Winter 2020 volume 29 ISSUE 4 David Martin: Editor FINE LINES: Winter 2020 Volume 29 Issue 4 David Martin: Editor

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# ~ Winter 2020 ~

### VOLUME 29 ISSUE 4



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## No Blubbering

### DESHAE E. LOTT

"I like living. I have sometimes been wildly, despairingly, acutely miserable, racked with sorrow; but through it all I still know quite certainly that just to be alive is a grand thing."

AGATHA CHRISTIE

They never discussed why despite designing and building a house with an upstairs game room and even painting by hand the graphic art of billiards across its wall no pool table, cues, or balls ever occupied the intended space.

"No blubbering," my mother demanded instead as she went about contributing all she had to give into the art of raising me, who could no longer climb stairs or play games burnishing and chalking sticks or breaking racks with shots.

Of her first child — conceived before marriage in a time and place where my parents drew scorn and she became the first pregnant woman

allowed to graduate from her high school she once expressed her gratitude that, for her, abortion had been illegal.

With me, her second child, she proved she might have said the same of euthanasia.

This great reverence for life, the countless magnanimous investments in my existence, and the endless earnest efforts I remember regularly.

With every difficult breath I take, I hope to follow my parents' path begetting beauty and purpose from relinquished plans and devastating woe.

These nearly two decades surviving with life support by now so deeply challenge my stamina and strength that daily

I re-examine and recommit to the premise that embracing is and destroying is not

how I wish to respond to the unexpected, the imperfect, and the agonizing.

Though often grievous, just to be alive is a grand thing.

"If you don't know where you're going, any road will take you there."

GEORGE HARRISON

## Phoenix

DESHAE E. LOTT

Cat-like already in having nine plus close calls from which I leapt forth or crept back, I now long to be Phoenix-like: To rise anew, burning flesh transfigured to full plume.

Sartorial, vocational, interpersonal, experiential splendor restored and immersed in the vibrant flame that illumines and enlivens but does not consume both together would suit me well or just the latter: me ascending into the hereafter.

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riting is hard work, and we celebrate its rewards in every issue of *Fine Lines*. Our editors believe writing brings order to chaos, beauty to existence, and celebration to the mysterious.

Fine Lines accepts submissions from both professional and first-time authors, poets, and artists.

Write on.

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