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In Praise of Possessive Women

The average woman in love

is usually standing harmlessly beneath his rib or is sometimes being removed from still cheeks or is absolutely wild when she's been crying but She never does seem to get a night's rest.

The male to whom she is given is absolutely whole when she lifts her shirt and although she doesn't always do it for him, even so he always finds another way to beguile her and She always ends up afraid knowing.

A woman's halves need balance: mostly, she should be unafraid of him and partly, she should be unashamed of Eve; she can assemble her prayers on these as She takes up the place he had withheld.

James Ernest Channen

America

At first she gives you an ulcer Then strains you to the limit At last days you flat with Tylenol Peacefully greeting you With a new set of porcelain teeth Always younger Almost pleased Sells you alibies for painless death

The America of misleading messages Million opportunities Plastic heart surgeries Cruise nuclear missiles The America of dreams come true Bionic men, inflated rubber dolls Gets to a second orgasm Looking at herself in the mirror.

Silvano Zamaro

Preoccupation at the Beach

Eugene and Harvey were down by the Sea (Rumour has it that they talked about me). Constance and Martha were down there too (I'm quite certain that they talked about you).

But it seems that the high tide came and filled their ragged lungs, Stopped their little red heartbeats and stilled their long, long tongues.

Scott Rogers

Introspect on a Gray White Winter Afternoon

Fuck, Fuck; Fuckity fuck! Fuck.

Marie Clifford

