

A NIGHT OUT
by Keith Phillips

My mind
Has split in two
Standing outside
A packed bar
I gaze up at
The street light
Thinking
It's the moon.

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Feels Like
by Jeff Taylor

My five-year-old woke up scared
she doesn't know what dying feels like.
I told her it can hurt more
to see something you've believed in
consumed by desire.

When they first found Fred's cancer
they gave him four months to live.
He wanted to share his drugs with me
so he could leave me like he met me
but some change needs to be felt.

When Emily didn't want to get out of bed the next morning
I called her out of school and took her to the park
to focus on what it feels like to be alive.

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No Satisfaction
by Jason White

"You're never satisfied"
the old man from the factory said
"if it's good, if it's bad
doesn't matter
you're never satisfied"

I laughed
the part of me that would have screamed
told him to fuck off
visions of ruining his liver spotted face
wasn't there

instead
I felt understood
acknowledged
and so I laughed

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WEDNESDAY 9:45pm
by Brad Crownover

I looked out the window
a breeze blew in
shut it tight
made another old fashioned
lights out soon
work
7:00 am

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Seven Butts
by Q.G. Pennyworth

Today is seven butts
And that may sound like a lot
But it's important to remember
That some days are significantly butt-ier
Days of dozens, thousands, millions of butts
Days where you can't seem to get out of bed
For the weight of all the butts on top of you
Infinite butts stretching out to the horizon
Obscuring the sun and moon and all the stars
Not leaving the faintest glimmer
In the fart-scented dark

Today is just seven butts

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Frida Knew (after Frida Kahlo)
by Gabby Gilliam

I wear your loss
like a thorn necklace,

piercing tender skin
at base of throat,

burrowing into flesh,
robbing me of breath

until I choke.

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it's halloween
by matt wall

bombs are dropping
people are dying
the world is ending

i owe people money
am hated

this is the scariest one
yet

www.ihatemattwall.com

Soap-Bubble Poem
by Adam Crawford

Grey, stillwater
soap-bubble
on the bathroom sink,
you are my thought
and, like a fat zit,
I wish you would pop
and be flat again,
so I could go back to
staring at the ceiling
in something like peace.

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