

Différance Magazine

di

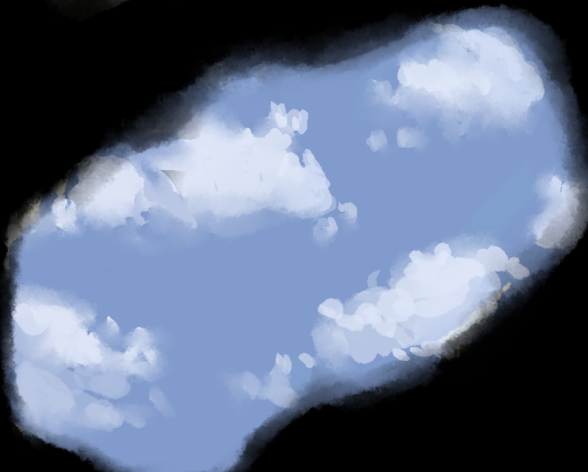
ff

Issue #1

ér

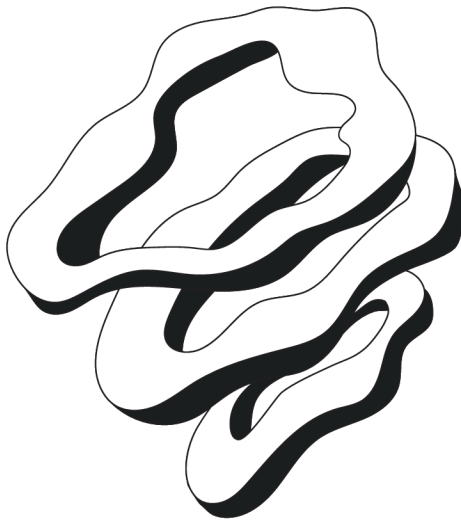
an

ce



Issue #1

différance
magazine



Deferral & Difference

foreword

“The poet... is the man of metaphor: while the philosopher is interested only in the truth of meaning, beyond even signs and names, and the sophist manipulates empty signs... the poet plays on the multiplicity of signifieds.”

— Jacques Derrida

Dear Reader,

Issue #1 is made up of a multiplicity of signifiers and signifieds, a semantic topography of fire, daylight, eyes, and prison cells. It flares in the vast expanse of hollow selves, displaced bodies, and deserted homelands, revolving in infinite deferral. A deferral of self, other, mind, and place, Issue #1 investigates the theme of “Deferral and Difference” in all its various shades. In “3 sugar glass,” Runxi Yu explores the pyromaniac volatility of the Plathian self and the transformative potential of identity, while TauNeutrino’s “Yet Another Carthage” bathes in the burnt glory of a modern Carthage.

Borrowing the symbol of a wolf, Anny Lyu juxtaposes maternal companionship with stark isolation, depicting a disorienting experience in “Epitaph.” Its natural imagery portrays a world rooted in wilderness that is vibrant and free and lovely, yet seems to dissipate upon the poem’s conclusion, leaving the reader wondering whether the recollections were purely figments of the imagination, fueled by a lonely existence and intense yearning.

We were fortunate to receive many excellent submissions from talented writers. We are grateful for everyone who decided to share their words with you and us, and hope that they made an impact of some sort. Also, we would like to express our sincere thanks to our artists, who helped visualize the theme with their mesmerizing artworks. And lastly, thank you to our readers for sticking around to the end.

Again, Derrida summarizes it perfectly: “That is what deconstruction is made of, not the mixture but the tension between memory, fidelity... the preservation of something that has been given to us, and at the same time, heterogeneity, something absolutely new, and a break.”

Cheers,

The Différance Magazine Team

Katniss

Chris

Taylen

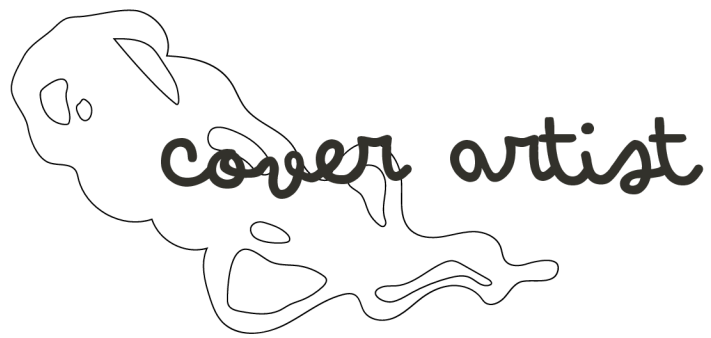
Ariel



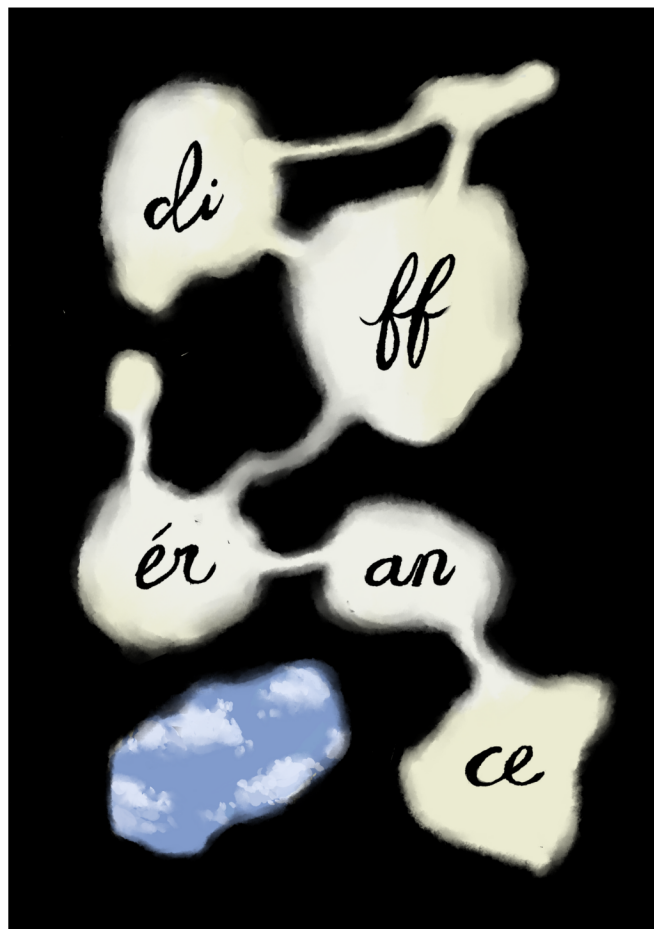
table of contents



Daffodil's Cry	1	Simon Xiong
2 flicker	2	Runxi Yu
3 sugar glass	3	Runxi Yu
Anemoia	4	Adelina Yang
Yet Another Carthage	5	TauNeutrino
SSRI	7	Jocelyn Duan
Self, the Other	8	Catherine Zhou
Poem F	9	Alan Ye
They	11	Alan Ye
Epitaph	14	Anny Lyu



Jessica Cai



Différance

Jessica is an artist who likes soft boiled eggs and scribbling on her notebooks.

Daffodil 's Cry

by Simon Xiong

I took a sight outside of the room.
I talked to the daffodils.
They see gleams of sunshine, but couldn't I.
Twinkled in bliss,
In benevolent warmth they lie,
Singing spring will never die.

I crave, I scratch
Of any signs besides eternal black.
'Til I realized—
Shadows are men-created, Lights are of nature derived.

Imprisoned by the window,
And I cry.

Simon is a sky-lover who loves to take photos of nature and romanticize it.

2 flicker

by Runxi Yu

i am a flickering lightbulb
willing to go out any moment
evaporating of my tungsten
they diffuse across the vacuum
and tarnish the inside of my glass

Runxi listens to Bach while writing but can't play any instruments.

3 sugar glass

by Runxi Yu

lungs filled with pyro i press my finger against
my
forehead
fall, dissipate
i become transparent, i become a glass grenade

i wish that a coat of sugar could
turn me into
sugar
glass

glass with harmless little fragments
sharp at a glance but blunt as you approach

.....

*Runxi listens to Bach while writing but can't play any
instruments.*

Anemoia

by Adelina Yang

Glaring daylight melted in
My vein, nothing but
Greasy bricks and congealed
Caffeine

Moonlight rushed in, with
A rising antipathy, a flickering madness
There I witnessed a dolorous shiver—
My flesh collapsed like quicksand.

I longed for another homeland,
Another tongue
That utters a drenched whisper
Once buried alive.

*Adelina is a writer who only gets inspired by writing in the
Apple notes app.*

Yet Another Carthage

by TauNeutrino

The fire was getting closer. I stood at the bow of the thrice-rowed monster with an indifferent eye.

The city was engulfed in a radiant wreath
crowned by nature's unrelenting wrath
melodic voices crying havoc
to Orient tunes and piercing consonants
in foreign tongues and exotic dialects
Eager to suffocate their inner ardor
with viscous amber weaved in linen sheets
Where sooty eyeliners flowed like the fertile Nile
giving birth to an upsurge of euphoric rites—

The fleet besieged the coastline, as
The dancers twirled in their flaring vestments
hasting to finish one last popular song
before the heat caught on the fringe of their robes
embroidering in gold their plebeian garments.
Flaxen hair glided between fingers
of different nationalities
admiring with the same searing gaze
that yearned to burn their own legion's standards,
melting their gleaming Aquila
to put a laurel on the indulgent monarch—

At least her ambition was as clear as day.
At least hers was a reign free from the facade
of civilization, cast aside by the ones
who cast her brilliance as a mere reflection
of the scorching desire in lesser men—

At least I refuse to cast my pen away, that I may
sing of a different Venus,
wielder of the serpent's fang,
emerging from a sea of flames,
born from ashen foams, iridescent.

.....

*TauNeutrino is a neutral subatomic particle floating around
in space, undetected.*

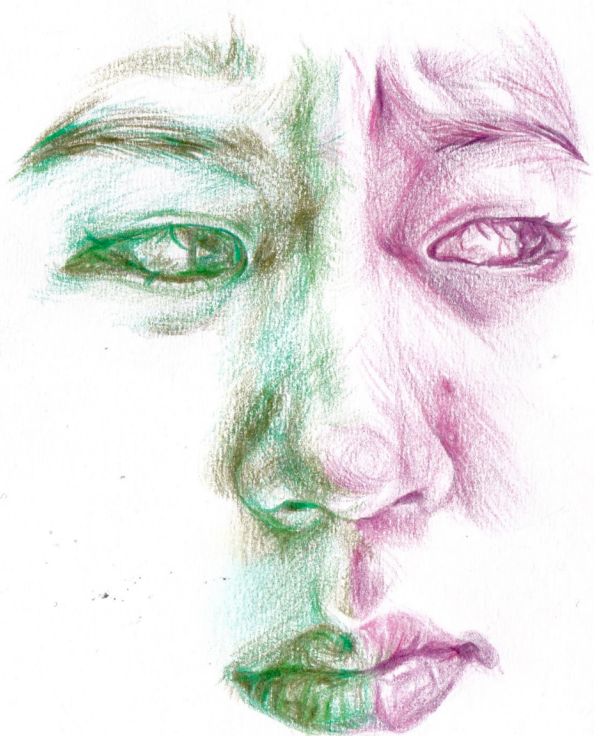
SSRI

by Jocelyn Duan

Let the happiness diffuse a little longer
Let it dangle, wangle the experiences
Of the pretentious hypocritical earthbound days that endured
Allowing those to capture them in a jar
To hold them in their hands
Feel the intrusions between the synapses
The grabs of the being

It shall immerse itself within the spurious joy
As the white pills dissolve in its own hollowness.

*Jocelyn Duan from Y11's favorite book is The Unbearable
Lightness of Being :>*



Self, the Other

by Catherine Zhou

Catherine is an artist from Y11 who plays music that aligns with the mood of her artwork as she creates it.

Poem F

by Alan Ye

a hundred rustlings a minute
life runs
like a leaf left in the cool sky.

devoid of directions.
the downpour of tar
drowns me;

life runs damp.
an inorganic integration

of a rustling organ, a marionette, a fragmented soul.

always, life runs.
because time is just time
always reliable

ever ticking forward
reaching no end—
but that's a fallacy.

The end is arbitrary, no?
The realizations of death
keeps me alive,

because I am just I,
always I at each moment.
No past, no future

A death and a rise out of the ash
every tick
every rustle.

.....

*Alan is a literature fan from Y11 who doesn't drink tea in
the morning and coffee in the afternoon.*

They

by Alan Ye

Content warning: suicidal thoughts

Once, once, once
I do it everyday,
I let myself indulge,

in the comfort,
in the escape that the hell
of my soul presents. Indulge

in the realization
that my flesh is not mine
that another mind resides.

Indulge in the observation of
that my sight is limited by my eyes
and the world is but a false sense

and my memories are
not false, but fictitious and meaningless,
and the whirling chaos of time.

And much more,
countless sentiments,
that belongs

to this other soul,
not mine:
always dwelling in my flesh

while I, detached, in the air,
observe it, indulging,
Sinking.

Sinking into the shivering coldness
of the dead pond of still water
of that other soul's mind—

and realizing that it is also me.
Desperate, frantic,
my fingers fold themselves into a gun

and point it at my chest, my flesh,
and pull on the trigger
and release the much welcomed bullet:

the bullet that is long-awaited,
in the deafening roar of the shot,
in the sheer silence of the reality

shatters my soul into splitters
ends the endless escape
that I was indulging in.

Again and again.
Endless.
Endless

.....

*Alan is a literature fan from Y11 who doesn't drink tea in
the morning and coffee in the afternoon.*

Epitaph

by Anny Lyu

A lone wolf, and in his belly
a lone island
feeding on a deluge of solitude

He is tethered, domesticated, and drinks from ornated buds
He swallows me in a gulp and ruminates
He prays under the shooting star: it was his instinct,
his unburied touch of wildness and dexterity

While I roamed inside him,
I would chant the lullaby you won't sing for me
about sycamore, leather, and wood of beech
about how much you resemble my own requiem so that

In the forthcoming augury, I would remember
that my downfall was a fortress of solitude
around a lone island
in a lone wolf's belly

Anny Lyu (Y11) relies heavily on music to fuel her inspirations. The efficiency of her writing process is highly dependent on how well the song suits her mood.

thank you
for the words
& brushstrokes

