

Charles

Zeb Lott

This always happens.
Two weeks in either direction, and I'm fine.
But for the three hours
I spend with this girl
I have gas.
It rumbles.
It makes itself known.
She asks, during the movie,
"Are you hungry?"
I smile in pain that does not show.
"Guess so," I say, lying.
It tells me its name.
"Charles. Charles Daniel."
"Like the dining hall?" I ask,
Scared that my gas would
First have a name
And second have the gall to tell me.
"You damn well better believe it,"
It says proudly.
I begin to sweat.
Tomorrow I am changing my meal plan.
Something less talkative.

On Beauty: as She Leans over Me

bpb

A bedroom lash of hair,
Undone and wavering.
Her ribbon ties my kiss.

Saint Michael

Emily Fields

God's scourge, my reckoning.
Summer days when you worked at the
greenhouse,
Your arm hairs would be covered in pollen,
And you smelled like tomatoes.
I licked the dirt-marks off you,
Shook your head sometimes when you were
laying down
To see the gold halo snuff off on the pillow.
With your eyes closed you looked like a saint,
Dirty in a Byzantine basement with plaster
Crumbling onto your eyelashes,
But it was dark as day down there
And you were the whole memory.

Your back would sweat under the blanket, yellow,
So that we had to kick it off in July.
That whole month, I sneaked in your back door,
Even when no one was home,
Because I pretended I was sneaking into you.
There was no upstairs, no afterworld for me.
You were the tomato-cellar saint,
Sent down to do battle on my skin and hips,
My conversion, stunning, my only relic
The germinal dust of your labor.

Cyber Conception

A.P. Mendenhall

Control @!#3 Delete
Love and sex are obsolete
Just put your fingers to the keys
And choose the infant that you please