



Land of the Fire
by Rich Boucher

If anyone's a philosopher
right now and actually getting paid for it
they better understand
that this country, this U.S.
began oozing pus almost immediately,
mere minutes after it all began
but no one will cop to smelling the stink;
no one will do a damned thing
but here's the sick and engorged pink truth of it all:
in the dank German fetish club
(smelling of leather, cigars and pee)
that is the foundering remains of our democracy
it's up to each and every one of us
to be the real and true Lysol,
the necessary alcohol wipe.

rabbitinvasion@gmail.com

I am not who I thought I was
by TT Conley

My days drip away,
like slow, tepid molasses.
And I watch as my face changes in the mirror.
I see my fleeting chances
skitter by,
like a pebble on a pond
causing ripples,
but sinking for sure-
sinking more with each bounce-
ending on the bottom.
Helpless as I've ever been. Unable to make a change.
Nothing can be anything
other than what it is,
and Nothing ends up
as any more than it ever was.

tt.conley1988@gmail.com

NOW
by Matt Wall

poems can be timeless
poems can not age well
i don't know what my poems
will do or mean
hundreds of years from
NOW

not my now
but the now
that is now
when YOU
read this
nobody knows anything
nobody knows everything
nobody can know either
everything will be
what it is
to the people reading it
NOW

www.ihatemattwall.com

Cologne
by Shaylynn Marks

your shoulder brushes against mine
on the crowded street
the breeze of
tobacco and bay leaves
penetrates my nostrils
inseminates my mind

my hunger does the talking
on the prowl
i track your scent
until we collide
again.

insta: @ub3rst4rr

Mirrors
by B.L. Koller

Mirrors reflect
The glass invites
Mirrors don't wait for midnight
But games demand playing
And legends whisper "tempting"
Three mirrors and an open door
Avert my gaze
Don't look too long
Reflections in three mirrors
Sing a deadly song
And when the spirits serenade
Through the mirror comes Lady Spade.

insta: @blkollerwrites

6-word flash fiction
by Robert Fleming

Madame chopstick walker trips on kabuki.

Melt Marilyn Monroe into a pizza.

The hungry poisoner fed a pear.

Praying the tea will be strong.

I unbrick to Annabel Lee's silence.

Five bullets left in the barrel.

My vocal cords speak for silence.

FB: robert.fleming.5030

Poetic Anarchy Press
insta: @poeticanarchypress

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