



AROUND

Poetry

AROUND

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POETRY

SUMMER 2015

You!

It's the end of another season and so comes another edition of *Around Poetry*. First off, I would like to explain something many people have asked about: editions come at the final days of a season so that (hopefully) the writing artists submit is influenced in some way, shape, or form by the season the editions close out. Communally, they are representative of the thoughts and feelings the writers wade up to their necks and sometimes become swallowed up in during the past few months. There is no way to guarantee this – it is merely an action of an editor in the vein of absurdity.

Secondly, I would like to thank everyone who submitted their poetry. We had a great response and without your contribution we would not be able to provide nearly as diverse an issue. I would also like to thank anyone who donated monetarily, as it is your support combined with artistic effort that makes *Around Poetry* possible.

Welcome to the summer 2015 edition of *Around Poetry*!

Sean Rust

Founder, Editor-in-Chief

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Cover illustration and design: *Julia Callis*

Front: *Topless Beach in Italy*

Back: *Paul's Birdhouse*

Please visit **[AroundPoetry.org](http://AroundPoetry.org)** for submission and donation details.

## Storm Chasers

Cold feet, warming

As we dance freely to the pitter-patter of planetary pulsations,  
Jazz of the night spinning blue note skies, off beat - to what's  
normal to perceive normality to be,

Wet grass grasping our toes as we

Sway - soar - swing to the soulful serenades of thunderous clouds

Cries of love bellowing down,

to beings of all cycles,

Nurturing the blossoms of consciousness,

Preaching Metempsychosis - forever enabling soul progression,

Showing what's truly infinite is found inside of us,

You gaze as I gaze or as I aspire to,

Universal curiosity spawned from life spawning revolving around  
us two,

The rhythm off beat though only relative to past,

These storms reminding us that we continuously write these  
symphonies along our paths

*-Khalil Heron*

## Sixteen Questions

Everything's on the floor,  
but I'm in my bed,  
and I can't help it,  
I'm shaking.  
Have you heard the bad news?  
Have you heard their good fortune?  
Have you ever gained your own?  
Have you ever watched the flowers die  
every year as you've grown?  
Have you collected enough vices?  
Have you made your apologies?  
Have you loved everyone in the  
world except my mind and me?  
Have you ended all your days  
without a single sunset?  
Have you taken everything from me  
you could possibly get?  
Are you happy now?  
Do you get it now?  
DO YOU HEAR ME NOW?  
Should I really be so loud?  
Or should I whisper?  
Or should I whimper?  
Or should I fade away like an ember?  
I lay still and close my eyes.  
This feeling will subside,  
but only with time.  
They say just give it time.

-*Ojyo*

## Genesis. Exodus.

In your lost pages, we remembered some eternal power:  
The exodus, millions strong, wandering in the parched desert  
The acacia tree, cut down in it's prime to form your home  
Moses and Aaron, mouthpieces of the sacred word

These pages light the fire in our bellies, they project  
the strength of a people so often hamstrung and worn

This is our foundation, the formation of You:  
Male power, blood-guilt, milk without meat, vengeance

Topple the tower of Babel, harden Pharaoh's heart  
honor Jacob over Esau - You have taught us well

Cut the lamb's throat at the altar, wrap it's red scarves  
around your pages until You are completely veiled

When the fire turns to ash in our bellies  
When the foundation has rotted down to the bottom  
When your words cease to ring in our ears

What remains?

*-Elia Hobausser-Thatcher*



## Fleshy Bits of Nature

It took my too many years to skinny dip.  
Too long, too much time wasted  
before I met you.  
Before dirt stuck to the bottoms of our feet,  
before you said- “Now.  
We need to be unclothed,”  
and we stripped down and laid in the fountain  
exposing ourselves to the sticky summer evening;  
the library’s lights still on across the street,  
the sidewalks quiet,  
a single car passing by.  
Under the buzzing street lamp,  
half submerged in blue chlorine,  
we are fleshy bits of nature.  
Living softness in the rough,  
beaming  
and breathing.

*-Lauren Gaunt*

## Sunken by a Sea of Pessimism

I got a picture  
Of them grey blue eyes.  
Now another painful  
Swallowing of my cut ties.

Blindness now, in deep thought.  
Search this mind of memory,  
For those last words, aye  
Punishment of a man that drifted off.

Bitten lips, a call to abort  
Worthless of unchangeable remembrance.  
Deserved, echo's internally,  
Yet bitter this swallowing of life's sores.

*-Christopher O Riordan*

## There's a Rock in My Shoe

Following my footsteps

I run to where it began

Out of desperation

Out of deceit

Out!

Out!

Out!

Back into dark puddles, rippling deep with streetlight

There's a rock in my shoe

And I can't stop thinking of you.

-S.M.G

## ALWAYSREMEMBERTHIS

Now prowl the streets and step with poetry. Seduce the streets and stretch your vision from point A to point B. You are formless. You are sexy. It is sexy. It will always be what you want it to be.

*-Amoxi Raj*

crushed velvet

curiosity killed the cactus  
 but you broke the cat.  
 (i'm trying i'm trying i'm trying)  
 bobbed for nothing  
 because the apples turned black  
 (i'm still fucking trying)

was \$1.50 now it's five.  
 like highway robbery  
 but in my kitchen.  
 on the counter.  
 in the sink.  
 down the drain.

ring around the window and  
 i'm centered again.

this mattress is no coffin.  
 changed to a softer palate.  
 in my room.  
 on the table.  
 down the vein.

i stopped crossing the street.  
 i never looked.  
 and the sun met me 3 times before the bottom of that hill.  
 (you're still climbing you'll never stop)

i don't have to think about you when i'm alone anymore.

*-Niobe Marasigan*

## Last Song

She sang to me  
in a burning house.

Her sweetly somber voice  
mixed with the sizzling and crackling  
of the walls and floors and furniture  
being eaten.

Her green eyes reflected  
the fire that surrounded us.

I felt sweat sliding out of every pore,  
my body was turning into candle wax,  
it was pooling on the floor.

Her body was not affected by the heat,  
instead it seemed to make her cold.

Her voice began to tremble,  
it grew faint like a fleeting echo.

The last thing I remember  
was staring at her from the floor,  
I could see up her flowered dress, almost,  
and then blackness.

*-Anthony Brazeau*

when i think of happy

when i think of how happy i have been  
i will remember golden thread  
embroidering my blue denim  
unraveling a little at the right sleeve  
and the green armchair  
and the window with the tree

*-Claire Cirocco*

Fiona

She smells familiar here  
The car  
As if she faintly recognizes her site of conception  
The River Rouge  
Uterine nostalgia pumping through her AC vents  
We can't all go back

And we've only ever used God  
Me and Fiona  
Inflating our self-worth  
with unremarkable tendencies  
to ponder it  
and yearn for more

I'll think we've made it  
And she'll entrench herself so deep beneath the nostalgia  
that she forgets to shift  
And lost once more  
Aimlessly carried by the outstretched arms of the towering lamp-  
posts

*-Daniel Hurwitz-Goodman*



## Nomadness - Eyes Open

In the sanctioned shade which most men and women seek  
 Cheap entertainment, media, and fashion flourish  
 They've never forgotten their own names  
 I drive up Montana hills passing two horse towns

Unknowingly yet purposefully shading their eyes from the sun  
 All these men and women are running round blind  
 I see the breeze over Michigan water. whispering  
 Gliding through those laughing maple trees

Genuine thoughts and progressions are subdued in the shade  
 Truth in music, history, and folklore reside in the sun  
 They've never seen the wild poet's hungry eyes  
 I stare out at the deserted tundra of Texas

Let's get up and yell! Forget your life and go explore!  
 They've only thought about getting insurance  
 Consumers have forgotten about America  
 Fuck that, Leave yourself, live in the Sun!

They never stopped their routine to hear the "madwomen" out  
 They never saw the wild poet's hungry eyes  
 I sit and sigh, alone

*-Miles Colin Hubbell*

In 2 parts:

This move is so irrelevant  
 It doesn't even help a bit  
 It's energy we barely have  
 And now my brain is loud  
 and sapped  
 'Just go along, and please  
 play nice  
 Don't worry your self  
 take my advice'  
 they'll say you've got all  
 that you need  
 So you will serve their  
 Monied greed  
 Starvation is a thing you  
 Fight  
 No car? No clothes? A  
 sign  
 Of blight  
 Your race your gender  
 Make it so  
 The news will preach and  
 Then you'll know!

*-Anthony Scannell*

Come now, chill out  
 In the land of care free  
 No race, no gender,  
 Politics or money  
 All we have is the groove,  
 Sensation makes ya  
 Move, it's the place to be,  
 If you'll take it from me,  
 Your mami, dadi, papi  
 will  
 See that,  
 Every day we can grow,  
 Instead of living  
 Stagnantly and,  
 The Tree of Life that we  
 all  
 Are a part of will take in  
 Our hatred and flower it  
 in Love

## What is Flesh? What is Reality? What is Consciousness?

city concrete/ broken bone bare dirt feet glass cut bleeding  
 vagrant heart missing "home" crying dawn, grasping  
 blanket like old lover flesh festering sunburnt peeling  
 emotion balmy blues and ice coffee creamed with dreams  
 sweat smoked sweet skin street corner standing wayward  
 woman wanders and waiting cold shoulders speckled in rain  
 cigarette chains and mandala meshed mortality lalalalalala  
 don't think too much home is everywhere open heart open  
 eyes open mouth growing garden body composed of dirt  
 and water flowers grow from nipples teeth are scriptures  
 made of stone eyes are sunburst bright burning heart  
 worships moon sculpted feet from small mountains arms  
 are tree branches hands blossom over and over like the  
 beginning of spring throat composed of every word i've  
 ever read love, loves, loving can't forget the truths i have  
 written on my heart be present. be one. be love.

"Empathy" is crying at the gas station waterfall tears mix  
 with rainstorm making rapid rivers on concrete mid  
 monsoon, little girl with crescent moon eyes changes the  
 tides like a break in the clouds: extends her small hand  
 holding a sunflower, we touch palm to palm. birds sing, and  
 the sun comes out drenching us in gold.

"wandering thru my brain tunnels" if it makes sense to me,  
 will it eventually make sense to other people?

the people are talking about entirely different things than  
 the birds.

how much are we the same?

does it matter? what is matter?

when you smile, is it real? is happiness real?

i am going to the forest. when will you leave the forest?  
when eye understand.

in my dreams i am a memory. in my memory i am a dream.

who are you? are we better together?

what is the reasoning behind your words? do you see me?  
Are we communicating?

we think we understand ourselves and then suddenly we  
don't. and this is when true understanding opens.

we are all the same. we are all the same. we are all the same.

i am you. you are me. together we can breathe. together we  
can see.

*-EAO*

## Whereabouts?

The panic of sunrise  
and the midnight crises  
find me.

The peril of speed  
approaches  
and I shiver  
with envy  
and confusion.  
I beg the walls  
for comfort and  
grace.

The forks come out  
and I sit leaning over  
my plate.

See me digging  
in the sand,  
see me standing  
in a lost field of light.  
See the curtains drawn  
and reach for the cord.

I'm wandering across  
the horizon,  
I'm stumbling in circles  
asking for names.  
And I think I'm finally  
beginning to understand.

Yes: there's no doubt  
in my mind that  
this is me  
and I'm here.

*-Connor Kreger*

## Where is My Generation Headed?

Where is my generation  
headed?

Into the space time continuum  
of our minds Heed your parents' advice  
Runaway from all  
responsibility

Anticipating a change  
Biting one's nails  
Hasn't the change already  
occurred?  
Man, of course

You and I are the change  
If we can perceive a variety of  
outcomes  
We can be the gatekeepers of  
change  
Sacred, mystical knowledge  
If used appropriately.

Fate drives us  
If we can perceive a variety of  
Outcomes  
We can be the gatekeepers of  
change  
Sacred, mystical knowledge  
If used appropriately

Fate drives us  
Into the eternal center  
Refining, reflecting, returning

refreshed Retreating toward vocation,  
That's where we are headed

*-Phillip Dage*



wefloat

I'll fuck a hole in your concrete ego.  
Drinking as preface to enlightenment.

On that late night I walk tha mad dog trails  
ancient and smelling human.

A great tiger sunk his tooth into my collar  
Eye become it.

The sky spoke "taste it all"  
my victory rose  
I love it.

With one ear out eye'm listening  
mother and child

The other ear in, eye'm being, blissfully

Protect ya kin  
we float.

-Amoxi Raj

## And Mirrors

It has been said, or at least, I have heard: happiness is having something to look forward to. A weekend, an encounter, a night's sleep. Within the vast complexities of life we determine goals. To accomplish them is to gain temporary satisfaction, to reset them requires determination and hunger. This craving not necessarily for self-improvement but for victory. The line between pride and addiction is blurred. Whether a primary pursuit be athletic, academic, or emotional, there is a limit, and within the achievement of one's primary function, resides the same renewed vigor found in addicts, a gambler attempts to win, an alcoholic strives to loose, and a nymphomaniac desires to "get lucky". Within all of these, a measure of chance divides the individual from the goal, perhaps then the chance is what is addicted, not the success itself. Something to be controlled, something that may be guided, a personal power, before the theories of a "non-addict" determine that an addiction controls it's "proprietor" and not the other way around. I suggest that addiction is not an evil rather a cornerstone in the human condition. Certainly the caliber and deviancy of any habit ranges, but if control is what is sought, the cigarette to a smoker remains the most poetically ignorant and beautifully soothing addiction that can be possessed. As it were, we determine happiness objectively within ourselves, and as culture, parental guidance and childhood climate vary infinitely from person to person. The ability to define a average brain deviates from all psychiatric ability. What defines humans though, is a shared goal: pursuit of happiness. There certainly exists the population of those so lacking in self-awareness that they will always be either happy or sad. That community aside, there must be a drive for joy that can be achieved from success. Personally I possess many goals hopes and dreams and it is or the sake of control of my own life that I have, after much meditation, placed

tobacco as the foremost goal in my life. I do not advocate, condone, or recommend, I simply do. I control joy. Life is managed within the time frame of days weeks months and years, and thousands of years of leaders have wound the clocks of anticipation, life and death for the masses of the modern world, once removed from this time frame, one loses the poorly engrained purpose provided by a Plato cave society, of sheep herding. This is not anti-establishment, this is not Orwellian "I love Big Brother". This is independence from Big Ben and the colonial first world clock. As the anniversary of my death passes again and again, I possess my silver linings I define my golden goose, and I give my body the stopwatch connected to the time bomb that is life. Though it is not mine to hold. It belongs to one I trust the judgment of. The meaning of life, is to believe in its ending. Not to accept it, not to understand it or respect it. But to prepare a place setting at your table, to offer to hang its tattered cloak, and to wash its feet beside your fireplace. Hell, smoke 'em if you got 'em, and bum if you don't, but don't fake tears at a smokers funeral, within all the best laid plans... It helps to have something to believe in.

*- A convincing denial by JD*

## Birds and Other Bottom Feeders

Dead little black bird, lady on the ground  
Madonna, Madonna, Madonna  
a cup sits by the bug-eyed one

his purple shirt  
her lame foot  
backend, they run  
like mooing turtles  
to be fucked. Men  
to be bug eyed  
and gimpy. Men  
Red footed and lame  
to be fucked

*-Julia Callis*

## The Blue Car

*For William Carlos Williams*

Nothing depends on  
snow

hitting the blue  
car

and the mangy  
dogs

barking at the  
wind.

*-Sean Rust*

## Missing My Idle Life

An orange horizon  
Silently signals that dawn has sprung  
Another easy day has begun  
A dawn chorus is sung  
Echoing from the trees.

A wild flower gasps its first breath  
Rays of bright light  
Escape from the heavens  
Nature ignites too  
Breed new life.

A hazy mist  
Drifts along the Lakeside  
As a lazy frog  
Tries to hide  
Camouflaged on a mossy log.

Nearby a stream gushes, a sheepdog rushes  
Through the soggy marshes of buttercups and daisies  
Joyous jumps as he brushes over rushes, feeling free  
A rabbit's ears twitch  
It decides to flee  
To its bunker in the ditch

Awake to Angry car horn  
From a beautiful dream, I was torn  
Switch on the light, to lift the gloom from my room  
Roll out of bed  
Still like the walking dead

I stumble to window  
To glimpse the countryside.  
For a second I am amazed  
Hit by a urban perfume  
“Uggh” I now live a city life.

*-Christopher O Riordan*

## Ode to My First Love

You broke my nose.  
I love you more for it.  
Uh...can I get a minute, Sir?  
Sorry. Maybe it is the way  
my blood mixes with the dirt  
creating my own rendition of a Jackson Pollack,  
spilling out my love.  
Maybe it's the way bruises form on parts  
of me, that I didn't even know existed.  
Spotting me like a dog.  
Or the way the mud clings to my cleats,  
like barnacles on a boat--  
traveling to a far off destination.  
Ruck me hard, Maul me to the end  
Make me scrum until I scream.  
Do lines?  
Easy. Watch the scissor pass lead to the try.  
Watch the dropkick lead to a conversion.  
I'm a Hooker can be said with pride  
as my props bind up and support me.  
Yeah, Sir, I'm gonna need a blood sub.  
But trust me, babe, I'm comin back for more.

*-Meagan Blocker*



## Where Do I Go

Where do I go when the sun is gone?  
When the clouds come out to play I find myself straying from who  
I really am,  
Not knowing where I really belong  
Underneath your shadow is where I should stay  
Strangely enough that's where I grow the most  
Lost in a field surrounded by tall grass  
Just trying to find my way back home  
So underneath your shadow is where I'll stay  
Because that's where the sun is the brightest  
Never leave my side or I'll begin to wilt-until you shower me with  
your love once more  
Days where the sun always shines and the skies are promising blue  
Even in the darkest night, the stars never shine so bright  
Where do I go...wherever you go.

- *Sebastian Zoë Hollis*

## Appointment

Sitting there,  
in the strip out west,  
in the sterile box  
with Paris and Cancun on the wall

waiting

When will the Doctor come in?  
ad or art? I couldn't decide and  
I don't have insurance

waiting

reaching in my pocket like a savior to my condemned  
skin, take away the growth and leave  
craters in my fabric and wallet

a stain on the wall

*-Ted James*

## This is Not a Game

I've got a messy bed  
and a messy heart  
because you never cared  
and you'll never start

I wasn't scared  
but I should've been  
I got away  
but I'm still lost back when

What I said really mattered  
and my trust wasn't fractured  
and there was still a chance in hell  
that I'd move on from being battered

So say what you mean  
And mean what you say  
But if you won't do that  
I'll run far away

I'll keep myself safe  
And take others with me  
You could've come along  
But I know you'll never see

We're hiding from you  
And we're running from your friends  
And no matter how long you seek  
We'll hide until it ends

*-Emily Erdman*

## California Hills

California hills  
Rolling  
Lead me up and down  
Making me trust how the world goes round

We trek along  
A pack of wolves  
Primitive with big appetites

Like the California hills  
Rolling up and rolling down we flow and we earn  
The road wears us like a biker patch

Stretching along the golden state  
Our purpose is clear  
We are a unit  
United as one team  
We sting and claw

Mistakes come with the journey and its nature  
Sin is wrapped in plastic and thrown away  
It demands us to remember life at home

And like the California hills  
Rolling  
Our band climbs and falls  
We succeed and we fail  
The journey is great  
The ride is even better

*-Joe Meyers*

## Earring

Every time you call

It appears coincidental

Doubtless

I'm thinking of you

*-Daniel Hurwitz-Goodman*

## Clarity

*For Thomas James*

There is a clarity that comes with late nights,  
4 a.m. birds call in chorus to each other  
and empty streets show their cracking genitals

The purple half-moons beneath my eyes  
are as subdued as the darkened storefronts  
or the starless sky

The passions of day have withered down  
to the bottoms of my shoes, I stamp  
each of them out through the soles

I let them echo in the ground  
like some forgotten quake, small in  
magnitude, barely disrupting the surface

This harsh reality continues until the  
next sunrise, optimism is reshuffled  
and we begin again

*-Elia Hobausser-Thatcher*

## That I Am

circling to find the answers  
 the ways the circumstances  
 and second chances make me the woman  
 that i am

that i am  
 rude  
 moody  
 with an attitude  
 brooding  
 ways to be mad at you

that i am not

but - understand that i am  
 upset  
 set me up again  
 to push me down

at the top is where i can be found  
 still and moving  
 simultaneously  
 construing my thoughts  
 words - until you've brought up the courage

to say 'that "i am" sorry'

that i am not  
 accepting silence  
 no longer  
 it is true that i am stronger  
 let these things ring as sirens  
 symbols that rev up the violence  
 allow me to violate your mind with guilt

fill it to your brim  
then look in your reflection  
and see him  
you that caused mayhem  
amen  
a man i say to you  
yah weh  
that i am  
  
through.

*-Alana Hubbell*



## The Best

“Do you have a quill, a pencil, or a pen?”

“I fear not, good sir.”

“Well, great then. My words  
are meaningless, you see,  
with memory, they’ll end.”

So I looked up  
and screamed to some god

“Why have you left me?

And who can I love?”

Universal test that’s

Tryna get the best

Of me and everyone else

*-Anthony Scanell*

## Spirits & Coconut Coffee

Alone the scroll unrolls in smog  
Lines, bright red, unraveling in ember,  
Taming temper only to help remember what we bring with us in  
high climbs over our mountains in finding the center, or low  
slopes of slippery sleet sweeping us to the grounds  
grounds absorbing sun lit nectar,  
softening the lips as eyes widen to the time that's only drawn me  
into the depths of your lesson plans of the infinite's lecture,  
Warming the soul of our soles striding bare through Decembers  
Of past letters lent paraphrasing phases on paper - folded tight  
holding the love i speak in the speech that I sent her,  
Knowing that one day she'll fly home,  
One day I'll meet her again in the cumulonimbus planes in which  
we wander,  
And her lips just as soft

*-Khalil Heron*

## Fuckboi Zenith

I like getting blazed in spring while newborn Marigolds sing  
 Persephone's hymn. In dreams I often remember how the corn ov  
 your  
 hair lit up the winter's air, then selfishly hope for you here.  
 Dead Girl seeking Life Boi  
 four novice fuckboys  
 for fuckboi zenith  
 image icon  
 a satellite princess  
 swims wistfully thru net portals  
 crowning toads, satyrs, manicore  
 grand events hosted in private chatrooms  
 She becomes the Sphinx  
 She becomes an Oracle  
 Queen ov the Damned,  
 overhear (guys call her;) "Wolf Bitch", Babylon  
 Melanin infused Amazon  
 she will lead you  
 underground.  
 You may rest  
 eyes on true forms  
 and virtues:  
 The Leviathan (The Breaker; Tsunami&Fireball\*)  
 The Shiva (The Channel:Chalice)  
 The Phoenix (The Oldest Trumpet for Hailing)  
 Gold Standard Currency:  
 Gimmick, Pranked Nephilim.  
 Flower children sprout from dystopic ovum smelling like printer  
 paper,  
 and concrete will always win against an adult Icarus's yearning tu  
 defy gravity, post rebirth: emergence from father's rectangular  
 fiberglass eye socket;  
 or "how metempsychosis fanatics master the handstand in one  
 easy step."     *-Bryan J. Corely*

4pm

charlie haden liberation music orchestra  
squeezing a lime over a bowl of cubed avocado and cucumber  
violently squeezing a lime  
obliterating pulp with my fingertips  
bro neighbors discuss their t-shirts  
bro neighbor bbq camp-out  
hold your starbucks cup and wear  
your dirty adidas sandals  
championship of 2015

*-Claire Cirocco*

## Average

Because nothing I've ever done will ever be the same  
And nothing I've ever done will ever be different  
And I'm so, so grateful  
And I'm so, so great full  
But I'm still so-so

*-Emily Erdman*

## Ode to Tony Taton

You remembered the young vacationers  
invading the town in their particles of clothing.  
You remembered the way the mosquitoes bit  
and the fish flies flapped  
on the Fourth of July, 1936.  
You remembered the sock hops,  
you remembered what everyone was humming then.  
You remembered when Acey-Ducie the West Virginian got his  
new teeth,  
and back when spitting was considered an *art*.  
You remembered every forwarded email,  
every religious joke,  
the specific dates of each of your friends' spouses' deaths.  
You remembered every fishing mishap in the county.  
Every man who fell through the ice,  
or woke up confused and in Canada.  
But that was years ago.  
Do you remember me, Tony Taton?  
The day you sold me your book,  
spiral bound, plastic covered.  
You told my father he must be proud of his beautiful daughter.  
I remember you God-blessing us when we paid 20 dollars even,  
mostly because it was your birthday.  
84, you said. What a blessing to be alive.  
What a salesman.  
Tony Taton, I remember the first story I read.  
I remember laughing at the parts  
that weren't meant to be funny.  
I remember thinking about your white picket fence

and your radio listening family,  
and I remember wondering if one day I'd settle down.  
If 65 years later, I'd be part of an archive  
of deceased spouses  
or if I'd be living in a town too big for that to be relevant.  
I remember finding your obituary online.  
It was December.  
You'd died in May.  
I remember the blue ball point pen I used to honor your name  
on a log in the woods by Lake St Claire,  
and the sound the car made hitting a squirrel driving home.  
If it was up to you, Tony Taton, that maimed animal would cross  
that rainbow bridge.  
He'd meet his maker. His memory would live on.

*-Lauren Gaunt*

## Topless Beach in Italy

Slicked back her hair with a comb  
Cherry red  
her lipstick  
hot, my skin  
felt like ice cream

Eyes of a two-ball screw-ball  
run to my hands  
a blur, sticky  
were my tongue licked fingers

Look to the sea of pink umbrellas  
that of my plastic cone  
a soupy bowl  
of colored sugar  
ice cream, still melting

Could be my grandma, with the lipstick  
happily hunched with a bouff  
they stand, again  
they laugh  
she removes her top  
a two-ball screw-ball if you may  
could be my grandma

*-Julia Callis*



## Persistence of Memory

Come with me to the End.  
Walk away till the smooth waves of green,  
give way to fiery pulverized rocks.  
Watch with me,  
As the Sun fights to burn its last fire.  
Welcome the heat that has arrived to stop time.  
Stare with awe as the clocks melt,  
Tick  
    Tock  
    Observe as the numbers drop  
Wait patiently as the blood curdling silence  
begins to penetrate your soul.  
Sit down and remember.  
Remember when fire meant warmth, not death.  
When the hot sand came with the promise  
of a cool ocean.  
Breathe in... try to relax... as time begins to die.

*-Meagan Blocker*

Fly

Summer Edition

