

s t r u c t u r a l  
d a m a g e

breaking ground



v o l u m e o n e  
n o v e m b e r, 2 0 1 7

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It began as an obsession with the cracks reaching from the corners of windows and doorframes toward the ceiling, the door, and how it wouldn't deadbolt in the winter, and then how the floor was sinking toward the southeast, or at least the plane was cronically crooked. That was just an old classic Los Angeles apartment, built in the 20's, but I latched onto the idea as an identity. Structurally damaged when I threw my back out, or in times of emotional unease.

And what better way to describe my own art, and the art that I love. The DIY approach with little care or notice for commercial gains, the breakdown, and breakthrough, of the systematic approach, and the artistic annals, and most importantly, the stubbornness and will of the writers and artists today, to always continue building, regardless of its cost, purpose, or impossibility.

- VLB

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cover artwork: T r e v K u b a t ,  
*House Behind the Tavern*  
(Voightlander Vag folding camera)

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# the architects

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Armin Radford

*Tension in Memory Pt. 1*

(steel sculpture with heated patina)



T y l e r S o w a,  
*To Build a Fire*

We used to drive out at dark with flood lights  
sinking the night through the desert,  
cracking the dirt to collect firewood  
by flashlight under the tall ponderosa pines.

We hit a deer and it spun,  
digging like a throwing star down the side of the truck  
before it kicked and ran back into the brush,  
and I've been hit before, the swelling delays.

We poured gasoline over the wet wood,  
lit a match, and the flames grew so high  
I imagined they touched heaven,  
burning back for everything we lost.

My cousin and I dug holes  
to shit in the earth like dogs  
calling something their own.

We bathed in cold creeks, the current  
stealing the soap from our skin,  
naked and measuring up to the rocks.

It snowed one night and the first light was white,  
a neoprene sunrise through the tent top.  
I could hear deer breaking through to pure  
dirt as morning tore open like a zipper.

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one.

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T y l e r S o w a,  
*The Smokehouse*

—The sear and crack of ground beef on the stove,  
water rising up like a scarf around my mother's face,  
the house smells of a set table, even if we don't talk  
about anything we sit together—the phone chord  
coils, long enough to make a trip wire  
into the living room where I roll on the carpet,  
fingertips reading the indents and spots of plastic  
where wood fell from the fireplace and burned  
while I watched and called for her, or where I  
watch her out there behind the glass door  
on the cement step, still and calm, making clouds  
with her cigarette before returning through  
the sliding door, into motherhood, out there  
where each time she tests a new propane tank  
*says call the police if it explodes,*  
I am alone  
on the glass where I make fog and pictures on a ledge  
in a box above everyone else—  
she says I never cry much and I don't like meat.

two.

Laura Padilla,

*Insidious Adaptions*

"I could not sleep and whatever I did in the day haunted me at night with vivid and most wearing repetition."

- Charles Darwin

I wish evolution would tell me  
why my hands never feel clean enough  
why a headache spells death by aneurysm  
why antlers are synonymous with cannibalism  
why asking once if I have done someone wrong won't suffice  
the simple act of existence feels like a threat to everything I  
hold most dear no matter how many times I  
wash again  
check again  
ask again  
think again  
repetition will not ensure my reality  
won't melt before my eyes

I sentence myself to isolation  
A silurian silverfish scurries at the first flicker of light  
Crisis averted, we live to see another day

Evolution answered, in the cruelest way  
The doubting disease overstepped its bounds  
Saber teeth may be no more, but panphobia took their place.

three.

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Laura Padilla,

*A Carrion of Syntax*

We pin Swallowtails and Morphos  
In analytical efforts  
The wings suspended mid-flight  
A cellophane carcass  
I grow tired of my metaphors

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four.

Charlie Jacobs,

*On growing up*

*(or growing old(or giving up?))*

When everything that once defined you (so absolutely) begs (on hands & knees) to be  
Put out of its (fucking) misery,  
Do you submit?  
Your last self's truths are destroyed.  
Burned buildings.  
Buried bridges.

If your eyelashes hold wishes (she taught you that), if you kiss your fingertips when you  
run a yellow light, if you hold your breath as you pass by a cemetery,  
if, if, if. THEN!  
When you make it, how do you know?  
(Make it?(Survive it?(Bear it?)))

Gnaw your lips raw. That may help you remember. (Or forget?)  
Peel away layer after layer until all that is left is blood, guts, pretty smiles and twisted  
words and stupid mistakes that you miss making.  
Your lies were beautiful monsters that grew up to be not all that scary.  
Or beautiful.

Rest your feet on glass, rely on a fragile comfort (that may seem strong enough to  
support you(r (heavy, heavy, weight))), sink deep into the ocean of what you think may  
be you.

"When I count my blessings, I count you twice".  
I count my sins like candles on a cake,  
And my lost souls who beat my heart into shape  
And left a (very faded) imprint.  
Toes spread deep into the ground,  
Your footprints tread (so, so) softly.

Giving us cognizant thought and then making us mortal was the cruelest trick that God  
has every played.

five.

Trev Kubat,

*Bindle Boy*



six.

F. P. Graham,

## *We Are Alive and Living Now*

Amidst the defeated shuffle of hospital gown pant legs, rubbing against one another as the nurses and podiatrists pace the length of the cold rectangular auditorium, a deflated, yellow balloon beneath white bedsheets is being periodically pumped full of air, and is then allowed to exhale noiselessly and completely, until it is pressed flat against the bed again.

I say balloon because it's easier to imagine him as something that might have been fitted to a helium canister and permitted to float away, should he will it. Yellow, perhaps as a result of the iodine steriliser rubbed into his skin.

It is clear to me however, that in this moment he will not soon be levitated. Flowers have been made up in quite a hurry. From Safeway or Fred Meyer's, I suppose. Although the question of at whose benefit becomes hot and tangible, and it burns deep into the centers of my cheeks when a nurse moves frantically past the bouquet at his bedside once more. This man won't enjoy a hallmark, plastic-wrapped arrangement of flora ever again.

There is death in these daffodils.

"T-boned," I hear one of them say.

"Left ocular cavity: collapsed..." another tells his physician.

I can see that the man beneath the bedsheets is turkey to them. All they've left to do is begin drawing up diagrams, deciding where to make the cut, and what there is to salvage; who is going to get the dark meat, and who is going to get the wishbone.

I've watched already, the carefully delivered sentence of this man's unlikely recovery, as told by the solemn arrival of his lead surgeon. I've watched the recipients of this news, shattered and fallen to their knees, in the excruciating waiting room.

At best, he will be a vegetable from now on, a house plant with broken and immobile fronds. At best, the machines give out, and his passing will've been at the hands of some mechanical fairy, and no one will think less of those who'd been fighting hours already in vain to save his body.

seven.

"Or we can kill him for you," I imagine the nurses telling me. "We can let him die, and that'll be that."

He'll never know it, but he's been dealt the best hand out of all of them. All the rest is a man on the table whose sole remaining purpose is to be considered effectively alive and dead. There is no hospital bill waiting for him at the end of this; no wheelchairs; no Adult Depend Undergarments.

For what it's worth, I know this man.

I know that this poor broken creature at my feet is his wife. I know that the girl, quietly holding her knees in the dimly lit hallway, that's his daughter. But moreover, I have an idea of who this man was before today.

I know that the scar sustained on his right forearm is from an accident involving monkey bars, and schoolyard rough-housing. I know that he loved in fact, to say the words: "rough-housing." I know that tattooed in green cursive, just over his heart, are the names of his two children.

I know that the name I can overhear the greener of the nurses whispering, albeit incorrectly, is his middle name. And that it isn't Willard or Wooster.

It's Wiltshire.

I don't know yet where he'll be in a week from now; he will be quietly strewn about in neat, powdery tufts by the churning of the Pacific Ocean, having been hurled from the outermost peak of an unmarked cliff, by his younger and only brother.

I don't know yet who will come to mourn him; there will be a great hall that I couldn't tell you the name of, filled by a throng of bodies, pretending to know one another. Each, half present and awkwardly avoiding conversation about the inebriated widow who's arguing over the P.A. with the master of ceremonies about which words he's chosen to tell the story of a man he's never met.

I don't know yet how I will come to think of him; I will dare to wonder what the man might've had to say about the person I will become one day.

Delicately, I will even play with the idea of his approval - try to guess which ties he might have taught me how to tie, and each time I'll see him looking attentively back through the mirrors and street-view windows that everyone will have kept so painfully clean for me.

eight.

But as it is, the man spread out on the table before me is no more my kind than the grotesque assortment of instruments protruding from his mouth. He is a cavernous pit, and I am standing at his precipice.

I have been told that the centers of his mind, at least the ones responsible for pain and suffering are long gone, along with the rest of him. And although it doesn't seem like it now, what I'm really being told is that there is no one left in the room who could possibly have any sort of idea what there is left to experience behind the two salmon backs of his eyelids.

In all of the stories I've heard from people who have had the chance to watch another person disincorporate in front of them, one detail never seems to go by the wayside in their accounts of the experience. And it's that irrational as it might be, to wonder what happens to us next, we can't help ourselves from it; however much we'd like to put to bed the thought of a life after death, in the moment, it's the not knowing that finally deflates us.

And had I known what was to come next - had I gone up to touch him one last time: my fears would not have been in my shouts going unanswered, or unsung from atop the pale void I stood beside. They would have been in wondering whether or not if I'd pulled back then, at the sheets that hid him, I might have caught a glimpse of the name he'd given me once, tattooed still on his chest, and staring placidly back up at me.

nine.

## Vincent L. Byrnes, *DoorJAM (Excerpt from "The Archives")*

Doctor's orders and the accumulation of nerve falling into supermassive blackhole does not have the star supernova tendencies nor energy.

A slight reconfiguration of this sex driven inward negligence would lead to -  
you puzzle!

you riddle!

What paradox I cannot find such answers

without light!

Why would you ask me this now

while all my legs are still stemming?

Sure the skin separates

But I'm secretly

Tearing it all apart myself so a new pair of eyes watch me.

And a million more watch us, wearing the

only incandescent (bloody) faces I see with

moaning (overt) ovals and vibrating (flexing) nostrils and you can see shoulders

amorphous (tensing) muscles a vestige of needle point and three more of me are needed.

Wonders of wolf. Wonders of athletes. Wonders of wholesale.

Wonders of worm. Wonders of vessels. Wonders of waning.

I do not wonder about whales-

-A Rope in Water

-In Terror of Prayer

-A Body above Ground

Sometimes string protects against amputation but most any unlikely forever requires constant signals and signs superstitious rubbing of brass and magnetics feeling every

jagged fragment of interior modules and molesting myself slowly and lovingly and mostly alone all the unknown science and secretive civil war slips outward from my base.

ten.

Rory Elliott,  
*An after thought of worn thinking*

Maybe there is something that calmly collects  
Like a pooling of foam in a blotch of sea, the feelings  
and things that I miss. Digressing from abandon and ending the  
moments that follow.

Presence.

Who can deny that the precedent is not presence, but an act  
of reaching for forward, motion or reaching across the city to  
others escaping presence and denying ourselves presence  
We trip away to feel right.  
at home.

We trip in forests to feel as if we aren't failing but being  
failed. Watching trees shake in dead silence and discovering the  
beauty of

Earthworms churning the soil.

I find myself unable to sit still it aches to be presence.

The collected foam sits on the couches and benches around  
us. We're breaking in whispers of green and yellow expressions,  
choking on captured states of bubbled air.

This pooling of collected abandon and distance, sits all around  
us in near frozen combat. Sometimes all these moments feel like  
dress rehearsals for the real thing, practicing presence and patience.

The quick nostalgic passage. We role play and adapt like an  
incubated lizard. Taking the heat from above us

During a formation of thought drawing quick to the end.

Watching the space flick past as black. Pearls are so distant so  
shrinking and beauty engulfs them. They happen sometimes.

Porches are playing and people are out feeling good and  
alarmed by their confidence

Hours are feelings and passage in presence.

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Rory Elliott,  
*Deepening the hole your head shakes  
around in like a finger in the sand*

I've tinkered with the way I see my face  
Inked my mind with scribbled squares  
Slowly forming into moons

We tinker with the toys we've got

Back and forth we pass a feather with our words  
Like a busted down is sitting somewhere near

I've watched too many times two sets  
Of arms  
And legs  
Crawl around a checkered floor playing  
A game of chess on an empty crowded board

Somewhere there is contentment ringing

There's an empty bed not too far off

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eleven.

twelve.

A y d a n F o s t e r,  
*Peaking*

You and I met once on a MAX headed east  
You were crying about being denied entrance to the  
Whiskey Bar in Old Town  
Now I'm presented with a book of old photos  
Peering into my dimmest days in this oppressive fluorescent  
light  
I'm reminded of needing a friend

I remember I cried every time I made it to "too much"  
And all of my friends would leave

We have come here to pay respects to a friend we buried  
beneath this pavement  
And imagine that an overdose wouldn't be so bad  
But I couldn't do that  
I find myself saying "No" a lot

Paul says I'm making strong decisions  
But it's 7:31 am and I feel so meek  
So I'll force myself to relive dropping out

My tongue is dry and swollen with a taste I would be ok  
with never tasting again  
If I wanted to be honest with myself  
And if I'm being honest I don't have a good reason to  
keep this going

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thirteen.

There's nothing healthy in screaming into the dark hoping  
an angel hears and takes pity  
While I dismantle the things I hate about my body  
And letting the stubble that kills me grow out so I can  
pretend I'm still "one of the guys"  
that talk over me

I'm not surprised I got my shoes off  
Because I don't think I even like drinking  
I'm trying to be honest  
But I hear myself saying "Yes" a lot

And I envied how you drowned in your sculptures  
But you needed a friend  
And I was a stranger you invited into your home  
Eventually you and I saw that

This morning my body is burning from the inside  
Slowly as as the sugar from the 10 glasses found in this  
box contaminates my smallest  
and ugliest parts

I can't keep calling out for a friend I never made

fourteen.

# Matt Isme, Hitch-hiking in Veracruz

The map learns to accommodate chaos.

Despite the growing holes near its tattered seams ripping out countless miles of Mexican real estate and despite the sharp red ink that marked our previous route smudging into blurred over-reach, the map still controls most of its detailed lines.

Not me though. My lines are falling apart.

Susana stumbles in with a tired smirk and reaches for a simple hello - which I return - but then continues on with a web of tiny giggles and goofy tales. I scrawl the days route on a slip of paper that I stuff inside my front pocket, then fasten my sunglasses.

"Almost ready?" I say while folding up the map.

"I - yeah."

You see words were our forte. I use were to describe the past. They had spilled out organically ever since we met. They created a friendship that made a mockery of time. The length of time we'd known each other was short, only a few weeks, but the depth of our bond made it seem like we'd known each other forever. This had a lot to do with words.

You have to understand that on most days if this idea was brought up, it would digress into a long wandering conversation on time and eventually circle around to past lives. It would go something like this:

Me: "Why don't we begin with time and circle around to the notion of past lives"

Susana: "Past lives?"

Me: "Yeah, you know. Like this whole notion of, uh... of people-recycling I guess?"

Susana: "People recycling?"

Me: "Yeah. Or reincarnation if you want."

Susana: "Oh god, now you're beginning to sound like my old roommate. The New Age guy with the supermodel sister."

Me: "Should I be doing yoga while asking you this?"

Susana raises her eyebrows.

Me: "...so do you believe in it?"

Susana: "Nope."

Me: "...why not?"

Susana: "I'm born. I live. I die. That's it!"

Me: "Maybe there is more to it...I mean, where were you before you were born?"

With a downcast gaze, Susana would raise her eyebrows. Me: "So...why do you have dread's again?"

Susana: "They're 90s cynical dreads!"

We would both crack up then stick out our thumbs to catch a ride into the great unknown. Today, however, is different. Today is silent. Today, there is no speculation. Our dialogue - a word that loosely derives from the Greek words for flow (dia) and mind (logos) - has been dammed up and it will take some time before the water starts flowing again.

The sun is to blame, at least partially. I imagine it sucking out the life-blood of the words, dehydrating them into withering messes that roam the streets of Veracruz. Only the negative images are left, the absences that become shadows falling behind people as they walk silently down the road.

The shadows between Susana and I are getting larger as I make long strides forward despite the sun's cruel intentions.

My strides are awkward I admit because I'm angry and anger doesn't fit my bones very comfortably. It doesn't feel like something I possess, but rather something that possesses me. An electricity that needs some outlet to plug into. Walking becomes my outlet.

There's something so primal about it. Scientists speak of "locomotion" and point out that the ability for simple organisms to sense their surroundings, to move toward food and away from danger, is a major evolutionary leap that gives birth to everything that comes after. They phrase it more scientifically of course, but I like simple things: Susana is danger and the road is food, so I keep on walking.

This movement becomes a dialogue. I rush forward, huffing and puffing, yet still full of energy like some fairy-tale wolf, and then turn around for a moment. A barely perceptible dot would start growing in size on the horizon and I'd pick up my pace. It's like we are two magnets attracting and repelling each other - one at North and one at South, worlds apart. It must seem comical to the crew of hard-hatted construction workers watching us go by while repairing potholes. **Are they traveling together?**

We are, albeit in our own separate ways. Both of us are heading for the outskirts of the city where, presumably, rides will be easier. Just before the narrow city streets expand into the tumultuous highway, I find a sliver of shade cast by a tired tree near the gated entrance of some government building. Inside, I imagine, are a host of fresh-pressed suits plotting ways to organize the city, to manage its chaos of sound, light, and yes, fury.

It's only now that the sticky globs of sweat taking over my back become apparent. But my mind is too aloof, staring off in the distance. I am envious of the cars. Of their sense of urgency. Their direction. Everything behind was but a distracting spectacle for the rear-view mirror. Full speed ahead.

Susana collapses next to me and pops open her 1.5 liters of water. Once her hurricane of heavy breaths slows down to synchronize with the languid passing winds, the silence, like the sweat, becomes apparent.

Silence has two extremes: that which emerges from a lack of things to say and that which emerges from an abundance of things to say. We are in the latter. Susana tries to chisel away that rock of silence with tiny questions; innocuous little spurts of breath that seek to chip away flakes from that unbearable impasse. I'm not ready though.

Eventually her breath slows down to a normal cycle. "Shall we?"

"You go ahead." I say while staring off in the distance. "I'll catch up with you." "Oh." She stutters. "Ok."

There was something in the tone of her voice when she choked out that hesitant reply that made it apparent that she feared being alone. That she was vulnerable just like I. Those short words and that brief pause was all it took to make me know that the great silence I've been silent about might start to crumble. Perhaps it was time to let her in.

Once she was a few hundred feet down the road, I left my post in the shade and stuck out my thumb. A truck pulls over and I shout out her name - Susana! Susana! - a few times before she turns around and starts jogging back. I help her lift her backpack over the hatch and tap the side of the truck.

"Listo!"

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eighteen.

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Paul Christensen,  
*Waking Up After Having Gotten Too  
Drunk and Saying Something Stupid the  
Night Before*

Fifteen million years ago, a once-virile woolly rhinoceros staggers its rot-sodden body beyond the reach of prehistoric lions, collapses into the shallows of a lake, and sinks into the mulched muck marking its weedy bottom.

When a nearby volcano erupts, its peptic belly bursting, molten basalt surges through fissures in the lakebed.

The slurry of boiling minerals mixes with the water, solidifies its waves, and engulfs the disease-engorged rhinoceros, encapsulating its decay.

Skin and hair, muscle and fat, tendon, nail and bone, the mammal decomposes, leaving behind a rhinoceros-shaped pouch in the solid rock.

Over millennia, tectonic plates tense, grind like molars, groan like turgid girders.

The earth's shifting crust lifts planes and prairies into peaks, cantilevers the stone lake onto the side of a rising mountain.

Millions of years of burrowing raindrops and winds that rub the rough skin off cliff-faces expose the rhino-contoured cave in modern-day Kyrgyzstan.

I'd like to crawl into that hole and curl into a fetal position while outside time sweeps past like retreating glaciers.

nineteen.

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J a k e E d g a r,

*Kathy introduced herself...*

Kathy introduced herself as humidity, and in an instant she came into the room of you; said "I need this right now." She forced you to breathe her air, to become the damp and dank of her insides. You were the second hand on the clock, an inquiry bleeding: and seriously do faces even have mouths anymore? You spin two wheels, like one wasn't good enough, and as water you hide behind a plastic curtain to flow, and fill and fill and fill and feel ardor in the form of petals soaked in the dew of your eyes. So when salt makes them rust, you aren't surprised.

Kathy is staring awkwardly forward, and telling your dream to you: "you were a sports utility vehicle, and inside of you there we were, all of us, and you kept blurring; no one was laughing but their bellies were still sore."

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twenty.

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J a k e E d g a r,

*You make the realization...*

You make the realization  
that asking your stylist  
to take just a hair off the top,  
is not an effective means of communication.  
Which might be the overall issue you need to be wrestling  
with in the first place.  
So you say: "take just a hair off the sides,"  
instead.

twenty-one.

N i n a S a v a g e,  
*I like to think...*

I like to think we named it ourselves,  
Jepsen Road,  
but the street signs were there  
long before we ever were  
and yet  
I think of it as ours,  
that gravel road off 27th  
at the edge of town  
where years later  
I would return to look for  
the old bridge with the  
train tracks where your boyfriend  
took my senior pictures and  
you helped direct  
and I didn't realize then  
but I didn't want him to be your boyfriend  
because I wanted to be your boyfriend  
and I didn't realize then  
what that made me and perhaps  
it was better that way because perhaps  
naivety is what gives  
bliss and fear their edge and perhaps  
that same edge is what keeps  
that magical summer locked forever  
at the edge of my mind  
and Jepsen Road  
that magical stretch of time  
when the world still greeted us  
with open arms and love  
was something so new we could swear,  
we named it ourselves.

twenty-two.

N i n a S a v a g e,  
*wet socks*

I thought it  
a cute idea  
to wear the socks  
she gave me  
until I would see  
her again I thought it  
a good luck charm  
a clever way  
to keep her close  
a coping mechanism  
to diffuse the  
unbearable hope  
and the morning  
she called to cancel  
the socks were still wet  
and when I sat down  
to take the call  
how silly the tears  
that sprang to my eyes  
how silly the tears that  
followed.

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twenty-three.

Nina Savage,  
somedays..

somedays  
my stretchmarks remind me of the birds  
in springtime. somedays  
I let  
my cats out  
to hunt.

Armin Radford,  
*Tension in Memory Pt. 2*  
(steel sculpture with heated patina and photographs)



twenty-four.

the builders

TREV KUBAT. *House Behind the Tavern & Bindle Boy*  
Trev Kubat is a dedicated amateur photographer located in Beaverton, Oregon. Although particularly interested in the literary genre known as weird fiction, he gathers inspiration from all forms of art. He began using cameras at age 13 and initially wanted to be a filmmaker, taking a few video art classes while attending PSU. However, after receiving a box of vintage cameras as a gift, analog photography has taken up much of his time. Aside from photography, he enjoys walking his dog and watching horror movies.

ARMIN RADFORD. *Tension in Memory Pt. 1 & Tension in Memory Pt. 2*  
Armin Radford is a multimedia artist and Portland native. His main work is done through, photography, sculpture, and painting. Armin seeks to create works which identifies with viewers psychological deficiencies and support them towards growth. Visual tension is a common theme in his work. For example, in *Tension in Memory* a restless steel exoskeleton fights to integrate stubborn photographs inside its contours, but finds it impossible to reach a satisfying success without the photographs springing out from the tension. The tension in material is what hold things together, but is also what ultimately breaks it apart. Armin is currently attending Pacific Northwest College of Art and studies intermedia arts.

TYLER SOWA. *To Build a Fire & The Smokehouse*  
Tyler Sowa lives and writes in Portland, Oregon. His work can be found in Salt Hill Journal and Susan The Journal.

LAURA PADILLA. *A Carrion of Syntax & Insidious Adaptions*  
Laura Padilla resides in the Pacific Northwest with her cat Olivia. She writes poetry and likes to paint. She is also an arthropod enthusiast, and aspiring Entomologist. She is a lover of all things Taro and never underestimates the power of a good sigh. Her poetry has been featured in *The Pointed Circle*.

twenty-five.

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CHARLIE JACOBS. *On growing up  
(or growing old(or giving up?))*

Charlie Jacobs hails from mountainous Colorado, but currently resides in Hanoi, Vietnam. She is currently going through her quarter life crisis, but fights growing up by traveling, teaching, and playing with cats.

F. P. GRAHAM. *We are Alive and Living Now*

Felix Paul Graham is a part-time poet and student from Portland, OR. He is currently studying at Portland Community College, and when he isn't delivering the groceries at 138 beats per minute, he's killing cops and reading Kerouac.

VINCENT L. BYRNES. *DoorJAM*

Vincent L. Byrnes is from Los Angeles, and currently lives in Hanoi, VN. He is the founder and editor-in-chief of Structural Damage. He is currently writing three books of poetry: an experimental look into the crossroads of the brain, an indulgent, glamorous series of elegies, and a seriously long poem tentatively titled, *The Archives*. He also is working on *Lakeside Lenore*, an existential horror novel. He published *The B Sides: The Outdated Revolutions of One Psyche and Two Hearts* in 2014.

RORY ELLIOT. *Deepening the hole your head shakes around in  
like a finger in the sand & An after thought of worn thinking*

Rory Elliott lives on the corner of a crossroads in Portland, OR, where they write, read, water their plants, play music, write songs, use the bathroom, drink tea, shower and eat. They attend PCC, where they are hoping to develop the skills and credits to major in plant biology. As a poet they have had work published in *The Bridge*, as a musician their band was in the most recent ABC Portland compilation. They are slowly bringing out into the open their other projects. They aspire to be more like Mary Poppins each passing day.

AYDAN M. CLEMENTE. *Peaking*

Ayden Clemente is a 22 year old poet and musician from Portland, OR. Since they were 15 years old, they've had a history of working within D.I.Y. art communities; volunteering at the (now defunct) Portland community space, Laughing Horse Info Shop, as well as being a member of experimental musical projects such as WExKILLxPOLICE. Their work is often a critical look at processing emotional distress, heavy self reflection and navigating through life as a genderqueer, indigenous person.

MATT ISME. *Hitch-hiking in Veracruz*

Matt Isme is a freelance writer based in Hanoi with a love of notebook paper, good books and the unwritten lines of the open road.

PAUL CHRISTIANSEN. *Waking Up After Having Gotten Too  
Drunk and Saying Something Stupid the Night Before*

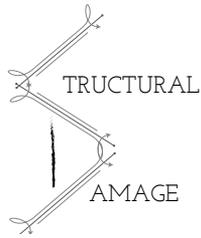
Paul Christiansen received his BA at St. Olaf College and his MFA at Florida International University where he worked as editor-in-chief of Gulf Stream Magazine and assisted with *Jai-Alai Magazine*. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Atlanta Review*, *Pleiades*, *Quarter After Eight*, *Threepenny Review*, *Zone Three* and elsewhere. A former Fulbright Fellow and winner of two Academy of American Poetry awards, he currently resides in Saigon. [www.paulchristiansen.net](http://www.paulchristiansen.net)

JAKE EDGAR. *Kathy introduced herself... & You make the  
realization...*

Jake Edgar lives and writes in Portland, OR, with his wife and four amazing kids. He studies creative writing / journalism Portland Community College, and Portland State University with hopes to one day write for *The Nation*. He is the managing editor of the PCC student Newspaper *The Bridge*. He also writes poetry and fiction. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in the *Bellwether Review*, *The Pointed Circle* as well as *Concis*, a *Journal of Brevity*.

NINA SAVAGE. *somedays..., wetsocks, & I like to think...*

Nina Savage, pronounced nine-uh savage, has lived in Portland, OR, for the last three years but will soon be in South America without address. She is in the process of applying to grad school and surviving one major transition after another until she finds out if and where she is accepted into grad school and whether or not she can afford to go. She is 27 years old, and things like gayness, non-whiteness, and humanness concern her greatly. Also, she is determined to become a writer.



we keep building...  
the gravity grows...  
the weight is infinite...

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