



# *Kaleido Line* EDITION THREE

1st 08:04 London Bridge Arrived  
Calling at 03 08:07, Honor Oak Park 08:  
0rd 08:13 West Croydon 17 min  
08:02:56

cartographies of the soul

# Editors

[Migratory\_Server] Future Timescale : 100 yrs  
Atmospheric modelling  
Carbon credits  
[Flocking\_permutations]

# Note



Dear reader,

Thank you for tuning into this edition of Kaleido Zine. For our third edition, we're so excited to announce the theme: Cartographies of the Soul, exploring the metaphorical and physical mapping of the self - through self-discovery or just navigating life. We hope you enjoy!

Lots of love,  
Kaleido Zine Team



# our contributors

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# *Americanized*

I can still hear a homesickness in the sound of my father's twisted tongue.  
But to go back to where I came from would mean becoming a foreigner all over again  
And I know that I will never find my home country  
Because home is not a country

I will study my culture rigorously  
digging up any scrap of authentic tradition or heritage I can find.  
But never truly knowing what it means to be one of them  
Lost between two countries  
My culture comes from the ethnic foods section of the grocery store  
And the Americanized version of what I'm meant to be

My country did not welcome me with open arms  
But kept me at arm's length  
Within their careful grasp  
Five feet apart  
As though I would steal pieces of their culture  
as a souvenir to bring home with me  
Like some dirty American tourist



*Gabriel Winder*

# FAREWELL TRAVELER

Fare thee well, adventurer

This journey has reached its end  
The dragon slain, the maiden saved  
Victory made manifest by the last line of a prophecy

You, the ever traveler, shall seek new glories and save the meek  
These distant lands shall continue your tale  
I, in respite, will remain in periphery and anticipation  
My shouts will echo both grief and gratitude  
Us, in the whispers of the mage mid-incantation,  
the silence of the thief hidden in the shades,  
the prayers of the cleric in hallowed halls

Did I, at least, halved the weight of the blade and the burden?  
Did I ever tell you how the jester loved his liege?

Your progeny folds the last page's corner  
Farewell, old friend

So the story goes, so our story ends  
So the story continues

Kaizen Zuño

# exhilaration

-goonja basu

EXT. CHICAGOAN BRIDGE - NIGHT - 1996

The road splits straight down the screen. Street lights flicker on and off.

A girl, ADRIA (mid-20s, American), is running, running, running. She's wearing street clothes. There's a desperation to her movements, but a confusion there too. Is she running from something? To something? To do something?

She stops at a streetlight, hands on her knees and breathing heavily. She looks right, then left, then LEAPS OVER INTO THE WATER BELOW.

Cut to black.

Title card: EXHILARATION

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT - 1988

Adria leans against the sill of the rooftop. There's a bouquet of flowers next to her. With a look at what she's peering at, we wonder, is she going to jump again?

No, she's smoking a cigarette.

OVER SCREEN: London, 1988

Adria, with the bouquet of miscellaneous flowers, walks to the bumps on the roof, skylights like acne, peering down into residents' apartments. She methodically pulls a flower per pimple and balances it at the top.

There's a FAINT PULSING SOUND, Adria's heartbeat.

After she places the last flower down, a tulip, she goes to the opposite sill of the rooftop, and drops her cigarette to put it out.

She sighs, and disappears through the roof door. We don't follow her. We track to the skylight with the tulip, and into the apartment. dimly.

INT. REED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1988 - CONTINUOUS

The orange-ish hallway lights, but we follow into the bedroom, lights off except for a bedside candle, flickering dimly.

INT. REED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1988 - CONTINUOUS

A man, REED (mid-20s, British), sleeps in the bed, half on top of the cover, half under. His torso is littered with tattoos.

The candle extinguishes and Reed jerks awake.

He adjusts to the lighting, and sits up on the bed, his legs hanging over. Faintly, a door opens and shuts.

REED

Fuck.

Reed walks to the kitchen and fills a glass of water to drink it. He leans over a window in the kitchen that opens up to the alleyway behind the building. He opens the window and spits out of it.

He moves through the methodical steps of getting ready. Undressing. Brushing his teeth in the shower. Carefully brushing out his hair. Flipping it over and ruffling it until he's seemingly satisfied. Putting on a shirt. Buttoning it up. Putting the candle lid back on.

INT. REED'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1988 - CONTINUOUS

He puts folders and paper into a leather messenger bag, puts it on, and heads out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - 1988 - CONTINUOUS

As Reed leaves and locks up his apartment (4E), we track down the hallway to another door, 4B.

Adria opens her door to lean a cardboard box along the wall (yes, she's annoying neighbor), and we slip inside the that apartment.

From the inside, we see the cardboard as it falls to the floor. Adria ignores it and closes the door.

INT. ADRIA'S KITCHEN - DAY - 1988 - CONTINUOUS

The open floor plan brings us straight into the kitchen, but we see a disassembled table being built in the living room.

Adria's making eggs. They're almost perfect circles. We stay on the eggs as we hear Adria BUILD the table in the background, noises of DRILLING and HAMMERING.

They burn, and burn, and burn and burn and burn, until the fire alarm goes off, the shot finally off the eggs.

ADRIA

Fuck!

Adria rushes and waves a towel under the alarm, it doesn't do anything. She realizes and moves the pan away from the stove, then returns to her previous actions. Eventually, she ends up standing on a chair to disable the thing and drops it onto her newly made table. She sighs, leaning against the table, hand to her temple.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY - 1988 - LATER

Reed sits in a chair across from the CLIENT laying on the couch, taking notes on a legal pad.

CLIENT

There are palm trees in the cemeteries  
back home.

Compared to his bedroom, Reed's office is sparkling clean.

REED

In California?

CLIENT

Yes. It's eerie.

REED

Why does that scare you?

CLIENT

It doesn't me. Just mildly scare  
creeps me out.

REED

Well, we're here to work on your  
agoraphobia. Not necessarily your fear  
of Californian cemetery palm trees.

CLIENT

Are you scared of anything?

REED

(after thinking for a moment)

Hospitals.

CLIENT

Why?

REED

Too cleanly, too - sparkling and organized. Things need to be a little messy, I think.

CLIENT

I'm scared of hospitals too.

REED

There's plenty of people to help you if you get hurt there.

CLIENT

It's not that. It's - like they're all there for the wage.

REED

The wage?

CLIENT

Their salaries. It makes you wonder if they'd still be doing this if they weren't being paid for it.

REED

Would you do your job if you weren't being paid for it?

CLIENT

Would you?

*escapism*



we all feel the desire

to go someplace else

Angel

# *entangled*

they tell me hair holds memories  
that my entire being lies matted in  
uncountable brittle strands  
that creep like weeds out of my skull

they tell me my thick hair is my best trait  
when i spent most of my life grappling with it  
as if it were a demon with uncountable heads.  
i used to wrench my hair back,  
stab a hairbrush like a dagger through merciless black knots  
combing, pulling, tying and untying  
leaving the bathroom counter stifled with strands of newborn hair  
slicking ponytails tight with gel and water that  
shrivelled my nine-year-old fingers into pruny crevices.

they tell me to gleam myself to perfection  
when sharp curls and uneven humps felt unforgivable  
as i lay entangled in every young girl's insidious desire  
to please the eyes seemed to linger at every corner  
lining the sidewalks, the bathroom mirror, the bedroom door —  
non existent but ever-present

until i learn to notice how sunlight seems to catch in these tangles  
that hair, when left to breathe, cascades down my shoulders  
like waves of a black sea thrashing in a golden wind—  
they say everything beautiful is uncontrollable

they tell me hair holds memories  
some i wish to forget, but all which make up  
the parched, flawed and gnarled summation of my body  
that i must learn to call mine

- *aschea ng*

# *the coffee gets cold*

there are days, occasional Fridays, when you're the greatest hero of the world sitting in your kitchen at 1:05 pm and watching how your second coffee gets cold nobody sees this

nobody reads your mind  
as you think about your father's Colt, the number of with you'd forget just like you forgot the single night shot

you savor the sip of the coffee and it tastes like  
"isn't it what i've told?" and – you ha(v)te to admit it – your life's exactly what he's told.

the coffee gets cold  
the coffee gets cold.

you feel like a came-home soldier with the unbearable weight on your shoulder you might probably die if you don't lose up your pajama's suit you might probably cry if you make yourself think that "it's all for the good" but it's all for the good

isn't it?

there's no one waiting for you, only the quiet neighborhood, and the memories of the things that you could should do would

they're scaring you

there's dust you have to clean, there is someone ( your mom ) who you should call, there are enough things to not do any of them at all

watching the coffee gets cold  
watching the coffee gets cold

you still live in the moment of the shot, of the sirens of the ambulance, paramedic going through your white picket fence

uncaring,  
quick,  
you think it might even fall

while the coffee gets cold the coffee gets cold

to not think, to make yourself stop  
you take your old laptop

and there it goes, the hardest, the greatest battle of all  
( the coffee gets cold )

the googling

“is it bad to sit and just stare at the wall?”

“what is the potion to—  
“what’s the”

“where to find a cheap version of liquor top-shelf?”

“how do you kill yourself”

“the easiest way to slip a throat”

“why do i still hear the shot of the  
night when my father took his  
life????”

“what if every time i’m fine  
it’s a lie?”

“what if it’s a crime of me to be alright?”

a lie alright  
a lie but  
alright,

it’s such a pity: nobody sees the greatest  
war happening while the coffee gets  
cold in between the question what’s for  
and staring at the wall.

sometimes on occasional Fridays, you become a world’s silent soldier that  
has to unpack that burden, the folder

the greatest soldier

“killing you—“the reason of  
unreasonable shivering”

you untype it until it goes

“cheap food delivery”

- *Александра*

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# charon's boat



- saya b

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back  
where  
we  
started

we end up  
teetering on the edge of silence —  
unspoken words catching in our throats,  
fear pulsating in our bones over  
the thought of falling backwards and behind,  
intertwined in unremitting cycles of  
disappearing before we are remembered,  
running in hopes of catching the sun before it sets,  
as always we are  
forgetting how to live and  
we end up  
back where we started

*(now read from bottom to top)*

-aschea ng

# ETERNITY <sup>of</sup> ECHOES

I've walked a million miles  
now, scaled the mountains  
and rode the seas, yet I wonder  
what truth beneath these skies I see.

In the first whispers of humanity  
when mankind struggled to find  
its' feet, I was there, bearing a silent  
and immutable witness to what unfurled.

From Moses receiving the ten  
commandments, to the crucifixion of  
Christ. Through Rāma slaying the ten-headed  
Rāvaṇa till Buddha preaching under Bodhi tree.

Neither virtue nor vice, neither pain  
nor pleasure, neither sacred nor profane  
I'm beyond all of these, I saw the legends without  
my eyes and heard the myths without my ears.

I'm Pure Consciousness in itself, life and  
death, being and non-being are manifest from  
the very essence of mine, I can be only heard  
in the silent forms of highest meditations.

There wasn't a time when I was  
born, and there won't come a time  
when I shall cease to exist, all the  
universes rest still in my reflection.

- Abhik Ganguly

I keep thinking  
about the time in high school  
when you drew  
me  
a map of the city,  
I still have it somewhere.  
It was so easy  
to get lost  
in a place where all the trees  
look the same.  
And now  
every time I see  
a missing person's poster  
stapled to a pole,  
all I can think is  
that could have been me.  
Missing,  
disappeared.

But there are no  
posters for people  
who just never came back  
from vacation, from college,  
from life.  
You haven't killed yourself  
because you'd have to commit to a  
single exit.  
What you wouldn't give to be your cousin  
Catherine,  
who you watched  
twice in one weekend get strangled nude  
in a bathtub onstage  
by the actor who once  
filled your mouth with quarters at  
your mother's funeral.  
The curtains closed and opened again.  
We applauded until  
our hands were sore.

# unfinished exit

But you couldn't shake the image of  
her lifeless body,  
the way she hung there like a  
marionette with cut strings.  
And now every time you try to write a poem,  
it feels like a  
eulogy.  
A desperate attempt to  
capture something that's already  
gone.  
But maybe that's why we keep writing,  
keep searching for  
the right words,  
because in this world where everything is  
temporary,  
poetry is our only chance at  
immortality.  
So even though you haven't  
found the perfect ending yet,  
you keep writing.  
For Catherine, for yourself, for all the lost  
souls  
who never got their own  
missing person's poster.  
Because as long as there are words on a page,  
there is still hope for an unfinished exit to  
find its proper  
ending.

*Claudia Wysocky*

# thirteen

We felt friendship in our bones  
It clung to us like gum on the sidewalk  
Like plaque on our teeth or the dirt under our nails  
We carried our secrets in the right pocket of our jean shorts  
We were told our lives were small but we didn't accept that

We chased lightning and swallowed it whole  
Love was at the back of our throats  
But we were only young so our throats held cigarettes and our father's anger  
And when we got angry we always won

We felt sorry for the willow tree which had ex-lovers' initials carved on it  
Because we understood love—the love that comes with pain  
The kind of love that kills you

We knew we were infinite if we just felt everything entirely  
If we could just see everything  
We saw the birthmarks that kissed our skin and the dandruff in our hair  
We held roses by the thorns and squeezed tight

We didn't know what really happened to girls when they went missing  
Our mothers told us they went dreaming  
And we were desperate to dream too  
So we went into the unknown at nightfall  
Because we were thirteen and nothing had scared us yet

We understood monsters were lurking under our beds and closets  
We understood monsters would eventually be our husbands and our sons  
Someday our bones will snap and eternity will slip through our fingers  
And we would miss the food we never swallowed and the youth that rested on our  
tongues

*-shani flores*

**YOUR FINAL STOP**  
*your final stop*



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*soka waii*

# *Death, and I*

*- amber*

Death is upon me – his figure shielded with an ineffable smog. Grey and bare, indescribable yet picturesque. His hands – one holding a scarlet envelope – the other inconspicuously lay under this umber vale. I wonder about the capability of his hands, how they take a human form, with seemingly omniscient power above all. Initially, his incandescent eyes, looming amidst the smog of my imminent fate caught my sight. A forever peace willing to take me? A home for my tainted heart, bleeding upon the walls of my home and my paper-thin skin?

Death is upon me, as is a calm acceptance within my liminal existence. A warm wave of tidal embrace welcomes me. Washing over me with a staggering gratitude, with open arms and a gaping cloak surrounded by the familiar senseless fog. I am drowning underneath his affectionate ocean.

My heart wandered to a time when I was scared of death. Foolish, I realise now, as he is as pleasant as an encounter could be. Seventeen, with a precipice of years at the fore of me, standing tall in a steep incline of hardships. My life, unknowingly, had only just begun. A vinyl was spinning in my player; stuttering in songs of idiotic adolescence. My half drunk coffee sat stagnant, still at a stance on my nightstand in my childhood bedroom whilst the world halted at nothing. I consumed the name of death every minute. Books, songs, and the sly sentences of tongues deceived me into believing that death was a creature of hurt. “Machiavellian, torturing, deceitful.” My mother watched my father’s light in his eyes dim to absently black. He was “stolen” by death. I cursed the name of this creature – one I was so sure was a monster.

My hands now, wrinkled and frail, followed the trail of death’s cloak. Remaining a temple for my soul lay my body within the earth that birthed me.

Death was upon me, and I follow his path.

# tracing changes ✨

– aschea ng

*this poem is a rough map of my childhood home*

## *i. doorway (dusty, gate rusted over)*

i stumble over pairs of disintegrating shoes  
skeletons of baby pink sandals, muted rainbow skechers  
that have shrunk beneath the ineludible flitting of seconds  
my feet are too big, too calloused with age to fit

## *ii. living room (hibernating beneath forgotten dust)*

i can trace the outlines of the forts i built  
chubby baby fingers smearing markers over marble floors  
my weightless mind could once turn this couch into  
an island on the atlantic, or a castle perched on a hilltop  
now all i see is barren furniture, reeking of graveyard silence

## *iii. hall (of forgotten firsts)*

the first steps of my life lie  
fossilised within the bones  
of these stone cold floor tiles  
along first falls, first tears —  
this hall is a museum of firsts  
to which i can never return to

## *iv. dining table (once so full, now empty)*

the table is encrusted with egg mayo (something i now detest)  
and saliva that once drooled from my unblemished lips  
this is where i could live amidst my helplessness —  
letting myself be fed with a plastic yellow Ikea spoon,  
having food wiped from my chin by mama's warm hands  
a place now drowning in the desolate sunlight of irretrievable moments

## *v. papa & mama's bedroom (echoing with bedtime lullabies)*

even now, if i curl up in papa and mamas' old bed and close my eyes  
i feel like a bleary-eyed toddler again, blanket tucked to my chin,  
papa snoring on my right and mama on my left caressing my back  
sending warmth trickling like slow raindrops down my skin  
until i melt into sleep's mellow embrace

## *vi. my bedroom (a funeral for tattered dreams)*

my bed is a casket for a self that no longer exists  
hibernating amongst residues of crayon drawings and evaporating aspirations  
a ghost of a little girl lies cradled in the sheets in which i once  
twisted and turned, counted sheep, dreamt of unreachable lands  
and when i gaze into the rotting mirror, i find a stranger reflected back at me:  
a teenage girl with a worn-out stare and resigned cheeks  
in place of a small child with a tooth gap and a borderless grin —  
the little girl i wish i never grew out of



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by *Sowmya Anki Sreekanth*

# EMBRACING SOLITUDE

*(a journey of self-love and expression as a queer woman)*



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*Jamie*



*Tebbi*

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thanks for reading

Lat 0804 London Bridge Arrived  
Calling at 03 0827, Home Park GB  
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XOXO,

kaleido