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**Author Bio**

Austin Shutov appeared one day out of thin air seemingly having read exclusively humidity-destroyed tropical romances and Eastern European absurdity and decided to combine the contrasting literary and musical influences of Latin America and Europe with vignettes from present day life into an exotic poetic milkshake.

1

A child is playing with dry sand  
It falls through his fingers as he handles it feebly  
Like the years that slipped through my nimble hands  
As swiftly as the ocean swallowed up our sand castles  
We kept rebuilding those sand castles  
They were slightly different each time  
A little uneven  
But the ocean kept taking them away from us  
It all was so sudden  
We sunk into the sandy waters a bit  
Our hearts sank into our chests a bit  
But we kept rebuilding anyway  
It was our way of holding on

2

A poem too sweet to be savored was born from my heart the first time my eyes met your smile  
I knew falling in love with you would be inevitable  
I just had to accept it  
As if a giant tsunami wave was about to crash down on me with nowhere to go  
A wave of honey engulfed me that day  
Among the palms  
Whose dates lay on the ground leaking their sweet sap  
Every day I drank your face like a sweet nectar  
Through my unforgiving eyes  
I had to import more soul from Brazil to sustain myself  
I sent you love poems that you found beautiful  
Yet you didn't realize I wrote them about you  
The flowers on your backpack grew and died and were reborn  
on the backpacks of other girls  
then died again  
and were reborn as *cupuaçu*  
I've never tasted it  
And such is love

3

Just as the lazy, timid waves of a lake blanket a gravelly shore  
A warm and dizzying stupor of love washes over me from time to time  
Drowning me in honey