The Blood Rag

Jump by Steven Bruce

Most men feel a need

to exceed their fathers.

I want to thank mine

for setting the bar so low.

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Musings on Roe V. Wade by Tamara Albanna

Where has our anger gone
Why are we sitting by
And watching these
Injustices perpetrated
By our very own
And not dragging them
Out of their offices and
Into the streets
Where the people are
And showing them who's
Really in charge
While women bleed
To death condemned
It is their blood that should be shed

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fudge brownies by Shaylynn Marks

rested in pyrex
for anticipated devouring
saturated with sugars
of utmost desire
yet remained untouched
slow crescendo
of increased hardening
grown stale
with each day
rendered useless
to be discarded
almost as quick
as they were onced craved

insta: ub3rst4rr

Technostitious by Ethan McGuire

I'm a superstitious man,
there's no doubt.

If I see the remotes
on top of Emily Dickinson,
I brush them onto the floor.
When I pull clothes
out of the washer, I carefully
toss them on top of the TV,
carelessly, just to spite it.
When I know my phone's listening,
I recite good poetry to it
and say cruel things about technocrats.
I do what I can. I do my part.
I show those bastards what's up!

TheFlummoxed.com

Matriarch by Shane Brewster

The muted fire
Within a tiger gone lame
Continues to burn
Like an empty oil lamp
Its wick ever tenacious

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Shaved Head Poem by Adam Crawford

The top of his razor-trimmed head felt like cold chicken skin. In bed, the fan blew on the spot, giving the impression of a soaking washcloth that could not be removed.

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a common mistake by Matt Wall

"I'm not sure. are you the same writer that did Knights of badasstum? I'm here to talk to you today about John Dee and a whole bunch of other really interesting mysteries. Given the curious nature of our times. It's all about the apocalypse."

I'm not. Sorry.

www.ihatemattwall.com



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