

December and
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 The dishes steam
 In a square of light
 I am thinking
 I am thinking that this pan
 Could split your skull,
 An apple halved
 Spilling your sickness of black seeds
 Glisten

Listen
 I can hear the wheels catch
 Inside your smile.

— Lisa Fiander

Dive
 right on
 into the
 Gazette



PHOTO: Ariella Pahlke

Arts Supplement

s h o c k s Because everyone survived
 doesn't mean the plane crash
 never occurred.

Look at the man with
 the cast on one hand!
 He has taught himself
 to write with the other.

In another town his mother smiles
 through the delicate lines of her face.
 "You see, he is ambidextrous now."

Stitches on her chin and under her eyes
 left scars pale as gossamer that quiver
 as she speaks. In the dusk of her kitchen
 she reads her mail one letter at a time,

from the bottom up; he writes each week
 but the handwriting is unfamiliar,
 she no longer recognizes her name
 on the thin blue envelopes.

— anonymous

yeah

I wear a walkman
 and I'm anti-social
 I don't give a fuck about you

— Andrew M. Duke

A Twenty years,
 and never an affair —
 her husband
 takes his vows seriously.
 Like playing darts.

He is very good.
 Throws from the shoulder
 and aims with both eyes.

His sight is bad now
 and getting worse
 but his arm knows
 its path.

The circle of her face opens wider, wider, wider.
 She has forgotten how to scream.

— anonymous