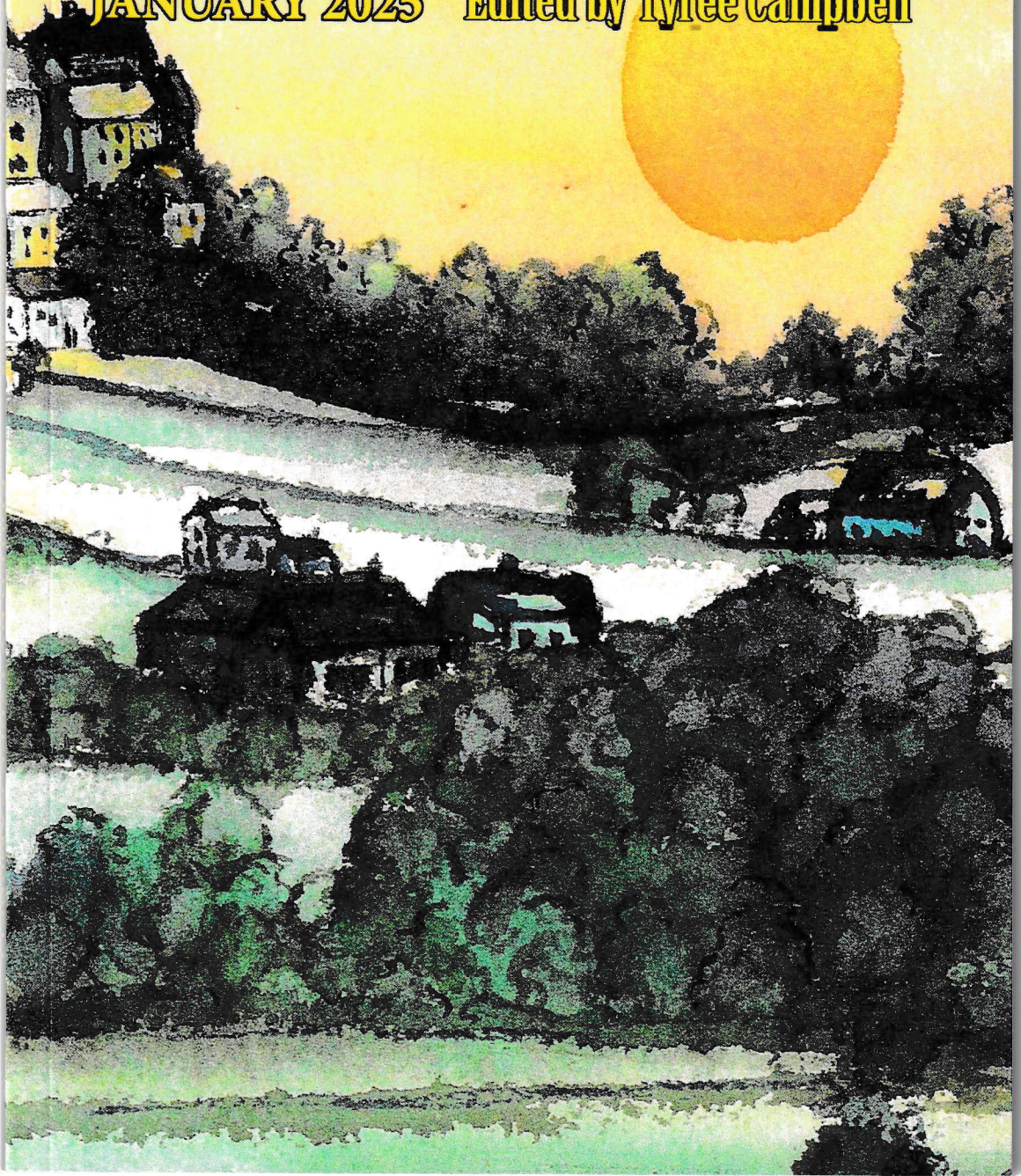


SHELTER OF DAYLIGHT

JANUARY 2025

Edited by Tyree Campbell



Shelter of Daylight

January 2025

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blazers and visionaries

ark Zumpe

ere we begin:

s and visionaries establishing a foothold –
d habitats, domed agricultural zones,
subsurface communities.

re we transform:

architects and topography engineers,
dification by technological manipulation,
a barren, frozen landscape.

e we breathe:

far-reaching alteration and adaption –
n artificial magnetosphere
olar winds from stripping the new

we thrive:

n and self-sustenance –
plex biosphere
h genetically modified organisms.

re survive:

f-world settlements,
munities crowded with expatriates –
errides extinction by ecological collapse.

The Caged Bird and the Fairy

Matias Travieso-Diaz

*The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
of things unknown but longed for still
for the caged bird sings of freedom.*

Maya Angelou

Roger fluttered excitedly as he sought to approach the strange bird that was hovering outside Roger's bamboo cage. The cage was large and Roger small (a mere five inches from crest to tail) so he had plenty of space to roam back and forth, in and out, but he could never get close enough to his target. The bird outside the cage was also small, but the similarities ended there. Roger was a male Pacific parrotlet, a small parrot with a dusty grey cast over the body, a bright green mask, and a pinkish beak; the stranger was translucent, with diaphanous wings whose colors changed constantly and a body that mimicked that of Adrienne, the youngest of his human owners.

"Who are you?" Roger intended to say, but what came out of his beak was a loud "tchit" that he repeated, over and again. The other bird remained silent, and Roger resorted to other sounds in his repertory, imitating the noises humans made and those from Edith, the family's striped white and gray cat. There was no reply to any of them.

Roger was starting to lose interest in the other bird when a series of images formed in his brain: a sun-drenched meadow adorned with all sorts of flowers; fields of low bushes from which grew stalks of grain; an expanse of turquoise water at whose edge wavelets broke into a golden beach dotted with tall, bending trees that could have come from Roger's ancestral home; limitless blue skies dotted with fluffy white clouds; mountains, prairies, placid rivers, all of which beckoned him.

"Wouldn't you want to be here?" was the images' silent entreaty.

These feelings were new and confusing. Roger had been hatched in captivity and had progressed from confinement in a pet shop to a similar situation at the home of his current owners. Roger was abundantly fed quinoa, millet, broccoli, beetroot, oats, bell peppers, rice, and pomegranate seeds, although his favorites were fruits of all kinds. He was given exercise periods outside his cage, and often sat himself on the shoulder of one of his owners. He lived alone, having pecked to death his consort Brigitte in a fit of temper several years back, but managed to entertain himself by imitating the noises humans made and the growls of Edith. He felt content living in his bamboo home, in the living room of his owners. What need did he have to go to those alien places?

Roger was able to locate the source of these visions: they seemed to originate from the strange bird, which was still circling around his cage annoyingly. Roger uttered a quick series of unwelcoming "tchits" and bumped repeatedly against the walls of the cage to evidence his displeasure. The strange bird, however, remained unfazed. "Let's go see places with me," it seemed to suggest.

The suggestion did not resonate with Roger. Though he descended from many generations of long-distance travelers accustomed to traverse mile upon mile of the Amazon jungle, he was only used to short flights within and around his cage and did not feel adventurous. He issued a couple of energetic "tchits" in negation and planted himself on his perch, determined to ignore the obnoxious visitor.

But the visitor was not about to give up so easily. It flew right up to the cage, gyrated twice, and issued from one of its extremities a shaft of bright light that burned a hole on the gate that sealed the cage. There was a smell of burned wood and the gate became unlocked, its remains hanging uselessly from its hinges. The bird made an unmistakable "Follow me!" motion with its humanlike hands and darted out towards an open window. After a while, curiosity won over and Roger gave chase.

They flew wildly, rising into the air currents, chasing each other to warm their wings, in endless circles during the summer afternoon. Roger was drawn into the adventure. But the game was not to last; soon the dark figure of the predator and gave chase, seeking to catch Roger. It got to Roger first, and he was talons intending to bring Roger down with a sharp beak, but before it could strike he was struck by an energy bolt from the bird which hovered in mid air, forcing Roger to fly away.

Roger reacted by flying in the direction of the home, instinctively able to locate the open window meters above the ground that had all time earlier, and flew into it. He perched himself shivering, aware of the potential pursuit by the falcon.

The falcon was other than the strange bird and torn between the bird spiraling down to eat it. It gave chase, but another energy bolt caused the predator to retreat precipitously. The falling bird slowed down its descent and entered the window that Roger had perched down to the floor and lay motionless.

All the commotion came from her afternoon nap in the room. She came to a halt, looking down on the floor and moving towards it, smelling its body and trying to catch it. Soon she decided that, if she could not catch it, it was good to play with and peck at its mouth and started pecking at it in reaction from it.

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They flew wildly, rising and falling and twirling in
the air currents, chasing each other, and letting the sun
warm their wings, in endless enjoyment of the glorious
summer afternoon. Roger decided that, after all, he liked
the adventure. But the good feelings were not meant to
last; soon the dark figure of a falcon appeared in the sky
and gave chase, seeking to capture one or both frolickers.
It got to Roger first, and held the parrot's tail firmly in its
talons intending to bring its victim within reach of its
sharp beak, but before it could complete its attack it was
struck by an energy bolt discharged by the other bird,
which hovered in mid air above the pair and signaled
Roger to fly away.

Roger reacted by plummeting in the general
direction of the home of its owners, which he was
instinctively able to locate as he slowed his descent a few
meters above the ground. He entered through the same
open window that had allowed him to depart only a short
time earlier, and flew into the remains of his cage, where
he perched himself shivering while he stared fearfully for a
potential pursuit by the falcon.

The falcon was otherwise occupied. It had lunged at
the strange bird and torn off one of its wings, sending the
bird spiraling down to earth, out of control. The falcon
gave chase, but another blast of energy from its prey
caused the predator to seek safety by flying away
precipitously. The falling bird somehow managed to slow
down its descent and entered the house through the same
window that Roger had used for his escape. It coasted
down to the floor and lay there, not moving.

All the commotion did not go unnoticed. Edith woke
up from her afternoon nap and moseyed on into the living
room. She came to a halt when she detected a bird lying
on the floor and moved up to the strange creature,
smelling its body and trying to figure out if it was edible.
Soon she decided that, if not to eat, the object was at least
good to play with and picked the bird off the floor with her
mouth and started pawing its body trying to elicit a
reaction from it.

Edith did get her reaction, but it came from an unexpected source. Roger darted across the room and began pecking viciously at the cat's ears. Edith was surprised: she was familiar with this bird, who sat day and night in an out of reach cage and annoyingly imitated Edith's grunts and meows, and was treated by the humans as a household member. Roger's pecking was drawing blood from Edith's ears and was intolerable, so the cat dropped the strange bird and turned towards Roger, trying to swat at him with her paws. Roger, however, was too fast and kept moving randomly, remaining out of reach.

Meanwhile, the strange bird had recovered and gathered enough strength to fling another blast of energy at the cat's tail, singeing it and causing Edith to yell in pain. Under attack from two directions, Edith thought the better of it and ran back to the safety of the kitchen.

Roger flew down to the floor and inspected the strange bird. It seemed to be recovering; in fact, it was starting to grow a new wing to replace the one it had lost to the falcon. An image of the two birds flying together formed in Roger's mind. It was accompanied by a pleasant feeling and an invitation that suggested that both birds should continue to keep each other's company, and enjoy venturing into the wild together.

Roger did not have the words to express its agreement, but bumped his head gently against the strange bird and issued a low "tchit" to confirm his satisfaction.

And they became good friends and had many adventures together; no cats or birds of prey ever figured in them.

On Holy Mitchell

The Minnesota Art F summertime and this year w on the opening day of the amateur collector of art a treasures I may come across forward to this event every annual tradition for me...a l to dampen my spirits and ke

As in past years, thi line up of artists and dis watercolors, ceramics, pott works of art. During my out House of Redgate. There wa reddish burgundy colored head in a sort of messy, cu a colorful funky type of blo artsy earrings and other jew certain dramatic flair. Den eyes and there was a spec smiled it was very invit welcomed me inside her various pieces of art from used in her art were stri several mediums of art an which included vampires a going to a lot of horror r During the week, there w movie on the theater's bil several pieces of Denise's up purchasing a few pie booth and talked with De reason, even though I ha want our conversation to completely captivated by said our goodbyes. After headed back to my car an