



Summer 2012

by ABIGAIL MCLEOD

there was a heatwave that summer -
pool parties were queen.

the pin-prick heat when her
knee knocked mine underwater
was shocking -

i curled into myself
for a moment -
and considered the implications
of the building pressure in my chest.

later - june dusk -
we laid in the downy grass,
damp & exhausted & chlorine
tinging her hair green.
heat lightning startled
clouds in the distance.

when the derecho rolled through,
the storm took out the whole
town's power. sweat dripped
down my back in her car
while we drove around
downed branches.



The Opportunities Afforded by Cracks in Sanity

by DAVID KRAUSE

Tendril tendons making amendments, caustic calibrations to a closed system with the door left moaning, open. Orderlies give orders to children with cracked lips, and cracked minds, peeking out through patches of missing hair, and who was I there? I was the destroyer. the redeemer. another skull-bleeder. Any of it. All of it. A marbled masochistic slab of meat cooked overlong in the dim light of a lighter, with a gurgle, with an exhale, with no one but myself to help rebuild, and no one to help rebuild myself, my sense of tenseness heightened by frightening amounts of children being bent and penetrated with a cool steel drool, a constant state of blatant disrepair, inexorably bound to them like a twin stitched at the hip.

And so while I may have lost my mind, finding it might elicit some sense of rejuvenation, in a way that I don't think possible for this over-medicated, under-exercised tribe of vibrating possessed, at rest in this constant motion of self-destruction and recreation, sleep the waystation to help keep track of how long strict, strong-arming doctors

True Cost of Living

by NICHOLAS ANSELMO

Lisa says: *it's hard to feed all of us,*
then she scurries, makes the time to find

extra mouths or beaks in need; she fills their funnels
with fragile bones. *If you take the time to fill holes, then*

we can find the time to stray from the feasts
behind shop glass, the windows on our train home,

I tell her. We can't live here, or anywhere else,

a calendar year of nothing but not making enough.
The city eats us, after all, I say as her son.

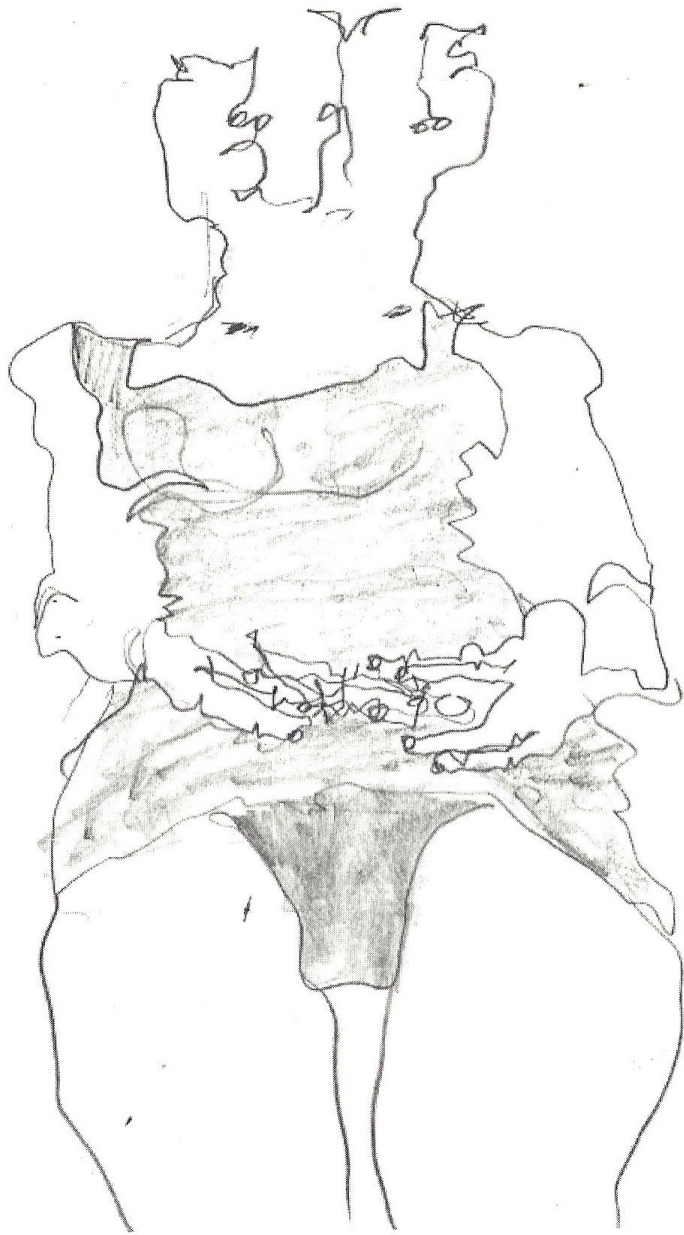
Ben offers aloud, a rarity:

I'm left wondering how far
you can unhinge that jaw of yours.

The table we sit at is much smaller
after that, with his bites missing.

Tomorrow, we will ask
the same questions of survival.





Lean Meat

by JOSIE PIERCE

lean meat, meeting an end,
meant to meet you here --
met myself instead --

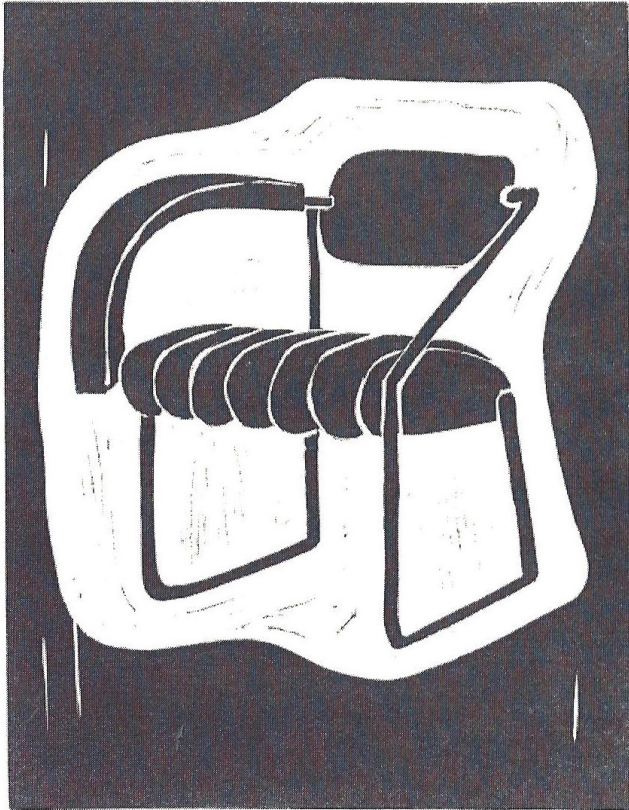
lean meat, a leaning learner,
meeting fatal ends (split
ends, that is, of hair)

lean meat and metabolic
uncertainty mean a lot
to me, mean it all to me

lean meat me, a man-not
mammal, good-not girl,
will all my poems now be mad?

lean meat, cram it in
while you still can, a can o'
worms for lean ol' me

lean meat, for the warmer
winter, days met with mean,
mean me, this was a big mistake



On || Off

by MIKO TIU LAUREL

Constant spiraling
down pathways
where water flows
to crash on rocks
found on coastal regions.

To be scathed
by a heart of desire
as humans try
to stomach dog food
like garbage
on a sidewalk.

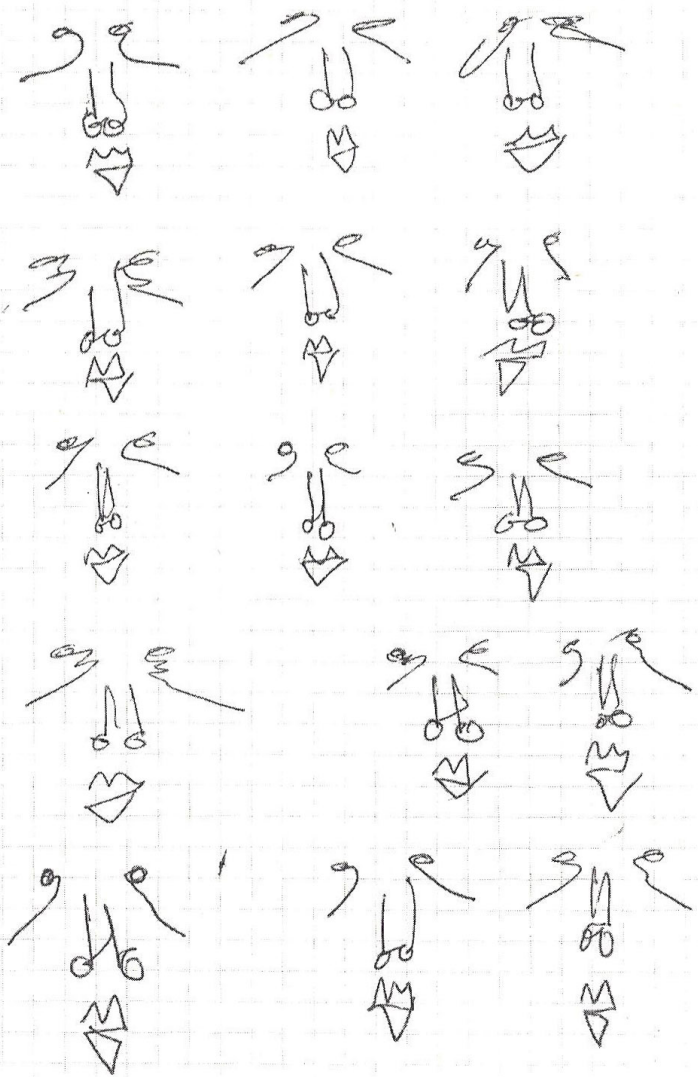


Mommy, Momma and Mother

by MARIA CAMIIA (MARICAMA)

The following acts out the necessary steps to reconnect to the MOTHER.

1. Find a space without any other humans. Humans carry lots of energetic disease that is unimportant for this connection. YOU probably have lots already so can't deal with another. Lock the door if necessary. Put your phone at rest if you are perchance, popular.
2. Rax the space with your flailing arms and open chant mouthisms.
 1. KOMBAYA
 2. JIA JIA GO GO HONEY GO GO GOO
 3. KRIMBA-SIMBA-SIMON SAYS
PROTECTION
 4. HIP HOP POP LOCK AND FLOP IT
3. Breathe through the nose and out through the mouth hole repeatedly without stopping for 8 breaths for:
 - . Your mother
 - a. Her mother
 - b. Her mother
 - c. Her mother



How to Conquer the Grocery Store for the Anxious

by KATHLEEN QUAINANCE

Aisle six. Bread. Peanut butter. Pancake mix.
A twenty dollar bill in my jean pocket.
Five ninety-nine plus seven thirty-nine?
Third grade wasn't for naught.
Expert advice: Talk on the phone with your mom,
So as to avoid social interaction.
Listen to her languidly speak
About how she saw a news segment
That didn't feel real.
She says the clip showed
Some lava in Hawaii meeting the ocean, and it sparked
Quite a reaction.
The lava went about its business, gravity testing its
viscosity as usual,
But the ocean was not very happy.
It hissed and spat like a cat in heat
The lava kept on flowing, cause that's its job.
So maybe the grocery store is the lava,
And I am the ocean.
And it's not the grocery store's fault that the music is
unnerving
That its sights and smells are too much,
its lighting is harsh,

Untitled

by SYDNEY KILCOYNE

How do you be happy being miserable?

That's Ben, Ben asked me that after I gave him this task.

You wear wool sweaters that make you feel warmer than another person could, and you read books that have nothing to do with your situation, and you laugh at things that you laughed at when you were twelve, not because they're funny, but because you were happy when you first laughed at them, and you listen to angry punk music because being angry is just lying about being sad, and you do psychedelics so that you can learn more about how to be happy while being miserable because it's all very fun.

I don't know how, you just do it.

Ben's eyebrows are out of control. They are the most beautiful thing about him. I should have given him a better answer.

I love being miserable.

I hope I never have to stop.

