Up the Whiskey Tree

You climb down from your whiskey tree long enough to ask,

What do you know about fucking?

Not much these days, I respond, my hands tightly clasped in my lap.

I try to change the subject to beer, or the Red Sox, or the dangers of using too many metaphors.

I avoid the topics of unfamiliar organs, hairy legs, dildos, doggie style, reverse cowgirl, Monkey Pulls the Turnip.

You dry hump the grass next to my feet, say, I feel lucky this afternoon. I grow excited in spite of myself, and I imagine your mouth firmly positioned around my nipple.

My panties grow damp, but you just turn around, climb back up your whiskey tree,

and leave me panting in the grass.

-April Michelle Bratten

The Commonplace

Love you heard, you said. Love scratching with crystal fingernails on that cracked window. Are you sure you were awake? Love like a millipede strolled down the sidewalk, you said, smiling, greeting the loose pebbles. Love with a leash around its thick neck, you told me. Barking gloriously at its neighbors. Are you sure?

Essential Impetus

Rebellion makes its way through every age Heirloom token. Seed. Under siege.

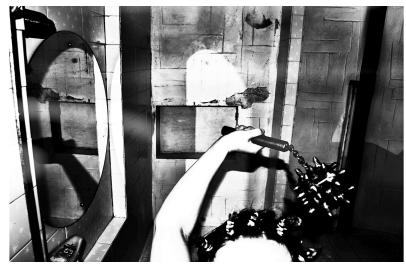
When we again are struck Plucked from other to the crux of coil

Something in the span endures In the force of conversation They cloister to the spin Pocked. The ebb within. Their feral need for reaching

These: rip mother from the genes They wrap mathematics around the planet

Cold, the codex Cold, the balance Still, "we cannot make a mountain" in that gathering of shore

-Lynn Alexander



"aggression" by Eleanor Leonne Bennett

-Valentina Cano

What now? Let me tell you what now. I'ma call a coupla hard, pipe-hittin' niggers, who'll go to work on the homes here with a pair of pliers and a blow torch. You hear me talkin', hillbilly boy? I ain't through with you by a damn sight. I'ma get medieval on your ass. -- Marsellus Wallace (Pulp Fiction)

Proposal

hold me closer. I'm about to burst into flames.

-R.G. Johnson



long

why

thinking

wrong

baby

baby

baby

alright

baby

baby

baby