

Sleep is something
I more and more
Look forward to—
Or, rather,
Look forward to
Disappearing into.
It hasn't always
Been like this;
And I don't necessarily
Look at it
As a bad thing:
But I don't view
With optimism
The fact that
This tendency doesn't
Appear to be
Decreasing,
Or getting better,
Or however it is
You want to
Look at it.

S F W R I G H T

Nighttime

Take it to tea, they say
Ride the tail and call the drumming god
Honor the sea beneath your tongue
Print the moon from here
The same mark you always leave
Both of stamens, tossed petals
Milk suckler
Clutch your chakra
They'll call your nub a tail
A one-on-one suggestion
Nobody said monstrosity
Just verisimilitude

P A T R I C K P A R I D E E S A M U E L

Shadow

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Pixelated Rainbow Stickman totally at home in MEGA SMART CITY GREAT RESET

BILLY CANCEL

"you and whose Stay Behind Army?" he asks "think of me as Apollo on steroids
whereby i used to be known as Vanguard Too Early—the 1st excuse. now if
i was any happier there'd be 2 of me and i'd be sick turns out i'm Infinite
so even sicker." the night before

an earthquake struck Naples in 1805 swarms of locusts were
seen creeping through the streets towards the ocean. same

time i can't decide if my Endgame is
25312 sunflowers in a field of selfies or a
sugar coma in a tropical setting Compass
Man looks like something you'd see on the edge
of maps i'm right tight in the face pause
the game. the night

before an earthquake struck Naples in 1805 swarms of locusts
were seen creeping through the streets towards the ocean. again

today we're eating left over left
overs but this
is different and tastes like
LESS.

Notes of Fashionable Melancholy

JEFF TIGCHELAAR

dead turtle

torn gray jacket

bottle of

bottom shelf

alcohol

that dark

cloud above you

is any of those

or all

Anonymous Propositions

JOE MILAZZO

Your martyr complex is not my police siren

Your dog whistle is not my dueling banjo

Your pet names are not my test audiences

Your eyeteeth sweepstakes are not my stuffed animals

Your artist's residency is not my undertaker's creole

Your proxy statement is not my sharecropper's michelada

Your cauliflowers are not my strawberries

Your pinochle deck is not my origami

My drama triangle is not your snooker table

My hammock is not your electoral college

My trapeze act is not your stand-up special

My gut checks are not your kiss cam compilations

My cloisters are not your millions

My wonkery is not your smut

Devil Takes a Shower

JEFFREY LETTERLY

Devil takes a shower, dries off with a thick blue towel, brushes teeth, just about out
of deodorant, makes a mental note to add it to the list, gets dressed, waistband
snap, shirt buttons wrong, one side longer than the other, starts over, moth on the
ceiling, a motionless grey triangle, house keys and wallet and phone in pockets,
puts water on to boil, travel mug, forgot to put the leftover broccoli in the fridge
last night, fraying shoelace, makes a mental note to add that to the list, brushes cat
hair off his pant leg, two quick honks from the driveway, *alright, alright*, grabs a
banana, a yogurt, a plastic spoon, locks the front door, did it rain last night, rolled-
down car window, *c'mon Jones, we're gonna be late again*, not sure why everyone
calls him Jones, should've grabbed an umbrella, seatbelt click, talk radio too loud,
a squirrel, and raindrops, heavy and sporadic at first, then windshield wipers on
high and blurred brake lights, then *damn it* and *of course*.