



writers block
by B.L. Koller

Write what you know
That's what they say
But what I know isn't selling
And I've got bills to pay.
Romance sells and I could work with that perhaps?
Gone are the glitz and the gore
Writers block won't let me soar.
The horrors that I love
Ghosts of the royals with stories to tell
Can't settle the score with my bank account
This isn't normals writers block.
I'm full of ideas
Just ones that sell well through September through December.
And the crushing reality of this writers block is
What I love writing wont put food on the table.
Writers block broke my heart tonight.

insta: @blkollerwrites

The Human Cost of Doritos
by Rich Boucher

A man in the convenience store
asks me if I have a dollar. Normally,
I'd forgive the rudeness, do the right thing
and let him have that extra, wrinkled-up buck
in my pocket, but here's the thing: when I saw
the purple and green, sexually available,
lusciously curved bag of Flaming Hot
Doritos on the shelf near the lighters
and bottles of wake-up juice, something
came over me. That stranger would
have to go hungry; I knew that much.

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squirming
by Shaylynn Marks

help me
take the edge off
this eternal confinement to the
prison of my mind
my internal monologue
water boarded
stone by stone
the weight of my insecurities
crush
against my sanity
i'd rather be unconscious
a purposeless nomad
than in this constant state
of mental torture

insta: @ub3rst4rr

Melvin
by Matt Wall

Melvin was on acid
Melvin was on shrooms
Melvin was on MDMA
Melvin had a great conversation with the potato
Melvin fell in love with the potato
Melvin took the potato in the bathroom
Melvin fucked himself with the potato
Melvin kept the potato on his nightstand
Melvin loved that potato
Melvin and that potato were in a relationship

i looked at that potato many times
i saw how Melvin looked at that potato many times
i no longer talk to Melvin

www.ihatemattwall.com

A Cold Shoulder
by sopoetic

A Cold Shoulder IS just as hot to hold onto into the night
pressing flesh on flesh resisting the urge to lick and taste
the skin that carries the life force in \ I m S O in love with him
A singleswipe to the heated dirtbox \ A shudder he pulls away
Closer still my breasts squeeze into his ribcage.

insta: @sopoetic_writer

fuck me? marry me?
by Robert Fleming

love me love my curses
cunt cock crap asshole shit tit
fuck me? marry me?

FB: robert.fleming.5030

Rack the Addled Mind
by TT Conley

A glowered face reflects
From mirror,
into my soul.

The soul is shared,
but shattered bits,
my eyes: the bleakest holes.

Pupils shape,
Oh formless one!
Tortured, upon my eye.

I dance away-
in frittered state,
and watch the living die.

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Wolverine
by Ethan McGuiire

You can shoot me down
as much as ya' want.
With a hole in my head,
I'll just get back up.
My emotions heal fast:
Gonna need a bigger gun.
Until you blow me apart,
I'ma keep movin' on.

TheFlummoxed.com

TikTok, Tarot
Card, Solicitation
By Michael Lee Johnson

Jesus is sleeping.

In your bedroom. Hear him snoring?
Next to your deck of Tarot cards.

Use my penis as your
public media microphone-
prophetic.

Note-a Cherita poem.

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