

bout
by steven bruce

There are no
lasting victories.

Only fear of the future,
insanity, bouts of rain,
a wilting red rose,
lucky blows,

and

the unexpected death.

stevenbrucewriter@gmail.com

summer is dying
by michael lee johnson

Outside, summer is dying into fall,
and blue daddy petunias sprout ears—
hear the beginning of night chills.
In their yellow window box,
they cuddle up and fear death together.
The balcony sliding door
is poorly insulated, and a cold draft
creeps into all the spare rooms.

chaseydelaney7@gmail.com

cleaning glass
by garrett carroll

A reflection that barely
crystallizes into a foamy image of you—

I see your face disappear
like an elusive fog
into a place I will never know, a space nobody
can inhabit.

Where once I saw that glass of wine held between
your musing fingers, you—the fine-dining
philosopher— now I see the nonsense of your
needs

and your witless wires of hair
as they drag through the dusty air that cracks
through your cheeks and bleeds out your
retinas.

garrettc Carrollwriting.wordpress.com

husk
by matt wall

in a vast cornfield
with giant stalks
each with many ears
there is one ear
that is not green
but brown and yellow
dry and brittle
with nothing inside

www.ihatemattwall.com

I'm Saving My Good Poems for The New Yorker
by adam crawford

This poetry one-sheet thing is cute,
and I'm glad it's getting my name out,
but come on: don't think I'm gonna
send you anything I actually tried on.
I'm saving my primo poems
for The New Yorker, The Atlantic,
Poetry Magazine, Crazy Horse,
and other more legitimate publications
who will take forever to get back to me
and reject me at every turn because
I'm too cynical to be Rupi Kaur
and too insensitive to be Ocean Vuong.

falsegrind@gmail.com

mercies
by chasey delaney

good luck presents itself
in strange ways like just by
not getting your thighs stuck
to the toilet seat when getting
back up, avoiding causing the
mean sleeping *clown* snoring
in the hate room to wake up.
thank *funk* for small mercies.

chaseydelaney7@gmail.com

Poetic Anarchy Press insta: @poeticanarchypress
send submissions 14 lines or less to:
poeticanarchypress@gmail.com

MAKE COPIES! POST EVERYWHERE!

