

lift you up, put me down
by Shaylynn Marks

swearing i'm
made of muscle
blaming it on
the protein fix
on my knees
drinking your life
til you're spent
carrying you
on my shoulders
my soul's tendons
they're tearing
when i'm too weak
will you pull me back up?

insta: ub3rst4rr

Man's Mother
by Bunny Wilde

the cruelest part of me
is almost sad
that she's never going to die
she will be stepping
over all of our remains
at the end of days
barking at the mutants
that ate us alive
she will lead them
with a strong arm
a judging eye
and while our spirits howl
from the ashes
stripped of humanity
she will sleep like a baby
in the cold night

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Old Enough to Remember Being That Young
by Rich Boucher

Abandoned pizza slices stain the sidewalk
just a block from the man selling baby crib mobiles
he makes from discarded light bulbs
and forgotten memes that feed on insecurities:
when I finally get to die, all you people better
cry about me as though you get paid for it.
Who among you could be the candle I'll light
to bathe every dead loved one I've lost
in shadows so thick all heaven's hymns
could get swallowed up and never heard?
Tell you what: the first job I ever had I was only fifteen;
on my break I'd sneak a High Society magazine
into the upstairs bathroom, jacking to Trinity Loren
like it was the only way to stop tomorrow.

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good job
by Chasey Delaney

I share my soul and emotions without trauma dumping, at
least I tend to think I don't. I share my love,
my mind and heart the same as I share everything,
anything, my crisps, I'll insist you try one,
no take more,. Do you like it? Here, take them all.
No, honestly, they're yours now.
I don't need them, nothing anything more than
I need you to accept. something from me.
My validation is my sought after cure.
For my emptiness is a test of strength.
I implore you to take away something
which belongs to me and now...
Thank you. I can trust you. Now.
Good job, I ain't giving
out flyers or herpes.

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Misfits Poem
by Adam Crawford

In 1983,
Jerry Only left his legos out
and Glenn Danzig stepped on one.
"Jer-ray-yay-yay,"
Danzig sang out in pain,
"I to-oh-old you to pick up
your fuckin' leg-oh-whoa-ohs!
Now I'm brea-yea-akin' up the band!"
In 2017,
Glenn, at last, calmed down
and started doing Misfits shows again,
which was great because
I finally got to see them --
but I fear it's only a matter of time
before Jerry leaves his legos out again
and Danzig steps on another one.

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matrray
by Matt Wall

the overcrowded graveyard
with king sized filter tombstones
the dead wait for me
and i them someday
will end up in one of those
hopefully not soon
there is much more life
in my bones

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