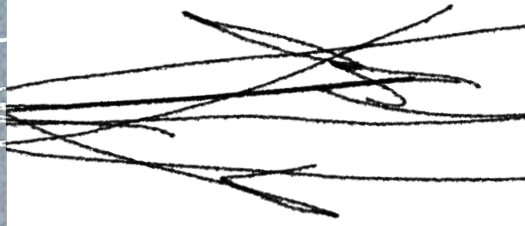


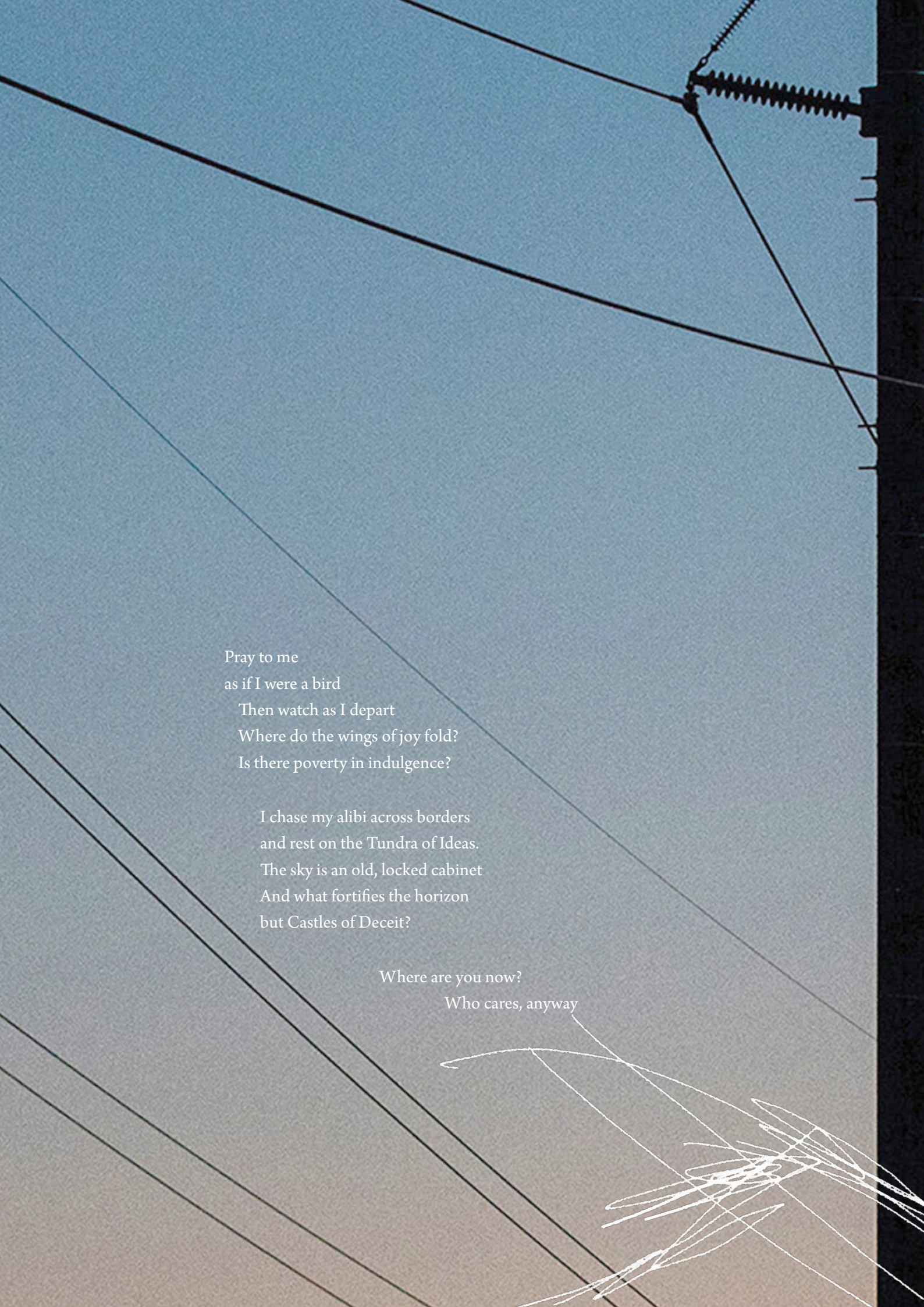



Poetry



Euthanasia No. 2

Opposite: The New York Times.



Pray to me
as if I were a bird
Then watch as I depart
Where do the wings of joy fold?
Is there poverty in indulgence?

I chase my alibi across borders
and rest on the Tundra of Ideas.
The sky is an old, locked cabinet
And what fortifies the horizon
but Castles of Deceit?

Where are you now?
Who cares, anyway





Mildew on the vanity

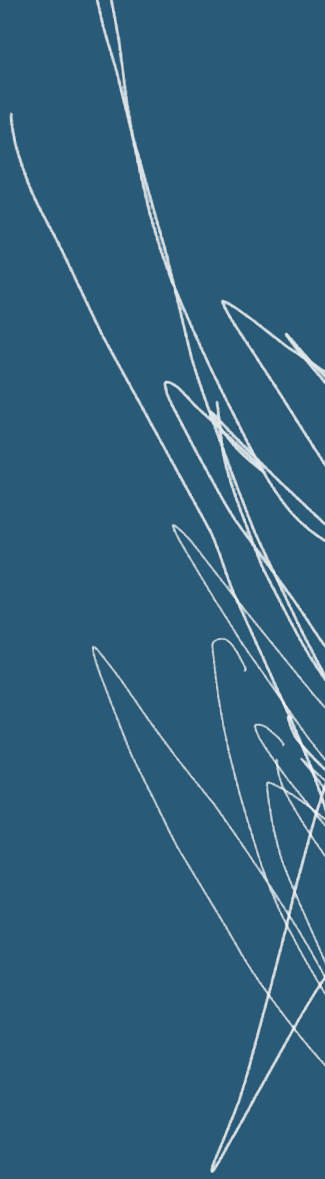
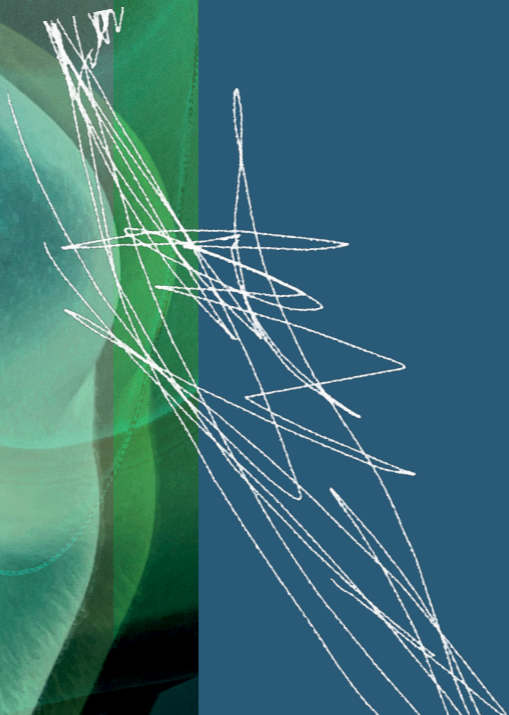
This spread: Pexels.



There is psychosis in love
and there are bells in the morning
There is death in hope
and a ghost or two in the pantry

We could christen heroes with nuance
and forget the dumb knighthood
bestowed upon us by our hyperstimulata
We could remember that it is we
who wake ourselves daily
and that we need only think
of those who may wake beside us

But then who would we revere
with every screen black
and the sunlight pouring in
showing dust shrouding the damask
and mildew on the vanity?



I am the mirror

My face, the object untethered

Fractured with brilliant, hilarious faults

like a precious stone of meaning
or a wall built of consequence

And a god inauthentic towers over me

My mind, the unhousted narrator
and you, a phantom neighbor

We store truths where we stockpile dreams

In that small, strange, skyward-facing crawlspace

And as false colors refract through windows of thought

I am not old enough to remember inspiration

But let me tell you

I stepped out into the world

because I could not find in you

what I found

had been there always

in myself

Annunciation

Opposite: Casey Horner.

