

Angelo Maneage
Jacks

I am like everybody as if I am nothing indulged
in the work I am working
right now fire on my feet my head

The world is a stained carpet where the waterbed was filled with piss that must
be a symbol when asked to move into the basement
when moved into the dark

We are all flat listen to this I wonder when we will
become carpets like bears powerful yet they are carpets
sometimes I am living in my dreams
sometimes I am not alive

Hello, I, Today

Metal in my brain is hot. A conductor is heavy. I am made of nothing. / Feel my head / Move into the sky. I want to remove my head / From the sky. Who knows any good florists? / Gary is dead. Tear off. Do not ask me / A question. I am unable / To answer. To give you / Time. As a theory puts it: Qualifications source the range of achievement. / *Once all levels are green / You may go forward.* Orange you glad; I could / Use a banana. I will be here / Too late. I will not be able to eat.



Brittany Helmick
A Color Like Yellow

Every time it snowed, we slid off the hatchback of your empty mid 80s Ford Fiesta. We lined up in anticipation, blue veins on a thin-skinned wrist. An abandoned car was no place for children to play, but we were girls desperate to become women whose feet clicked with metronomic power. We swore we knew what we were doing until that one summer Tammy got stung. How we howled as we climbed onto the melting leather seats. Cyndi Lauper's voice filled the air, and we didn't think the lyrics were stupid. I cranked the wheel with cinematic glory, acted like the lipstick stains on the cigarette butts were from me. That's when Tammy slapped the dash in exuberance and wasps came out of nowhere. I am certain there are many things that are never asked for. If I could slide down the icy slope of childhood, I'd close my eyes as though I was blowing out the candles on my birthday cake. I still yearn to be someone that magic works for. But I've learned never to ask for yellow rather, a color like yellow: the flame you held to your lips every day, slow-rotting banana peel, forgotten canary, least favorite Laffy Taffy, unripe summer squash, dandelions, expired mustard, caution tape, these stars that I married like a doe marries headlights.



Eric Wallgren
ICEWALKER AND CAVEWORM SWIM IN TANDEM

All his life, Icewalker
 has made leaps across enormous canyons
 just to feed Caveworm
 single sunflower seeds

and in this way,
 Caveworm has been nourished
 for entire winters at a time.

Some days Caveworm burrows for
 miles and miles just for one
 glass of water in the middle of a tidal wave.
 Some days Icewalker bangs on
 pots and pans just to startle

a cat
 he imagines to be a lion.
 Caveworm distrusts Icewalker, and
 Icewalker thinks that Caveworm is a
 drag at parties, needlessly pulling

dead deer
 to spectacular galaxy bursts
 that he doesn't see because of the
 pinprick scope of his focus. Sometimes
 Icewalker will get blackout drunk
 and send Caveworm,

squirming and shivering
 under his blankets,
 backwards through a depressive sink.
 Caveworm feels a wild rush:
 a mess of confusion
 that pulls feather

after feather
 every direction outward
 and then untangles into
 a sharper,
 clearer tunnel.

Pilot Jeanne Gosh
ESP EXPERIMENT

the spirits pass through me another lens is passed before the light without interruption
 spit out your gum a mask i always cover my face warped and transparent
 touch your nose now touch my finger nose finger very good
 knock on the table three times say something move a glass of water with your mind
 put ur back to the wall magic trick everything on the table away to somewhere else
 a black void passing through a white void take your clothes off take your clothes off
 take your clothes off take your clothes off take your clothes off take your clothes off

ear

ive seen the end of the world the constant rashes n staring into the sun/
 walking barefoot ahead of me black and white shadows on their ear a single bell pepper
 /in the distance across part of an invented body of water (itself part of another body of water)
 the air coming off the ocean always makes me shiver and they wont take my hand
 because theyre afraid of draging me tumbling after them into the water
 /i reach out to steady them the rocks are slippery there ar slippery rocks
 on either side of us the ocean n to our backs the beach/
 the only thing left to do is hold hands and walk into the ocean

