

blood is blood
by Matt Wall

slice your throat
and bleed out

get a paper cut
and drip a drop

blood is blood

the size of the wound
isn't the poetry

it's the bleeding

www.ihatemattwall.com

See You
by Beth Walker

Your essence has always been the yearning--
not the object of your desire but desire itself,
your lingering thirst even after you've drunk
from the turquoise teapot,
even after your eyes have been opened
once tasting the bitter apple,
the need to un-see your beauty while still waving
the hot iron that seared your scars,
that craving to carve out your name,
not the poem pasted to the back of your broken mirror,
the same one you've whispered wishes into
with your hot breath, every damn day, without fail.

zbethwalker@gmail.com

Bone Dry
by Garrett Carroll

Water—How much do we need,
so that the blood streams through our veins
only for the skeletons to be discovered
beneath, broken and bone dry.
Do the flora and fauna not snap and fall
to the ground easily enough before our eyes?
How many more puzzle piece clods
of dirt need to bake underneath the sun
before the sand clogs our water pipes,
before the dust shades us in our pleasures,
before the nights of nihilism end in denial
and we never admit our wrongs,
and the lake bed sleeps, a misshapen skull
smiling back at our satellites in the sky.

garrettc Carrollwriting.wordpress.com

bathing in fish frames
by Mike Chaos

today i will sleep in
and have crumpets for breakfast
today i will watch the dust in my breath
today I will let the cat
sick up fur balls in my room
Today i will pat cockroaches
and laugh at the dogs in our trash
today for the first time in too long
i will be a handsome man

[insta @mike_chaos_](https://www.instagram.com/mike_chaos_)

Money Madness
by lunar sunlight

Cars are noisy
Helicopters are atrocities
Sirens wailing constantly

City of lost angels, crying
Under surveillance and control
Wings clipped short, flightless

City of lost souls, defeated
Lying on the ground, hopeless
Buildings standing oh so tall in the sky, looming

City of grand sadness
The view is better from above
Beautiful, but it could be so much different

City of millions, hundred cities, divided and separate
City of haunting melodies, of mournful sorrow
City of the dollar sign.

Buy in or die.

[insta @lunar_sunlight_](https://www.instagram.com/lunar_sunlight_)

Feed Me
by Bunny Wilde

you're laying down
under blankets of tongues
in between rows
of snapping teeth
letting the hungry feed
if you stay with me
and though my guilt
gives you a bitter taste
I'm starved for blood
and I won't let you leave

bunnywildel7@gmail.com