



Photo By Kelsie Murphy

Untitled

A distilled emptiness is seeping through my skin like India ink bleeds onto copy paper

And I'm lost-

A lonely thespian sitting in the seats of an unknown theatre

And I'm lost-

Dancing empty dances and singing meaningless nothings

And I'm lost-

In my own self

Until I see green eyes with the life sucked away

Leaving nothing but beautiful emeralds that no one seems to value

I have seen lips that have been poisoned by his lips and His mistake

And ones I'd love nothing more than to taste and poison my own

Leaving them raw and smothered in Lolita and tragedy

And I'm lost-

In my heart

She cracked my ribs open and left me vulnerable to new thrills and godawful dilemmas

And I'm so lost-

In lust and in love and in the desire to disappear

So I'll clean my wounds and drown my heart with whiskey

And avoid feeling anything more than lost

Jack McGraw

Photo by Emily Post





Artwork by Emily Golding

Lies of the Crown

Adorn your Prom King
With a crown of thorns,
And give his lover one to match,
So that when they kiss
The only thing they taste
Is each other's blood.

Give your Prom Queen
A box of tissues,
To keep her the tears
From melting her false face
When she discovers that
She's been loving him
And he's been loving
Thy neighbor
A little too much.

But how can she blame him --
That's the worst part --
For loving the boy with
Bedroom blue eyes
And pullable,
playable hair.

Matthew VanAlstyne

Untitled

Aligned with the striker,
The match head was a ruby,
Poised to burst forth into flames
Which bore likeness to the fulsome sun.

Now peeking through the gnarled branches
Of the weatherworn trees,
That glowing orb filled the sky with streaks of white
Which pierced the lustful pinks
Like a rag wiping away lipstick stains
From the rim of a wine glass.

6:50

Almost succumbing to the unrelenting magnetism of the ground,
My cigarette dangled from my lips in an embrace
Almost carnal in nature,
Only distinguishable by the glowing cherry which marked its end.

Lingering vapors escaped my lungs
In ribbons of a hue
That bore resemblance to the clouds which roamed the night sky,
Occasionally obscuring the face
Of the man in the moon.

Anonymous