

Christopher Cussat
SAVIORS AND CEMETERIES

I want to write something dark
Something that will make the others think I am suicidal
I want to linger in cemeteries
and contemplate the irony of grass

I will become sepulcher
and stone
for you will not distinguish me from
the marble cross wearing my black
trench coat

See it drift slightly near the bottom
See how the unbuttoned closure
curls left with the night's breath

Revealing my leg
wrapped around the cross
as though through mating I would become
headstone

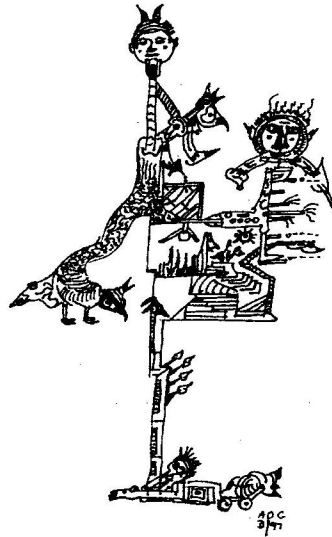
or an enamored Christ-Scarecrow
testament to the living
and communion to nothing

That is me kneeling in shadows and
touching those markers of past lives

That is me
with head bowed
reaching out to feel the stranger beneath,
an author,
a grandparent

I am crouching now
avoiding Poe somewhere near his clandestine death-walk around the harbor

That is me below the ground
with them all.



ALLAN DAVID GOLDSCHMIDT

Melanie Monterey
REVEALED

The way to my sufferings
Is the
Suppression of
All my joys and the elevation
Of my feminine fears.

Leanne Vanacio
PASSION OF THE HEART

The passion you own
with each minute
enticing fire for thee
the temptress, the beholder
your desire for thee.

Lesly Cruz
E-MAIL

A noticeable loss of faith
speaks in the e-mail-
carried off
strange secretive things.

Gabriela Miranda
LLENA DE LUZ

My head feels like
a thousand moths
trapped in a lampshade-
they torment me in the dark
I lay still
wishing for someone
to turn off the light.

Yvette Amador
DANCE WITH ME

A wireless mystery appetizing supplementary recovery both ends meet near the pitch fork ... *Vamas a balar.*