

# Mille Fontaines

*Quotidien Grit*



*Fourth Edition*

*Spring 2024*



# From The Editors

Welcome to the creative space of *Mille Fontaines*, the bilingual, biannual literary magazine that serves the ACM-IAU community in Aix-en-Provence, France. Founded in 2022 by Rose Letsinger, the magazine's intent has always been to facilitate an inclusive space of belonging for all artist communities.

As editors, we see ourselves as the stewards of this artistic space. We highlight the work of creatives, giving them the opportunity to be heard and recognized. More than that, we put art and artists in conversation, pairing visual art with the written word — this year, enhancing it all with excursions into audio and video spheres. We believe each contributor's work is valuable, and we strive to bring out the latent potential in each work.

This edition of *Mille Fontaines* is embedded with the difficult, the sad, the mundane of our day-to-day lives, like gravel pressed into a hand after breaking a fall. But just as pieces of quartz are mixed with the gravel, there are specks of brightness interspersed throughout these pages — moments of wonder and hope. Our desire is that as you sift through the *Quotidien Grit* of our 4th Edition, you find not only a recognition of your own daily perseverance but a new appreciation for the joy and beauty that can be found in the ordinary.

*Bien cordialement,*

Charles P. DeLeon-Franzen & Anneka Weicht

# *Mille Fontaines Staff*

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# *Warning!: Safe!*

Noah Kammer



We consider this album to be the soundtrack of *Quotidien Grit* and invite you to scan the code above and listen to it as you read.

To scan the code, open the Spotify app and click on the “Search” page. Select the camera icon in the top right corner et volíá!

# *My tulle-toed boots*

Savannah Ford

so it happens,  
going to the cobbler  
for tulle-toed boots on bland mornings  
is like black coffee.

dearest metrocard, morning requests-  
please beware!  
bare stockinged toes  
are most unpleasant on bleak concrete  
stripped and torn in the underground chill  
only you, bashful booter can save us now

how morning misses our quality time, sweet boots.  
tutu taffeta, a veil of velvet, chantilly lace lacquer  
now limp and leaden in the gloomy dust  
a thin coffee gone cold in morning's murk

why cobbler,  
won't you tinker with such lovely tulle?  
sew these divine little kicks to my toes if you must-  
for I promise to cherish them  
until death indeed does us part

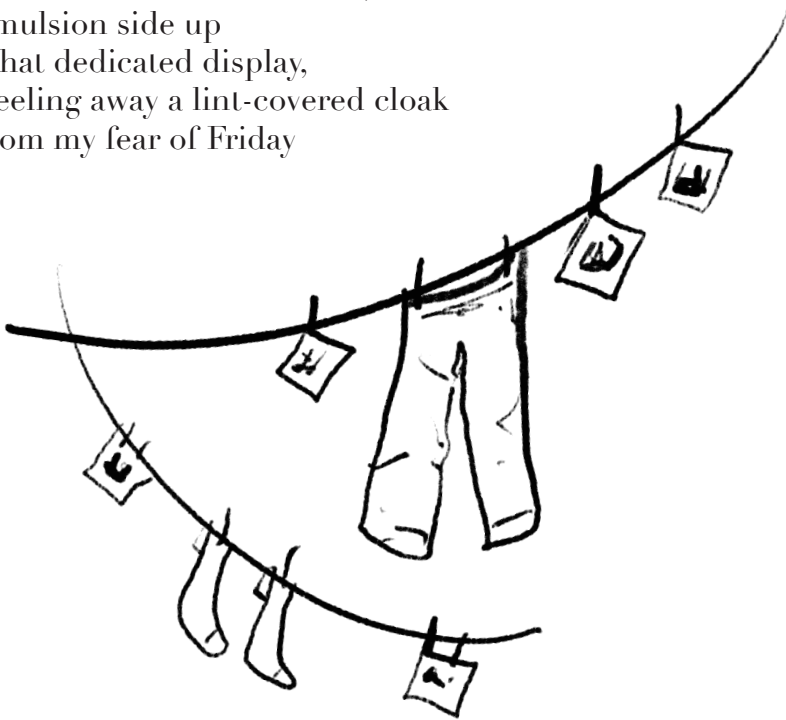


Juliana Moore, *Book in Bar*, 2024, Watercolor

# *Thursday laundry days*

Savannah Ford

dodge and burn the big trousers  
that I coffee stained on Celony Street  
sticky lipgloss & sleepy time tea  
on the string tied bow  
of my dogs pumpkin costume  
a landslide of minted coins,  
emulsion side up  
what dedicated display,  
peeling away a lint-covered cloak  
from my fear of Friday



# *La tête, le cœur, et le ventre*

Savannah Ford

## *LA TÊTE*

L aisse-moi trouver ma propre voie  
O mbres rendent le chemin sombre...  
G âche mon chemin alors.  
I l faut réfléchir  
Q uoi réfléchir ?  
U ltérieurement, quand tu utilises ta tête  
E n tant, tu seras que peu importe où tu te trouveras.  
    mais les rues tu as marché,  
    la façon dont tu marchais,  
    et avec qui tu étais...  
    avoir la tête sur les épaules.  
    c'est ce qui est logiquement vrai

## *LE CŒUR*

je n'aime pas le sang  
ça me rend étourdie  
c'est quoi, étourdissements ?  
quand il n'y a pas assez de sang dans ton cerveau  
bon, c'est cruel.  
mais le cœur n'est pas cruel  
ça pompe le sang, oui  
mais ce sang autour de ton cœur  
qui bat dans tes veines,  
te rend vivant, te rend humain  
c'est quoi vivre ? humain ?  
ça ? c'est toi mon cœur



## *LE VENTRE*

pourquoi empruntes-tu la peur au futur ?  
je pense trop.  
mais c'est le problème de la tête !  
mais cette peur m'aveugle  
m'assourdit  
je ne peux pas manger.  
c'est trop.  
mais ce n'est pas emprunter sa prise  
tu tiens trop fort  
lâche prise  
ouvre les yeux,  
entraîne tes oreilles,



Gia Leigh, *Lost Thoughts*, 2024, Photograph

# *La Rotonde*

Ryan Stolarz

J'entends l'eau couler comme une vague constante.  
Fortes éclaboussures, crescendos.  
Maintenant, j'entends le vent au loin  
De grosses rafales balayant la ville.  
Des hurlements sur le métal aussi  
Des bruits de construction,  
Des coups et des cris des ouvriers.  
Les conversations des gens fleurissent autour de moi.  
C'est comme si j'étais gelé  
Et j'ai le seul but d'observer la vie des autres.

En regardant la fontaine  
Je remarque à quel point elle est circulaire.  
Il semble que l'eau coule constamment sans fin.  
Constance, permanence, simplicité.  
Tout le monde peut venir ici  
Pour profiter des bienfaits du cadeau de cette fontaine.  
Même les oiseaux se baignent dans l'eau  
Et peuvent profiter de ce moment comme moi.  
Les statues et les gargouilles parfaitement conçues  
Ne se comparent pas à ce pouvoir.  
Pour geler un instant  
Juste pour admirer la beauté de cette cascade artificielle.



Nicole Rigby, *Blue*, 2024, Oil, 6 x 12 inches

# *Ocean to Ocean*

R.A.W.

Ocean to ocean  
And two worlds apart  
Such different places  
That contain the halves of my heart

My dream of all dreams  
So I mustn't complain  
For there's only myself to place all the blame

A view through nice photos tied in a bow  
Yet darkness and sorrow that only few know

Is it just growing up, or the dying of dreams?  
My heart torn in half  
Like the world split at the seams

Both quitting and staying bring equal pain  
So where do I place myself with nothing to gain?

I'm a heart split in half  
Where only memories remain.







Ashlyn Jordan, *Kenzie*, 2024, Photograph

# *In the Cloister*

Anneka Weicht

A more mundane glory  
after the sultry gloom of cathedral columns,  
gilt and incense intoxication,  
sun trickling through sated leaves,  
edenic oasis,  
deep breaths and refreshment,  
and a pigeon cooing emphatically over  
the chapel of San Blas,  
the gardener's forgotten tools just  
inside the wrought-iron grill

    why is it that you can never enter the garden at the cloister's center?  
and back into the midday dusk  
as a woman mops the cathedral entrance,  
wetting the stone to accept our sole offerings  
of dirt and bird shit.



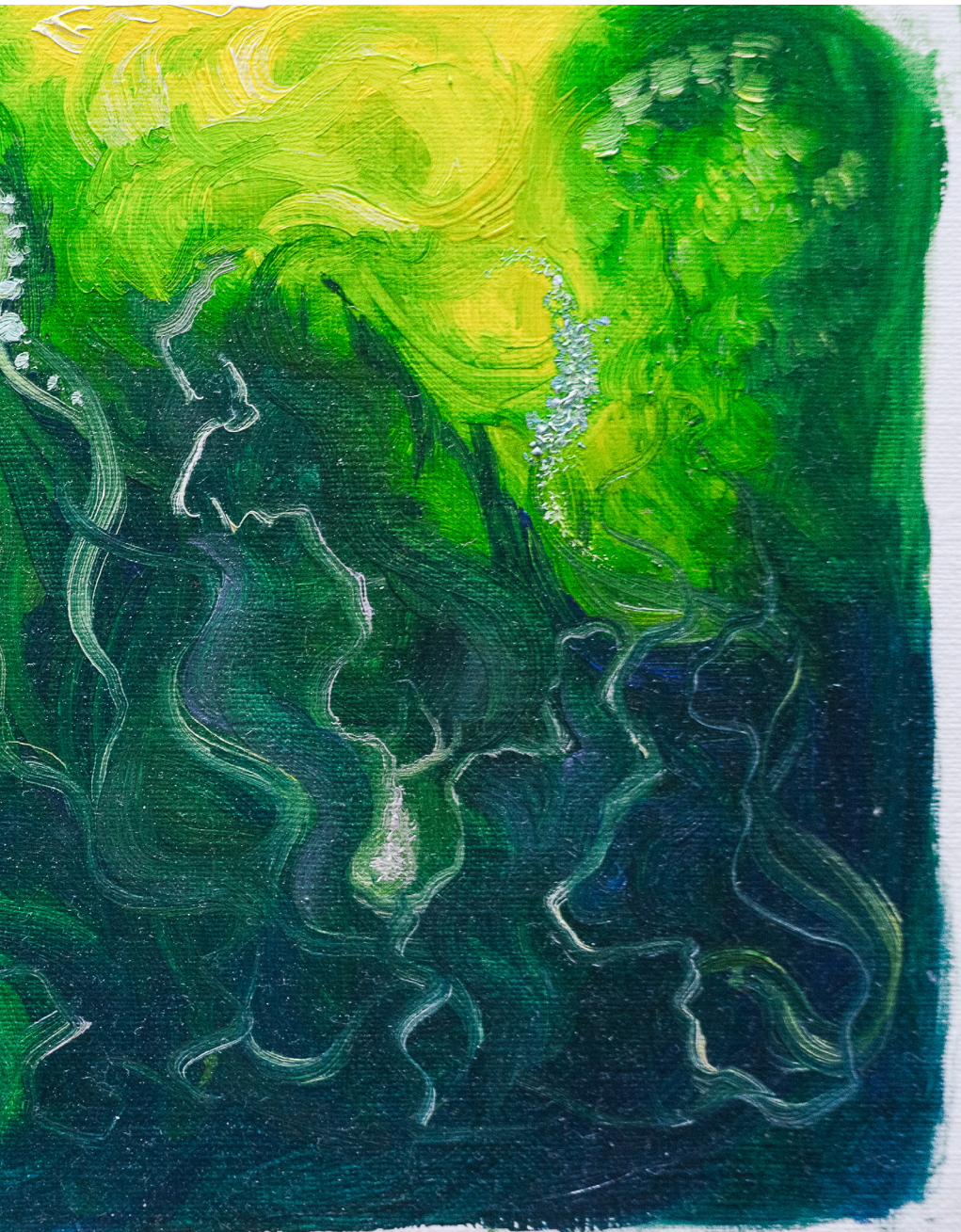
Aidan Barton, *Iron Oxide*, 2024, Photograph





Nicole Rigby, *Green*, 2024, Oil, 6 x 12 inches





# *Le Moulin d'Artistes*

Nicole Lyons

Un groupe d'amis est assis dehors  
6 autour d'une table faite pour 4  
Il y a trois filles, trois garçons  
Sans division de genre, ils sont tous mélangés  
Confortable, allongé, relaxé  
Ils nourrissent leurs corps  
Avec des pains au chocolat et des cigarettes  
Au moment où une cigarette s'éteint  
Une autre est allumée  
La fumée les entourent, brillante au soleil  
Les recouvrant comme une couverture  
Ils parlent entre eux  
Certains plus que d'autres  
Une des filles est assise plus droite que les autres  
Elle est le centre de la conversation  
Elle fait de grands gestes, donnant vie à ses histoires  
Qui sont souvent interrompues par des symphonies de rire  
Les autres lui écoutent, faisant parfois des grimaces  
Et puis... On a un moment de silence  
Mais ce n'est pas le silence où on se sent perdu,  
Maladroit, ou ennuyé  
Ils prennent tous un moment à sentir le soleil sur leur peau  
Baignant dans la lumière  
Respirant l'air frais du matin  
Il y a de la paix en ce silence  
La paix qui indique la vraie amitié





PJ Espley-Jones, *Pietà Study*, 2024, Oil, 11.5 x 15.5 inches

# *Le Cours Mirabeau*

Nicole Lyons

Le beau Mirabeau  
Les fontaines sans eau  
Les petits oiseaux  
Qui n'ont jamais vu de ruisseau

La couple main dans la main  
Qui marche son propre chemin  
Ils reviendront sûrement demain  
Pour reprendre le même refrain

Va boire un petit café  
Pour voir cette rue pavée  
Et pour remarquer la beauté  
De ces jours qui sont trop vite passer



Maisie Long, *Avignon and Friends*, 2024, Photograph





Jenessa Rosenberger, *Writer*, 2024, Oil, 50 x 29 inches

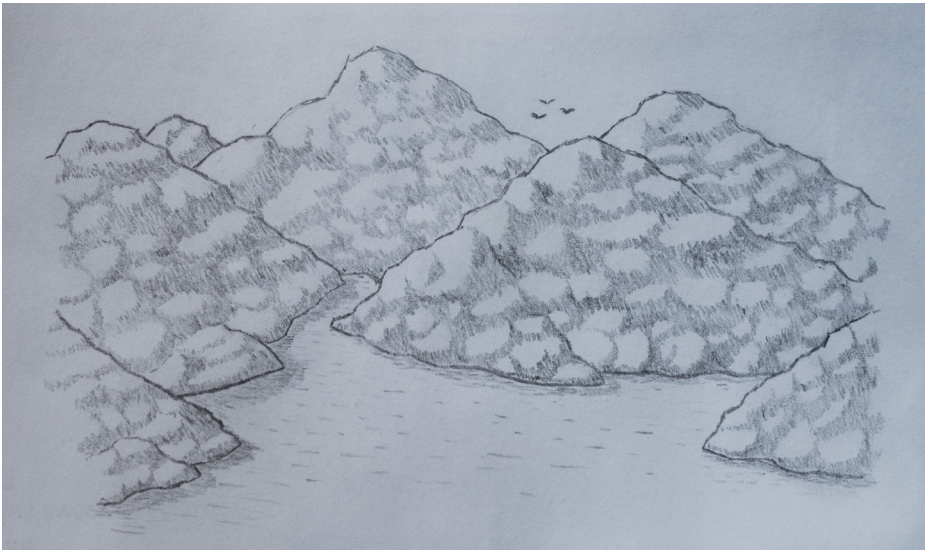
# *La Fontaine Moussue*

Nicole Lyons

La gouttelette coule lentement à travers la forêt moussue, s'agrippant aux petites feuilles, comme si elle se connectait avec elles pour un bref instant. Elle continue son chemin, en accumulant de l'eau à chaque mouvement. Elle n'a qu'une seule direction à suivre; vers le bas. Plus elle se déplace, plus elle prend de l'eau, et plus elle devient lourde. Elle accélère, passant au-dessus de la mousse. Et, trop vite, elle se trouve au bord du rocher. Lorsqu'elle pend là, sa forme sphérique montre un reflet du bassin en dessous d'elle. Elle reste là pour un instant, au bord du destin. Et puis, en un clin d'œil, elle se détache du rocher. Tout devient silencieux alors qu'elle flotte dans l'air. Suspendue, libre. Puis elle disparaît dans le bassin, remplie d'autres gouttelettes, en laissant seulement derrière elle des ondulations qui grandissent, et au bout d'un moment, remplissent la fontaine. Chaque gouttelette dans le bassin a eu sa propre vie, son propre voyage. Seules, les gouttelettes peuvent sembler futiles, mais ensemble, dans le bassin, elles créent un reflet, en dessous des nombreuses gouttelettes à venir.

# *Mountains from my Mind*

Nathan Sullivan



*Mountains from my Mind 1*, 2023, Graphite, 4 x 3 inches





*Mountains from my Mind 2*, 2024, Ink, 8.5 x 11 inches

# *Mon Aix*

Matt Avery

## *Le musée en plein air*

Pas loin de la rue, un mur de pierres ne clôture plus rien  
Si jamais c'était son sens  
Les abeilles s'enferment exprès dans leur ruche faite à la main  
Et un frigo taché s'ouvre à une colonie bactérienne

## *L'attraction touristique*

Une architecture inconnue se trouve sur un chantier  
Elle surveille toute la ville, profitant de la vue  
À gauche, « Défense d'entrer » annonce un sentier  
À droite, un nom qui fait rire est exposé sur une grue

## *Le parc à vélos*

Là les collines se froissent ; un terrain arboré  
Et un pont de fortune au milieu se situe  
Une voiture s'est cachée, devant des feuilles dorées  
Et un bidon d'essence lâche son résidu

## *Le sommet*

Constata l'hôpital au fond de la colline  
C'est à cette hauteur-ci, une hauteur qui domine  
Voir un champ étendu, et un pont démodé  
Lorsqu'on voit l'horizon, il faut se démâter



Gia Leigh, *Forever Fleeting*, 2023, Photograph

# *Ode aux espaces des audaces*

Mackenzie Theall

Dans la rue, en route de chez moi à l'institut  
(tout en mouvement)

Je sors de la porte de l'hôtel...

Je traverse la rue; à gauche le boulevard du Roi René, à droite  
rue Carnot...

Je vais tout droit jusqu'à la place des prêcheurs, où je croise  
d'autres piétons et passe par le palais de justice dans la direction  
de l'ancienne prison, maintenant un tribunal...

Je traverse la place Richelme, avec le marché quotidien, les  
marchands des produits, je dis "ça va" à mon fromager préféré...

Je traverse l'hôtel de ville, pas de marché aux fleurs aujourd'hui,  
c'est mercredi...

Je vais tout droit dans la rue d'italie, je tourne à gauche dans la  
rue du bon pasteur...

J'arrive à la porte verte, j'entre le code...

$5+4+3=12$  minutes de trajet





J'essaie de vivre une vie de couleur, en couleur, pleine de couleur  
Parce qu'il ne faut pas que je sois grise.  
Je m'habille pour moi-même,  
Mais ça ne veut pas dire  
que je ne suis jamais affectée par les réactions adverses.  
hyper-consciente de moi-même  
Pourquoi ils me regardent comme ça?  
Est-ce qu'il faut me faire la gueule?

M'a regardé directement en face: ///////////////  
M'a jeté un coup d'oeil de côté ///////////////  
A évité l'établissement du contact visuel ///////  
A marqué un temps d'arrêt //  
m'a retourné le sourire /  
a fait la gueule ////  
a ricané à mon passage//  
A tourné la tête pour me regarder avec incrédulité ///

# *The Album*

## *You'll Never Play Again*

Lucy Scorziello

We'd dance around your Lower East Side apartment for hours listening to Henry Mancini on vinyl; our close shadows making impressions on the softly lit walls. A glass of merlot would sit on the chipped wooden table and watch us, knowing it was doing its undertaking quite well. My hands traced your scalp as your hair divided around my fingers, while yours were placed delicately around my waist and moved along with my swaying hips.

All of the evenings that we performed this pleasant routine remain cinematic in my mind, like a film I watch and repeat and adore holding on to. In the moments I find myself with this image in the forefront of my thoughts, I feel that it was all too cliché to be true.

The mornings were more conversational while the espresso in our mugs kept our hands warm. I'd sit on your windsor chair and ask, what's in our plan for today? You would

replicate what you thought to be an American accent and I would do the same with a Scouse. I still don't know if that was our way of appreciating small parts of each other, or just a thing only we found funny. We'd deliberate about turtle necks and what time we presumed the street lights turned off, and whether or not Miles Davis was more enjoyable than Coltrane. And as breakfast became early lunch, the soft jazz vinyl went on spinning as we left the loft for the day.

Finding our way back to solitude after a busy day was like a child finding her way back into her mother's lap. And just like that, our evening dance began again. You would get frustrated when we had to pause so you could put the next album on. Your annoyance would become disinterest, and after a while, you'd let go of my hands and stop dancing altogether and pour yourself water and go to bed. I began to notice your chin stubble in the morning, and the way your hand rested on your own leg, rather than mine. I began to notice that you enjoyed your days best when you had dry cleaning to drop off or an evening stroll without me there.

Maybe you grew too jaded for our dances, or possibly I forced your dispassion. My love, alone, was not valuable enough

to make you stay. The intimacy of being understood and cared for is something I always held on to, even if you didn't care to perform it towards the end. It took me a long time to ascertain that not everything in life is meant to be a soothing song. When my spinning came to a halt and you took the needle off of me and placed me back on the shelf, I was still waiting for you to bookend me as I sat there.

That is all that remains.





Aidan Barton, *The Shadow Café*, 2024, Photograph

# *Dark Silver*

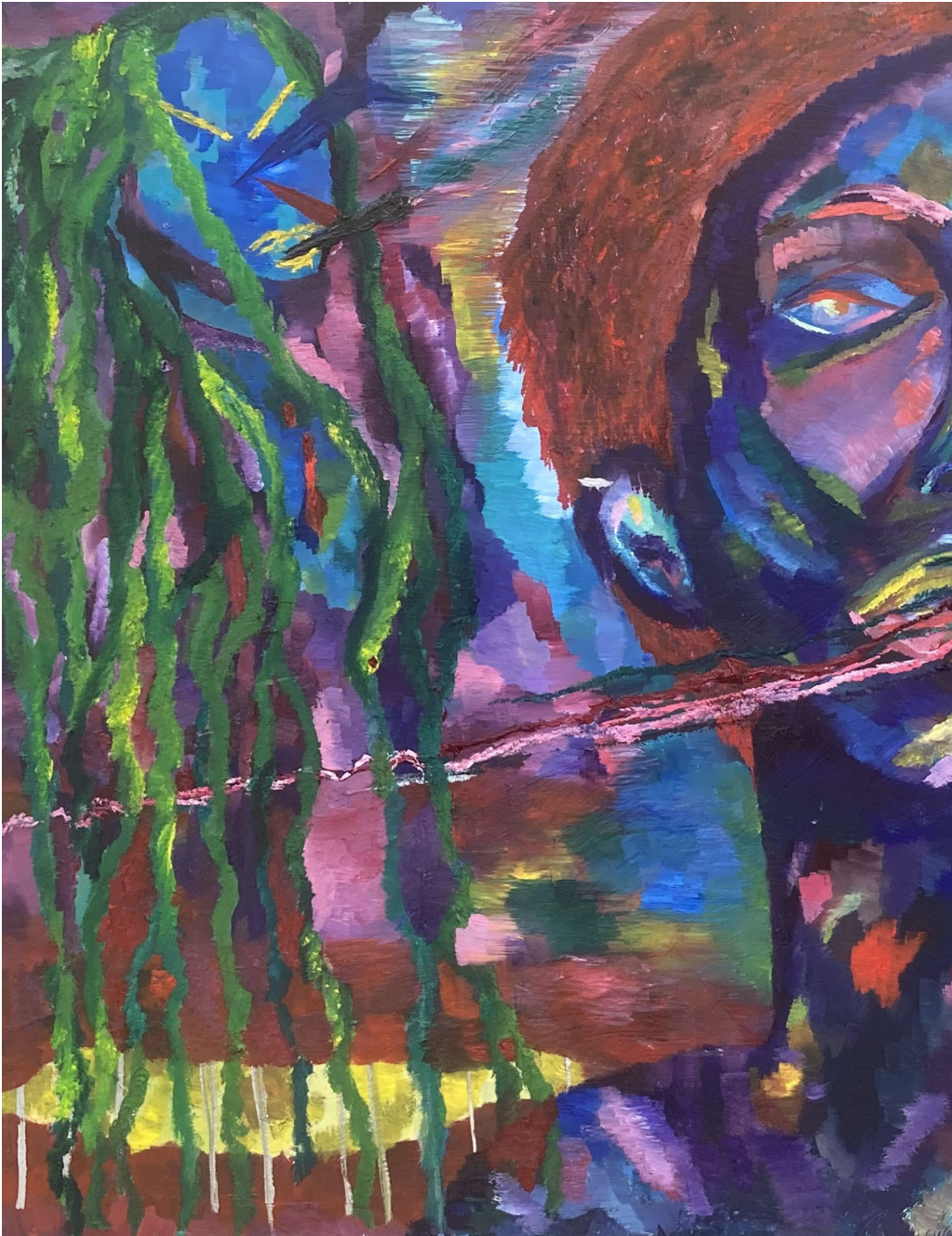
Gia Leigh

And then,  
All of the memories come flooding back.  
And I find myself floating in my tears.  
Full of fear.  
The freezing **dark silver water** surrounding me,  
Engulfing my body,  
Framing my face.  
I look up at the unreachable sky,  
And I feel the water piercing through every inch of skin,  
Hitting my bones as if I never had any protection at all.



Gia Leigh, 2021, Photograph

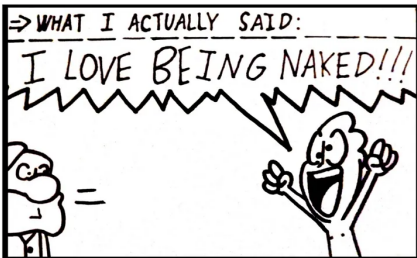
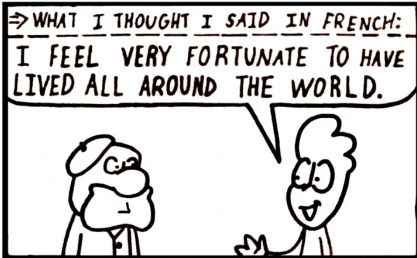




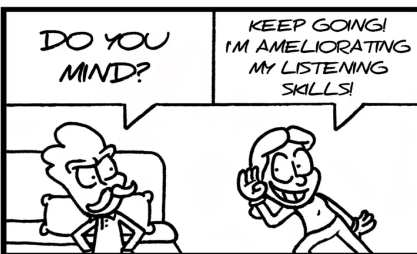
Paula Parker, *Cirque*, 2024, Oil



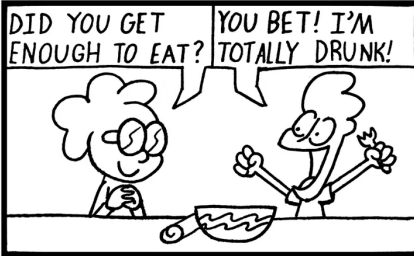




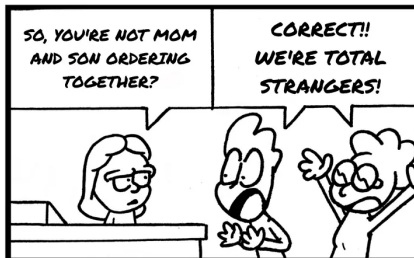
I spent a week telling my teachers and classmates how much I loved being naked before I realized that I had mixed up the French words for "to move house" (déménager) and "to get naked/undress" (déshabiller). I wanted to tell them about all the places where I've lived, but I ended up telling them that I really enjoy being naked and where all my favorite places are to get naked.



Emma Link -  
"As a student studying abroad, improving my listening comprehension skills is really important. And a great way to improve that skill is to listen to things in French - songs, the radio, TV shows, my host family talking to each other ... Yes, yes sometimes I listen to my host family when they're talking to each other in French, though it's 100% because I want to ameliorate my listening skills and not at all because of all the gossip I get to hear."



For my study abroad in France, I was placed with a host mother who doesn't speak French. After one dinner, I tried to tell her 'I'm full' using the phrase "j'suis plein", which literally translates to "I'm full". When you say "I'm full" in English, it's assumed that you're full of food. In French, it's assumed that you're full of alcohol. She looked a little surprised when I used the phrase.



One time in France, I got in line to eat at a restaurant with a middle aged French lady behind me. The entire restaurant staff thought she was my mom. With me being in front, I thought it looked like I was going to treat her to lunch. Obviously I wasn't, because I'm stingy and bristle at the idea of spending more than \$9 in one day. Thankfully, she didn't try and pull a, "What are you getting for us, Son?" but for a moment I was absolutely terrified that she would! She had been telling all the staff we're not related when they asked, but still!



# *Just Mussels*

Lainey Parrott



*Mussel 1*, Charcoal, 2024, 16.5 x 24 inches





*Mussel 2*, Charcoal & Marker, 2024, 16.5 x 24 inches

# *Stopped in a Square*

**Jordan Robertson**

As I wander through the twisting roads of Aix-en-Provence, I stop and linger in the middle of a square. What little brown and yellow leaves litter the ground dance around as the world bustles on, clinging desperately to the force of the breeze that pulls them. The ground is cobblestone, but a single, slim road runs straight across the courtyard. I warily watch three metal pillars rise into a line across the road: scooters, bikes, and pedestrians weave through them on their way. They don't stop, balk, or drop their conversations as their feet glide intrinsically around the poles. As my eyes rise I watch those footsteps find their destination at one of the many restaurants teeming with life. Tables and chairs flood onto the street like an overgrown lawn long forgotten. The music of laughter, life, and love is a symphony to my ears. White fairy lights climb the awning, sparkling overhead in the fading afternoon light. The smells waft toward me so rich I can almost picture the wisps floating through the air. A splash on my left has me joining the restaurant occupants in their joy as warm laughter bubbles

up through my chest. A fluffy golden retriever is neck deep in the fountain desperately reaching for a floating plank of wood. I almost expect him to come up for air with a mouthful of abandoned wishes. At the bottom, the scattered coins glint in the sunlight. The large gray stone of the fountain towers above, with statues scattered along the way. Despite its cold presence, it sends a welcome reprieve from the warm sun down onto squealing children chasing a ball bumping along the textured ground. Their sticky fingers fiercely grasp clear bags of candies from the cart parked nearby. Across from it stands a tourist shop exploding with postcards, keychains, and I LOVE AIX magnets being examined closely by travelers clutching their cameras. Their discarded travel coffee cups scrawled with the trademark “I love Aixpresso” spill out of the trash. I smile at a man in yellow, his binman vest a dying glow in the faded light. The mix of green, brown, and yellow buildings rise into the blue abyss dotted with cumulus humilis. Their weathered stones cling to each other, split only by small alleyways winding away from the heart, into the outskirts of the city. I watch the sun inch further away down one of the roads and I take a step forward.

# *The Balindas*

Caroline Timmerman

This photo series, inspired by the portraiture of Cindy Sherman, combines surrealism, humor, and the mundane.



*The Balindas 1*, 2017-18, Photograph



*The Balindas 2, 2017-18, Photograph*





*The Balindas 3, 2017-18, Photograph*



*The Balindas 4, 2017-18, Photograph*



*The Balindas 5, 2017-18, Photograph*





*The Balindas 6, 2017-18, Photograph*

# *The Shifting Sand*

Aidan Barton

Sand shifting slow,  
grains trickle gently below. In an unflinching march  
dust becomes dust. While Dust itself stands watch  
as the Sandy Keeper, moving us with a temporal touch  
from behind its glass. We are united in its clutch.

Sand shifting from above to below,  
as the palms grow rising from dust.  
Palms once seeds left alone in the sun,  
whose leaves now shimmer atop great trunks  
rearranging shadows dripping into dusk.

The sand is shifted by a force unknown,  
as my mind trickles gently below, in a desert dream.  
Cloudless above, but it's heavier than it seems;  
sadness painted in the sky's sandy blue feeling.  
I'm surrounded by glorious molten greens,  
sunlight liquified into bitter orange trees.  
Their sweet fragrance, intoxicated by the desert breeze,  
is interrupted too soon by donkey piss and gasoline.

I wander through Morocco into narrower streets,  
buzzing bike engines, the shuffling of feet,  
donkeys clop and voices meet.  
Colors melding without a seam:  
spice, cloth, knickknacks and sweets.  
The reshaping of shadows under canopies.

My head is muddled from this prolonged  
wandering, but I find a haven as I march along.  
Fresh air in a garden of bitter orange and palm,  
gathered around a fountain's trickling song,  
Their leaves, atop the wooded throng,  
throw shadows continually redrawn.

Entombed in its swelling walls  
of restless honeycomb and checkerboard squalls.  
Relentless wave after wave of color falls,  
washing over me as I am slowly dissolved.  
Drowned by the fountain's trickling call,  
I slip into a kaleidoscopic withdrawal.

Sand shifting, trickling within its bound  
glass walls, revealing a future we can't grasp.  
Our eyes, turned forward, are always turned back.  
I'm pulled under the shifting grains to remember shapes past,  
I return to when dunes rose and the waves crashed,  
to a childhood that came and went too fast.

Does the desert dream with me of times like these?  
Times long past, of the rain and the high seas,  
when water filled the plains before they emptied.  
Even the desert's grains trickle outside of eternity.  
On this side of the glass that's how it must be,  
*dust to dust.*

I remain submerged in the waters of reminiscence,  
Down by the dunes and the tattered wood fences.  
Where the sandy grass grew on time it rented.  
When the sun and sea taught me their lessons,  
as I watch the shore break, and how it wrenches  
the sandy grains up into their curling crescents.

Now sat at the break point, where the waves push me  
over. I'm gripped by the current, unable to flee  
as it recedes, I am dragged out and under the sea.

Sink into darkness and tumble on in uncertainty.

Sand shifting, its trickling brings woe.  
My mind awakens to the sorrows of this desert  
dream. Far off palms on long necks  
shimmering, let fall shadows of rearranging  
geometry. I am parched and move forward  
lamenting the march under this sandy blue  
ceiling.

Like a lost camel I roam this desert  
alone, burdened with only the sandy blue tone.

Each step dissolves me further  
to dust, step by step until my resolve is up.

Sand shifting, its grains trickle down  
like snow. I peer out, from within its glass  
bows, as dust drips and I'm slowly  
hollowed. Now at last this march has found  
my bones. I've returned to dust for the palms  
to grow.

Sand shifting slow, why did you start?  
Grains trickling on, to where do you march?

Questions perhaps even you don't know.  
Bound to your glass, trickling steady and slow.

My eyes open in the darkness, looking  
up at a glittering surface. Awakening from some dream  
of sand, sadness, and shadows. Painted in a bitter-sweet  
blue like the sea. I'm saturated  
in sweat, consumed by a war in my veins. The Source  
is a Heart that cannot be tamed. Its fire  
in my hands, its pulse  
echoes in my ears. I'm lifted by its force and pushed  
through the surface. Risen  
like a phoenix whose eyes turn forward to the dawning  
of a new day. Dust to dust forever rearranged.





Aidan Barton, *Unseen*, 2024, Photograph

# *On a Train to Barcelona*

Anneka Weicht

Land becoming dry, more  
desert-like. My mother  
overstimulated beside me from  
the woman talking behind us.  
Trying to not think.  
Trying to sleep.  
Trying to stop  
feeling my body, anxiety  
racing through it like  
this train through the Aleppo pines.  
Same trees as back home, same  
dust and familiar parch,  
five thousand miles away but  
the same, and I am farther  
from the parents sitting next to me.  
A distance, now, when they look  
at me, a sadness. My father  
saying, “you’re not quite yourself,  
are you?” But which self?  
The one that was watered and well  
or the cracked one,  
the one with breath like a desert  
breeze, having known heat  
but blind to the sun.  
Which one?

# *Dear poem,*

Savannah Ford

Dear poem,  
yeah, yeah you already know  
I'll make a tasty, violet metaphor  
personify a parched pen  
chastise the letter Q  
maybe chat with scarlet shredded nail beds while I'm at it  
why not?  
I'll be unexpected and inventive,  
sharp and clever  
but subtle and unpretentious,  
quaint and convincing  
to spare you from my brewing sentimentality

I'll gaze at you and you'll glare right back  
we'll be caught in the limbo of an untoward stare-down  
you're bored with me  
but I try to administer CPR  
to force air down your constricted windpipe  
desperately exhaling, to breathe life into your macabre lyrics,  
into your muddied shadows,  
and into your stupid, stupid strings that never quite sing  
they fall flat on their faces  
into a pile of tangled schemes

frustratedly,  
your exasperated wanna-be



Caroline Cannon, *Our Park*, 2023, Photograph





Caroline Cannon, *Shimmer*, 2023, Photograph



Caroline Cannon, *Vine Tree*, 2023, Photograph

# *Vignaiolo Vigneron Viticultor*

C.P. de Léon-Franzen

Io passo,  
l'alba è appena uscita,  
l'aria fresca mattutina  
Affilata  
sulla pelle esposta.

Le cesoie in mano,  
mi piedi stivalati  
scricchiolio contro la ghiaia prima di  
sottomissione alla suzione,  
un abbraccio di fango.

début hésitant  
réexaminer  
repositionner  
renouer  
enfin une coupe irréversible.

le soleil au-dessus de nos têtes  
un regard sur le passé et l'avenir  
à gauche: Ma'at  
à droite: Khaos  
fierté et inquiétude s'entremêlent

By whose order do  
we impose control?  
Professed Perfection.  
in reality avarice abounds,  
Utility or Death.

infused subjective vocabulary  
nourishing insects, pests  
local plants become weeds  
unproductive microbes are labeled “disease”

But without our help...  
Where now are the fruit and the flower?  
Where is the wine that was flowing?  
Where is the banter and stories, around the hearth glowing?  
*Where is the spring and the harvest and the tall vine growing?*<sup>1</sup>

el papel de un enólogo  
es cultivar y producir  
pero también Armonizar  
con el medio ambiente  
a su alrededor

Trabajar en el suelo  
provoca la introspección.  
una conexión a la Tierra  
e interés en ser su cuidador.

Mentre il taglio finale atterra  
On regard en arrière  
Surveying land tamed  
Lamentando lo perdido  
Ma entusiasta di quello verrà  
L'élixir des dieux  
Enchanter of humanity

<sup>1</sup>Tolkien, J. R. R. *The Two Towers*. Mariner Books, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company, 2021.





Aidan Barton, *Venetian Vignoble*, 2024, Photograph



# *Le Marché aux Fleurs*

Nicole Lyons

## *Les Sons:*

Les ailes d'un pigeon

"Oh, vas t'en!"

Des pas lourds, des mains agitées

Les couvercles en plastique des fleurs

Frottant et croquant

"Eh bonjour"

Les marchands reconnaissent leurs clients réguliers

Ils remplissent l'air de sifflements en réorganisant leurs matières

L'eau coule de la fontaine

Les ciseaux coupent les tiges, la ficelle gratte la peau

Un homme passe en parlant sur son téléphone

"Pfff mais arrête toi, c'est pas ce que j'ai dit!"

Un vieux couple chuchote en choisissant ses fleurs

"Mais rose va mieux avec les assiettes"

Les bavardages lointains des terrasses des cafés

Avec des éclats de rire qui

De temps en temps remplissent la place

D'un beau son de vie

## *Les Couleurs:*

Un nuage de fumée gris passe devant les yeux

Et puis

Une explosion de couleurs

Rouge, vert, jaune, violet

Les fleurs entassées les unes à côté des autres

Creant une mosaïque

La pierre orange et érodée  
Qui compose les murs entourant la place  
Cree un decor antique  
Un contraste avec les plantes  
Pleines de jeunesse et de vie  
Le soleil crée des rayons de lumière  
Juste au dessus des bâtiments  
Illuminant certaines fleurs  
D'une couleur si vibrante  
Qu'on ne peut pas détourner le regard



Ashlyn Jordan, *Cactus*, 2024, Photograph

# *Untitled 1*

Mackenzie Theall

je me demande ce qu'il fait en ce moment  
il est du même sang  
mais pas du même tempérament  
est-ce qu'il lit encore  
lirait-il une lettre de moi?  
si je lui en écrivais une  
il ne veut plus nous voir  
il ne se demande pas  
si on lit  
si on lirait une lettre de lui  
ce qu'on fait en ce moment  
ce qu'on ressens  
qu'est-ce qu'il écoute comme musique?  
collectionne-t-il encore des albums?  
sait-il que je pense encore à lui quand j'écoute cette chanson?  
et celle-là aussi?  
se souvient-il?  
de notre jeunesse?  
des ballades nocturnes  
dans sa voiture  
jusqu'au fast-food qui servait encore le petit-déjeuner en pleine nuit  
des concerts fréquents  
des groupes de musique  
auquel on a assisté ensemble

de l'après-midi  
où il m'a amenée  
pour dire adieu à son chat  
on a pleuré tous les deux  
en fait, non  
il m'a dit qu'il ne se souvenait pas  
de ces-moments-là  
c'était l'époque  
où il me parlait encore



LaPaula Parker, *Cobalt*, 2024, Digital Drawing

# *Untitled 2*

**Mackenzie Theall**

J'savais pas  
que ça pouvait être comme ça  
J'attendais le moment où  
tu commencerais à  
    me maltraiter  
Parce que c'est ce à quoi j'ai toujours été  
habituée  
    être jetable, ignorée, négligée, oubliée  
Je n'ai jamais été  
valorisée  
Traitée  
comme quelqu'un en soi,  
je ne suis plus qu'une caisse de résonance,  
j'ai quelque chose à offrir,  
une chose de grande valeur,  
qui vaut la peine d'être entendue,  
d'être écoutée, soigneusement.  
Je me demande  
    Je lutte contre  
L'idée instinctive que je ne le mérite pas  
Le syndrome de l'imposteur me poursuit  
où que j'aille  
Mais je lutte contre  
J'essaie  
J'essaie d'accepter cette récompense  
    sans l'interroger  
Mais je me questionne encore  
encore





Caroline Cannon, *Pond Reflection*, 2023, Photograph

# *Place des Prêcheurs*

Ryan Stolarz

L'odeur du poisson.

Cela me frappe comme une brise glaciale.

Le bruit de l'eau aussi, mais doux, frémissant, paisible.

Pourtant, je me sens nerveux.

L'eau continuera-t-elle ?

Ou les gouttelettes sortiront-elles plus lentement ?

La flaque d'eau en dessous est petite.

De petites éclaboussures et ondulations du vent

Puis encore une fois, l'odeur du poisson.

Je vois le sommet.

Si grand, si haut

Comme beaucoup de monuments que j'ai déjà vus.

Un oiseau au sommet,

Peut-être un faucon, peut-être un aigle.

La puissance et la force de ce monument surpassent tout.

Maintenant les gens parlent

Et les oiseaux restent dans l'eau

Et les statues implantées ici pour le reste du temps.

# *Corps*

Nathan Sullivan

Assis sur ce siège de pierre, le vent froid m'entoure. Le murmure constant du vent est assez paisible ; j'ai vraiment appris à l'apprécier. Même s'il rend les journées chaudes plus fraîches, le Mistral garde le ciel le plus bleu que je ne l'ai jamais vu. Assis ici, je suis témoin du courant du vent qui traverse la place et souffle au-delà de moi.

Ce Mistral transforme la ville en un fleuve, les bâtiments sont maintenant des rochers, des obstacles pour le coup de vent qui s'infiltré dans ce labyrinthe artificiel. Les oiseaux nagent à travers ce liquide transparent, ils se perchent dans des crevasses ignorées et autrement inaccessibles. Ils battent des ailes et glissent vers moi avant de disparaître à nouveau. Sous les branches nues de cet arbre, j'entends le chœur des cloches s'élever depuis la cathédrale, et soudain je souhaite être comme les oiseaux, ceux qui flottent librement dans le vent entouré par la symphonie de la société. Je troquerais tout pour être parmi eux dans leur royaume bleu.

Ces oiseaux ont mieux compris les choses que nous les humains. Ils savent voler directement où ils veulent aller.

## Adela Stevens

*First undergraduate to complete the entirety of her college career at ACM.*

I've lived for the past four years in Aix-en-Provence. Three of those years I spent in the same apartment building, which we call 27. When I talk to friends and family back home about my life here, they imagine a glamorous southern French lifestyle. But the truth is that most of the time my life in Aix feels quite mundane. I often feel like I'm living the same day on repeat. I wake up and go to class, eat the same lunch I had the day before, go back to class, then home to study, sleep, and do it all again the next day.

Still, every now and then, I stop and realize "Wait a minute... Wow... I'm in the South of France!" It usually happens when I take the time to experience moments like the one I captured in this photo, or when I hear street music that makes me feel like I'm in a movie. Most days are not glamorous, but in those certain magical moments, I am reminded how grateful I am and always will be for the years I've spent in Aix.





*Saint-Sauveur Sunrise, 2023, Photograph*







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