



POETRY.



PTERYLAE

Ava Morgan

Maman was a bird woman—flighty, and
“fettered” to the ice box.

Pickled eggs and gurgled styrofoam cracks.
Pectinate pickings and sauerkraut stench.

When did we three meet again?
I remember only red bricks and rain.

Craft-paper antennae stitched to headbands,
tutus peeling underhand into pine needles.

Lilted morning song merged with my bearded crowings
but met with Mama’s glare, ruffled underpinnings.

If my destiny had always manifested dress, why
did the thunderbolt smooth like clay in my hands?

My shame in my very beak. Fragile boughs of juniper berry jars.
The trees branching into church pews. A fallen chick in the grass.

And what then, what then? Gone are my
halcyon days, Maman. *D’elle à iel*. I’m sorry.

Hands broke the chick’s breastbone, splattered bleat
and lightning flash—fluidity replaced my
lace beginnings, alkaline screech and acid breath—
drums replaced the stoic beat—raw howl and muscle wake

—I pressed the broken flesh to tongue
and feathers dissolved into beast.

A WALK TO PERU

Zoe Schacht

I would walk to Peru with you

A quick weekend trip

You

Me

We

Us

Our feet calloused and sore,

When we'd get tired we'd find an ocean to lay near

The tide kissing our toes

would sing us lullabies

You would hum along

You are the sea

Never balanced

Never calm

Always drawn to the shore to find me

You'd crash

break

drown

ME

you

we

us

Aliens

foreign

Our tongues tied to our native language

hungry for fear

to feel uncomfortable

uncomfortable together

me, we

you, us

I'd walk anywhere with you

AN ODE TO SOLITUDE

Morgan Sierra Brown

I have found solitude one of my better companions.
In my younger years, it was kindly remarked to my mother
my tendency to drift from the other children.
Dragging pink fingers along wired fence.
Unleashing the dandelions.

The desire of seclusion,
felt at times even amongst the beloved.
Wilting eyes, dulled face, spell of delay
appear of insult.
I beg:
an exhaustion
of articulation, tread.

With oneself, accountable to none,
there is ascent to the dreamt.
Tracing a past home
or elementary school,
encountering the ghosts of those once known.
Reminiscence of the sweetened ease.
Recalled are the nights worth remembrance,
even those of solace.
the nights thought ruinous ease with age
Ah, for don't the thoughts of youth seem mad now, grown we are?

Even the absence of any thought at all,
besides the presence of task.
A clearing of dregs indeed,
those of resentment or melancholia.
For reckoning is best conceived
crystalline.

I hold less concern as time continues
that some assume this disposition an affliction.
For I possess in my relative youth my truths
of person and purpose.
For rumination,
that is the propellant of maturation.

ART SUPPLIES LIST

Kenlie Rohrer

pain
Tubes of orangepeel, lime, and
Petals from the loins of those supermarket flowers
Something unnatural,
And a pain brushed, three new
Flesh striped bamboo, encased in a plastic sleeve;
Perhaps a clock to wander the aisles

and canvas
chrysanthemum
Perhaps blue, perhaps purple
That is seldom found in nature Herself
and wooden
sinew

MERMADIA

Dylan Carpenter

today, my unapologetic legs
stroll down pavement that will
be here long after I am gone and
I use my satisfactory lungs to
savor every molecule of the
autumn air that is fixed in its freshness.
seasons are much like scales on a fish:
already dying from the moment they take shape.
and I wonder why ice has those same properties;

if my own body would tragically dissolve
when left in the ocean long enough.
but children's books still tell the tale
of tails so much different than ours.
like how a mermaid's bottom half can
sparkle — completely star-crossed.
what kind of fate do the cosmos tell about plastic,
then, when such an entity seems deathless like a star?
or about the way the waves stand just a little higher each year,

on their tippy-toes beating against foreign walkways.
if a fish were to stand on their tippy-fins, gasping for air,
dwindling like a season, shedding scales and hope entirely,
what kind of book cover would suit them best?
would children still envy the sea?
good news is like Atlantis to me.
constantly searching for a buoy to tether myself to,
but sometimes I go overboard before I get the chance.
I spiral in gyres and shiver under coolcurrents —

with nothing but my useless legs. but how lucky I am
to inhale grievance and exhale sympathy. that my own lungs
will never know what it's like to live in a place where the air
is grainy and the space is hostile. how lucky
I am to be scaleless, gill-less, clueless.
it is said that we know more about space than
we do our own oceans, perhaps because it is
more exciting to look through every corner of
a treasure chest than a trash can.

but I wonder if mermaids know anything about us —
whether we are the aliens that have come to exterminate them
or just another unforgiving god. what if some alien race decided
to sprinkle wrappers on our heads until our babies' babies
had bendy straws for arms and plastic bottles for hearts,
cycling microbead after microbead throughout their
cardioplasicular system? I wonder how I would fair with a tail —
and should I come across the Mariana Trench, I wonder what I would do.
to go deeper, confronting the unknown, or to press my back against another

familiar sand bar full of yesterday's grocery bags
and rotting friends and family. I hear the beeps
from the self-checkout aisles and feel the rustling of
synthetic bags under my fingertips. how one
man's grocery run can be another mermaid's cause of
death. I become wrapped
up in thoughts like these. a net that follows me everywhere,
capturing me over and over again — setting me free,
catching me, stabbing an ice pick through my head,

feeding me to the masses, repeat, relentlessly.
yet, like words on a page, dew on a perfect amphibian,
it may get old but never dull. more than anything I pray
that mermaids are not real. because the plot
they would find themselves in is crueller than
anything any storybook could ever draw up —
because the treatment that real-life characters just like turtles and dolphins,
you and I are experiencing is simply unreal. so, after the fairytale ends,
I sigh, with tired lungs:

relief that it was all just fake, synthetically speaking

let down that I am beached in my own impotence.

noting that mermaids are the safest in our minds.

INTERZONES

Kenlie Rohrer

Vortex waves through water of the worlds where
spindled spines of lace trickle and tally.

Floating among those vapid whorls
find shrimp-fish, glowing iridescence, dust
lay gently atop, a soft mud-foam.

Drunken mermaids submerged in clammy pearls
and a darkness spread further in the deep bellows
points within a point, a lodged starfish there.

Cave bats, shrunken and ear-bitten,
shrivel as they lie naked in a turquoise cove.
Worming their way through the waters,
a bath of warm memories; fungal milk
and learning to clip one's leather wings,
snubbed of their own wilted waking.
Tilting, near and there, among the interzones.

a clambering, a longing only to see: to jump.

“BIRDS”

Kenlie Rohrer

the day it snowed birds
the day the sun died
smoldered soot and candle flames
burnt out to a lingering wisp
cast out felonies: summer
turned to ash in my hands
to snow; clear water in a tin cup
and the birds began, to fall
they had wings of clipped ivory
a blankness in their eyes
a blackness colder than any ice
to salvage yet any one life
was something I could not muster
as they tumbled down the sky
their white bodies; of course, all white;
whipped, protruding. they looked like bones
of small children, spring animals
borne only to die at winter's frost.

PEARL ONION

Kenlie Rohrer

the stately dire need
of the glassy, milkweed surface
was breathing at me: heavy
words, like that of a snowfall
so thick and blank you couldn't hear
your own ears, smudged with that tarnish
of a hot and bothered new year's night,
smoldered upon the quilt of bad ideas,
turned to spinning evenings, and you
only a drop of sick in an amber cup
but it was tall, and spindly looking
almost looked it was made of diamond
of water rushing up from the ground
and it caught you, a gushing fountain
a raving gully, and brought you up with it
flung from the open wings of misery,
it was I who kept you, dashed to the dregs
in a leathery red dress, etched skin-like
as a rash upon your tanned skin.
drunk in a chipped jade bathtub,

POSESSION

Beau Farris

the earth pirouettes like a single mother
the moon's surface lacerates like a chalkboard
the mariana trench mangles like a father's hand
the pacific devours like a deceased photograph
the himalayyas escalate like an empty gas tank
the great barrier reef dwindles like an anxious fingernail
the chihuahuan desert chars like a new pornographer
the grand canyon burrows like a used pillow
the victoria waterfalls overflow like an acquainted armchair
the old faithful geyser descends like a stray bullet
the everglades stagnate like an abandoned bar
the great lakes divorce like a final handshake
the mauna loa volcano bleeds like a school uniform
the mekong river embosoms like a colored pencil
the hubbard glacier abstracts like a for sale sign
the moab arches harmonize like a string of shopping carts
the mammoth cave echoes like a hospital waiting room
the morro rock beach hosts like a tattered treehouse
the puget sound inlet extends like a lunch buffet
the giant's causeway staggers like a sick toddler
the verdon gorge exposes like a power outage
the black forest molts like a political talk show
the cliffs of moher drift like a church casserole
the uyuni salt flats beam like a broken mirror
the pulpit rock tethers like a secondhand suit
the giant sequoias stabilize like a skyscraper suicide
the matterhorn patronizes like a new cane
the galápagos islands poke like a sex-ed class
the ngorongoro crater scoops like a poem's reader

IT'S SORT OF A RELIGION

Beau Farris

to be a child in an open field. fingers and hair digging down the dirt
desperate for soil, and nothing more. swaths of grass uprooted like broken eye contact.
when did my hands stop plunging into the snake's den? those black coils promised
perfection. now my shoulders poke through the tall grass

and a bare path shuns my agnostic bare feet. maybe it's less dramatic
when my eyes could not differentiate one reptilian eye
and used a stolen scalpel to sever snake scale from entrail:
a communion between my fingers and dead organs.

curiosity probably didn't belong to the cat. even looking back to
the life I've disassembled, my hands cover my mouth
like two hands make the steeple. the entails of dawn paint wheat red,
but I've conditioned myself to look away. when adolescence meant

taking apart bodies like the remote control. my fingers organized into someone else's
to see how their flesh worked, like a prayer between bird wings. falling.

ANTHROP GHAZAL

Beau Farris

When this year's second hottest day starts raining, my dog drinks from
divots in a toolbox. I watch her lap collected drops: the anthrop

ocene isn't far off. A new epoch, as defined by geologists, in which
Earth has been altered so dramatically by an ocean of anthrop

ologist's warnings: ozone alert. Nevertheless my gas canister empties
into the mower. I cut the grass and she runs through anthrop

ocentric grass lines, four paws avoid spinning blades. Bone
in mouth, maybe a last ditch effort to save tusks from bonfire? Anthrop

omorphic? If the third planet had arms like its conquerors, would it pluck us
one by one, or limb by limb, until it was natural again? It could feed us, anthrop

ophagy style, differing from cannibalism. It is the flesh of humans to be eaten. How much
to feed her, when factories devour countries like kibble. Immeasurable, unless anthrop

ometry: the distance between my body and the steering wheel to avoid an airbag.
The distance between my body and the exhaust is inconsequential. An anthrop

osophy. Not believing in me. Not wishing to be you. Yearning to touch.
Learning the bumps and grooves of the scars and grass. Listen to me, anthrop.

MEMORIES IN QUOTES

Katherine Storm

FRIDGE POETRY

*swinging through
another tornado listening
for the quiet*

M turns to me
Her smile lighting up
My heart
As it has countless
Times tonight
She points to her poetry
Pieced together on my fridge
And proudly shows
Her thoughtful addition

She must have stood
In in front of my fridge
For ten minutes
Maybe more
Deciding the perfect words
To string together
For with M
All words
Must have meaning

I wonder how
It is possible someone
So thoughtful
So breathtaking
As her
Can fall for someone
So lost
So breathless
As me

SNAPPLE FACTS

*"Real Fact" #931
The nothingness
of a black hole
generates a sound in the key
of B flat.*

We double over laughing, and H asks
"Is it a scale in B flat, or the specific note?"
L responds that they do not know,
how could they know?
How could anyone know
What a black hole sounds like?
How could anyone know
But Snapple?

We have been sitting in our park
The sun is creeping away
And we have refused to leave
Refused to walk away until
Our fingers grow numb
From the cold
From the poetry
From the tarot
From the painting

L writes of me
H reads for L
And I paint H
These are the afternoons
Which make us feel
Infinite
Found
Eternal
Complete
These afternoons in the park
With Snapple facts
With graphite stained fingers
With paint smudged clothes
With tarot shaped words

CHOCOLATE POETRY

Extreme Dark
from I Love Thee
I love thee, as I love the full,
Clear gushings of the song,
Which lonely--sad--and beautiful--
At night--fall floats along...
Eliza Acton

I gave him this poem
Though I did not know it
For it came wrapped
Inside the safe sleeve
Of a chocolate bar.
I gave him this poem
In that chocolate bar
Though for what
I do not remember.

To me, it was nothing
To him, it was everything.
He wrote the poem
Again and again
On his typewriter
Only to regift the words
In a letter containing
Words of love
I do not remember.

I do not know what to call him
So I call him nothing
He could be an old friend
He could have been nothing
He could have been everything
But he lost all right
To to be called friend
For his actions
I choose not to remember.

SONG LYRICS

I always sing the line
"Creature only" as
"Creature hold me."
It changes the whole meaning
Of the song for me
From being molded
By God
To being molded
By someone you're in love with

A text sent to me
By M at 3:36am
I don't think
I will ever know
What was going through
Her mind
When she sent it
But I fell in love with
The words she sent

A week later we stood
In my kitchen again
Cooking another vegan dish
And she played the song
And sang along
Her voice leading her movements
I burned the tofu
For I couldn't take my eyes
Away from her joy

The song in its intended meaning
Made her uncomfortable
For to be saved by God
Was not something
She had grown to know
In her years at the church
She was not found
Instead she blossomed
Beneath a rainbow of pride

POPSICLE JOKES

*How does the ocean
greet the beach?*

It waves

We used to be able to
Laugh at anything
Fits of giggles would come
No matter the occasion
With any small joke
From any tiny print
On a popsicle stick

We used to be able to
Talk about anything
Hidden away and protected by
The branches of our tree house
Which still stands by my home
Built in a labor of love
Kept by a labor of trust

We used to be able to
Dream of anything
Grand schemes were planned
In the dim lights
Of sleepover excitement
Never to be ruined
By the rising sun

Things have changed
Things have changed.

We no longer have
Popsicle stick jokes
Only our jokes
Forged by years
Of trust
Of friendship
Of love

FORTUNE COOKIES

*Take a chance
On that big decision
You've been pondering*

M laughs at the paper
Which begins to crumple in her hand
"But I don't have a big decision!"
She exclaims through laughs
Her breath creating shadows
In the cold February air

We are sitting in my car
As we often find ourselves
Finishing a meal
Of dumplings and soup
With tea and french fries
And fortune cookies

We are in the parking lot
Of the ice skating rink
Which resides in my hometown
For an hour we glided
Freely on the ice
Chipped and cracked

Never before while skating
Have I held hands
And not fallen
But with M
We are together
In every sense

Fortune cookie crumbs
Littering the floor
Our breath filling the air
I know I have
The easiest decision
To lean in

THE SAILOR AND THE SEA

Emily Archambault

They always blame the sailor
When a body is found at sea
Because one plus two could simply not
Equal anything but three
While a leviathan stirs beneath
Poseidon's breath casts salty breeze
It's the sailor's hands called red
And so he crashes upon the lee

What enduring wonders they are ignoring!
Blind by reason (logic's whoring)
See the faults of truth outpouring
Anchors up, let's go off-shoring
Songs and shanties will steal your breath
Stomp and holler one plank from death
Here souls and waves both come abreast
So keep your spirits and leave the rest
The world's different in these waters
Full of monsters, siren's daughters
Odysseus calls and Ahab wanders
Mermaids flirt with pirate's slaughters
It's magic, darling, understand
To be born of what's beyond the sand
And with this power the tides command
We see at sea and go blind on land

So look a little closer!
Beyond the pale, another door
And one plus one plus two plus one
Begins to equal four
Feel the centuries churn below your feet,
Take your last glimpse of the shore
A man turns to you and nods,
The sailor lives on one day more

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EQUAL SIGN

Emily Archambault

It's funny that we first began
to fall in an English class

where our teacher would
quote us the divorce rates

as if to say
it's the fools who believe—

your lives are merely
the flip of a coin

and Romeo and Juliet
were just two dumb kids

we pondered whether
you could reduce love

to a normal distribution
and some error bars

when years later I start
working my own calculations

how many miles
separate us now

how many days
until it's zero

and what are the odds
we make it

well if the numbers look good
does that make me

the mathematician

or the fool?

UNTITLED POETRY COMPILATION

Evangelyste Eliason

SEPTEMBER 19, 2021 @9:49PM

berceuse

it seems i've found
a quiet place
deep within me
that has allowed me
to make peace
with

SEPTEMBER 19, 2021 @11:41PM

the cost of empathy

it is both a blessing & a curse
to hear unspoken words
to taste the bitterness of hidden pain

to hold an entire universe
a galaxy of promise
a nebula fraught with emotions that are
not your own

too tender
too gentle
and maybe just a little too broken for this
shattered world

to the quiet soul
that swallows the blows of this world
so as to absorb its harshness
and spare others from its bitterness

guard your body
your soul
and your mind
or else you will most certainly

poison yourself

~ee

SEPTEMBER 23, 2021 10:49AM

sonder

and just like that
im free of every anchor
that used to hold me down

bound

by an invisible chain
between me & my past
perhaps some things are better left unsaid

or maybe it was all just in my head

so used to compliments
about the chain dangling from my neck
but a noose made of diamonds & pearls is

still a noose
~ee

SEPTEMBER 26, 2021 @10:19PM

a soliloquy

"another day"
and it's that same story
that same record on repeat

bitterness & fear
anger & despair
trying to eat me alive—from the inside out

it's silent battles like these
that ignite a deep longing within me
longing for all the things i cannot have

perhaps
i'm lonely, but not alone

perhaps
i'm lost, but not trapped

perhaps
i'm limping, but i'm not broken

not yet

i guess we'll see if tomorrow is yet
"another day"
~ee

OCTOBER 1, 2021 @12:19AM

letter a leader

crazy how nobody tells you
that true leadership is
a battle
against your greatest demons

a fight
against those voices that say
i am not good enough or
i will never make it

a journey
that breaks you down in
just the right places
chipping away at your sturdy walls

leaving nothing behind
but a raw
and vulnerable
soul

what can i say to a leader?

go.

for where you go, is where you grow

OCTOBER 3, 2021 @12:19AM

true love

i wonder what it means
to be held
by someone's eyes
alone
~ee

OCTOBER 10, 2021 @12:13AM

her epiphany

maybe
i can't save the world

but if i could help just
one soul

maybe that person is
me
~ee

OCTOBER 5, 2021 @12:25AM

on racism

stolen souls
they should still be here
why did you have to die?

black bodies
sold, beaten, raped, murdered.
sold?

fucking racism.

heavy is its burden
costly is its price
pervasive are its fruits

fucking privilege.

“what about the property”, they said
“what about the noise”, they said
you're mad cuz you can't sleep

but

i
cant
breathe
~ee

OCTOBER 9, 2021 @12:25AM

cu student government
im trapped in a system
that makes us
cannibalize ourselves

crumbling from the inside out
stolen secrets

turns out
everybody is wrong

all i can ask is
where is the student body?

~ee

OCTOBER 9, 2021 @11:39AM

obetice

i am silent.
silenced.
but for long?
~ee

OCTOBER 31, 2021 @2:39PM

anesthesia

i heard that
music is what feelings sound like

thank god for
melodies
and
minor keys

for they capture the pulse
of human emotion
in a way that human language

cannot
~ee

NOVEMBER 2, 2021 @11:31PM

solitary confinement

i often question

if i want to be loved
if i want to be held
if i want to be seen

i think i want it.
i do.

to be love
to be held
to be seen

i thought i wanted it.
do i?
~ee

NOVEMBER 6, 2021 @8:33AM

the paradox

no matter what
you've been through
i believe you
~ee

NOVEMBER 24, 2021 @9:16PM

narcissistic trauma

in the delicate limbo between
the seen and the unseen
all opposition has been silenced, but

she knows.

slyly, he smiles
knowing his tactics have
always gone undetected, but

she knows

she won't forget because
the body remembers
what the mind has erased
~ee

NOVEMBER 26, 2021 @1:40AM

untitled

the past is just as it seems — passed
i can hold space for the girl i once was
now, i trust i will catch myself when i fall

i'm safe now.

love out loud
there's nothing worse than
love in the dark
~ee

NOVEMBER 26, 2021 @11:57PM

joy?

a smile

a sunrise

a warm embrace

all of which will become

foreign

if you become addicted

to your own sadness

~ee

NOVEMBER 27, 2021 @11:34

disillusionment - pt. two

with all of the anguish

suffering & sorrow

in this world

the flag should

always

be half-mast

~ee

NOVEMBER 28, 2021 @8:45PM

dolente

when you overflow

it will be with

whatever is already

inside of you

~ee

NOVEMBER 30, 2021 @3:58AM

synthesis

like a compass with no direction

or a map that leads to nowhere

the message is simple

if you do not choose yourself

you will lose yourself

now, scramble to gather the fragmented

pieces of your broken mirror

if you hurry, then perhaps

you will still see

your reflection

~ee

LUCY'S POEM

Trie Hall

Suns rise and set in outlines
Of a single day, hot in form
and function
Moons come to follow
Eye winking slowly, a lazy cat
peering down

Watching brush and grass and us
Together we whisper as one
out of tune
We stand still, alone
Millions of years, together at once
all the same

We work hard to survive them -
Each frightening day and gentle night
and evening
But not the morning
The creeping heat wakes up our bodies
Gently, like lovers' hands
and teeth

But here, are we not alone?
Our bodies house us, are our own
a comfort
In a world where death
Reaches out; Our only guarantee
waits to bite

Or are we known and loved?
Our bones we have left behind us
hidden gifts
Our deaths a blessing
To make way for you and your children
Are you loved?

I can stand beneath the stars
And watch the lights far above me
tamed fires
Trapped in place and time
As me, and my kind, will surely be
all too soon

Perhaps I don't want to go
I am not ready to leave this
sacred place
With the snakes and cats
And the beasts who lie in wait for me
And my kind

I can imagine my body
Buried down in the earth below
slowly rotting
While my bones settle
In loving hands, tender and in awe
and full of wonder.

ARE YOU THE STORM?

M.Rapp

I look into his eyes
The moon hangs
High above the mossy trees
The marsh howls
The night birds hum warning
Black bruise sky sickness stomach twisted

They are green, soft
His palms upwards, extended towards mine
The clouds, grey, charcoal, soft, breakable, churn
engulf
My fingers smudge the charcoal, the earth crumbles, the wind throws fistfuls of hair in my face
ghosts linger

Tornado swept ravage rip revenge
The golden wheat is stripped from the fields by the wind
Mud clump body, lagoon lungs
Earth worms wiggle, suspended between water and moon
Birds' nests splinter, speckled eggs crack open too soon
The swamp clasps its hands around my ankles

The mountain crackles, ancient, cold, dull, stone groans
The crickets scream, the trees try to speak but their wooden lips cannot move
So leaves break way from branches as they shake
Roots gasp, grasp for something to hold onto
Sound sinks into lake, water still, void, viscous mirror that
Swallows moon and reflection whole

My veins are split root searching
Fingertips frayed spidersilk
Knees scratched dirt
I find myself praying

I am afraid that I am only answering myself

Ears underwater flood bubble warp
Arms limp, frozen
I wiggle, suspended between water and moon

I long for the dry, powder, sunbaked soil
Wildflowers like thorny blankets
Clouds cushioned parasols
Rocks secluded tanning beds
The sun's palms reddening my cheeks with his touch

But I do not know where the storm ends
If,

7:23 AM
Abigail McCreedy

Chasing after the sun
felt relentless
The odds of blindness and 3rd degree burns
99% chance of rain

But wouldn't it be a complete waste of time
Wouldn't you call me a fool
If I didn't try to clear the clouds
Open my umbrella

LAVENDER DREAMS

Abigail McCreedy

Remind me tomorrow
Today I want to play Alice
Trip on caterpillar dreams

Today I feel like lavender and lilac tea
Serenity in the air, responsibilities royally fading
Is it foolish to wish for impossible things?

Remind me next week
What I need are morning glories, lupus, cosmos,
balloon flowers, serendipity adventures

Hey I'm talking to you little girl
the self that never ages
Promise me to never trade in your imagination

Remind me in a couple months
Still, I'm honeysuckle stuck
Who do you wish to become?

Life seems to gravitate away from meditation

Remind me never
Today I became Alice
Found the white rabbit

I bought a plane ticket to places
with more windows and naps
Argentina, Japan, New Zealand, France

I think I'll be happier with the flowers

THROAT AND LUNGS

Abigail McCreedy

You fell like a flower
weeping by Wednesday
wilted on Friday

You were stage three on Sunday
spreading and infecting
faster than a wildfire

Lungs to ashes
a cough like gunfire
hair falling faster
than a hummingbird's flutter

Wondering if you deserved
the end of your serials,
terminal with season four

Carcinogen fuming.

Laying in white hospital sheets
you told me you saw God and Rama
that second time around
You would eat green peas
drink chamomile tea

You died on Friday
You were green last Sunday
I hope you found a heaven
where only health spreads

HEARTSICK FACEBOOK

Abigail McCreedy

I am so tired of mourning people who are not dead

The man at whole foods who helped me with red wine
I'll never see his freckles again

My dog who's aged 77
to make us feel better we call him 11

The boy who broke my heart in June
I watch his face resemble pixel eulogies

My mother 35
wrinkle less and the way she loved to run

In 2003 when the only money we cared about
was avengers monopoly

The old blue spruce whose branches I use to swing
1,000 miles away from me

Cydney Green from high school
Her facebook page says she's doing okay
Recently turned 28

The measuring tape at seven
who told me I wasn't tall enough to ride
the Jersey Devil coaster

The kids from college who swore to never grow up
got jobs and grew apart
I long for lemon drop shots and loath

Staring at screens
Seeing lives play out from afar

I become so exhausted, mourning people who are still alive.

DO NOT EAT YOUR FRIENDS

Sarah Bian

ARTIST STATEMENT

Disclaimer: This poem in no way encourages self-harm or auto-cannibalism or the cannibalism of others. Please do not hurt yourselves or others, and please do seek help, treatment, and support if you do.

Many people don't realize that working ourselves past our limits is a form of self-harm. When we strain ourselves past a healthy level for our goals, we can damage ourselves and our bodies in the process. I wrote this poem to describe that feeling of burnout and the desperation that comes at the price of your body. This is a prevalent issue, especially in the world of academics. Some examples are refusing yourself sleep, food, or relief until you accomplish a task, taking on more work or stress that you are physically able to endure, competing and comparing yourself constantly with peers or mentors, or enduring long, extended periods of mental and physical exertion. We often praise hard work and discipline, claiming that ultimately, accomplishing our goals justify the sacrifices we make along the way. In a way, I thought it sounded like praising hunger while denying your body its basic need for food.

I wanted to describe the feeling of being so utterly hungry that you start to eat yourself.

However, please do refrain from consuming your flesh or the flesh of your friends! There are better, more nutritious sources of protein.

what organ holds all your want?
what hoards, man, c'mon what hoards your hunger?
your thirsting haunt, your wanting, your detente
of this aching, fucking gnawing
teeth of stomachs, weak with enough
enough you would think it would be enough

tongue, it tastes rust, degrees, and possession
and it craves everything it tastes the rest in
its obsessive chest compressions, i can't, i can't
i can't breathe, in my ribs
i could chew your ears off just to listen

i could eat you, all of it
your body, full of itself and stalls a bit
as I eat up the envy inside my ambition
oh my god, just fucking listen
to my stomach, louder than trachea
louder than my fucking fuck-me-up
I crave your flesh, and nothing! nothing less

arve out my liver, i can live without it
i can go live my life without myself to doubt it
clean out the insides, butcher up the cord
to the carnivorous bible, written on breadboard
i am a cleaver, so devout

now I need thyme
lemongrass, and fall, winter seasoning
garlic salt to stimulate and sting the bedbugs
that crouch upon my tongue
they crave my flesh too, you know, so

put the heat on simmer, and the hissing
of my precious liver kissing the body oil and body fat
a sexual ritual, habitual of my
tongue and something else, no, someone
somebody to whom I can gift my right-hand lung

when the meat is tendered, fat rendered
and your hunger has not yet surrendered
do not eat your friends
that is impolite
slightly wash your hands, and then,
invite

them to sit, to fit them with a bib
giddy, offer them a rib
cage and then ask for wine
this is what they mean by body fine

with knife and butter seduce the meat
don't be afraid to cut me
smother it with grave and biscuit
and eat it all, all of it
don't you dare fucking stop
you don't need no fork
nor knife nor bitter butter up
use your nails to cut it up
and lick your fingers
lick, or bite them off
the crunch of bones and fuck-me-up
suck off the flavor, the grease and bathe me
with your unsatiated tongue

i don't know what you're trying to taste from your insides in
trying to diagnose what makes your hunger widen

seriously
hurry the fuck up, just swallow
do you now know
know which organ houses your hunger?
or will we have to eat another one?