
TIMELESS

W H E R E G R E A T L O V E E X I S T S



SINCE 2025

WINTER

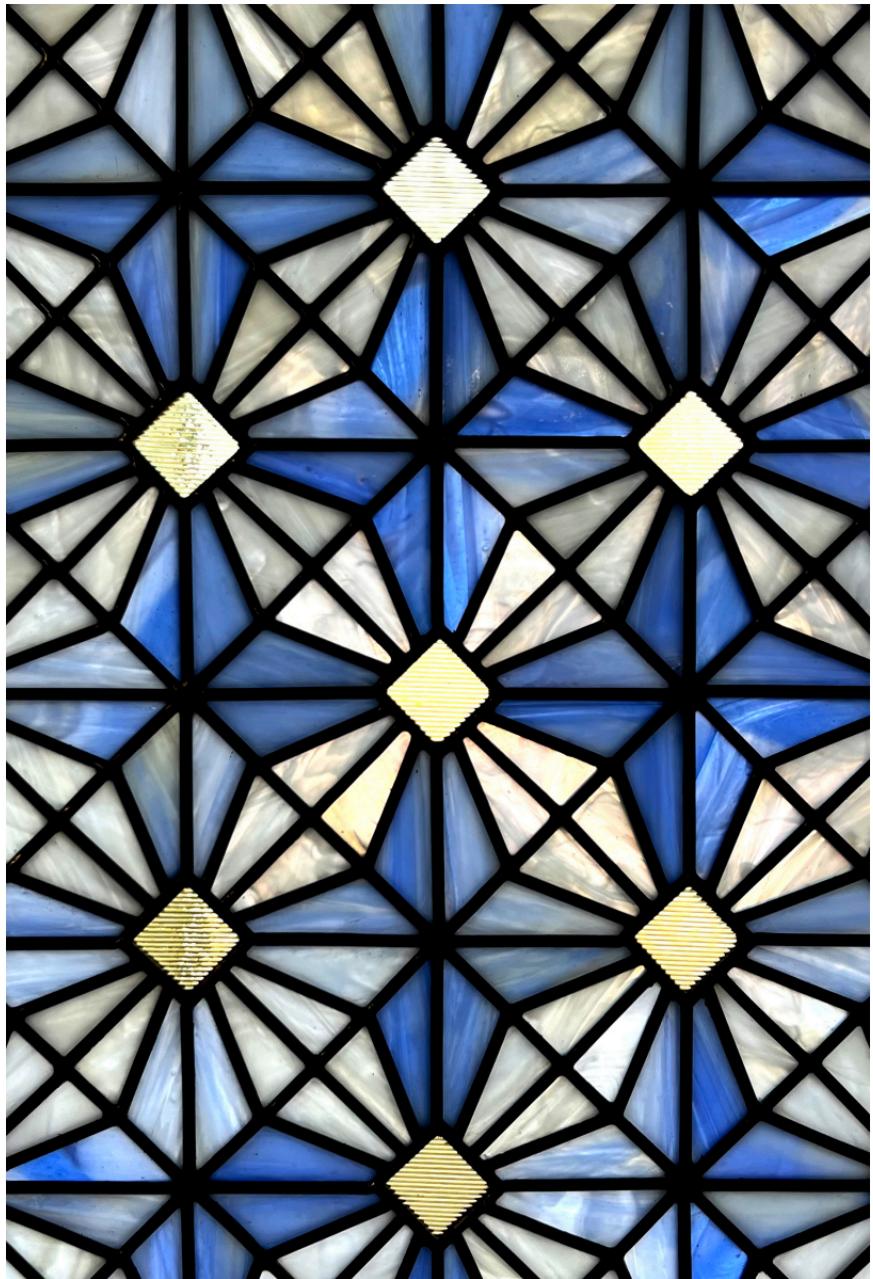
ISSUE:0



AN EMPORIUM OF SHORT STORIES



Where great love exists,
time collapses.



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TIMELESS MAGAZINE. WHERE GREAT LOVE EXISTS.

Year one. This is an independiente publication built for the sake of love and entertainment. Paper for poetry practice and adjacent creations. Words from the birds on the furthest borders. We're so glad you joined.

Scan the QR code to experience the digital version and extended content.

89 CALLE DE LAS AVES
HORIZONLINE, TROPOSPHERE
PLANET EARTH

Editorial Note

Dear Reader,

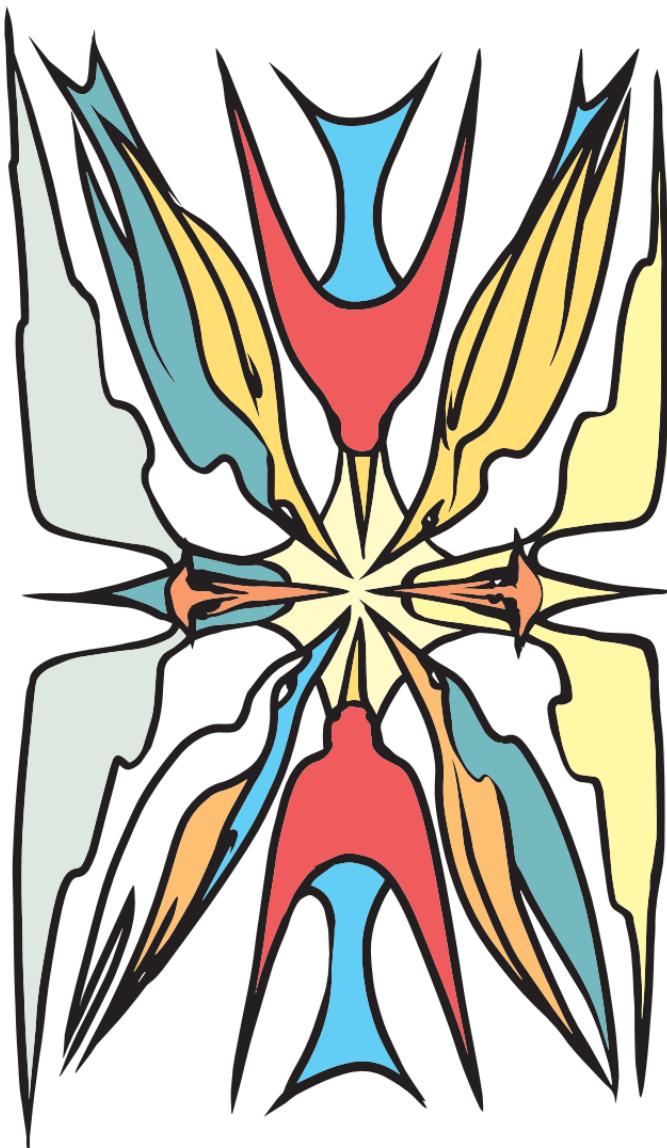
Welcome to the pilot run of Timeless Magazine, Issue 0, produced in the last days of December 2025. Your participation here, holding this little artifact—this totally independent and largely analog work—is a great sign. It means we are still free... as the birds.

I'm a glass artist by training, not a poet or an illustrator, so using the poetry and print mediums, paired with my naive drawings, feels like a big risk. It's also an ode to an older and slower world. I compiled this zine as a small display of creative innovation amidst an inhospitable and conflicted ambient, and a proof that we humans can carve out universes of beauty at any point. We are watching gnarly power-mongering sagas unfold on an international scale with no clear roadmap for ourselves and our loved ones. But we are all doing our best. So to celebrate the beginning of a new year, I offer you this small "registration of discontent." It's short, beautiful, and silly. It may even make you grin...

You will notice a sentimental theme here, some innocence and nostalgia in my preferences and expression. That is authentic to the vulnerability I feel as a young artist producing my first printed work. I found softness assembling this project, curating the thoughts and themes I saw emerge recently while learning to paint with watercolors for the first time. There's nothing cool or cutting-edge about it. But there are also no pretenses. So what you get is an authentic little archive from my heart: plenty of original work alongside other pieces I admire. Enjoy it, especially the recipes and games.

I extend deep gratitude to the artists, dear friends, and family members, who have endlessly inspired and equipped me to create—and especially to my partner Rene, who did the lion's share of layout design, creative direction, and cooking through this project. Food is also a theme here.

Till the next issue, and with great love,
Annabelle



ARGUMENTUM ORNITHOLOGICUM

Cierro los ojos y veo una bandada de pájaros. La visión dura un segundo o acaso menos; no sé cuántos pájaros vi. ¿Era definido o indefinido su número?

Jorge Luis Borges, *Aparece en el libro El Hacedor de 1960*

In 1955, the same year Argentina's National Public Library appointed him director, Jorge Luis Borges' retina fully detached and he went blind. The essayist, poet, and short story master lived his last 30 years in darkness, dictating his work—and was just as madly prolific after the fact.

Borges spent his career mining a handful of particular allegorical subjects: labyrinths, murders, maps, theologians, kings, strange objects of mysterious origin, and other fantastic things, as demonstrated in his collections *El Hacedor* and *El Aleph*. You can imagine how his blindness might have cultivated richer imagery and meaning around forms.

He lived two lives, one with sight and one without, and this binary element shows up often in his work. It is always dressed in certain drama or desperation: an encounter, however small, with some pivotal circumstance which forces the character into a decision, or altered experience of the world. A revelation. An obsession. A dead end.

A prime example is *Los Dos Reyes y Los Dos Labertinos*, where two kings feud and tout their power. Another is *Emma Zunz*, where a quiet young woman decides it's time to take justice into her own hands. *Argumentum Ornithologicum* is a less violent version of this device, unique in that it is personalized for we the readers. We close our eyes and see a flock of birds and somehow are suddenly confronted with a question about the existence of God.

My favorite of Borges' stories is his one-paragraph masterpiece, *Del Rigor en la Ciencia*. It's unrelated to this binary theme, just a lovely critique of redundancy in certain forms of science. Use the QR code on page 4 to read it, *Argumentum Ornithologicum*, and more Borges.

Fixer Upper, Birds Overheard: Issue 7

David Hutchinson

I ran out of bird anecdotes this month, so instead of waxing poetic about American avocets (pictured reverse), I'd like to tell you about one place they live: a wetland near my home called Famosa Slough. Nestled near the western terminus of the 8, between a block of condos and the Shell station on Point Loma Boulevard, this little backwater of the San Diego River attracts more than 240 species of birds, many of which stop here to rest while traveling along the migratory path known as the Pacific Flyway. Avocets live here year-round, and so do I, in a small apartment several blocks away. In the evenings, I like to walk along the little trail that traces the slough's western shore, ducking beneath willows and Brazilian pepper trees and keeping an eye out for hummingbirds. For nearly five years, I've thought of this place as a lucky accident, a rare pocket of untrammeled beauty that evaded development through some fortunate alignment of the stars. This notion changed when I met Jim Peugh...

Scan the QR code on page 4 to finish reading David's essay. It's about a coastal wetland restoration and management project, part of a gorgeous little series on birds native to San Diego, all with accompanying linocuts.



ON THE ORIGIN OF THE SANDWICH

The Fourth Earl of Sandwich, John Montagu

Was a man concerned with gambling.

We owe our sandwiches to his habit

And lack of time to dine—

Just one hand to manage the crumbs and grease.

What a way to sate the taste

While married to the card table for more than a day:

Salted beef tucked neatly between

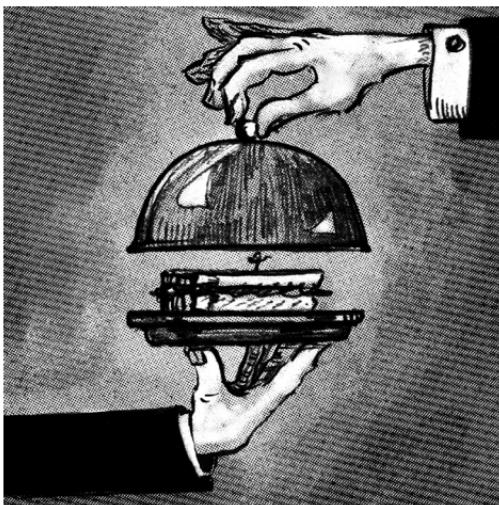
Two slices of a loaf...toasted.

His friends took notice

And demanded of the servants

Their meals be made, "The same as Sandwhich."

And so we have it.



LIGHTEN TYPE

A B C D
E F G H
I J K L
M N O P
Q R S T
U V W X
Y Z

CAPACITY

The maestro hands me a stack of grid paper and some graphite in the morning. *Try designing a typeface today, the analog way.* Since I am a glass glazier and not so much a graphic designer this is daunting. But I am creative, and on it.

The mission is to throw a quick self portrait in symbols—to find out with lines what form my story takes today.

It comes out kind of Art Deco, and nearly the same shape as my figure. Round and sharp in the same breath. Heavily contrasted, wonky, dramatic. At the very least, it is genuine expression registered: a meaning mechanism through which I discover what my voice looks like today.

There is a certain purity in exploring our capacities within limited windows. We learn good information about ourselves when we drop in with full focus for one extended moment, in one continuous motion. Like an *alla prima* painting. No interruptions. Not every product is going to be a knock-out, but, like this typeface, they will be explicit displays of the creative function and dignified in their own right.

** Download the typeface with the QR code on page 4.*

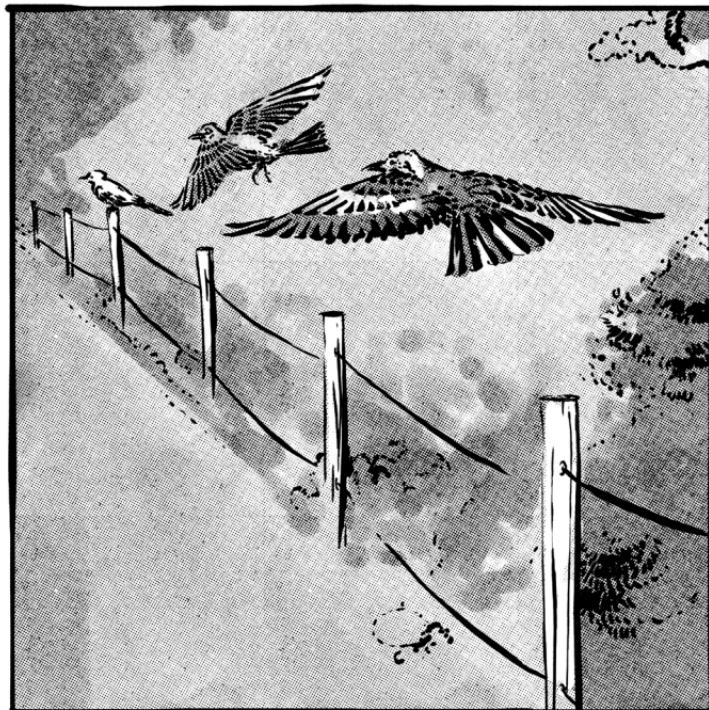
A Western Kingbird's Progression

The hiker walks the trail.

The yellow-breasted bird alights along
the posts.

Every time the hiker gets close,
the bird floats a few posts ahead.

This goes on a long time.



Tia Bellita's Killer Dipping Oil

Begin in the late morning, after coffee. If it's sunny, draw the curtains.

Locate a large mixing bowl, a cutting board, and a knife. Roughly chop about six garlic cloves and half of a large white or yellow onion. Mix them into a cup of your favorite olive oil with a generous portion of salt and likewise pepper. Add whatever herbs you prefer. Massage one kilogram of piernas y muslos de pollo in this marinade (don't rush this) and let it all rest in the refrigerator while you go about your day.

When your stomach says it's time, cook the chicken with the marinade to your liking. Finish it on broil to crisp up the skin and garlic bits.

Set the chicken aside and use it for dinner. There should be a lovely mix of oil, aromatics, and chicken fat remaining in the pan. Pour this in a shallow bowl and add a heavy splash of balsamic, more olive oil, salt and pepper.

Serve with thick-sliced bread—focaccia, ciabatta, rye, or sourdough—your chicken, and a large bowl of The Doctor's Oaxacan Gazpacho.



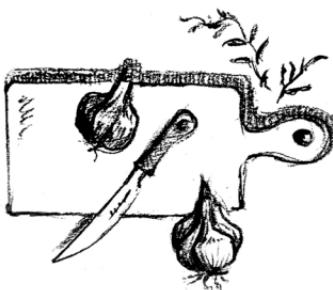
The Doctor's Oaxacan Gazpacho

“The poetry is the salsa, the crown.”

Serves 3

Tomatoes (5)
Apio (3 full stalks with leaves)
Garlic (1 head)
Onion (1/2)
Salt (a good spoon)
Pepper (a medium spoon)
Lime (juice of 5)
Olive Oil (plenty)
Ice (enough)

Sauté the garlic and onion in an olive oil bath. The rest must be fresh, just cut. Blend everything together with the ice and little more oil. Serve cold. Top with champulines and a drizzle of lime.





Burnt Norton

The Four Quartets, 1936

Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

T.S. Eliot

“Participate in the miracle of renovation.”

You arrive to a place for invention and freedom. Serve yourself.



Connect the dots and submit a photo of your creation with the QR code on page 4. And remember, where birds are concerned, the sky's the limit. Our favorite drawing submission will receive an original bird-themed watercolor painting on 100% cotton paper.

(Cross)word from the Birds

ACROSS

1 Bird that hammers on trees, like the Downy ____

4 Bright red bird that sometimes attacks its own reflection

6 Yellow-billed ____ that occasionally lays eggs in other nests

9 Intelligent black bird known to gather around a fallen peer, perhaps investigating danger

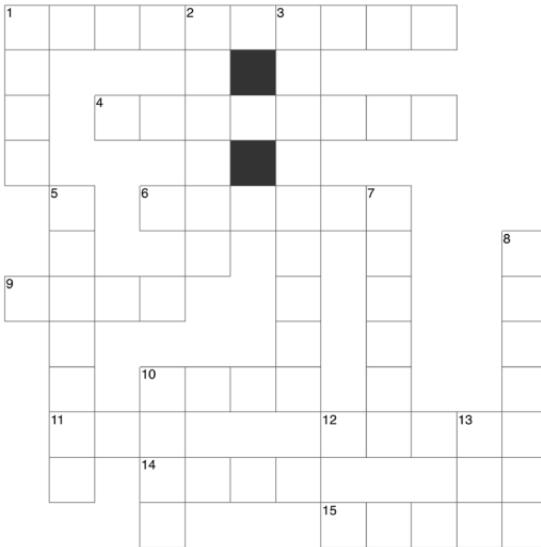
10 Symbol of peace, often seen with a plump body and small head

11 Large, flightless bird native to Australia

12 Long-legged bird that sometimes spreads its wings in a 'delta-wing' posture to sunbathe

14 Brash water bird known for flailing fights with its big feet

15 Majestic raptor that continuously adds material to its nest for years



DOWN

1 Small, territorial bird known to destroy rival nests

2 Colorful bird known for its ability to mimic speech

3 Small songbird that caches thousands of food items for winter

5 Small, often colorful songbird, like the Yellow-rumped ____

7 Colorful bird, like the Baltimore ___, known for its woven nest

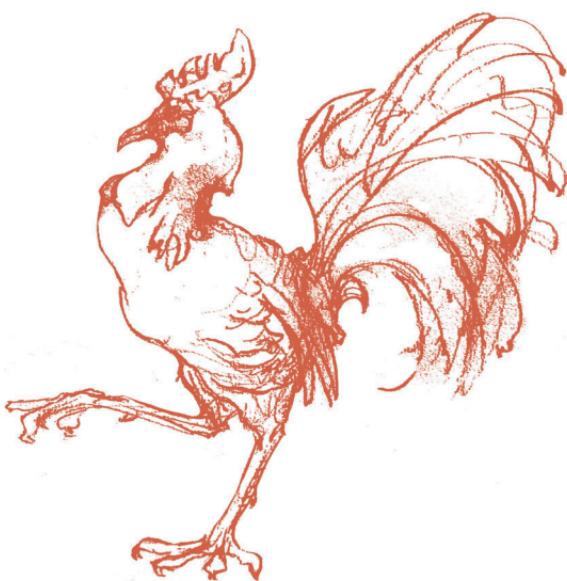
8 Early bird known for its orange breast, often seen tugging worms

10 Waterfowl that can be a dabbler or a diver, often seen in ponds

13 Nocturnal hunter that swallows small prey whole, bones and all

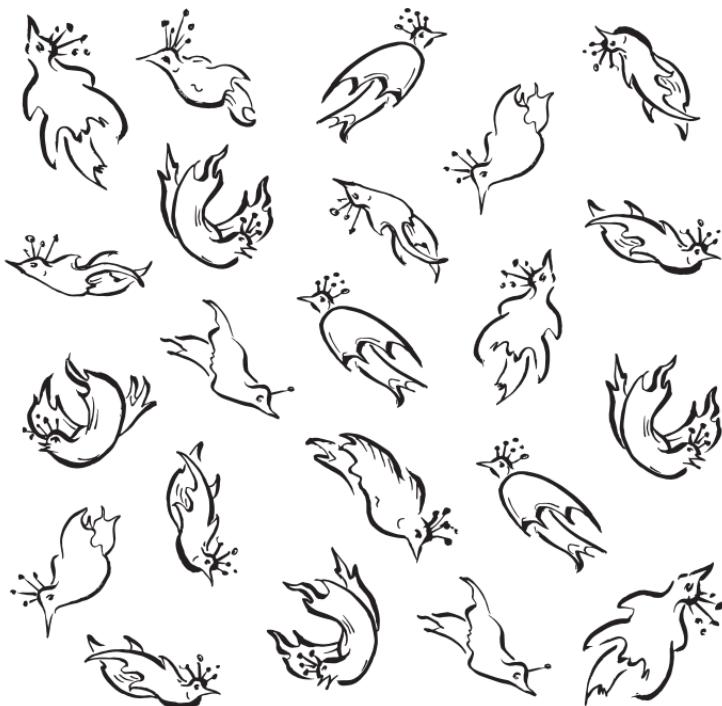
Dawn

The rocking chair has earned your trust.
Your weight spreads evenly across it
While the rooster reminds us
It is dawn and we didn't sleep.



Portals

See the bush in August-time,
And pick the ripest berry.
There are short windows for fruit, my love.
Partake.





Benediction

You have hunted here many years, Heron
And displayed great patience in your gate
Only the most necessary inclinations of your neck
Between the tall reeds to see what you will eat
Only a soundless bend of the knee

But the wind has come and blown your cover
Lifted up around you your great plumage
And made mirages on the water

It is the sky, opening and making motions to you
Pushing heat and cold in concert, across continents
Ariel and invisible
They are ancient tidal highways
You are evolved to ride

Do what is in your design, Heron

Kick up your long legs
Rise and glide

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ELEVATE YOUR SPACE WITH ELEGANT WINDOWS



LIGHTEN GLASS

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