

Ashe Marie Sommar

Hello, this is my impromptu resumé. I have been writing quite a lot of poetry this past year, though I am quite guarded about it. A lot of it is deeply personal. Basically everything here is from over a year ago, and I've gotten better in that time. Anyway, even if you hate it, any feedback is appreciated of course.

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My schedule is insanely open at the moment. It's been a very long past year.

Anyone with the link can see, so feel free to send it to whoever else might want to see.

I forgot, but I do have a medium account already, and I have uploaded my Tears of the Kingdom "Review" to it already. It can be found here

<https://medium.com/@ashemarie/tears-of-the-kingdom-review-c1a86d956bf0>

I will try to upload other articles I've made in that vein in the following days.

From unfinished novel, "Murph."

One sits upon a rock on the river, contemplation clear across his brow even with his eyes shut. His linean: white, and fresh. He is dashing by most standards this evening with the sun at his back setting over the cascades. Frogs on the river sing their song and lull him to a snooze as he awaits the second.

The second resembles the front of a barn. Twice as wide, two heads taller, his arms hairier than the first's face has ever been. His hand, each finger wide as a sausage, falls gently upon the shoulder of his...

"Cos? Cousin, do you hear?" He gives a shake.

Sapphire eyes crack open that mend into the deep blue of the late autumn water all around the two. "Claud? Hmm—"

He seems to not be there.

"Another sleep attack, Mirth?"

His teeth, white as pearls, are large too.

"Pray, cos, that I am not called that again! It's Murph, and you know."

"So you did change your mind."

"I came around..."

"Why the sudden change?"

"The change is for change, cos. I am blue. I need to get lifted out of this rut I've made myself."

Claud steps away in exaggerated effect, looking the young man up and down.

"You say rut, but it looks as though you've dug a trench in your despair!"

"Which is why I'll need good medicine. Do you come prepared?"

"Amplly prepared, cos."

"Enough for the two of us?"

The giant of a man fumbles in his pockets. "Have faith." The corncob pipe he takes out looks like a childrens toy in his hands.

"Faith is like talk. Cheap."

"Talk, like faith, can move the hearts of men when nothing else will."

"It will move the man, sure. But is it not the man who did the moving? Is it not his sword or bullet that'll do the killing? Words rouse him, aye. Yet arousement is a fickle thing..."

Claud shakes his head several times, slow and deliberate. Exhales a plume of smoke that envelopes the two.

"What would you believe in then?"

The pipe is handed to Murph. There is a lull, filled with only the ambience of the river and the clouds they exhale.

"Loyalty," Murph says suddenly. His voice is unnaturally loud.

"I thought you'd say respect," Claud replied.

"One time I would have. Ever heard the opposite of love is not hate?"

"No. Frankly, this discussion is already out of my depths."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to hear." Murph looks at the watch on his wrist. "When does the barge come, cos?"

"Soon as the sun has set." Claud begins to pass the pipe but Murph waves his hand dismissively.

And the sun was setting rapidly as it was. It was a strange, purple twilight with perhaps ten minutes left of light to walk by.

"You've piqued my curiosity." Claud says. "Hate and love are not opposite each other, you say?"

"They are very close. It's why you can so easily despise someone you once kept so close."

"It would explain why most murders are committed by people you are most close to..." Claud grins and chuckles. "What is it then?"

"What is what?"

"Do not close your eyes on me cos! What is the opposite of love if not hate?"

"It's not about being opposite in position per say... Indifference. Nothing is further away from either."

"She really did a number on you, huh."

Murph wipes his hands down his face. "I'll never be the same, I fear." And Murph laughs, but not Claude. There was too much truth for it to be funny to Claude.

"That is why you say loyalty. You're still loyal to her, and it's been how many months?"

"Enough, cousin. Enough."

"It just made sense to me at once. In a way few things click. Ah! The barge."

"How are we doing this?" Murph asks.

Claude shrugs. "I'll give you the larger portion. There's enough for two people in this container. Do you catch my drift? Find yourself a minx and forget your woes."

"What's the dosage?"

"They call them four ways, because they break perfectly in fours." Claude tosses something spherical his way. "Start with half of a fourth. Give it thirty minutes before you say it doesn't work. Work up from there."

It looks like a rubber ball. Murph's fingernails find the seam and peel it back. He sniffs it, and it smells strongly of Claude's clongone, oak with moss. Murph holds one out to the dying remains of the day.

"Claude... They call them four ways because they look like a four way window pain."

"You're the expert."

"That I am. That I am..."

He carefully pulls off one fourth as if tearing paper and places it under his tongue. It has no taste, which is good, he notes. How it should be.

"Let it be said that height and weight have nothing to do with a man's caliber," Claud says.

"How do you mean, cos?"

"That amount would incapacitate me."

"Oh. I just prefer this type on the heavy handed side. You've seen exactly how little of the good leaf I can smoke."

"True," Claude says. He is looking off to the road. Murph's eyes follow his own on instinct, and he hears what must've initially caught his attention.

A lone rider.

"Did you invite another?"

"Aye, I did," Claude responds. "I didn't think you'd come. Didn't think he would either for that matter!"

"That's who I think?"

"There is only one man in this town with jet black hair to his ass."

"It could still be one of the two women with black hair... No."

It couldn't. It was he, and they both know it.

"Don't delude yourself, Murph. It's your unbridled honesty that makes you you."

"I'm surprised you're acquainted. "

"I was about to say the same!" Claude said.

"I promise I know more than you."

"Try me, cos."

[inspired by the dialogue of Ranni, ER]

I'm taking a long sabbatical from
All the pain and misery
And yes the faith and the beautiful too;
I'd have it all at a great remove.

I'd have the sky engulf mother Earth
The first thing truly equal be
An end of all ages, past and future
Where the space between the stars
Would halven. But that is all that would gain.
The cycle of the dark would begin.
It would never end.

On that day I'll kick off my slides
plant two feet into fine,

sand like dirt. It'll rain nothing and
then, and only, will I allow
myself to cry. Dancing in mud,
vicious like cum. I hope my tears
will work the same as a God's
so it all may start again.

We are like twin flame souls—and
Twins, almost certainly so
In some other, another life. When I do good,
So do you. But that same dichotomy
Means that when either of us
Is in distress
When we're dealt shit hands
When anger grips me or you;
Which seems is only growing
In frequency, and our sanity
Diminishing...
Look
We are like two mirrors poised
Across a small room from one another
What you see and feel and emote
We both mimic down to the note...
Whether we would like to or not.
Even when it leaves two identical wounds.

You must understand this now too
when mademoiselle blossomed into madam
it was everything that ladybug ever wanted
she had on shades from her love
that blocked sight worse than horse blinders.
I tried to scream, run. He is not the man you think,
he is monster in skin more than he'll ever be a man
he would see you dead before he ever let you go.

He takes you to the alter
not with vows,
but with chain.
I tried to scream run.
The monster overheard and
did as monsters are wont;
tightened its grip.

That was that

that was the first time I came to regret
every thing that had come to pass between us

I never considered the chance that
we might ever be friends again

Excerpt of "The End," short story.

The sun was huge and wobbling over the now perpetual night sky. It seemed to eclipse everything. More than that, it was blood red and tinged the whole solar system in shades of itself. Mars was already red enough. Now it's fine, sand like dirt that was orange on any day seemed to glow and even the patches of crabgrass that were always a motley green were withering yellow and tinged by our dying sun too.

They seemed to flow down the road and into the valley, an oxygen concentrator slung over their shoulder and a clear medical-grade plastic mask covering most of their face, fogging up at steady interval. It was hard to tell who they were. If it weren't for their tights pronouncing feminine curves, or that their chest was just raised out enough, anyone would assume them a man. It wasn't clear at a glance, and seeing their long confident stride or how they held the mask delicately to their face with their other hand where a dagger would be only made the stranger more opaque.

As they stepped down and the valley further surrounded them they would lift off the oxygen mask and try the outside air. Their breath was labored, but seeming to ease. When it was warned that the air will get this thin, it's difficult to wrap your head around it. It's like imagining what it's like to see without the color red. It's just a thought experiment. You can only imagine what the world would look like. They say there will be almost no oxygen, but that doesn't mean anything until it very suddenly does.

It is clear what their destination is. The valley is desolate besides the makeshift strip of identical concrete buildings. One long line with a road in the middle and quite literally nothing else—not even anything to identify which building is which.

Aedlyn, Chapter 1

Judging by the apartment you'd say someone had just moved in. Brown cardboard boxes stacked neatly in the corners of the living room. The only piece of furniture to be found was a loveseat that'd seen better days. Frayed, and floral patterns faded. In the kitchen, there was only an ice chest on the floor and a dust covered blender—everything was covered in dust besides the ice chest, for that matter. The lid to it had been left open, revealing several transparent bottles with cork caps floating in warm water.

The hallway didn't have pictures hanging, not a single wall had adornments anywhere for that matter. The room on the right had never been opened. On the left at the back was the master bedroom. Inside: only a mattress laying on the floor—the frame and box spring against the far wall.

Impossible to tell someone called this home for five years.

There was a buzz of current. A lamp turned on, casting different shades of mosaic light.

The person laying on that unmade mattress, bottle in hand, could hardly be called Aedlyn—although they suspiciously look like her. Whoever they were, they were more mess than human at the moment.

Chug, chug, chug...

They threw the empty bottle with some force next to the others on the carpet, one of them shattering on impact.

The label of one was visible, reading: Berserkers Moonshine. Old, traditional warrior drink mixed with a mild hallucinogen. It wasn't helping the mess at all. But it did give them an irresistible urge to walk. They rolled off the bed and gagged. Four bottles on the ground, equalling four liters. Four liters would kill anyone lesser.

They crawled with some effort to a dresser opposite the bed. Bottom drawer, reaching a hand inside and past neatly folded pants and dresses never worn, they found the bottom and scratched with fingernails to get a hold. A fake bottom, indeed. A baggie of golden powder. The mess sticks a finger in their mouth to wet it then sticks it inside the bag and then spreads the gold over their gums. Really gagged this time. The overwhelming taste of salt.

Sense returned quickly. One could see it in her eyes, bloodshot and tiny beads as they were... they weren't animal-like anymore. Just reflecting her pain like a mirror. Like they should.

Aedyn felt every blood vessel constrict in a hair tingling wave down her. All at once, she was aroused. Highly aroused. Double vision became one vision again so she stood and admired how the milky way could be so vivid inside a lit room. She pocketed the baggie while trying not to laugh—but it wasn't working.

All the way to the kitchen, guttural fits of hysterics. As if she were at the greatest standup comedy routine to ever grace this world. She turned on the faucet and drank straight from the faucet, guzzling, some sort of quench so primal and desperate to induce euphoria.

"Fuck."

Fuck, that is quite right.

She opened the cupboard. There were two glasses upside down. She'd only ever needed two, in the unlikely event that she brings over...

"This was a good idea," she said. Tears came to her eyes and she laughed, but it didn't have the same intensity. She continued to giggle as she filled the cup. She walked with the slightest wobble to the front door, stopping only to sprinkle in gold dust.

It was a hot night in Alaska, hot enough to immediately start sweating. Even though it should be thoroughly dark in other quadrants of the world, a faint light hung in the sky, along with a thin crescent of the waxing moon hugging the new in its arms.