

Murder Couch
by Joshua Edwards

Fifty bucks or best offer
Loveseat that experienced no romance
Faded grey upholstery
Stains are what remain
Stains from the past
Stains of a soul
Four lives were ended
Fifty bucks or best offer

insta: @workingmanreads

DESTINATION AS AN UNFINISHED POEM
by Keith Phillips

I do not yet buy fruit
In the markets of Spain
Or cook Paella
On a balcony
Overlooking the sea
I am here
In this battered boat
Painting each new scene
As it passes before me
One meter
At a time.

insta: @keithphillips56679

when people love me
by Matt Wall

people love me
when I say the things
that they are afraid to utter

people love me
when I attack
those they fear or hate

people love me
when I speak my mind
only if it doesn't contradict them

then
I'm an asshole
who should've kept his mouth shut

www.ihatemattwall.com

Tsunami
by Nate Colton

When you aren't there I can't tell
If I'm awake or dreaming
The softness of your steps
In and out of my life
Of the room
Hurl me into disconnection
Even when you're there
So beautiful in gold
Your hair rolling away like the tide
And I'm a boat on a drying seabed
Waiting for the tsunami of you

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Memories
by Lisa Tuttle

Memories
Discontinuous
Like ripples in a pond
The ripple I see
Is the ripple you miss

insta: @the_book_electic

Every Breath an Exaltation
by Dimitri Reyes

a single start
in brown
we conceive
bare gravel
ourselves
we beget
sugar helix
on any
like ghost
omittings of
another life

is still a leaving
a going in dark
when manholes
vanish we disappear
what water spreads
through one hot
weaving into solid
given any we move
objects bright
flesh a brown flare
into breath

insta: @dimitri_reyes

Memo to a Celebrated Mediocrity
by Matthew Buckley Smith

I write you out of duty, not disdain,
Just some guy with no name to jeopardize
By publicly attempting to explain
The reason all your friends won't meet your eyes.
The thing they'll never say, at least aloud,
For fear of losing followers or face,
Is this: The honors of which you're so proud,
Attend you not because of but in place
Of any genuine artistic worth,
Or any reader's honest admiration.
The problem is not your effort, or your birth,
It's just the whole unsavory situation,
Which is why you feel so certain that I'm wrong,
And will—until the next you comes along.

www.matthewbuckleysmith.com

Replace
by Jeff Taylor

I chainsmoked
to replace you.

Every thought about pressing
my lips
to yours

another cigarette.
When I finally

drank the butts
in the end
of my can

I quit
quitting you.

insta: @thegaragepoets

212 degrees
by Shockie G

You were fire. Dancing along the wooden carcasses of my family tree a sort of necromancer giving new life to the meaning of family. I was ice. Frozen in time call it tradition or estranged or alone. Turning everything cold. Together we made a lazy river where broken hearts go to float and feel weightless. But we were happiness at a distance my melting body watching u sway and jump. Felt like a different kind of love. Maybe even lust. But nothing last forever ur love eventually boiling me into steam a new freedom able to dance along with u in the night sky. This is our legacy.

insta: @Shockieg_the_poet

send submissions
14 lines or less
to: ihatemattwall@gmail.com