

Volume III

Issue No. 1

January 2026

PERSEPHONE

— LITERARY MAGAZINE —





CONTENT WARNING

At Persephone Literary Magazine, we strive to create a safe and inclusive space for all readers and contributors. However, due to the nature of the creative content we publish, some pieces may contain themes or elements that could be distressing or triggering.

We encourage our readers to prioritize their mental health and well-being. If you encounter content that you find triggering or distressing, please take care of yourself and seek support if needed.

Thank you for being a part of our literary community.





TABLE OF CONTENTS
PERSEPHONE
— LITERARY MAGAZINE —

- 01 ABOUT THE FOUNDER
- 02 FOUNDER’S POEM - “NOCTIVOX”

POETRY

- 03 January Sonnet *by Chelsea Fraser*
- 04 Savannah Serenade *by Dudley Stone*
- 05 The Stories We Told *by Eileen Berry*
- 06 Grandmothers *by Elmo Shade*
- 07 Supernova *by Corbett Buchly*
- 08 Mid-Crisis Life *by M. Benjamin Thorne*
- 10 Graveyard *by Steven Deutsch*
- 11 cascading *by HJ Hennen*
- 12 A Good Place to Die *by Charlie Brice*

FICTION

- 14 After the Finale *by Peter Conrad*
- 21 The Day That Pretended To Be Here *by David Hutto*
- 27 A Third Chance *by Caitlin Buhr*

NON-FICTION

- 33 The Emotional Ladder of Love *by Ellen Hoy*





Noctivox

In ferns and dirt,
a pulse thrums
beneath the moss,
intricate and meticulous
in its making.
Among the shadows
that coil
like silent watchers,
it burns—
like smoke and rubies
in the night.

Allyson Nichols
FOUNDING EDITOR

MID-CRISIS LIFE

I.

Driving under a deep turquoise sky
marbled by black storm clouds,
through currents of fog I see
bright-scaled cars darting in the dark.
From what do they flee so swiftly?

Red-eyed orcas with zip-tie teeth.

They scatter, brake, and surge,
hoping to not get caught
in the sirens' screaming nets.

I thought I saw a man yesterday
jogging past the corner bodega,
but my eyes must be playing tricks;
I thought I saw two black-masked men
nab him into the back of an unmarked van.
I thought I saw Crispus Attucks
sag against his stick, too hurt
to take one more bullet for this land,
his pooling blood flowing back
to wounds closing like tired eyes.

Our rights slowly seep away
like an IV's metered drip,
siphoning off a girl's life,
deported with cancer, no drugs
or drug dealers to be found, just
the relentless rending of hearts
the Sierra Madre lift to heaven.

II.

My body disappears
from books,
from windows;
my body a bad word,
removed like a tumor
and thrown back



THE DAY THAT PRETENDED TO BE *Here*

“There’s evidence we don’t exist,” Anthony Fenice said, slowly lowering his fork. He pursed his lips and nodded once, which he would do when saying ponderous things.

“I’m going to let you speak for yourself on that,” said his wife, sitting across from him. “I kind of feel like I do.” She glanced at his plate.

“No, seriously,” he said, “if you look at how time works.”

“Well,” she replied, pushing her blue wire glasses with round lenses more securely onto her nose. “While you’re having a close look, I want to finish your cake.”

At that moment, Anthony and

Lainey Fenice—if they existed—were in the Kalemur Cafe, on West 46th Street in Manhattan. He pushed the cake toward her. Lainey took another bite of chocolate torte with cherry filling, blinked with contentment, then said, “Alright. So if you fool around with time, why don’t we exist?”

“Nobody can *fool around* with time,” he said, put off by her careless wording. “I’m contemplating it.” Then he explained his idea that every second, the future turns into the present, but in reality, every half second, hundredth of a second, billionth of a second, the future turns into the present. And in almost that same billionth of a second, the present turns into the past.

To love the light is to love the dark.

To love the dark is to love the light.

To love the light is to love the dark.

To love the dark is to love the light.



To love the dark is to love the light.



To love the light is to love the dark.

To love the light is to love the dark.

To love the dark is to love the light.

To love the light is to love the dark.

To love the dark is to love the light.

THE CHALICE

IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY, THE CHALICE IS A SYMBOL OF TRANSFORMATION, HEALING, AND THE DIVINE FEMININE. CHALICES REPRESENT CONNECTION, CYCLES, AND THE QUIET STRENGTH THAT FLOWS THROUGH CREATION AND RENEWAL.

PERSEPHONE LITERARY MAGAZINE
VOL. III, ISSUE NO. 1 – WINTER 2026
\$18.99 USD