights are orange.

She sobs, then screams. She drags the knife over the wooden nightstand, drawing a deep scar behind it.

She walks to her tree, holding the flame next to the tree trunk. She uses the knife to cut through it. She slices through it, over and over again and shards litter the floor, surrounded by teeth.

No teeth are left on the tree.

Scene 6

Kalia stands in pajamas next to her nightstand. She presses play. Nothing starts — yet. The lights are white.

As she turns to look at the audience, in her shaking hands, a shard of the broken tree, gleaming silver in her hand.

KALIA

(whispered) Mama.

She slits her wrists.

Blackout.

“A short reprise for Mary Todd, who went insane, but for very good reasons” by Sufjan Stevens begins to play. The song continues all the way through.

Scene 7

Still blackout. Over it:

CERAN

Kali. Kali. KALIA.

Someone screams, holding it for a long time. When they stop, they breathe heavily.

Scene 8

Kalia stands next to her tree. There’s a cup of teeth in her hand, and she’s fastening them onto the tree. At the bottom of the tree, silver metal roots have spread from trunk on the floor, her hamper now gone.

The entire stage is bathed in pink light.

Her alarm goes off. She takes a small pill and returns to hanging the teeth on the tree.

Blackout.

KNOCK

KNOCK!!

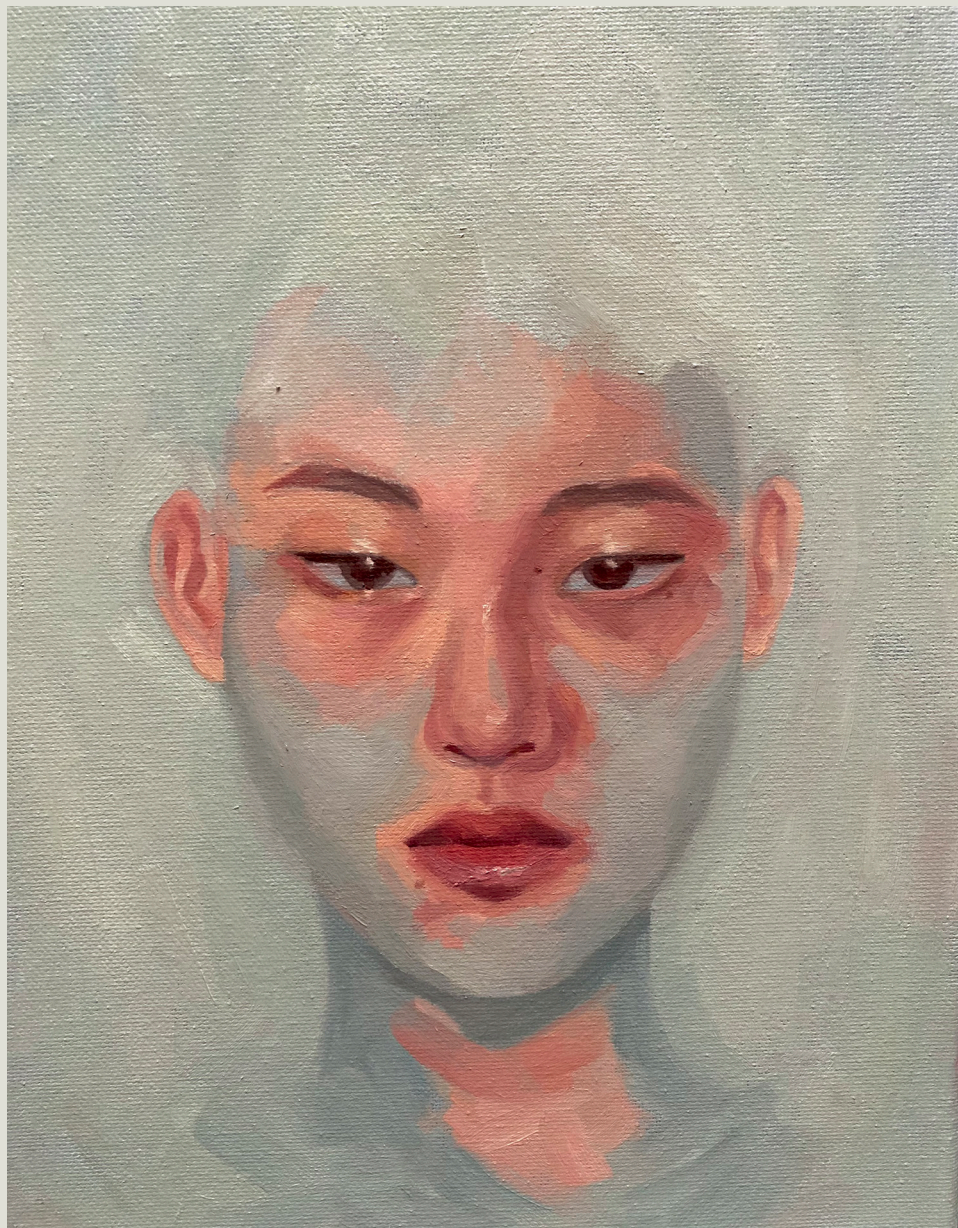


— *isabelle fu*

little girl grown up



— *isabelle fu*



how to disappear

terry wang

remembrance:

my公公 died in march. “he died a day ago” quickly turned into “he died a week ago” quickly turned into “he died a month ago.” the world keeps turning, and i am no closer to remembering his name. sometimes, i wish that i had grieved ~~at all~~ more, but alas, april arrives, and it doesn't stop raining.

i. 有气无力 (“to have breath but no strength”)

i am (and have always been) a little tired. i've been a lot more tired since march. most days blur together, events bleeding into each other like watercolor paintings. i move through time mechanically, like a little wind-up toy, an empty-eyed american girl doll, pinocchio held together with fraying strings. i work so mechanically that i have no time to think about my grandfather. how convenient. i think. how cowardly.

ii. 胆小如鼠 (“as timid as a mouse”)

i am (and have always been) a coward. i've become a lot more cowardly since march. when i can hear my parents calling their relatives in the living room (hushed whispers of 医院账单 and 癌症 and 化疗 dissolve into background noise), i run to the bathroom to avoid them. not like it matters, of course, since i ~~won't learn~~ can't speak their language. i stare at my reflection in the mirror and think about old dogs and new tricks. cowardly old dogs and fresh wounds. it's much easier to lie when you think of yourself as a coward.

iii. 一派胡言 (a pack of lies)

i am (and have always been) a liar. i've been lying a lot more since march. so much so that my lips are cracked from the dryness of the half-truths i whisper in broad daylight. i say: “yes, i finished my mandarin homework” and “yes, i'll come visit next summer” and “yes, i will talk to them the next time they call.” the lies stick to my teeth like 大白兔糖, milk flavored and sickly sweet. in march, i decided that the truth is too ugly, too fearsome to confront. how could i possibly face the fact that i have forgotten my grandfather? the memories of my own flesh and blood slip through my fingers like the dying rays of sunlight you only see in chinese autumns and californian winters. in december, i figure out a solution. i search for him in the shattered remnants of my quiet household, and (by some miracle) i find him. there are traces of him in the family portraits mounted on the wall, the porcelain vase he left behind, the 成语 posters he gave me, left to collect dust in the back of my closet. in december, i dig it out and hang it on my wall and pretend that it isn't a metaphor for something.

my公公 died in march. “i'm forgetting his voice” quickly turned into “i'm forgetting his face” quickly turned into “i'm forgetting him.” the world keeps turning, and i am no closer to coming to terms with my grief. sometimes, i wish i wasn't so tired, so cowardly, such a liar. but alas, december arrives, and i smile — the rain is finally stopping.

公公 - mother's father

医院账单 - hospital bills

癌症 - cancer

化疗 - chemotherapy

大白兔糖 - white rabbit candy

成语 - chinese idioms

HEAVEN



TERRY WANG

magnolia stars (after taylor swift)

at the witching hour, I heard,
is when your soul can climb the moonbeams dappling your lips
to finally remember why you are forgetting the screaming colors
but every night I lay overlooked not by the moon's smile
instead Christmas lights hung up until January
Until sophomore summer
 sad girl autumn
 the cobwebs of resurrection

by the lady across the street
 Japanese garden, tan carpet garage, and a cute chihuahua named Princess

sometimes i ask the stars who are you
the widow buried in lavender, rose, and carnation
 Name: old money
 Waiting: for fireflies to sing
and to please whisper to the girl praying there
clasp her palms and trace the shape of my lips for her
beg her to teach me how to remind myself to whisper
how to call in legions above white ashes
because i realize i can taste colors again in her Christmas lights
Dancing on a tightrope called the stars

in green

I see barefoot in moss, standing atop a piano on a cliside screaming
We can rule the world. And believing it through *starlight* because we couldn't dare
be told we were wrong. Because sunlight is blades is grass is reflection
Is *cruel summers*; I wished I had a *Love Story* I could bury beneath the *willow* tree
And green is believing in evergreens, and forever, and that Abigail will always be
Your best friend; I think also *ivy*: placing roots in my dreamed lands and dream
lands

in red, a color she described once as passion striking clear of the abyss

We learn to love, *begin again* even in fall
Even when the trail of maple leaves doesn't blow around and over
And that cafes on Wednesdays are a new obsession because you are never the
same person when you leave; the aromas are miserable and magical at the same
time
and you will apologize to Ronan beside you, bump behind you *Sweet Nothing*
Every mug stained by a red kiss

in blue

Isolation and mourning mist, pale hei that settles like volcanic ash
On Coney Island, where abandoned rollercoasters remind me Today was a
fairytale
And tomorrow is exile masked with epiphany; porcelain, China
And guzzling otter pops with Pictures to Burn
To remember girlhood is the art of never forgetting what fills the space be-
tween
our bones; what crackles and snaps because no body, no crime
Or reliving the jazz clubs at thirteen, the first creep of False God when we had
time to pretend to be free.

That summertime in san francisco is still gray and clings to your memory as
Beautiful ghosts we can never meet

in gold

I learn luster rush still glows; And the pure things are snow on a beach in LA
Sourdough, and leatherbound books that don't need to be a fantasy
And that ours is golden because I smile the most then

I finally asked the lady today
Why she doesn't plant magnolia star trees in her yard
and Why the christmas lights hang year round
I tell her Princess can feel that my soul isn't climbing the moonbeams
That's why she's barking

She smiles with nothing new and tells me over the fresh spring rain
"Closure

Doesn't live in California
Nostalgia is in the snow there that never falls
And nostalgia is the first time you remember christmas lights were wonderland;
because now they are the fireworks shining
Over your sad empty town,"

— *lucy yao*



THANKS FOR READING

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