

# Editor's Note

*TCR 3.33* offers a disparate gathering, akin to Angela Jennifer Lopes' "field of diverse languages meeting, conversing, mingling." Much of the work collected here is rooted in how "Capital milks/its stress of cortisol/to grow a horror in the body," as Liz Howard writes. That is, it either explores or emerges from the horrors of what the *thirstDays* collective understatedly calls our "difficult times"—fires, floods, earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanoes, displacement, famine, inequality, systemic murder, threats of nuclear devastation—and how those horrors take root in our bodies, inhabiting our lives and our languages. It's "a/mighty blowable horn sprang from the guts of/amortization," as Kevin Davies memorably puts it.

And yet, even as they articulate our horrors, the texts and artworks included here resist them, paradoxically finding fleeting moments of joy and delight in learning "to appreciate the raw beauty of our contingencies" with Sria Chatterjee, or becoming "joysome from the thick damp leafage" with Ted Byrne and Kim Minkus. So that perhaps this fall issue provides some transitory respite, and maybe refigures respite as resistance, or at least as mulch, at the same time as it takes a good hard look. "We've gathered the info," writes Lopes, "suck it up and believe."

—Catriona Strang