

Saddle cradles ass

Sweet Sweet masochistic love
My salad is tossed

Team Fuck yeah! Tandem
#467

Linda Pedraza
David Willborn

SUMMER @ THE BEACH
UNDER WATER WITH MY CRAB
ND LOBSTER
SWIMIN' IN THE NUDE
HAVEING FUN
IN THE SUN
ND EATIN' PINE APPLE
END LESS SUN SHINE

~~When we met at the hotel in New York~~ Angel,
~~and I said to him~~

~~in a whisper~~ let me say: I hope

they marry. ~~Someone who guides the bereaved through~~
~~such a smorgasboard of ritual~~

~~with Virgil~~ deserves as ~~much~~ happiness
~~as can be gained~~

~~in the Detroit metropolitan area, legally. By the way,~~
~~we never recovered~~

~~your wedding ring and pearls after some goons~~
~~pilfered and pawned them~~

~~but trust me, when I find him, I'll shake him~~
~~'til the rich give anonymous charity~~

~~or I'll walk away from trouble the way you taught me to~~
~~otherwise, it follows you~~

~~home and perches near the deli tray without bringing~~
~~even a cup and saucer.~~

~~Were you ready, ma, when your soul and body~~
~~signed their final confession,~~

~~the angels acting as scribes? No shower~~ In Rochester Hills
~~to stave off ill-tempered~~

~~ghosts, ungrateful relatives, rodents, to watch you~~
~~until you could do~~

Hand signaled cocktails
at bicycle hour
My friends
here
there
Pimbaled, fireballed
new aches
I love, fish hats
Sweaty hugs
and
new spirit animals
I will live here
always
With all of you ♡

BIG BEARD
AND Threatening
tone.

HE MADE ME
write this
POEM.

Crazy banners fly,
Whiskey, Twizzlers, espresso
People's Holiday

MALACHI BLACK

Drifting at Midday

~~New Fear~~: even the trees
are tired; they ~~were~~ bent forward

in ~~a~~ skin of wind, leaning in
~~out~~, reaching

for a little more ~~they~~
oxygen ~~can~~ give; when living

is ~~a~~ season, ~~they~~ can live;
~~but~~ living is no reason

~~to~~ continue: everything ~~begins~~:
~~and everything is desperate~~

~~to~~ extend: ~~and~~ everything ~~is~~
~~insufficient~~ in the end:

~~and~~ everything is ~~ending~~:
Now I can see. even the trees

Super soft fluff ball

Mallow in my mouth.

Only a fire's warmth will

R extinguish this

Erotic

Sensation.

97577

- a black plastic bag
- an -azure blue chicory
- a starry orange
- gleam, reflecting light:
- ~~scratches~~
- ~~scratches~~
- discarded juice box liner

334

Dear Suburb

I'm not interested in sadness,
just a yard's elder earth,
library of sunflowers
battered by the night's rain.
With dried wine, halved at dawn,
I can see how you exist,
Grazing today, your bright possibility
born again in the fall
and the day with the thick lock.
Hardly held for years I sleep
with my window wide open,
wanting to see through frame
Blindness to your untruth,
you who already know what I am
when I pass over spared crops
you were my battery, my sad clue,
but after I mowed the lawn
and watched robins cheating
for seeds I couldn't resist
what hung in the rock ledge
where, with a pair of garden shears
I cut all the hair from my arms. That need
that scared need to whiten
to clean a surface: plywood or lawn,
and the spywall behind which I stood,
stock-still, and sinned against
the fly's flyness. Though you live
inside me, though you lay eggs
in the moisture at the corners
of my eyes, I still dream about
your sinking empire twenty feet above
sea level, and the many things
you never see: beautiful bleached
gas can, tomato posts bent into art,

TANKA

BY MATT

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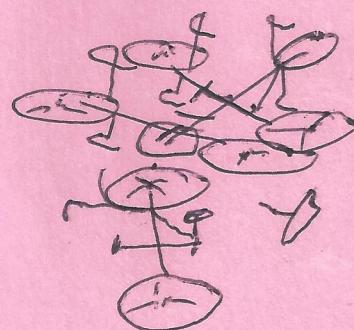
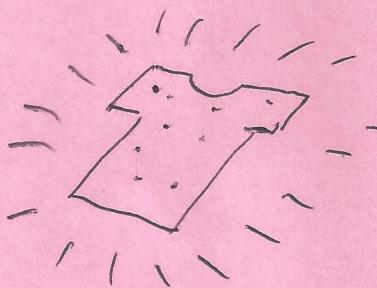
SOMEONE SAID "NICE SHIRT"

I DID NOT ~~BOTHER~~ ~~TO COOK~~

~~QUITE~~ ~~GLAD~~ I ~~IGNORED~~

THE IRRIDESCENT BLINDED

AND CAUSED A TEN-BIKE PILE UP



I ride today for the bees
That sassy group of ladies, bees

They are so sweet that troupe of bees
The Beevangelist team cheer, the bees

Ask Charlie all your question on bees.
And bee the change and save the bees,
we love all those flowers, treats for the bees
And all those ladies and all those green bees.

The Arc [REDACTED]

In one [REDACTED] 1st story [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the man [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] you need [REDACTED] now. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] has
[REDACTED] a body, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] god [REDACTED] Feel with your hands [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] along [REDACTED]

the incessant bloodrush, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] That [REDACTED] the man [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
conjured [REDACTED]

And I continue bleary-eyed
and I watch you heavy-eyed
by the end I will be dreary-eyed
looking at hope cock-eyed.