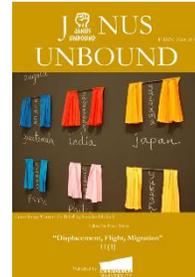


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## Message from the Editors

The editors welcome letters on all subjects, especially if they discuss or comment on the works published in *Janus Unbound*. Please read our Guidelines for Authors prior to submitting your manuscript.

Angela Tan

## I Know a Place Where No Cars Go

It was an anomalous sighting, a lack there of a shock factor from the misty clouds I breathed in, yet my feet ambled the grounds like a passing memory. Each footstep ignited the echoes of seven generations of solitude hidden within the youth of a sympathetic heart. Burned, torched and heart of steel, a malfunctioning engine and most endearingly, my grip of leather to the touch. My heart, I cannot tell, but it is mine, and I am indebted.

The sun passed through the gaps of your fingers like fragments of time, disfigured, arranged, and controlled by my will. The will I fought formed a smoky mirage of 1974. There is no denying the simple complexity of a man's agency to kneel in shoddy disgrace beneath what he once believed in. If I did not besiege my country, my home and my state, what would I be left? I will to sacrifice myself as a martyr, but my will will not continue to harm the people I hold tightly at night. Pure will, sheer will, I am in myself. But I lack thereof an articulate thought to express the treated and the mistreated and stand as an anchor for the scarred faces, weakened eyes and soft smiles.

Continuously I am defined and redefined like a packet of undistilled powdered milk. A child's heart is most sensitive to a mother's scent, touch, and affection. But no matter how I wake up each dragging morning, I find myself unable to reiterate my senselessness in a sullen hole marked onto the spot of utopia on a map. A map blank of locations, ready to be filled with only my imagination. I carefully cut out a picture, gingerly through the inevitable suffering of the body failing to function. Like hard metal hitting the ground, a faulty left U-turn towards the traffic pole, my flesh is left to fend for itself; anomalously, I am still alive



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### **Biography**

Angela Tan is a student attending York House School interested in the meta-cognition of epistemology and 16<sup>th</sup> century literature. Her works on poetry and prose are recognized by Oxford Public Philosophy, and the Greyhound Journal. She aims to work with the curriculum in the future and the present education system to integrate a corporeal learning experience based on values, autonomy of expression, and intellectual craftsmanship.