

New Year's
by Ethan Mcguire

New Year's Eve, fog-spread.
All alone, night pushing down.
Slick with sweat, sticking.
Gloom glowing with street lights,
flashing with fireworks...

Just let me run past
that suffocating silence,
the pregnant calm
before the coming storm,
that hair-raising static
or incandescent terror
before the lightning strike.

TheFlummoxed.com

The Cause of Her Tears
by Mark Renney

He could always invent tragic
On an epic scale
A lethal cocktail
Brandy and toothpaste
Mouthwash and painkillers
But he was the one sick
With regret

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Manhattan nights
B.L. Koller

On summer nights
I walk with you
Jumper weather
Theaters and plays
City smoke and nicotine
Marlboro lights
Brighten the night
Of crowded city streets
Stolen kisses behind closed doors
In your apartment on the 3rd floor
Laughs from plays
Counting the days
Until Broadway calls you home
I'll Miss our Manhattan nights

insta: @blkollerwrites

sitting in a room with poets all talking about the poetry...
by Matt Wall

that they have written and will write
what inspires them
and the shocking thing that holds no shock
is that this all bores me
dull as a fat rubber knife
twisting and digging into my flesh
and getting nowhere

www.ihatemattwall.com

Public Statement
by Matthew Buckley Smith

First, I must give my thanks to everyone
Who has, over the last few weeks, made clear
The gravity of what I've said and done,
However difficult this was to hear.
Second, I offer my apologies,
Humble, sincere, wholly inadequate,
To those I've injured. On my hands and knees
I ask you to forgive, but not forget.
As of today, I formally renounce
My station, title, privileges, and fame,
And though I understand the gesture counts
For precious little, I renounce my name.
Let it be known: The man I've always been
Is finished. You won't hear from him again.

www.matthewbuckleysmith.com

UFOs in Utah
by Allen Mahan

Theyre finding dead cows
In Utah: Dozens
Scattered
Their teats & testes
Soldered out
Clean
The anuses
Zeroes in
Then LAZARed

And, our good men havent got a clue
No one knows exactly what to do.

youtube: @bighardbooks770

America the Drawl
by Garrett Carroll

Where your personality is determined
by the strength of leaf that's rolled,
the roll itself, how it tapers between
finely woven, roughly strewn,
not a philosophy integrated into the filigree of neurons
blazing through the helix wires, brushing through the body,
invisible, always there, always waiting, always waiting.

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