

# I Thought I Could See the World

Way above the treeline our love soared  
Beyond borders  
Like the blurred line of the ocean meeting  
the shore--  
Gently lapping onto the satin sand, not quite  
knowing  
Where either ended.  
We were trying to escape the Succubus--  
tucking ourselves away.  
Out of sight, out of mind.

When you are in the sky  
You look past the details--  
The curvature of the Earth  
Our overarching storyline

I thought I could see the world.

Sarah Jones

# Generic Love Poem

A vacant house cradled between

Mountains,

Unbroken,

Unabashed,

But empty. Sunken floors and creaky steps

Are what draws her in, with old paintings and distorted pianos to hold her captive.

Elusive beauty held beneath the floorboards,

Behind walls and in the cupboard

Can only be attributed to stardust.

Floating

Omniscient

Yet laced into everything.

The coveted lust

Of a heart so fond

is laced into everything.

So much so, that when she breathes her departing breath,

A flower blooms in the garden.

Sarah Jones

Photo by Emily Golding





**Photo by Kelsie Murphy**



*Sterling & Noble*  
CLOCK COMPANY

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# Untitled

I was daddy's little girl  
You took me hiking and bike riding  
We played at the park until dusk  
You told me imaginative stories of pirates and monsters.

But those weren't just fictional stories after all.  
The tales of the monsters were all too real.

Your monsters didn't have sharp ugly teeth  
Or myrtle skin with crimson eyes

They had bitter beer breath  
Sloppy shirts and slurred speech

The main difference with your stories and mine  
Is that mine doesn't have a happy fairytale ending.

Anonymous

# To Be a Man

To be a man  
To be the ruler of all  
To be the Darwinian superior  
To be the breadwinner  
To be pressured into the societal stipulations  
To be shamed for your feeling  
To be shamed for your numbness  
To be known as a hero by some  
To be seen as a monster by others  
To be valued by the size of your arms  
By a twenty-six cent advantage  
By the hair on your face  
By the callousness of your facade  
By the body count of the women you said you'd call back and never  
did.  
And to fall into the trap  
And to never consider escape  
And to fall victim to the stereotype  
And to get off on one word  
"Manly"-  
To be a man

Jack McGraw



Artwork by Matthew VanAlstyne