



*The
Diutay
Review*

The Diutay Review

Issue 2

December 2025

Editor: Lucas Pesso Feniman

<https://www.diutayreview.com/>

The Diutay Review—Issue 2

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FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the second issue of The Diutay Review. We are thankful to all the poets and readers for participating in this endeavor and supporting our project of building a magazine dedicated to short poetry. In this holiday issue, we ended 2025 receiving a substantial number of submissions, which keeps growing. While we are extremely grateful to consider so many amazing works, this led to a stylistic choice to include only ten poems in each issue. With this decision, we intend to preserve our magazine aesthetic and follow the fundamental idea of valuing the potential of constriction in poetry. Our minimalist design serves to direct the attention of the reader to what matters the most: the featured pieces, and their authors.

Barbara Anna Gaiardoni's poem is the inaugural piece of this issue. The mesmerizing depth of this one-line poem will surprise the reader. Does it depict the waves of the imaginary sea as things, or things as the waves of an imaginary sea? What is this imaginary sea? We might see it as an intertextual reference to other works of art, or a metaphor for something else. If we are discussing things, it can be viewed as an analogy for the sense of importance of material things in our overall experience of reality, or perhaps a description of reality itself as an imaginary sea in which we are adrift. What if we focus on the waves, the motion of the sea near the shore? Perhaps the poet is providing us with an imagery of things being taken away by the waves of the sea, something being lost. But being an imaginary sea, the waves can hold many meanings, such as some cycle of loss, an inevitable movement towards us, away from us, maybe even a social critique of materialism due to the illusion of property, or a reflection upon the concept of eternal recurrence. In any case, this one-line poem may be read almost instantly, but it carries meaning beyond one line, and beyond one page.

What follows this image of the sea and its waves is a powerful rupture, *klang!* by Emily Shafer, a remarkable display of poetic devices that brings you back over and over again. The use of the word laminate allowed me to explore different interpretations of this piece. At first, as a verb; later, as a noun and as an adjective to describe the horizon. The resonant interjection in the title gave me the initial imagery of hitting hard materials or stones, but the notion of the radial hemisphere also led me to a reflection: what if it is about opening our heads? And there is a powerful word to be dug from the deeper layers of this poem: chance. We can also think of this poem referring to a relationship, since the lyrical speaker initially asks someone else to open up the radial hemisphere. Is the poetic subject digging into the mind of someone else, a desire for intimacy, for a future together perhaps? Dew, by Tom Maxwell, grounds us back in Nature, describing the opalescence of morning dew with beautiful cadence, though the use of the words "possessed" in the third line and "untrue" in the fourth line could lead us to more metaphorical and exotic interpretations. Is Sol a reference for the Sun in Latin, for the musicality of the poem, or an abbreviation for Solitude, hiding a deeper meaning of this imagery? 39th and Bell, KC/MO, by Jason Ryberg, crystallizes a moment that takes place in a historical landmark, although we could also argue that it allows other interpretations of the powerful symbolism that the bald eagle and the stop sign can present, especially if we consider the history of the described location. Next is a haiku by Martina Matijević that also describes a single moment: a kid using chalk to draw clouds on the cement. It is also something that extends beyond that: the kid is grounding the clouds, bringing them closer to the touch, a flair of creation, perhaps a delve into the artistic mind, or into the notion of Art itself; drawing in by drawing on. After that, we have a contrapuntal poem by Sambhu Ramachandran that can be read in many different ways. Is hope flickering to the poetic self? An unsteady idea, weakened by darkness? Or is it a powerful candle flame crackling and snapping in darkness? Or at darkness? Is hope itself the contrapuntal? The darkness briefly illuminated by a fleeting candlelight, or

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the radiance that gets through and allows us to see something beyond, to identify meaning? What is the significance of leaving the word “guttering” detached? Does it apply to the candle, to the darkness, or to hope?

“One Thing Looks Like the Other”, by Lavinia Liang, appears initially to play with the motif of the Double. One could argue that the poem is a reflection about the many images of ourselves: images in mirrors, in the past, in the future... we have this fixed idea of always being the same person, yet this is only an appearance of similarity. Maybe the poem refers to the position of a person in a relationship. The ruby interpreted as love, marriage, and the wake as the end of the relationship, either physically or emotionally; the thousand mirrors set sail could be a strategy to ignite the spark once again, or perhaps the departing of a loved one that allowed the narrator to see images of his or her true self, symbolizing loss of the Self through the loss of the Other. Towards the end of the magazine, we are heading south with the evocative poem of Chris Bridgen in a sea of intertextuality and classics. After that, a contrasting poem by Leon Tefft turned to Nature and sonority. We end as we began: with a one-line poem, this time by Alan Summers. I chose it as the last poem because, after all, no end can ever be truly an end when it comes to reality, and as we finish this amazing showcase of art, it doesn’t mean that it is over. The reference to Jenny Wren might indicate that the idea behind claiming the day made special “isn’t over yet” is not only presented in the context of a moment in time, but rather in the context of our experiences of life as a whole. The day will come that she will sing, and it is this hope that carries us, it is this hope that maintains our lives as noteworthy, all the way and towards the end that it’s never an end, rather just a new beginning, a new cycle of returning eternally to the essence of our adventure and of our consciousness.

A desire to scrutinize poems in search of structures of meaning lingers in our tradition. Our lives are spent seeking significance. Nevertheless, the experience of reading a great poem exceeds the limitations of this scrutiny. We could argue that poetry is an experience of Beauty, a Paradiso beyond meaning. Yet, drawing inspiration from Whitman’s “Miracles”, in this imaginary sea of continual miracles, why make much of poetry? As to us we know of nothing else but poetry.

We accept submissions all year round. Submissions are currently open for our third issue, which is scheduled for publication at the end of March/2026. You can read the submission guidelines at our website. Happy Holidays, Happy New Year, Happy Reading.

Sincerely,

The Editor

Lucas Pessa Feniman is a judicial clerk living in São Paulo, SP, Brazil. He received a Bachelor of Law degree in 2016 and later pursued postgraduate certificates in Criminal Law (2017-2018), Philosophy and Theory of Law (2018-2019), and Criminal Procedure (2019-2020). After finishing extension courses in editing and proofreading, he worked for years editing and proofreading academic texts, including articles, reviews, master’s dissertations, and doctoral theses. In 2022 he began another bachelor’s degree in Portuguese and English Studies. He is currently pursuing a master's degree in Literary and Artistic Studies. He writes poetry and short stories in Portuguese and English. His work appeared in *Revista Literalivre*, *Revista 10 poemas*, *Revista Alto-falante*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *The Fib Review*, *Folk Ku*, *5-7-5 Haiku Journal*, *Shadow Pond Journal*, *Cold Moon Journal*, *Enchanted Garden Haiku Journal*, and *Sense & Sensibility*, among other publications.

Featured Poets:

Alan Summers

Barbara Anna Gaiardoni

Chris Bridgen

Emily Shafer

Jason Ryberg

Lavinia Liang

Leon Tefft

Martina Matijević

Sambhu Ramachandran

Tom Maxwell

things the waves of an imaginary sea

Barbara Anna Gaiardoni

klang!

open up the radial hemisphere

I want to dig

(alone)

(forward)

making a chance pocket

lamine

the horizon

Emily Shafer

dew

Evening-lain and undisturbed,
A million drops of morning dew
Opalesce, as if possessed—
From Sol they shine, not one untrue.

Tom Maxwell

39th and Bell, KC/MO

Another morning

standing on the corner of

39th and Bell,

mid-May, 10 am; a bald

eagle lands on a stop sign.

Jason Ryberg

chalk

kid pulls cloud to cement

with one stroke

Martina Matijević

a candle flame
leaping in the dark guttering
hope contrapuntal

Sambhu Ramachandran

One Thing Looks Like the Other

I have been
all of them. In the ruby,
in the wake, in a thousand
mirrors set sail.

Lavinia Liang

Headed south

when tadpoles evolved to men
cosplaying gods, dragging violet
cloaks swinging pearl daggers
in villainous arcs. Danced long
leg snake moan for your biting.
Took fools, trained 'em in derision,
Upon my works, Lear.

Chris Bridgen

moon glow
through airy pines
on silver snow
a white owl glides
soundlessly

Leon Tefft

the day made special isn't over yet jenny wren

Alan Summers
