

# BROKEN YOLK



VOLUME 2

BROKEN YOLK

2

i would prefer not to.  
[hardboiledsoftboiled.tumblr.com](http://hardboiledsoftboiled.tumblr.com)



## Cheshire Is Burning

by JULIA CHAMPAGNE

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when I was fifteen,  
I put my mother's demons  
between my teeth  
and I liked it.

my mother hates  
the smell of burning tobacco  
and so I guess that  
I am supposed to hate it, too.

I never liked the smell of cigarettes  
until I lit one and took it  
deep into my virgin lungs  
under a starry sky  
in the still night air,  
filled with static and electricity

when night kisses down upon  
the gilded lips of my hometown,  
it smells like cigarettes  
and malt liquor  
and burning effigies  
of those we hate to love.

and so we sit, sliding slowly  
toward some unknown  
a momentary lapse of feeling



## Doing

by WILLA BENNETT

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i thought about her in corfu,  
then again in spain.  
i collected a rock for her in portugal,  
but i can't find it.  
my best friend tells me to be careful  
i assure her,  
i know  
what i am doing.

watch me snort, inhale, roll,  
starve, swallow, and  
drop because  
i know  
what i am doing.

i gently touch her collarbone  
as i dip and drive my fingertips  
tenderly absorbing  
all of her  
inside of  
me.

she is my Annie. my brightest fragment.



## Hopstia 3

by AGATHA MONASTERIOS-RAMIREZ

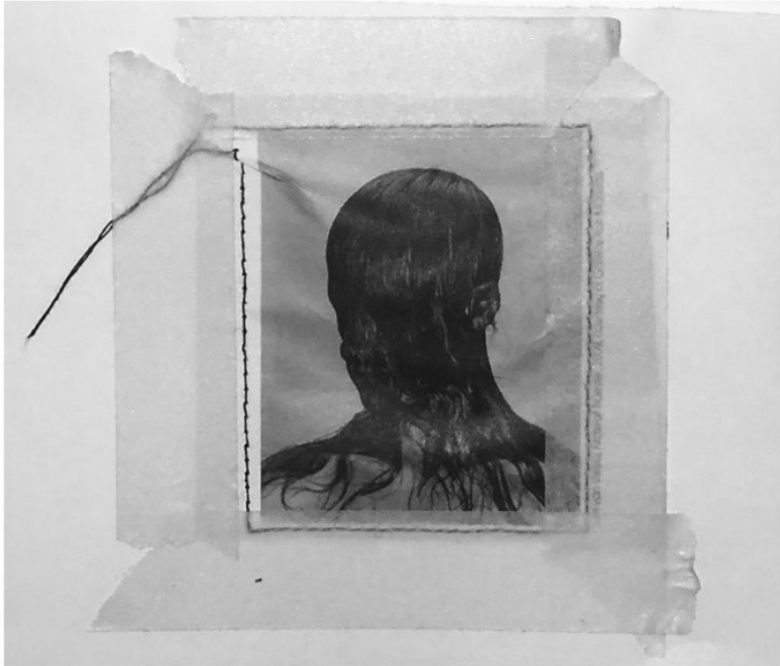
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mourn me better than the last one  
there is a word for this,  
the desire of that stillness  
I can make the roaring in my ears happen any time  
I can destroy moments with a flick  
I can build testaments of faith with regret  
there is no curve in me to hold onto  
you will drop me into the water  
you will try to pull me from the stream and I will not be  
there

## Loving the Planet for More

by SYDNEY KILCOYNE

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I used to think about turning him into a book character.

I loved him so much. And it was the weirdly noble kind of love where you're afraid of them leaving the planet, because the only reason you love the planet in the first place is that they're in it, and I was stupidly afraid of the day he'd die, and I wanted to prevent it in the only way I could think to.

He has the brightest red hair I've ever seen on a person without it being dyed. Pictures don't do it any justice—that used to really worry me. I knew that the hair I adored so much would go gray someday, and that there would be no proof of how red it ever really was, and I really believed that literature was the only thing that could remedy this.

In contrast, his eyebrows are dark and long and feathery. His eyes are big and round and brown—but also sunken-in, since he's so skinny. He weighs ninety-five pounds.

He smells like after-shave. He always used to try to grow facial hair, but I'd beg him to shave it off. He has a beard now. It looks like shit.

He also used to pronounce "gif" in the wrong way and he didn't read any books ever.

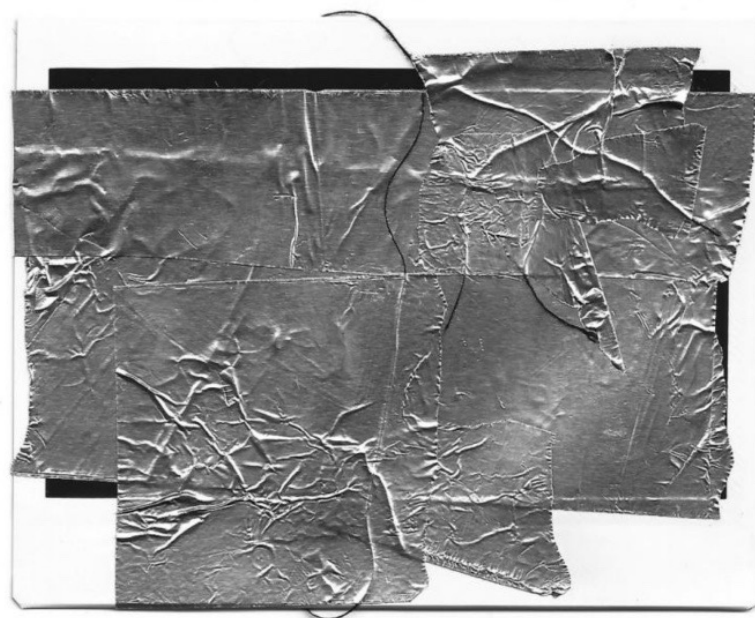
And he would recommend songs to me without listening to the ones that I recommended to him and he didn't

with the men and some of the men scolded the children and everywhere was dirt mingling with the air as an indication of activity, so that it was hued sepia all over. Today, however, everyone seemed to be indoors. Only a pack of mangy dogs scuttled through the alleys and byways, every now and then offering a bark or a gag.

Actually maybe we won't run into him today, Sapo said.

Javier cupped his mouth and loudly shouted for Villalobos. His voice came back to him in layered repeat. The wind picked up and exacerbated the emptiness, making windows and doors sing and flap. Looking at Sapo, he shrugged. Where is anyone? Javier asked.

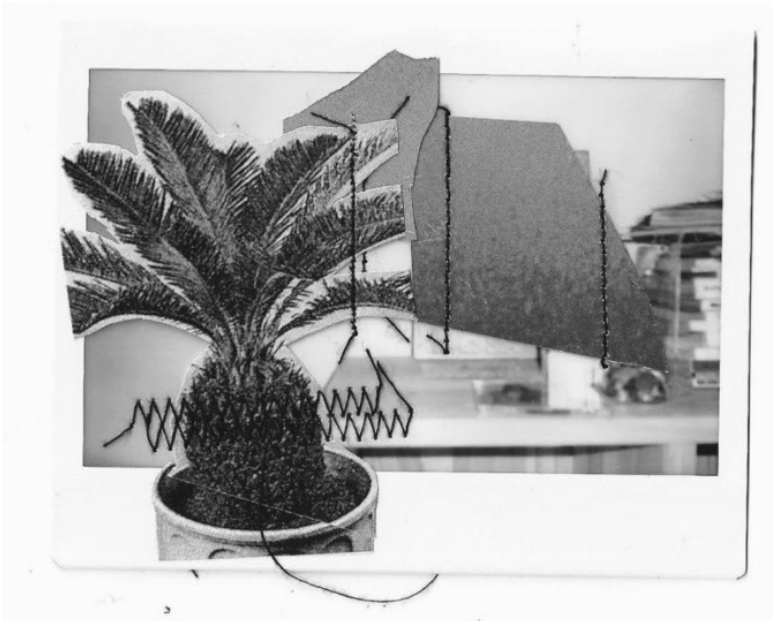
My mouth hurts. Did I say that, or Javier? Well it hurts regardless. Javier's mouth hurt. It hurt because he liked cola and he wasn't supposed to drink as much as he did but he didn't care. He liked cola and lime, both of which work against the enamel of teeth and leave it softer so that sometimes when Javier bit his nails a bit of tooth would scrape off but this didn't happen often. The day felt less than normal, with the quiet desolation making his chest ruffle. Villalobos (I think I just like this name) was a transmogrifier who everyone obeyed and adhered to. The greater town to which the trailer park belonged was run by Villalobos despite his chosen poverty in a hovel; his home was made of rough clay and had been built in the rain, chiefly by Villalobos himself, now filled with oddities and curios that have strange faces and even stranger scents, the likes of which Javier and Sapo could only ever dream of. Villalobos had even created the trailer park's electricity by repairing dumped motorcycle batteries and stringing them together in a circle around the trailers, one connected to the other, so that within the shaky city everything literally shook and was pressurized by the hum of power that circumscribed its area. What Villalobos loved most were his jugs of rainwater and tequila, which he would mix with blood, dirt, and creosote in varying measurements to



## The Diary

by CAMILLE SOJIT

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I was offended that he did not read the diary.

The diary, so plaintively leaned open upon the desk, creamy pages upturned, eager to be rifled through with hungry eyes and guilty conscience. The diary, so obviously of private domain that its very presence trespassed on public property. The diary, a drunk girl who you chastely walk home because clearly she shouldn't be here for a minute longer and isn't accountable for her actions in the present state but who clearly wants to kiss you and smells slightly like strawberries and can't believe you aren't a little bit tempted.

It's especially annoying because not only did he abstain in both instances — and by doing so, continue to cultivate his goddamn garden of moral high ground — but he made it impossible for me to confront him about it. His self control offended me mostly because, like him, it was something I felt I could never quite keep a hold on. Plus, it is so much harder to confront someone about not reading your diary than to feel betrayed that they *did* read it.

Now what was I supposed to say? “Michael,” I imagine myself whining (in my imagination my eyes overflow with emotion as I say it, my tears a blue mote barely contained by the borders of my perfectly smudged Kat von D eyeliner) — “How could you resist?”

## CONTRIBUTORS

**JULIA CHAMPAGNE** was born in 1998 and likes her eggs poached.

**KATIA SANDVIK** was born in 1998 and likes her eggs fried with black beans, avocado, and spicy rice.

**KATHRYN CARLSEN** was born in 1995 and likes her eggs sunny side up.

**LUCIA IANNONE** was born in 1998 and likes her eggs with bacon and iced coffee.

**MELKORKA KATRÍN** was born in 1995 and likes to dip her eggs in ketchup.

**NAOMI BRENNAN** was born in 1993 and likes her eggs over medium with the potatoes well done and the toast dry.

**NATALIE RASKIN** was born in 1997 and likes her eggs scrambled and lightly salted.

**OLIVIA LYNCH** was born in 1996 and likes her eggs nestled within a breakfast burrito.

**RACHEL RITTER** was born in 1995 and likes her eggs on top of toast with jam.

**ROSEY DELAIBAU** was born in 1994 and she likes her eggs fried (or fertilized).

**S. MANZI** was born in 1994 and likes over-easy eggs on toast.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**SAM OSHINS** was born in 1995 and likes his eggs in a sandwich while nursing a hangover.

**SARAH FINN** was born in 1994 and likes her eggs in all the baskets.

**SARAH MCEACHERN** was born in 1994 and likes her eggs with hot sauce.

**SASHA HELINSKI** was born in 1994 and likes her eggs scrambled.

**SOFÍA COLLINS** was born in 1995 and likes her eggs sunny side up with ketchup.

**SOPHIA CONCHA**, 1994, likes eggs part solid/part liquid...perfect for dipping.

**SOPHIA "SCOUT" SPRALJA** was born in 1997 and doesn't eat eggs because she's vegan:/ but finds them aesthetically pleasing... is that appropriate for a vegan to say?!

**SYDNEY KILCOYNE** was born in 1998 and likes her eggs scrambled and a little runny.

**TOMMY ORDWAY** was born in 1995 and is trying not to eat eggs anymore! but he like a big tofu scramble with green peppers and potatoes.

**ZOE PATTERSON** was born in 1998 and likes her eggs scrambled with milk and American cheese