

poetry

Gum

· -1-α#~α

1/4, μ⁰ 2 μS ¶ © ~ - @ ~ ° 3. 1/4 " « α³ - , ¥ ~ ¶ α ± S ¥ , " " α ¶ ± a , °
° μ³ 3 ~ μ ¶ . « α α ± 1/4 , μ ± a ~ μ ¶ - © 1/4 , μ² - . « ~ ° α ¶ , ± S . 2 2 ~ 2 ± a

and while I do not regret loving you,

I regret the way your caution tape tongue did not wrap around me tight
enough to keep me from falling;

2 μ μ α « ~ μ . « α 1/4 , ~ . ° ~ @ ~ ¥ , . S - S ± 2 . | α ° ~

2 μ μ α « ~ μ . « α fl © ~ α ± S S - S ± 2 . | α ° 1/4 ~ ©

i was a twin

Lindsay Killips

my mother parted her lips,
cried ruby elephants
into the quiet until
she had a lagoon, swimming
with their trunks and toes.

and blue belugas swam down
the crimson coagulated puddles.
elephants

she turned february-ivory
as if all her
red drained
from her
insides
out.

when they heard of those
elephants

far from home. an ultrasound
heart beat.

parts her lips. july. births her

dealing with depression

Jorge Diaz

an empty mason jar with a lid.

shake it for seven minutes,
make sure the seven minutes are about
whipping the cream with
itself.

when the seven minutes are up
the mason jar will now contain

get up and shake again

and put it in the fridge.

Eventually the Sun Rises

Maggie Macgregor

at three am, and the squirrels were
at three am, and the squirrels were
at three am, and the squirrels were

full tonight
on the edge of the horizon
and heavy, a big fat bowl of milk about to drop
all its sweet whiteness

all its sweet whiteness
all its sweet whiteness

i scrape my eyes raw with dry hands
a burning balm's fat drops of hot salt from
down to pool

my face is wet and cold now
the wind blows

my face is wet and cold now
the wind blows

mid-jump

a giant
a giant

a giant
a giant

my face is wet and cold now
the wind blows

my face is wet and cold now
the wind blows

Sailing Lessons

! -12~α|| * ~||~1/4

Dark, with my eyes screwed in tight.

“ ~ ~α± §μ ±® ±±±±^a ± ±³~α|“ ° ~α«

α± ~ ~¥²° |² ~ ~§², . α±²³~± ° ±§²°

gargling cold wind and the smell

of curbside garbage cans sailing up and up and up

±.2 .° 2 ¥~α ||²⊙~α«. ° 2 §±^a

.α“ ° 2° ~±, ° 2⊙ μ^{1/8}§^{2a}|| fl±“.

the bellow of a freight train

when ophelia wanted my girl

Morgan Brantmeyer

lips pressed together in a slight frown
she looks at me with melting almond eyes, and i have to blink and glance
elsewhere,

my lips
in the heart of winter?
have you felt this feeling before,
i have not felt that way for any mortal,
suddenly
suddenly

415-2

