

# NOVSCRIPTER

*First words, second drafts, new writers.*

February 2026

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By Rachel Mcmeekin



# The Greats

Woolfe made me,  
And Plath shaped me,  
Po broke my heart,  
Elliot picked up the parts,  
They sang me to sleep,  
But the cliffs getting steep,

Pages can't catch me they rip and tear,  
And words are only words until nobody's there,  
So, I sit there in wait,  
And I write and I hate,  
And I think I'm insane but it all feels the same,  
Days blend to weeks, and weeks into months,  
I feel nothing and everything all at once.

By Rachel McMeekin

# Altar

There's altar in my room,  
I pick it flowers, watch them bloom,  
And when they meet their wilting doom,  
I throw them in a trashcan tomb.

There's an altar by my bed,  
I have to write to keep it fed,  
Sew it shut with words of thread  
And if I don't it'll eat my head.

There's an altar on my chest,  
It says its there to make me rest,  
It likes to tell me that I'm blessed,  
But all I want is to take a breath.

There's an altar just for me,  
I pray to it, get on my knees,  
I hope that it'll grant my pleas,  
And give me what I truly need.

There's an altar in my brain,  
It knows my address, knows my name,  
And if my worship starts to wain,  
It'll rip my flesh, give me the blame.

There's an altar and it plays rough,  
I offer my soul, give it all my love,  
And when I ask is this enough,  
It bites my lung and says the meat's too tough.

There's an altar but I'm not there,  
It stroked my cheek, told me not to be scared,  
The last thing I saw was its jaws flare,  
And after it spat my corpse onto a chair.

By Rachel McMeekin

# Metal Rods, Metal Bars

Ask me to describe,  
The scoliosis, what is this life?  
Here's an analogy.

I have metal rods,  
They keep my spine straight.  
I can go out with my mates.

Behind the benefit there is a cost,  
Not just physical but a bigger loss.

These metal rods are prison bars,  
They support my back but also keep me trapped.

I sit in this cell that I call my mind.  
I'm useless, I won't deny.  
I sit in this cell no way of parole.  
I can't be set free.

The prison I call my body,  
Wants me to speak the way guards say you have a call.  
Here I'll be selfish and I'm sorry,  
I don't want to speak.

I don't go on breaks,  
I sit in my cell, crossed legs.  
Thinking of how I can make it better.

Even though this being a life sentence,  
Can I use it for my benefit?  
Yes, I am imprisoned  
But what if I start doing things that are available  
Even with this restriction.

What if I ask the guard for that one call,  
Will I break down that wall?  
What if I'll go on that break,  
Will it take off some weight?

I wonder those wonders,  
I think those thoughts,  
But I don't do the doings  
Because from the cell behind those bars I hear the booing.

These excuses.

So ask me to describe,  
I'll tell you it feels like a lie.  
Because those metal rods are metal bars.

I don't remember the time I got the life sentence,  
The day I got the diagnosis.  
I don't remember the judge saying out loud,  
But I know how it feels now.

I got sentenced at three,  
And now later, fast forward to sixteen  
I'm still in prison behind those bars.  
I tried setting free and now it's not only scoliosis but also hyperlordosis.  
More cellmates.

Ask me to describe  
The scoliosis, what is this life?  
Here was my analogy.

By Eliza Cegielka

THANK YOU  
FOR READING!

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