

South Chicago Night
By Michael Lee Johnson

The night is drifters,
sugar rats, streetwalkers, pick-pockets, pimps,
insects, Lake Michigan perch,
neon signs blinking half the bulbs
burned out.

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the Red Cross ran out of blood
by Robert Fleming

transfusion experiment #001: eggnog
a mouse turns into an elm log

transfusion experiment #003 Jim Bean
a moose turns into a Mariachi machine

transfusion experiment #005 Elmer's glue
a lion turns into a tap shoe

transfusion experiment #047 maple syrup
a monkey keeps on hiccupping

transfusion experiment #123 elderberry syrup
a man turns into a saddle stirrup

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Romance
by Rich Boucher

when we finally meet
in the greasy, twenty-four-hour diner
on a cloudy night at 1 am
with the smell of burning sugar in the air
and the Moon throbbing right over our booth,
after all these months of iridescent, livid sexting,
it turns out that you have an extra eye
that you never told me about
situated high on your inner thigh:
later on, in bed, I could tell
by the look in your additional eye
that you loved what I was doing,
that you were getting so close;
my eyes met yours.

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Sky Watching
by Adam Crawford

What do you - hundred-eyed (with billions more
concealed), cloud-scaring,
sun-chilling core of blackness -

What do you hold your inexorable gaze
upon this planet
for? Is there something on this

Subjectable mote floating in your vastness
that you have sought long? . . .
I wonder where your mouth is.

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I Know
by BunnyWilde

I know little
but enough to dance if the sky falls
laugh if the rain never comes
smile when there is nothing left to lose
I know enough to write
when my soul calls out for the pen
and to let myself die a page at a time

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your friends
by Matt Wall

B can only cum from anal
C can only cum when getting DP'd
J hustles a racket out of the subway
D likes the smell of corn
F is a junkie and a compulsive liar
M only fucks strippers
P is hung up on F
F is hung up on another P
R raped F
P complains to N about it
T hates Pisces men and is ugly
E married for health insurance
S tries to fuck everyone
W tried to fuck you
G and A want to get pregnant

i'm glad we don't hang out w/ your friends

www.ihatemattwall.com

He tells me
by Chasey Delaney

He tells me I am not a real woman
That I am like living with a kid or a man
He exes all had structured lives and
I'm nothing but a whore on demand

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BLISTER
by Mark Renney

Today was a blister
Flattened in the sun
Skin stretched thin
Across tarmac and concrete
Stretched tight across
The cracks in the dirt

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