

# WALKWREUP

presents

## Well Thawed Out



# CREDITS

Co-Editor in Chief... *Philip Santos Schaffer*

“knows three women”

Co-Editor in Chief... *Audrey Frischman*

“great at platonic relationships”

Associate Editor/Staff Writer... *Laura Been*

“overuses the word spaghetti”

Illustrator... *Mark Hammer*

“thinks everyone should doodle more”

Contributor... *Aled Roberts*

“brushes his teeth twice a day”

Contributor... *Briana Pozner*

“never fat. always PHAT.”

Contributor... *Isabel Wolfe-Frischman*

“is way cool”

Contributor... *Katrina Ceguera*

“nap first, think later”

Contributor... *Lee Moore*

“only listen to the mountain goats”

Contributor... *Julia Putnam*

“bakes even better than she writes”

I JUST WANT SOMEBODY WHO LIKES NOVELS AND THE SOUND OF MY VOICE AS MUCH AS I DO.



## Ode to Ducks and Dying

We're home, late, from Oregon –  
Lucy's wedding-on-ice;  
(Audrey one-year-old, baby ice skates)  
On the answering machine – five messages:  
my sister's calls from Vermont

The airplane ride from L.A. to Eugene is  
not Audrey's first, she sleeps like a pro;  
Inflight magazine:  
"How to Prepare a Child for the Death of a Loved One"

In the Oregon woods, a stream – in it,  
a shiny green head, a dead mallard  
"Show the child a dead animal"  
It couldn't have said that (it did)

There's the duck  
The fucking dead duck

My Los Angeles bathroom:  
I stagger in there, half-asleep, groggy  
Audrey's daddy in the living room,  
watching Clint Eastwood win  
a couple of Oscars

Audrey in her crib

I glance at my clock  
Numbers  
Hands (a big one and a little one)  
plug in  
light up  
11:19 pm

At the wedding:  
Lucy and Robert  
spinning  
pirouetting  
(fancy ice skating tricks)  
Getting married

We sleep that night at Lucy's friend's -  
uptight woman whose father had just died

She wears her dad's pj's  
and she has nice curtains

The second night we stay at Lucy's;  
Robert and Lucy off on honeymoon  
Audrey likes the cat

In my California bathroom  
I wash my hands  
I begin to tingle -  
Electrifying communication:  
A point of light  
where the wall meets the ceiling

*I'm here with you*  
I laugh:  
*You can come to the foot of my bed*  
*when you go;*  
He laughs

So tired: I go back to bed and don't remember

Midnight in L.A.  
Bill: *Your mom called – he's -*  
*- she didn't want to wake you*  
(she was right, I do not sleep)  
*She said to call in the morning*

*Hello Mama*  
Her sigh is soft and raggedy

I gasp:  
*Oh my god, what time did he die?*

She pauses, a beat, to think  
*2:19 Eastern Standard*

This happened, I explain,  
telling her the story –

No thinking. No beats skipped.  
*He was always psychic*  
says she

Coda

Later sweet Audrey  
Compares and contrasts  
Grandpa and a duck

## Clean.

My mother smiles and nods as my brother and I clean up and chat with her after a meal over the holidays. She says thank you, you wonderful kids. She laughs at our stories and lets us walk away to our respective interests (we have no overlapping ones), and she releases a sigh of relief. She puts on her yellow plastic gloves, snapping them at the top. When she was younger she didn't use gloves, but now her fingerprints have worn away and she easily develops rashes. She pulls out from the land of toxic chemicals below our kitchen sink her bleach, and her Clorox, and her steel wool, and she smiles to herself. She removes each plate, each spoon from the dish rack where they sit drying, still warm from our wash, and places them all in a neat stack on the left side of the sink. If you watch her feet very closely you can see in her bounce she is reviewing the steps from her jazzercise class- she goes right after work four days a week. She scrubs each item again and again, water so hot it's steaming up her glasses. The stack of clean dishes on her left dwindles as she dries each item, now doubly clean, with a towel embroidered around the edges, covered in little crabs and seashells.

Two airplanes, three airports, one holdover due to Atlanta weather, and a subway ride later I open the purple door to my tiny apartment. The boys are home. I smile and nod as they clean up from their meal and chat about their time with their families. I laugh at their jokes and let them walk away to unpack their suitcases and call their girlfriends. I release a sigh of relief. I turn the water on as hot as it will go and I rewash every dish, scrubbing each item again and again.

I wonder when my fingerprints will go.

## Various Obituaries for Philip Santos Schaffer after Sarah Sarai and David Ives

Philip Santos Schaffer was murdered today while walking home from work. His body was found shortly after by local police, notably sans wallet. After officers gave her the news, his mother is quoted as saying, "I just knew that neighborhood was unsafe. He should have moved home. Nice boys like him don't live in Brooklyn."

Late last week, Philip Santos Schaffer pushed a baby carriage out of the way of a moving semi-truck. In a bizarre series of misfortunes, the driver was narcoleptic, the road was icy, and the breaks had been cut. After a brief battle, Philip died today of head injuries he had sustained at the scene of the accident. His mother lamented to her sister, "we gave him a middle name that meant saint, but didn't actually mean for him to become one."

Philip Santos Schaffer accidentally walked into oncoming traffic earlier today, after having been seen bumping into various trash cans and asking a light post for the time. After stepping off the curb, he was quickly reduced to a fine red paste. Once Philip's gutty mist settled into the pavement, his mother told reporters, "He always complained about having bad eyesight. I should have given him that damn vision insurance information earlier." When pressed further by reporters, she added, "we use Blue Cross. Outside of this, it's been a very pleasant experience."

After a brief misunderstanding on the R train, Philip Santos Schaffer was shot today, somewhere between 45th and 53rd Street Station. Onlookers were shocked, but not that shocked. His mother shrugged and told nearby paramedics, "he liked to stare at people."

While writing this poem, Philip Santos Schaffer walked right off a dock and into the water separating Manhattan and Brooklyn. The thick green slime sucked him under quickly and without remorse. His mother shed a tear, but did not deny that he was an idiot. Police hope he will wash up somewhere in Jersey.

Philip Santos Schaffer was abducted by aliens today. His mother is awaiting his return in Brooklyn, and hopes they use a small probe.

Philip Santos Schaffer walked home from work today. He wrote a poem, which he did not show to his mother, knowing it would make her upset. He has not died yet, but may eventually. Updates to come.

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