

orangepeel



Boardwalk Beats!

orangepeel

issue 6.5

orangepeel is a digital literary and visual arts publication. Its objective is to showcase memorable pieces from around the world. More information can be found on the *orangepeel* website at orangepeelmag.wordpress.com. Follow *orangepeel* on Instagram at [@orangepeelmag](https://www.instagram.com/orangepeelmag) for updates regarding submissions and new issues.

cover art:

Ines (Arlecchina al mare)
Gabriele Artusio

Editors' note

Surf's up! Welcome to Boardwalk Beats, *orangepeel's* love letter to summers of neon lights and butterfly-filled tummies. This is our second seasonal half-sized issue, and the fun we had while compiling it has proven to us that this is a format we really enjoy. After editing our longest issue yet, Boardwalk Beats is a much-needed pocketful of sunshine. We hope that our love for this issue and its contents shines through.

The staff was absolutely thrilled by the amount of submissions that not only understood what we had in mind for the issue, but gave us rich interpretations of our theme that we hadn't initially expected as well. As always, we are very grateful for everyone's support of our small magazine.

For each issue, we like to list orange peels, or details that stuck in the editors' minds while crafting the mag. In Boardwalk Beats, keep an eye out for scorching dumplings, aging beachfront signage, a golden comforter, and an affectionate stingray. You're encouraged to find and carry your own orange peels as well. We hope that they continue to pop into your mind long after you read the issue.

The Boardwalk Beats contributors answered that they are from Australia, Canada, France, Hong Kong, Italy, Turkey, the United Kingdom, and the United States. It always amazes us that people from all corners of the globe share their work with us, and, as we let each contributor know, we hope that we do these pieces justice in each issue. Our contributors are simply the best.

When honing our theme for Boardwalk Beats, lead editor Gabby Kiser suggested that it should be "a magazine to read while waiting for the ice cream truck." This idea shaped our idea of what the issue would be: bite-sized and able to whisk the reader away while they're waiting for some relief from the heat. Of course, we're grateful that you're reading it no matter where you are, and we'd love for you to let us know via Instagram (we're @orangepeelmag) where you're enjoying Boardwalk Beats from. With that all being said, how about you grab a nice, cool beverage (we'll each grab a lemonade) and begin this awesome collection of literary and visual artworks? Hope you enjoy!

-the orangepeel editors



pages 8-9

The Palacio Inn Motel *Paloma Valencia*

pages 38-39

The Parkway Inn Motel *Paloma Valencia*



poetry

<i>Donna J. Gelagotis Lee</i> A Single Wave	...10
<i>Victoria Nordlund</i> Pathology Report	...13
<i>Jaimee Boake</i> It was July; it was the beach	...14
<i>James Roach</i> Step Ashore	...16
<i>Nobel Chan</i> Summer Pride	...23
<i>Liam-Lucille Wright</i> Summer Concoction	...24
<i>Jos Glencross</i> Sweet heart	...25
<i>Isaac Salazar</i> Aquarium	...26
<i>Abigail M. Jones</i> summer days in Allonby	...29
<i>Emma Sunderhaus</i> definitively	...30
<i>Jamie Danielle</i> Sunset on St. George Island	...33
<i>Eva Gonzalez</i> Trading Sand for Concrete	...36



prose

<i>Emma Snyder</i> Cresting	...19
<i>Tasha McIntyre</i> Sky Changes	...34

visual art

<i>Paloma Valencia</i> The Palacio Inn Motel	...8
<i>Dominic Clarke</i> Beat the Heat	...11
<i>Dana Simmons</i> Because I'm Happy	...12
<i>Basak Kilicbeyli</i> Riis I	...15
<i>Blake Soule</i> Game Room	...18
<i>Bronte Cook</i> These four walls	...22
<i>Kenny Rote</i> Southeastern Summer	...27
<i>Cole Richard</i> Catch of the Day	...28
<i>Jolene</i> Swing Carousel	...31
<i>Alexa Zimmermann</i> Sally's Seashells	...32
<i>Rui Rui Zhang</i> Under Warm Moonlight; A Summer's Evening	...37
<i>Paloma Valencia</i> The Parkway Inn Motel	...38





AIR-CONDITIONED
Palace
INN
MOTEL
VACANCY
TV

VALUE
TIRES
TIRES FROM \$ 6.99**
+ GSTS. 300-290-3030
LOOKING IN REAR →

FREE
WIRELESS
INTERNET

A Single Wave

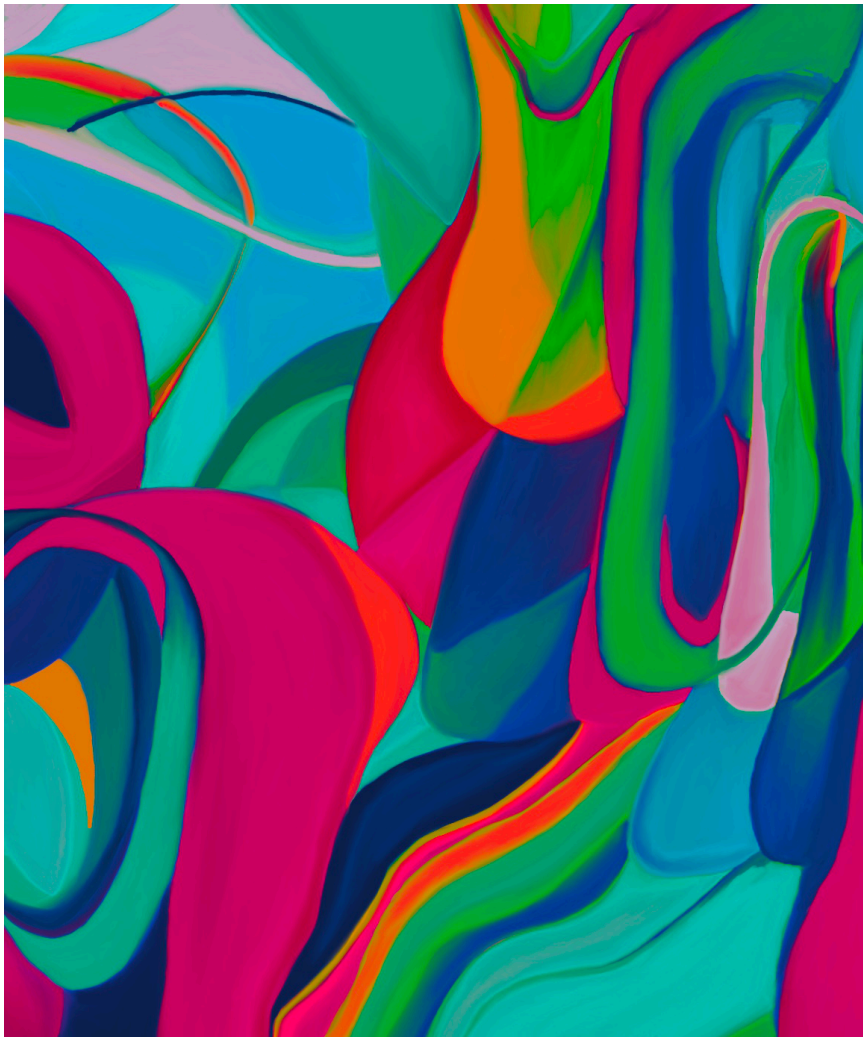
Donna J. Gelagotis Lee

Summer sat in front of me
and I ignored her
bright days, her whimsical
touting of childhood, echoes
of the beach we dug with plastic shovels
and colorful buckets, echoes
of my grandmother, her thin wrists
and arms, her frailness
and tough resolve, echoes
of tales of my grandfather
watching the waves break
from a boardwalk bench,
watching all the children
play as he drifted off
on summer clouds
far over the eternal ocean
in a summer palette of blue.
And now I am sitting here
in a hotel room in central Jersey
wondering about the feel
of the ocean, the breeze urging me
to come on, to ride at least
one single wave.



Beat the Heat

Dominic Clarke



Because I'm Happy

Dana Simmons

Pathology Report

Victoria Nordlund

It is August 1979 & I am eleven & a decade is almost half a lifetime & I'm stretched out across my brother's marigold rib cord bedspread. I stroke the velvet on his black light Grateful Dead poster, eye his shelf with the Beatles submarine diecast & the skull pipes I had never seen him smoke.

Examine the photos –

His bleached smile spread wide after graduating UHart. His ash blond hair tousled & salted at Seaside Heights. His August skin browned lifeguarding at our club pool.

This excised memory's margins blur
& I can't recall if he still is living
with us. Remember he is

twenty-one, lives in Greenwich Village, models full-time in Manhattan. He is Robert Redford in his prime handsome. Mom and Dad store his white MG in the carport, keep his bedroom as a shrine, while I worship his air conditioner, his black & white TV, the coolness of his record collection – Pop

“The Logical Song” on the turntable –
Wouldn't it be a *miracle*,
oh, beautiful, magical to be free,
to inhale another ten?

It was July; it was the beach

Jaimee Boake

It was July and we were teeter-tottering
on the edge of womanhood,
spitting out cherry pits, trying to tie the stems
into knots with our tongues.
It was the beach where we learned to betray ourselves.

Self-conscious in bathing suits and sure the heat on our skin
was from staring and shame, we buried our bodies in sand,
sculpted mermaid tales and the breasts we were waiting to have,

until being someone else was too heavy on our chests and we cracked
through the surface, all skinny limbs and awkward once again.



Riis I
Basak Kilicbeyli

Step Ashore

James Roach

The weather hasn't been able
to decide if it wants to
laugh or cry.
Today,
it's been raining
between sunbeams.
I can hear the ocean
crashing its love
into the shore
from the bed I've been sleeping in
in this small coastal town.
I have learned
that you can call any place "seaside"
as long as there's
a dolphin-shaped
toilet paper holder
and kitschy beach-themed
art on the walls.

I have felt
small, sandy thorns hiding
in the bottoms of my socks,
planning their sticky attacks.
I have witnessed
sand holding secrets,
keeping them in castles,
and turning to glass
when afraid.
I put my feet
in its warmth today
and remembered
why my love for the ocean
is so boundless.
It's the closest I've ever come
to believing
in god.



Game Room
Blake Soule

Cresting *Emma Snyder*

WAVES

We wade deeper into the ocean, dollar-store bodyboards bending into our bellies as we bob with the current, dancing with its gentle ups and downs. Bare toes sink deeper into the sand with every wax and wane of the waves. Our sandals are long forgotten, kicked off somewhere back by the dunes.

“Ready?” I ask. It’s the moment of anticipation, the climax.

Both of my sisters nod in unison. We focus on an approaching wave, the surging current tugging at the nylon of our swimsuits. The wave peaks a few feet from us, cresting to its fullest and deepest moment of life. It begins to curl, ivory seafoam lacing along its edges.

Then, it shatters.

We stand at the ready, boards angled toward the shore. It catches all three of us in its wake, steering us toward the shore. We ride it until there’s nothing left of its strength, until our boards grind against the sand and our knees grate along broken seashells.

Up we stand, one after the other, breathless.

Then, we run back again, leaving footprints behind to be filled as the tide comes in again. We go as fast as we can until the deeper water forces us to slow, to pause, to wait for another wave that will carry us to shore.

WILDWOOD

Every year since I was born, we made the pilgrimage from our Virginia home just to see that beach. It’s in Wildwood Crest, which is one of those charming Doo-Wop-era shore towns in New Jersey. Being in Virginia meant we were a stone’s throw from classic spots like Sandbridge, Virginia Beach, Ocean View – but none of them were Wildwood.

You know you’re there once the stench of marshwater starts filtering in through the air conditioning. It’ll fade the further you drive into the town. Keep your windows rolled up until you pass Avalon Coffee on Rio Grande – unless you *want* to smell the peat and sulfur. You might when you first roll across the bridge to the little island of Wildwood, because any air other than the stuff tanked inside a

minivan full of five siblings for the last six hours smells like freedom.

My dad grew up in nearby Cape May, a childhood that sparkles with fond memories of nights on the Wildwood boardwalk. It's why he was drawn back again when deciding where he wanted to take his young family for their first vacation. After twenty years of spending every summer here, his roster of children growing from one to six daughters, we've earned a degree of pretentiousness in already knowing the best spots.

For example, if you want books, Hooked on Books is the place to go. Yellowed novels are lined up to the ceiling, angled up, down, and sideways. An English major's dream and a librarian's nightmare. The best way to hunt is by genre. Last summer was my Stephen King phase. I bought *It* and *The Shining* from there and read them the whole six-hour drive home.

Hungry? A&LP sells the best not-from-Philly-but-close cheesesteaks in town. You can play on one of two old arcade machines while you wait for your order to be ready. Your choices are Pac-Man or pinball. Choose wisely. Mom's only got a couple quarters in the dregs of her purse, and you're lucky enough if you're the sister who gets picked to play.

If you want sweets, there are three golden stops. Hassles will put ice cream on top of a waffle if you pay extra, and it's worth every penny. Douglass Fudge has better fudge than Laura's Fudge, but Laura's saltwater taffy recipe is better. It's in your best interests to pop by all three, if and when in Wildwood Crest.

S.S. ATLANTUS

Waves don't crest on Sunset Beach. The shore is sloped in such a way that the waves can only slip and roll, spilling up onto the sand and leaving shadows of stiff seafoam behind. Stones and shells get trapped in the current, rolling up and down until they find their way to the shore, buffed and polished treasures for little hands to find. Some of them are even "Cape May Diamonds," which are pieces of translucent quartz worn smooth by the tides. They sell them in the gift store right off Sunset Beach, and every year it's a challenge to see which sister can find the most for free right in the sand.

These treasures, while lovely, aren't the highlight of Sunset Beach. That title is held by the concrete ship, aka the *S.S. Atlantis*, aka the rotting concrete hull of a concrete ship that broke free of her moorings in 1926 and ran aground a few hundred feet from shore. The wreckage further deteriorates every year. When you're standing

on the black rocks that jut out into the water of Sunset Beach, you can see where her stern peaks above the water, where seagulls rest on her concrete crest. If you snap a picture at the right moment, you'll catch the sun shining straight through it at dusk.

My family has watched this ship lose more and more of herself to the sea each year. You can see her shrinking in the background of annual family photos taken at sunset, getting smaller and smaller with every inch we grow. Sometimes, in years when we've had a particularly good haul of Cape May Diamonds and polished ocean pebbles, we have also stumbled upon a piece of the concrete ship. Parts of her hull wash up on the beach from time-to-time, fist-sized chunks of gray concrete carried by the sea. Despite the slip and glide of waves, they have become no more polished than they were when they first fell from the crest, concrete edges still gritted and strong.

Summer Pride

Nobel Chan

on streets spilled with kettle-corn
and skewers thick with meat
slipped between the boardwalk boards
the thronging in the streets
with cotton-candy flowers
and the dumplings' steaming heat
we melt our skin off, you and i,
we're free
we're good
we're goddamn sweet.



These four walls

Bronte Cook

Summer Concoction

Liam-Lucille Wright

Droplet breaths with every swig
and pollen caught on the rim,
all warmed in the breeze
of a toothaching rose sky.

Left under fermented
in grass-damp palms,
we know it tastes far more
saccharine than it should.

We wince at that cheap nectar
as we keep coming back. Feigning
disgust at the cough syrup sweetness
of that single, pastel ambrosia.

But we admit with our silence
between blissful maudlin hugs,
that our joy is just too simple
to gather round anything bitter.

Sweet heart

Jos Glencross

Take me on a bike ride, hands free, skinned knee
Ill-fitting bandaid bisects the scab
peels like pvc glue, heals pink and itchy
scrubbed clean by sea salt sand
Soothe the itch with icy poles
melt palms of strawberry lemonade syrup
sticky fingers in tangled hair
call it beachy waves, effortless
sea spray bounce
Trade secrets and glances
sand in the bike chain, awkward
adolescent clunk
Your cool girl crochet top
hand me down sunnies
hand in mine, sickly sweet
syrup glues sand to my palm
grit in my love line

Aquarium

Isaac Salazar

In the yolk day of July,
we took a walk through the fish.
Too close, we sought the entrance
to their waters. This world, after
all, is a bloated whale: torched
blubber on the infernal sea surface
of oil & seabirds. Hands longing against
glass, our fingerprints clung like suckers.
We looked away from the infantry
of herring, beaded stare like a kraken.
Whale songs called from black speakers.
Starfish cuddled hard on the rocks. We were
sinking past the jaw-broken mouths of anemones,
separating among hammerhead sharks. Their heads
stretched like masks. I understand that
I wasn't the imposter of this wet, blue-faced
day. No evidence to hold to the light, like a jellyfish.
Soon, I met a stingray. Kissed me delicate,
like an offering, like eggs, & taught me to be full,
like a pancake. Now, I look at lakes. All of the ways
they swallow. Fish, shiny as agate. Like marbles falling
into a built destination. Trails of spittle left across my cheek
long ago, I remember. Like the steps of the first creatures
to come from the sea.



Southeastern Summer

Kenny Rote



Catch of the Day

Cole Richard

summer days in Allonby

Abigail M. Jones

after a short drive in a soap-scented car called Herman,
legs tumble out and scamper over a footbridge –
 a rush to kick up the first grits of sand
the wind knots our hair, a poor attempt at braiding,
and rubies our cheeks
while flicking up foaming mares
in the distance
oyster catchers black and white
bob up and down the shingle shoreline –
 no camouflage with their long orange beaks –
seeking cockles, peeping shrilly,
heads down like scholars over books,
shrieking gulls becry our bright plastic buckets and spades –
 our tools and toys for the afternoon,
 to dig, create, and destroy
tiny crabs dabbling in rock pools
scuttle to avoid a looming human peril
behind us, pebbledash houses in muted seaside tones
and a café where we will blissfully lick whippy ice creams

halcyon days with a woman who loved us like a mother

definitively

Emma Sunderhaus

our hands might pass briefly over the same bowl of strawberries
(the ones i cut this afternoon, hand to knife handle, blade to fruit)
and we might think of their clumsy, hand-drawn, heart-shaped insides
with more than just fondness for a summertime saturday.
we might forgive and forget the last six months of gloom
and turn it up to the heavens which are so close
we can feel them melting into our shoulders and kneecaps.
the points of my body always turn up to meet you.
i might let the calendar linger on May for a week too long
as if freezing time on the thirtieth would allow me a redo
of your unbuttoned shirt over a swimsuit,
salty fingers wild through my ocean-knotted hair,
the curving oyster smile of pearly teeth
always darker behind my sunglasses.
we might throw a pressed boardwalk penny overboard and
hope we didn't waste our only souvenirs wishing for something that
 won't last
but the tide always rushes back,
always glares at me in the sunlight for pushing
a forever onto something that is always changing.
your cheeks will go rosy when you leave
and i will always see it in the bleeding
evening sun.



Swing Carousel
Jolene

Sunset on St. George Island

Jamie Danielle

I found five shells.

The ocean has had her way with each
for years,
long years.
Not a single shell is whole.

The two oyster shells
are without their razor edges,
the colors many times washed.

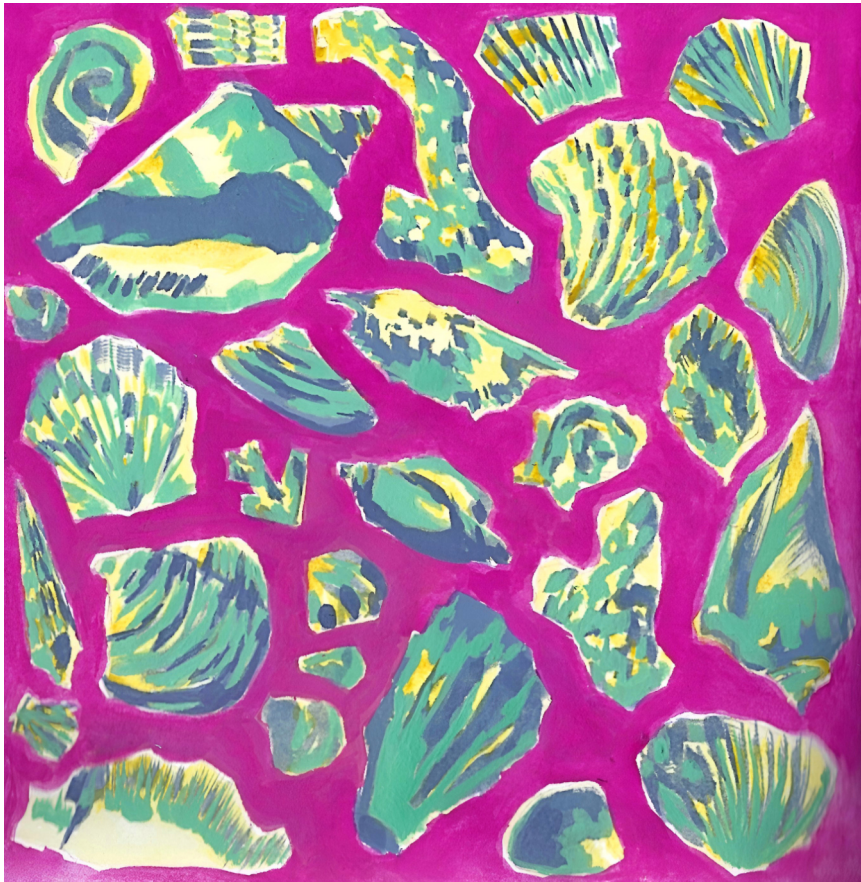
What is left of the clam shell looks,
depending on how I hold its edges
between my thumb and middle finger,
like the face of a fox,
like a scapula,
like a bound-foot shoe.

Two are such worn
and oddly shaped pieces that I do not know
what kind of shell they were.

I keep them all
because
they curve
gently in my palm.

Because their color is salted and soft.

Because they are still beautiful.



Sally's Seashells

Alexa Zimmermann

Sky Changes

Tasha McIntyre

9:00 p.m. A seamless blend of pink and orange descends above the water and spreads across the horizon. Your heart aches, but not the way it did in summers past. This ache feels more like a craving; a craving for beautiful things, like this sky and strangers' laughter carried by the warm breeze and the people who are right next to you. You're always so busy that you forget how pretty the world can be if you would just sit still and take it in.

Sand has infiltrated the picnic blanket, sticking to your fingers. Your friends are in deep conversation, all of them picking at leftover cocktail sausages and crisps. Their voices blur into the background as you isolate yourself in a happy little bubble, remembering how good this season feels. You love autumn because of the colours; winter makes you feel snuggly, yet sad sometimes; spring feels like the dawn of a new day; but summer, oh sweet, sweet summer is your favourite. It makes you feel hopeful and renewed, the heaviness melting away under the sunshine.

The world is brought back into focus again when a hand gently presses on your arm. You're asked if you're okay and you smile because they always do this if you're quiet. Another beautiful thing to add to the cravings: caring and being cared for in return. Two sets of blue eyes and one set of green watch you as you direct your gaze back towards the glistening water. A pause is filled with the gentle woosh of the waves lapping over each other.

I'm good, you say, digging your feet into the soft, warm sand. And you mean it this time.

9:30 p.m. The beach is thinning out. The scent of stale sunscreen permeates your skin, tickling your nose as you turn your head left and right, catching every movement. Parents are carrying their children's bodies over their shoulder, and each pair of small eyes you see are closed, dreaming. One child has remnants of strawberry ice cream around their mouth and you giggle to yourself, remembering how you used to do the same. How blissful it was to not care about how you looked or what other people thought of you.

Rosé flows into four plastic glasses, and you receive the fullest. It's your special day, after all.

Happy birthday, my love, one voice says, and two others echo it. The glasses come together and you can't tell if it's the sweetness of the wine that makes you feel warm or the company that you're in. Being loved like this by people like them makes you feel like you're bathing in constant sunshine. Every day can feel like summer if you're surrounded by the right people.

Thanks, guys, are the only words you can muster without the lump in your throat threatening your speech. It's okay. They know. They know that what you really want to say is that you can't thank them enough for loving you, especially because you can still feel unlovable some days. How birthdays mean so much to you now because they mark another year of survival, another year of healing. That you're better and that's partially because of their existence. That there were some years that you almost didn't see again and that's why each one means so much to you now. That's why each sunset looks just as beautiful as the one before it and each laugh you hear sounds like sunshine and you don't take anything for granted. They know that what you want to say is that you almost didn't make it, but you did. You did. And every day not only feels like summer; you feel like summer too.

10:00 p.m. The distant buzz of the arcade has quietened and the people who've been sat around you most of the day have packed up and gone home. The four of you sit in a line, legs outstretched, all staring out at the same horizon. The air has cooled now and goosebumps form on your skin. One of your friends slides her limbs through the arms of a cardigan, the rest of you reach for spare blankets. No one's talking. No one needs to.

The peach sky has transformed into a deep blue. You look up at the stars that are gradually showing themselves, one by one, glistening at everyone below, hoping someone will notice them. You can't help but see the similarity between them and us. The people next to you become silhouettes, the ocean in front of you turning into a blend of navy and black. You didn't even notice the transition, but it's still beautiful. And the ache – that lovely, delicate ache – continues, just as persistent as before.

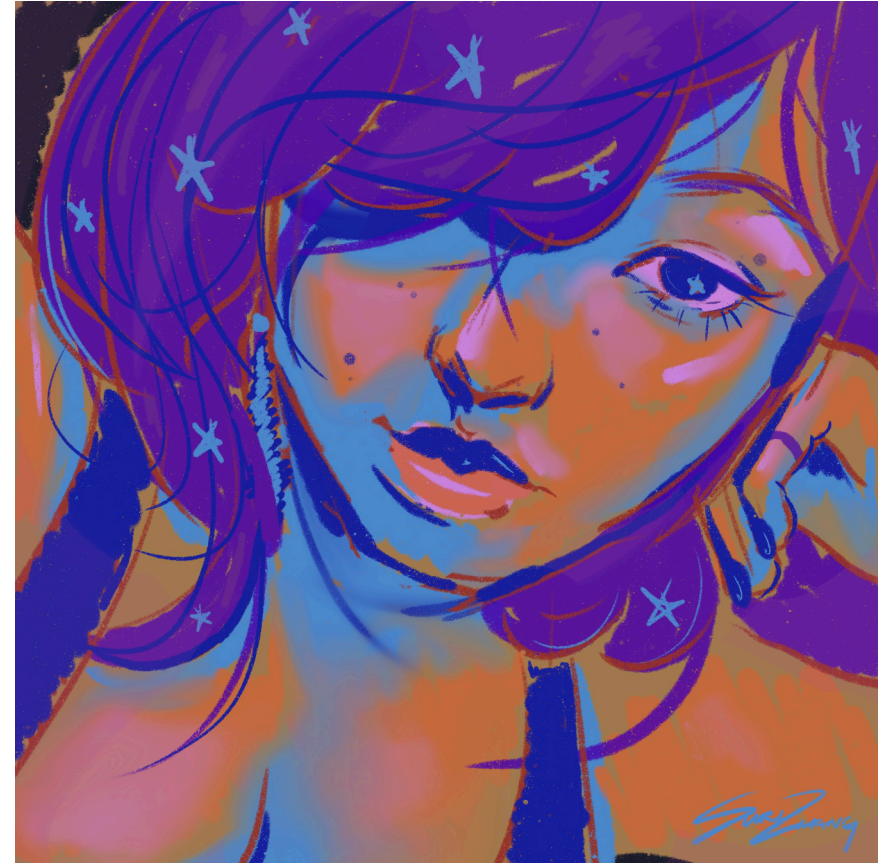
Oh, how subtly the sky changes, you think.

Oh, how subtly we change too.

Trading Sand for Concrete

Eva Gonzalez

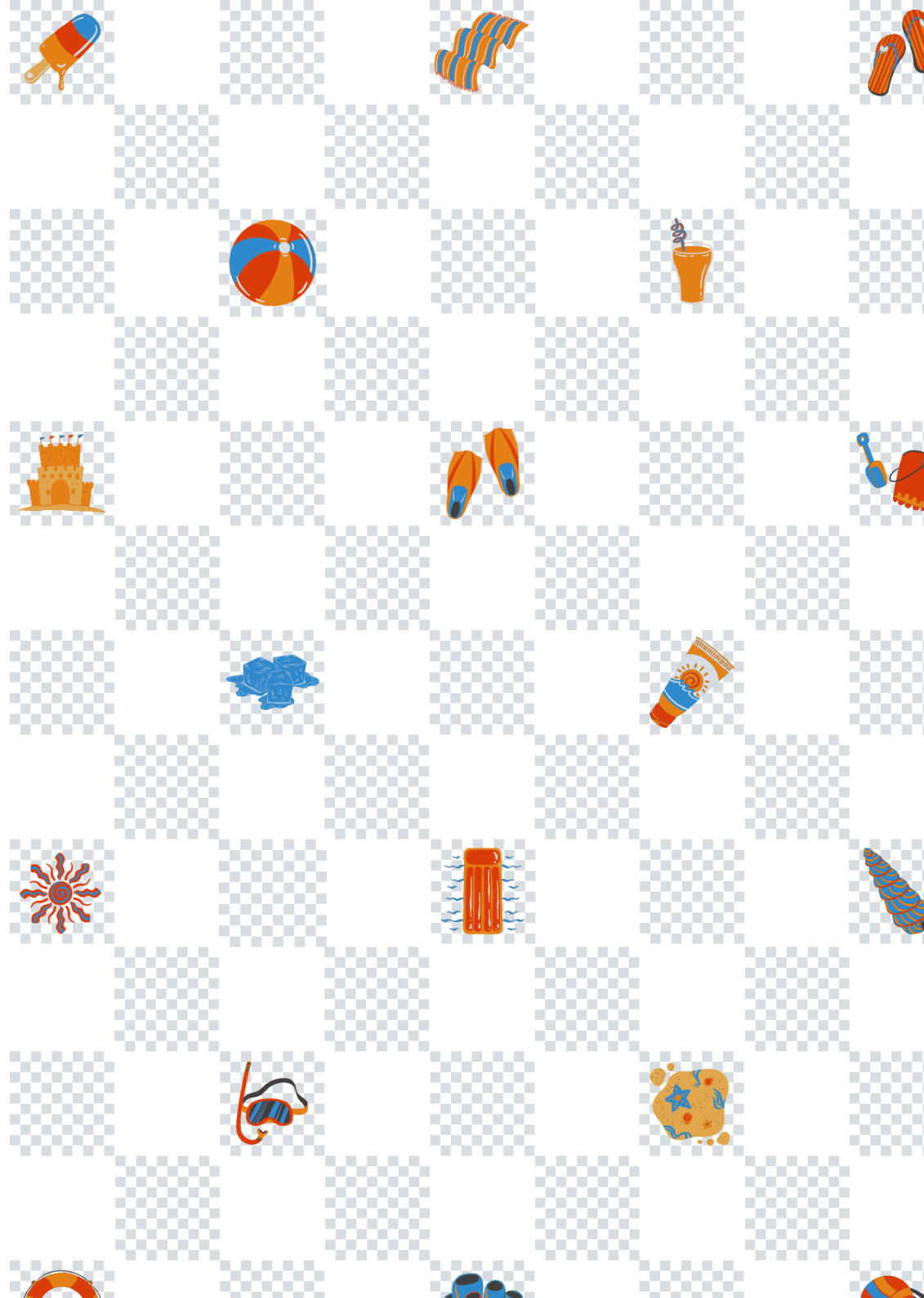
In a nameless Midwest city, too far from the beach,
teenage girls lay against the pavement outside of a Walmart.
Preferring to hide under the cover of darkness anyway,
they wait until the sun goes down to tan, face up,
pale bodies illuminated by street lamps looming overhead
like rats in a cage, a study on the permanence of place.
Pebbles of concrete leave indentations in their flesh,
a purposeful kind of pain.
Sweat pools where their shorts meet their waists,
drip, drip, drip down the smalls of their backs.
Silent wishes for the summer heat wave to dissolve or
the community pool to be refilled. The soundtrack of crickets
and a drag race down the street. The slow hope that these boys will
do a loop into the parking lot, speed off with their minds,
and leave their bodies behind so that maybe they can see the shore.



Under Warm Moonlight; A Summer's Evening

Rui Rui Zhang





credit to Hannah Dorol via Canva for icons used on pages 2, 7, and 41

boardwalk beats

boardwalk beats

boardwalk be

orangepeel issue 6.5