

Augustana College

## Augustana Digital Commons

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ZAGA

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Spring 2021

### ZAGA - #1, 2021

Alli Kestler

Gavi Wijesekera

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SAGA

PRESENTS

“ZAGA”

Volume 1, Issue 1

What is

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**ZAGA?**  
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ZAGA is the little sibling of SAGA, Augustana's annual literature and art magazine. ZAGA produces smaller installments of art and literature from Augie's student body in zine format, and will be producing several installments throughout the school year. We're brand new this year and would love to see more art on campus!

And what exactly  
are **ZINES?**

Zines are small, circulated magazines with self-published works and are usually themed. ZAGA will release different themes each month based on the whims of the Zine coordinators and suggestions from YOU!



And...

Who are  
you two?  
          

↖ Alli Kestler,  
as drawn by  
Gavi Wijesekera

Alli is a senior at Augie this year, and she's triple-majoring in Creative Writing, Political Science, and French. She also plays for Augustana's Varsity Women's Soccer team, and she's been part of SAGA since her freshman year in various capacities. She's also the treasurer of French club. Alli heard that SAGA was going to start doing zines and she applied because she apparently doesn't have enough to do, but she is very glad to get to help curate

Gavi is a sophomore at Augie, and she's a double major in Biochemistry and English. She's also part of Augie's Dance Company. While her workload is nowhere as bad as Alli's, she's in a constant state of confusion and stress. More often than not you'd find her in the brew with a venti hot chocolate, pouring over her chemistry homework and rethinking all her life choices.

We're  
your

ZINE

coordinators!



Gavi Wijesekera, →

as drawn by

Alli Kestler

8:21



< What is Saga?

## SAGA

is Augustana's annual literature and art magazine and it has been around since 1938.

And guess what? You don't have to be an English/Creative Writing/Art major to submit!

Come one, come all everyone has something worth sharing.

AND ONTO

SOME

POETRY & PROSE



**you will always be my people**

once we were four continents on this couch,  
and amharic and dutch and sinhala and spanish  
flowed over and into each other

like shells shifting on the ocean floor. <sup>6</sup>  
in this spacetime we knew no borders;  
we came here to ask if anyone wanted dinner,  
and if they had an extra meal swipe;

we came here to rejoice  
and cry and sleep and dream.

we built a tribe, built a pride, out of the best that we brought with us,  
and it lives still, in fleeting glimpses from high windows,  
in chance meetings beneath sunlit trees.

we embrace each other in the jaws of death,  
because this was always the way, with us.

we look each other in the eyes and say  
*peace, beloved, you will always be my people.*

**Lalini Shanala Ranaraja**

Time Lapse of Wishing  
(A Tanka)

I wish on cheek-bound  
eyelashes, haphazardly  
strew them over the  
floor, wait for them to bloom and  
wilt simultaneously.



Megan B Hoppe





Carly Davis

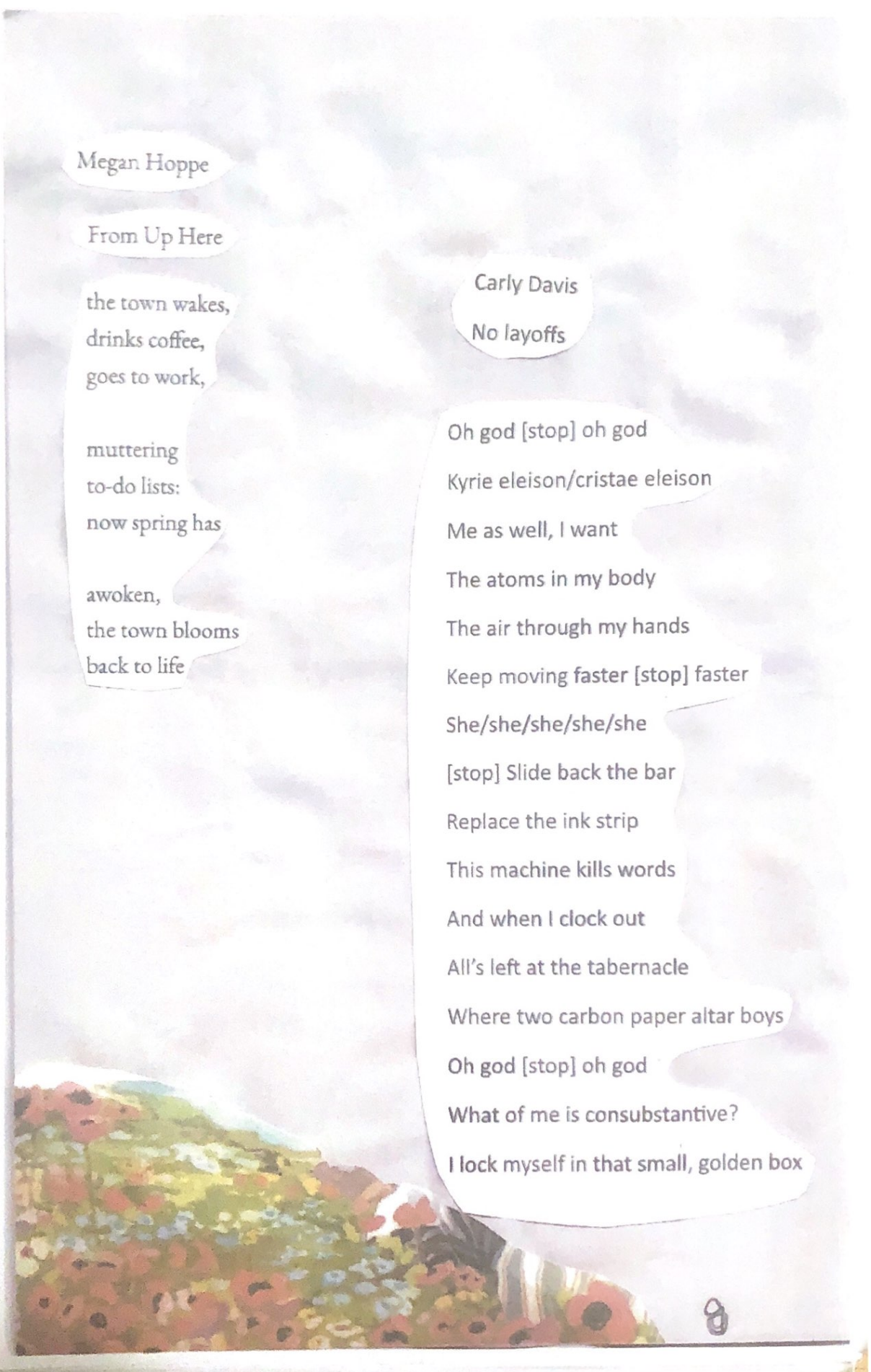
9/15/2020

In Illinois,  
I'm breathing in Californian ashes

And the baby-blue powder  
Of my anger sticks in  
The so-cherished meat  
of my lungs

I measure my shuddered breathing  
And twelve years ago, an engine revs,

Yanking on the chain of a leaf-blower  
While my siblings dance  
Around burning leaves. I am  
young and choking on smoke



Megan Hoppe

From Up Here

the town wakes,  
drinks coffee,  
goes to work,

muttering  
to-do lists:  
now spring has

awoken,  
the town blooms  
back to life

Carly Davis

No layoffs

Oh god [stop] oh god

Kyrie eleison/cristae eleison

Me as well, I want

The atoms in my body

The air through my hands

Keep moving faster [stop] faster

She/she/she/she/she

[stop] Slide back the bar

Replace the ink strip

This machine kills words

And when I clock out

All's left at the tabernacle

Where two carbon paper altar boys

Oh god [stop] oh god

What of me is consubstantive?

I lock myself in that small, golden box



call to prayer

equinox, awakened, and we've come full circle,  
and we've known the truth for a thousand days.  
tell me you see the leaves turning, red in the leaves and the ledger;  
tell me you've heard the singing skies,  
passing on the voices that refused to leave us.  
tell me you remember the names of the spices,  
the warmth and the welcome, the way out of the woods,  
and if you can't tell me, tell them, because they fought for us  
when we wouldn't fight for ourselves,  
and maybe we'll see another equinox,  
but we'll not see another thousand days together, so speak -  
we're listening.  
we are still your sanctuary;  
we love you anyway;  
we would never ask you for anything  
that it would hurt you to give.

Lalini Shanela Ranaraja



~~deadlines?~~

**Listening to Vegyn While Sequestered.**

Sitting in my room.

They call it being sequestered. There's talk of quarantine. I don't know what to call it anymore.

I went through the Ordeal once before, but that was a long time ago, back before I restarted my life. I don't know where I am now, but it doesn't really matter.

My room is all that exists now, everything else is over. My roommate's belongings are still here, relics of a past that no longer exists. I don't look at them.

The Election is tonight. There's fear, excitement, speculation. Not for me though. Orange, white, Red, Blue, all just colors here.

I am listening to Vegyn. He's an electronic artist. But Vegyn doesn't exist. Only the music does. Who knows who made it. Another relic.

I don't know when I'll leave this room. I'm not sure if I ever will. But why would I if nothing else exists outside of it anyway.

**Zachary Horve**



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Normal text

Times New...

12

**B**

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Sarah Luepkes

the fragmented unseen

something something, intangible and ever-changing  
i want to write the perfect words or maybe just scream  
quiet enough to feel sane  
or was it loud enough?  
i can't remember  
i'm losing my god damn mind  
but i don't feel it, i just know it  
because i have gaps in my awareness that i would not otherwise have  
if you were here  
if you could see  
if you could hold  
me  
but i pull away before you approach because maybe i like the chase  
or maybe i like hurting you  
because it's easier than suffocating under your expectations  
it's sink or swim and i chose to sink you  
sorry 'bout it

|



cumulus colours

evening pilgrimage. stay close to the earth, bless  
your best beloveds. you have known them  
for years and you do not need names.

it's enough to know their shapes and shadows,  
all their shades against all these skies.

go west to where the sun sets.

this far out you barely need words.

**Lalini Shanela Ranaraja**

sanctuary is many things; today

it is quiet, it is gentle, it is cumulus colours

beyond the treeline. beyond that still

jets trailing fire and the echoes of all our continents.

breath deep. hold fast. one day

we will be stories to each other.

Alli + Gavin,  
as drawn  
by Juno Krumm



CONTACT US!

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CHECK US OUT FOR UPCOMING ZINES!

special thanks to Juno Krumm & the SAGA  
magazine staff!