

I Am a Danger to Myself and Others
by Beth Walker

I want to write poems so knife-edged they leave you
bleeding all over

your mother's imported rug, and she's swearing to
kill you for real this time.

I want to write poems so hungry they suck the marrow
from your bones

and leave the rest to the dogs, and they're not even
your dogs.

I want to write poems so naked they steal your skin
and leave you shivering

from room to room, unable to recognize your own
exposed heart.

I want to write poems so wild you dream I climb into
your bed, succubus that I am,

and you wake, howling from the fabulous terrors I
have made.

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The Werewolf
by Jordan Parsons

I have never been a violent man,
My nails are clean, my children know me well.
I am a tailor and an honored worker
Of the seam, a trusted shepherd of
Garment bespoke, and all day I ply my
Shears with the precision of true bias.
But on clear nights the sky here is so bold,
And in the boundless blank outside of town
The pastures teem with meek and tiny things,
And composure can, from time to time, fail.
Then I will smear my frayed coat, my knuckles
And my spine, with richest heartland clay,
I will lift my teeth and tongue and call
To the moon as high and perfect as a baseball.

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Old Dicks
by Bunny Wilde

sugar sweat
whiskey sour breath
purple hickies on my neck
Creep Dave pushed my head down
between his legs
too young
for rough sex and a last cigarette
so I staggered out of the car
gulping half a fifth
squinted blood shot eyes at cartoons
twenty something dude's taste
on my smeared pink lips
girlfriend called crying
about her married boyfriend
he had to be thirty six
one of a long line of losers
to spread her legs
we were girls and they were men
had the hot cars money and drugs
fucking in their wives' beds
Creep Dave got us high
snuck us into a movie
with his stick shaped friend
said we went to school
with his little brother
in the same class
he was a boy and we had no cherries
just ass and tits
shit hole full of jail bait
they like 'em young
there in the sticks

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poetry
by Matt Wall

poetry is bullshit
when we realize this
it may mean something

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