

poetry

# Gum

· -1-α#~α

1/4, μ<sup>0</sup> 2 μS ¶ © ~ - @ ~ ° 3. 1/4 " « α<sup>3</sup> - , ¥ ~ ¶ α ± S ¥ , " " α ¶ ± a , °  
° μ<sup>3</sup> 3 ~ μ ¶ . « α α ± 1/4 , μ ± a ~ μ ¶ - © 1/4 , μ<sup>2</sup> - . « ~ ° α ¶ , ± S . 2 2 ~ 2 ± a

and while I do not regret loving you,

I regret the way your caution tape tongue did not wrap around me tight  
enough to keep me from falling;

2 μ μ α « ~ μ . « α 1/4 , ~ . ° ~ @ ~ ¥ , . S - S ± 2 . | α ° ~

2 μ μ α « ~ μ . « α fl © ~ α ± S S - S ± 2 . | α ° 1/4 ~ ©

# i was a twin

*Lindsay Killips*

my mother parted her lips,  
cried ruby elephants  
into the quiet until  
she had a lagoon, swimming  
with their trunks and toes.

and blue belugas swam down  
the crimson coagulated puddles.  
elephants

she turned february-ivory  
as if all her  
red drained  
from her  
insides  
out.

when they heard of those  
elephants

far from home. an ultrasound  
heart beat.

parts her lips. july. births her

# dealing with depression

Jorge Diaz

an empty mason jar with a lid.

shake it for seven minutes,  
make sure the seven minutes are about  
whipping the cream with  
itself.

when the seven minutes are up  
the mason jar will now contain

get up and shake again

and put it in the fridge.

# Eventually the Sun Rises

Maggie Macgregor

at three am, and the squirrels were  
at three am, and the squirrels were  
at three am, and the squirrels were

full tonight  
on the edge of the horizon  
and heavy, a big fat bowl of milk about to drop  
all its sweet whiteness

all its sweet whiteness  
all its sweet whiteness

i scrape my eyes raw with dry hands  
a burning balm's fat drops of hot salt from  
down to pool

my face is wet and cold now  
the wind blows

my face is wet and cold now  
the wind blows

mid-jump  
a giant

a giant  
a giant

my face is wet and cold now  
the wind blows  
a giant



# Sailing Lessons

! -12~α|| \* ~||~1/4

Dark, with my eyes screwed in tight.

“ ~ ~α± §μ ±® ±±±±<sup>a</sup> ± ±<sup>3</sup>~α|~ ° ~α«

α± ~ ~¥<sup>2</sup>° |<sup>2</sup> ~ ~§<sup>2</sup>, . α±<sup>23</sup>~± ° ±§<sup>2</sup>°

gargling cold wind and the smell

of curbside garbage cans sailing up and up and up

±.2 .° 2 ¥~α ||<sup>2</sup>⊙~α«. ° 2 §±<sup>a</sup>

.α~ ° 2° ~±. ° 2⊙ μ<sup>1/8</sup>§<sup>2a</sup>|| fl±~.

the bellow of a freight train

# when ophelia wanted my girl

Morgan Brantmeyer

lips pressed together in a slight frown  
she looks at me with melting almond eyes, and i have to blink and glance  
elsewhere,

my lips  
in the heart of winter?  
have you felt this feeling before,

*i have not felt that way for any mortal,*

suddenly

suddenly





