

I'm late I'm late For a very important date. No time to say "Hello." Goodbye. I'm late, I'm late, I'm late. --White Rabbit

CitiZens for Decent Literature

Part I: A Table for One

You can disappear here without knowing it. — Clay Easton (in Less Than Zero by Bret Easton Ellis)

White Vases

Flag fire. Sidereal arc
as hawks wheel
between the islands.
I apportion color
to false memories
of life in the open
as if I burned
a completed work
to unchain today
then enter liberated
like an unhinged door
laying flat in the grass.
The sea recedes
from white vases.

--John Swain



Jax Lites by Misti Rainwater-Lites

carnival love music

she was like a lost love of Charlie Brown
strolling across the campus village green
in her long coat of murals with eyebrows fluctuating
laughing at the thin air and causing people
to wonder if she was as dark and sharp as
her eyes amplified behind coffeehouse poetry
glasses
we met at the plastic toy farm exhibit in my white
barren room after my sisters and I finished off a bottle of
rum to reveal a bikini clad Puerto Rican, who we cast
in the farm scene as the town drunkard
the strange girl meticulously arranged the animal
scene and with such majesty and won the weekly contest
and I stole her pom-pom winter hat in lieu of the entry fee
the naysayers forbade me to see her again, but I climbed into her room
lantern boxes and pictures of all of her favorite presidents and the
rare Bowie record playing in the background as she jumped on a
trampoline.

the room became a museum of stolen toys, a bonus she gave to herself for breaking
into retail

and I took a full breath for the first time.

--Kevin Ridgeway

blind from bleach

roadrunner this morning,

the white sun doubts you,
but I don't.

no reasons at the lake today.
no stones in the sky.

peopled machines blink
in the tragic green of dawn.

--J. D. Nelson

*The siren sings a Lonely song
of all the Wants and hungers --White Zombie*

Purchase

It's just past Noon on a Wednesday
The Local Gas Station Buzz
I have a Pack of Gum
A Pack of Reds
And a Water
The News translates
My Secret buried in a Tomb
Those Children there
Scurry past and ride off
Into the Sunset

--Michele McDannold



*I love mankind, it's people
I can't stand.*

— Charles M. Schulz