

THE DIUTAY REVIEW

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Issue 3

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Editor: Lucas Pessa Feniman

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The Diutay Review—Issue 3

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FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the third issue of *The Diutay Review*, a magazine dedicated to short poetry.

For the inaugural piece of this issue, we chose a haiku written by Steliana Cristina Voicu. “to the morning class —” brings our theme to life: dualities. This journey starts in early spring and ends with the following “winter twilight—” of Goran Gatalica. As cherry buds begin to appear as a sign of a new cycle of life, Steliana invites us to contemplate a new morning, one in which life itself illuminates our path. This is perhaps a reflection upon the perceptual clarity provided by “that light that exists in spring” explored in Emily Dickinson’s poetry. Whether literal or metaphorical, the spontaneous imagery of this avenue illuminated by cherry buds in the morning is an expression of Steliana’s ability to blend the simplicity of the haiku form with depths of meaning and aesthetics.

What follows is a haiku about the winter twilight, again fostering multitudes of meaning, though on a different note. Read a haiku many times, and many interpretations might blossom. Is “prison” a word used in its literal sense? Do the dramas of prison reflect the winter, the twilight, or the winter twilight of the life of a prisoner? Or is it a metaphor, referring to the feeling of imprisonment for those who live in places subject to harsh winter conditions, when it is impossible to leave the house? One could also read it as a haiku about a couple staying cozy at home during winter, comfortably binging a now-common type of TV show centered around stories of prisons and true crime, our contemporary entertainment.

The “Double” *motif* of this issue, already reflected in those haiku, is consolidated by the one-line poem of Kevin Browne. Where is the narrator searching for her or his own alter, and what is this identity? Perhaps the visitor center is a literal place with someone close to the narrator, someone considered an “alter” based on the profound bond between them, an indispensable part of their identities. Maybe the one-liner is a metaphor for our own sense of dissociation, where our lives become a shell; a visitor center where we occasionally search for our fabricated identities, the ones we choose to reveal. Our own lives might work as visitor centers for ourselves as we fragment our experiences to serve the constraints of the community. Is the one-line poem a referral to the precise moment when a trauma occurs and our minds are shattered into different identities to survive this “brave new world”? Psychoanalytical or not, this poem is duality synthesized in a single line.

Leaving the field of psychoanalysis, the first read of “Luminous Loom” by Michelle Farrell was quite fast. A direct result of the insightful use of repetition, diacope, and phonetics to create an experience of sounds spinning around as one reads aloud. The poem, however, appears to reveal a rupture near the end, as light enters the black void of our eyes. If the third poem can follow the possible somber notes of the second haiku of this issue, this fourth can follow the brightness of the first, as this luminous loom fills our wide-open eyes. But poems are never entirely what they seem to be, and this one is no different. Just as the second haiku might have gleaming interpretations, this luminous spinning journey might also disorient us, distract us from the narrator’s loss of control. If we were in doubt with the first poems, now we can be sure: this is a dance between light and darkness, darkness and light.

Our fifth poem was sent by Jennifer Freya Helgeson in French and English. It is the perfect beginning to the playful poems we have decided to include in this issue. “The Cat and the Bird” features a sleeping cat and a fleeting bird. A dream flies away. What is the dream? The bird, or the literal dream of the sleeping cat? Is the bird inside the dream or in real life? The lines that divide reality and dreams are obfuscated by the gentle play of prey and predator, of stillness and movement. Without control, it is worth wondering if we really do chase our dreams, or if the chasing is merely a part of them. The French version has an entirely different sonority. It offers an interesting comparison for those able to read both versions, as sound plays a vital role in the experience of poetry.

Caeley O’Connor’s “Botched Confession” reads as a play on the societal rules of interaction. One might read it as a simple, playful poem, but we are fond of multiple readings, digging deep to find the treasures hidden in the depths of each piece. This poem has much to say about love, society, expect-

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tations, and behaviors; what is frowned upon, what is expected, what is prohibited. When did love become such a far-sighted idea to have between strangers? And what is a stranger, if not someone distanced by the complexity of modern societies? In ancient times, when religious figures spoke of loving every person as if they were a part of you, communities were smaller and people knew each other. It was unlikely that you would find a stranger in your town. Now, in some places, we are all strangers. Perhaps this confession symbolizes our need for a new renaissance as we struggle with our desire to address the human quest for love that impels us forward.

Next, “The language of afternoon”, by Jordan Corley. You could imagine the narrator of this poem as the recipient of the previous botched confession. While for the person who said “I love you”, the confession was received as an outlier of the transactional nature of interactions in fast-food franchises, for the recipient, those words might have come ringing, bright and beautiful, illuminating his afternoon. Besides this potential for integration, this poem once again reflects dualities, as one finds beauty in whispers and the sublime hidden in discretion. And what words are being said, what is this language of the afternoon? Are we returning to that same feeling of fleeting perceptual clarity? Perhaps it is an appreciation of a random afternoon as a perfect and universal human experience of life as it is, beautiful because it blooms even without blooming.

Reaching the end, we go back to winter with “Winter Drive” by James King. If the reader wants to continue integrating the poems of this issue, we invite you to wonder if the driver of this poem is the employee from the previous botched confession, glancing back at the memory of his first declaration of love. This poem, of course, stands alone as a vivid image of a nostalgic road trip. Speed is not a factor, and it doesn’t have to be. The description of the road and the reminiscing create the aesthetic of a comfortable, slow ride focused not on reaching a destination, but on the journey itself. The past is not a source of unfinished business. It is alive, filling the potholes on the road and completing that brief moment where the radio plays a song that leads the driver to contemplate how he found fulfillment in a relationship. The memory is of the first “second glance” of a mysterious woman, the fulfillment of a desire created by her first glance, then repeated, eliminating the randomness of an accidental exchange of looks. The future is also there to complete the present. The driver integrates past and future into the present, and although it is a winter drive, the perfect satisfaction of that nostalgic moment brings us back to the duality of human experience. How can we experience winter as summer, and summer as winter?

We began with two haiku, and we end with two: one by Gareth Nurden, and another by Matt Zambito. Nurden shows us a scene of nature overgrown with human technology. It is, again, a dance of dualities. The field is not overgrown with life, but with the excess of antique cars, possibly abandoned. Nature and technology exist in a binary opposition that leads to many reflections and experiences. But this picture can also be exactly what it is: a picture of a specific place where antique cars were left behind. “Antique” does not necessarily mean decay. Quite the contrary: when it comes to cars, it might suggest that these are precious belongings forgotten or lost. One could also imagine a car show, as the first line could be the name for a specific location. This haiku can paint a bright picture of people reuniting to share their passion for antique cars, finding joy in a common interest. Whatever interpretation we choose, it is almost like a painting. We can imagine the color palette and the stillness of the scene.

Finally, we return our focus to the sun with a final haiku by Zambito. It also *reads* like a painting: someone picking tomatoes in the garden and watching them bend during the harvesting season. The beauty of nature finds a way to thrive regardless of the circumstances. The bending of stems might pose the picture of a setting sun or a colder period. The bending of tomato vines might refer to the struggle between seasons of life and dormancy. Or, it might be a picture of the grandeur of life during the summer, as the vines prosper and yield greater crops. It ends this issue on a similar note to the beginning.

We have alternated between rebirth and decay, winter and summer, nature and technology, love

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and loneliness, identity and otherness, stillness and movement, and other oppositions. Isn't human experience itself a duality? Even reality itself? How can something exist in light of the preceding and following nothingness? During times of war, we manage to find peace. Our sense of identity is constantly clashing with the perception of the outer world. We are always trying to reconcile our love of nature and our impulses to develop the very technology that distances us from the natural world. Duality, it seems, is embedded in the foundational structures of human experience.

We hope you enjoy these poems as much as we did. We accept submissions all year round. Submissions are currently open for our fourth issue, scheduled for publication at the end of June 2026. You can read the submission guidelines on our website.

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:

Caeley O'Connor

Gareth Nurden

Goran Gatalica

James King

Jennifer Freya Helgeson

Jordan Corley

Kevin Browne

Matt Zambito

Michelle Farrell

Steliana Cristina Voicu

to the morning class—
little cherry buds illuminate
the avenue

Steliana Cristina Voicu

winter twilight—
all the daily dramas
of prison

Goran Gatalica

visitor center I search for my alter

Kevin Browne

Luminous Loom

With a spark of sun, she spun
cords of holy, round and round
looping planets, star to star
threading light directly through
the black void, in the centre
of our wide-open eyes

Michelle Farrell

Le Chat et l'Oiseau

Au soleil, il dort—
un oiseau passait trop près—
le rêve s'envole.

The Cat and the Bird

In sunlight he sleeps—
a bird passed by much too close—
the dream flies away.

Jennifer Freya Helgeson

Botched Confession

When I told him, "I love you,"
I had hoped to hear the same,
but all I had heard back was
"Ma'am, this is Subway."

Caeley O'Connor

The language of afternoon

And then the words came ringing,
whispering a low hum in my ear.
I don't know if they were in bloom,
only that they were bright and beautiful
in the language of this afternoon.

Jordan Corley

Winter Drive

White on both sides
of salt-speckled black,
ties perfectly inflated,
radio singing a memory
of her first second glance
my way, and all potholes
are filled, if only for a moment.

James King

farmers field
overgrowth of
antique cars

Gareth Nurden

picking tomatoes...
the stems bent
toward the Sun

Matt Zambito
