

DRAWING FACES

Noah M. Tysic<mark>k</mark>, M.A.

children can be so obscene. she really drew it'a ghost on a grid. pressed the felt on the marker flat'bled the black lines. smiled like pan on goat haunches. she's barely three, but it bothers me: the tortured way she sees a face.

READ IT WITH A DRAWL, DAHLING

CHERYL TOWNSEND

HIDDEN FACE..

ROBERT MICHAEL O HEARN

Where do you even begin to connect the dots the empty between points like unmade beds that'll begin to picture the composite face, minus trial and error without any trace of empathy or guilty party apology that'll reconstruct on blackboards of empty schoolhouses, the lines between faltering points on an unsketched face. He"s my heart attack lover palpitating my estrus into perpetual overdive Gonna dehydrate me if he doesn"t come up for air Spelling it out with a capital "T" I swear my back is just gonna snap in two Check him out when he"s through and resuscitate me just as his arms stretch out and lock

NOW I'M STRONG JANET KUYPERS

In the part I always thought I was alone

I was wrong

You helped me by giving love and giving hope Now I'm strong

IN THE ROSE Sean Fortenbaugh.

From the stem A thorn pricked finger Blood dripping into the sand Collecting Danger in beauty A sexy tiger in the silk Inspired by her smile Red buds She loves me She loves me not

BASE TEN

Melissa <mark>A Thulle</mark>n

The number ten is a handbag, a doctor's black stachel. Ten fruits growing on a limb, purplish-brown, the shade of deep bruises, hung like an egg carton (long rows, two by two), balanced by their pale wicks like teats on the belly of a speckled cat. Not like apples, which give to the stretching hand, which make their way to the basket. The doctor's bag, the leather, the clasp, it rises in solemn time, engulfs the pendulous purpling fruits, closes over the limb with a quiet click; takes the egg-fruits in their ripe formation, takes the bruised wicks, takes the shining bald air, takes the quiet of a finished growth, and opens again to claim nothing inside, black and solid, the bottom facing up to a cocked eye.

THE MUSE

Yosh

an ideal I created to help deal with deals an idol I overrated to catch sunlight in a jar

at the face of it



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