

### The Slate

No love.  
Hate.  
A mind like cheese.  
Screaming, pulled across the iron  
grate.  
Shredded and bloodied  
left there on the wax papered  
slate.

Brydon Paege

### Life Before Death

All I do  
is sit here all day  
and watch the Flowers wilt away  
and sometimes I can hear them say,  
among themselves,  
all we do  
is sit here all day  
and watch him slowly wilt away.

Hans Beckers

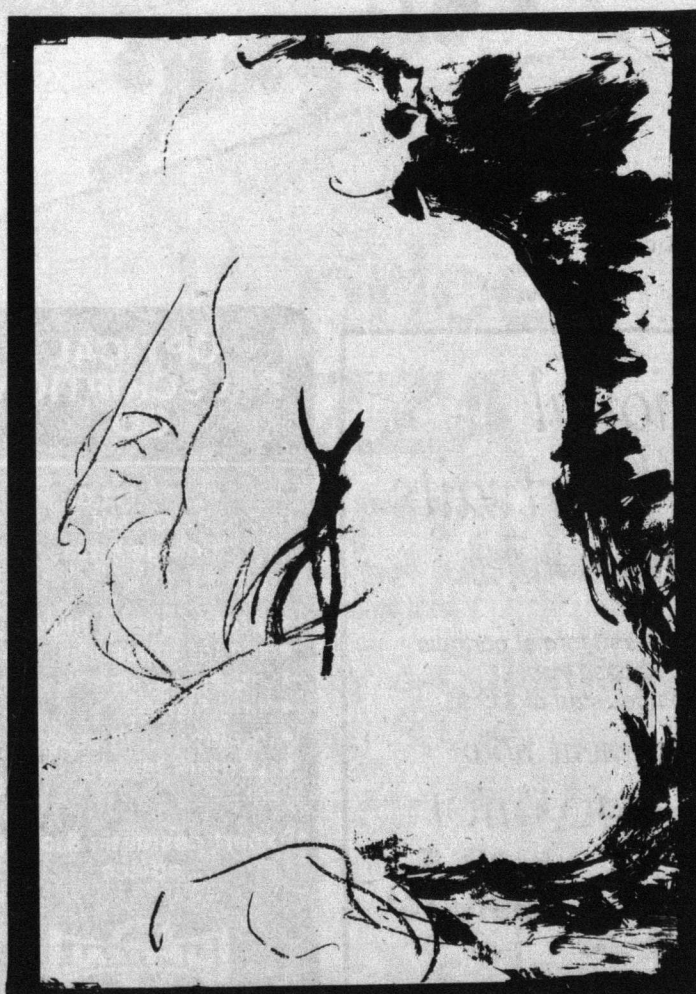
### Damn It All

Steel still blue pond  
Iris of the world's eye,  
Forever reflection of fond  
Earth's destiny. What fee  
Before my soul I see?  
My gaze devoured by deep blue  
Seeks what it knows yet little:  
And as a bird to wing did flew  
Thoughts of union were still brittle.  
Reflection though brought thoughts anew:  
Within Death's deep still life  
From there,  
Damn it all,  
alone to See?

Alasdair Deans



Photo by Cammy Yiu



Graphic by Mary McKenzie

### The Friendnapping

I don't understand it  
One moment together  
We gaped at the tall waxen model  
Covered in silks we could never afford  
Voice tense with desire, she said  
"That one"

She entered the change room  
And she never came out  
Leaving me searching  
Tapping on mannequins' shoulders whispering

"Is it you? Is it you?"

Cindy Rozeboom