

One Thousand
by Tim Johnston

One thousand memories
reflect in the mirror
their ugly smiles
burn into my eyes

One thousand whispers
call to me at night
voices of the past
angry and vengeful

One thousand times
I've prayed for death
only to be denied
sentenced to life

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Raindrop Baby
By Michael Lee Johnson

I'm a Chicago raindrop baby
silhouetted in this night,
single-ring single person
minus the 24-carat gold.
A harvester of nightlife,
star crystal, seated, well
proportioned,
a gatherer of sluts
flood my imagination.

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We Watched a Filmstrip in The Second Grade
by Rich Boucher

and it was about how to use the telephone,
how to not be scared of the telephone
and the film had characters dressed like the numbers
and letters on the dial: there was an exclamation point man
who hurt himself fooling around
with the giant hook on the massive rotary dial
in the center of the floor; he cried so loud, like a baby:
the room all this was in was supposed to represent the jack
that goes into the phone socket on the wall,
his costume was a yellow foam exclamation point
and after the filmstrip, I became a little boy
who was terrified by rotary phones
and crying men shaped like exclamation points

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strange thought
by Matt Wall

i think it says something
about us as lovers
or sex fiends
that the thing we want most
could be full of piss
and is just an inch or two away
from a load of shit

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CUT UP
by Mark Renney
(Inspired by William Burroughs and Brion Gysin)

With their Stanley knives And reams of text
I wrote my life up To now from birth
Put all the people and places In chronological order
My plight the pleas and The wrongs and The rights

I wrote in longhand and When I had finished with the writing
And my wrist ached I cut it all up
Into tidy little squares I didn't use a Stanley knife but
A pair of scissors It was laborious because
I had to be very, very precise and then I jumbled them up and
Put it all back together Haphazardly without really looking

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Mr. Killhappy
by Bunny Wilde

you would set me on fire
for a little more light
take out my eyes so I can't see
who's on your mind
put the gun in my hand
after shooting me down
I would have let you
if you hadn't run to the one
with the pretty young face
I heard she found the way out
who are you killing now?

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I gave them my soul
by Chasey Delaney

I gave them my soul
when it was merely
half baked
left the doors wide open
the welcome mat worn out
by washing and re-washing
obsessing and fretting
about visitors
ever yet to arrive.
None of them
get to stay but
they all wipe their feet
on the way out.

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No Sick Pay For Poets
by R. Clark

I wrote one line, then fell asleep.

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