

Sonnet for My Daughters
by Matthew Buckley Smith

Tucking you in at night I sometimes think
Of what a piece of shit I used to be,
Of the girls I drove to dinner and to drink,
Whose dads were once pieces of shit like me--
The dads they hugged and left home and defied
In the backseat of my '96 Passat,
While the old men, knowing how well their daughters lied,
Watched hair plug ads and thought and thought and
thought,
And later, when everybody was asleep,
Those girls I thought were mine would sneak back in,
Sometimes to call their friends, sometimes to weep,
Sometimes to never think of me again,
But rather of how they'd soon be moving out
For keeps, those girls I sometimes think about.

www.matthewbuckleysmith.com

Crescendo in a Bottle
by Ethan Mcguire

As I slip beneath
the turgid waters (dark)
of my radicalization (dire),
the churn refreshes
my heart and fills my lungs.

I drown my sorrow—
found her message and reached—
under my old sorrow.

TheFlummoxed.com

Dead Milk = Cheese
by Allen Mahan

Cormac McCarthy has bad breath.
I had dinner w him, last night:
Grilled grave-digger opossum
W/a side of deep-fried armadillo.

He served cheesy true grits
And dubbed it "dessert!"

"Cheese is the corpse of milk," said Cormac.
"Who said that?" said I. "James Joyce," said he.

By God, that's true: I could barely breathe.
If you only knew . . .

[youtube: @bighardbooks770](https://www.youtube.com/user/bighardbooks770)

illuminate oblivion
by Matt Wall

I'm wearing the shirt
I wore the day we met

you just walked out the door
said "don't follow me"
I said "I don't want to"

another thing
another inanimate object
that lasted longer
than a relationship

www.ihatemattwall.com

The pizza place right across the street from me...
by Garrett Carroll

is where I occasionally go to order a pepperoni pizza.
It's run in an old, historically preserved building.
I'm not sure how cheese and grease comeingle
with the air particles of preservation,
but the pizza is pretty good.

Greasy, thin crust, pepperoni scattered
atop the cheese like locations pinpointed on a map.
To cross, I have to risk my life—I put the pizza first.
There's no sidewalks, wide lanes, cars driving 70+ mph

whizzing by without concern. I am concerned.
I run across holding the pizza box firmly at its sides,
risking history all for another pepperoni pizza.

garrettc Carrollwriting.wordpress.com

The devils hour
B.L. Koller

Awaken me
At half past three
For mystics plagued with mayhem
Let's spirits sing and shadows dance
A Celtic song for thee.
Friend or foe
I do not know
But the devil calls to me.

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

send submissions to:
ihatemattwall@gmail.com