



SWORD

S/10: FALL 2020

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Introduction

The same words, the same books, the same ideas, over and over, the same lines in a soft blanket after a chilly day. There can only be so many. Archaic words (like mountebank or wherefore) fall away and are replaced with new ones (unmentionable here). Even though “mountebank” is still an option.

We are trying to stop ourselves from preaching. How can we tell you not to let us tell you what to do?

Take comfort, then, that here are the same words.

sniffs air tinged with quick powder burn,
then
 slowly inches his fingertip toward
the sanguine pool
 to the hole that geysered
as the man hit the concrete,
 cautious,
curious
 reaching for a touch
of another line's end.

Zebulon Huset

Young man shivers on the ground next to a bus bench | *Casa de Oro*,
Southern California, 2006

Little red leaves
titter on the huff of
wind, then they cease

any unsteady
movement. Tipped to their cusp,
little red leaves

fill slowly
from his cuts.
When they cease

resembling any
sense of 'cup',
the little red leaves

open like poppies.
With one last half-puff
his wind ceased

cycling past tongue and teeth
to the popped balloon of lung,
and though little red left
his wound, it then ceased.

Zebulon Huset

THE DIVER IN SERVICE OF SCULPTURE

as the deepest experiences
evade me

spread through and over me
like light

I absorb
she nourishes while
while offering nothing
to bring me back to reality

hips tilted forward

all I could recapture
everything remembered badly
words clumsy and inadequate at best
as I put the pen down
and arrive at a different place
by imagining
strolling at their side
beyond the power of the precise
briny shores cattle purple sky
too subtle the intimacy
to be incorporated into my language
could not recall
dimmed most oddly
entered into my essence
to cherish and to feed
laden with sensation so fine
only a repeat dose
invokes it

from sun-flayed meadows
to New York City
green-tinged lights of the campus
misplaced in those halls of ivy

hard grind of headlines,
has been here set down
so her presence brings
a different tale to me

hobble toward a taxi
pass homes with concrete driveways
come into the terminal

could be no other
could not frame into words.
but begin to understand how much nearer
inflamed
sit still
impossible to convey
can't take the flight away
though the body absorbs earthly nourishment
leave her shaking with the tears
leave the brass-headed bed
most of what I had heard recycled
like my speedy heels
the rest the main part,
a purer form of memory
now as tanned as sand

desiring mind
slightly bowed grass
over me
physical touch is distant
portion most
remembered of the colloquy
scratched into her coffin lid
she would run as if she were
shiny
shy head tilted and wrinkled,
like sun glistening off a train track
sleep came

so she's gone at last
as softly as would a cat
or a song from a late night movie

patter on silver heels
stolid little stone walls
sleight-of-hand
suddenly chubby
 with soft lips
 taking off to wander the hills
 or making coffee
tear down the clouds,
tear evaporates
in a tangle of heather and sumac

as it were filtered through
 the mere turning on a lamp
 fire tipping luminal
sense of fierce reality
wide lawn of green monotone
wind birdsong
 thecoreofthisbeing
therapy is the words
of those who've been
beyond state lines
 to write down the dream
 in transcendental order
 eschew unnecessary rescue
 wary of nightmares to come

John Grey

TIME TO MAKE THE BABY

I keep hearing about
falling birthrates
& some breakdowns
in the traditional American family algorithm -

scientists gather statistics,
1.8 children per couple,
that number has them
weeping nostalgically for the baby boom –

there are more reasons that newborns –
the growing economic independence of women,
many people forgoing marriage,
or spending less time in its clutches
if they do –

plus there's the rising costs
of maintaining the little brats
in the style to which life is accustomed –

plus all those fancy birth-control methods
from a condom in every purse
morning-after pills,
abortion, lower fertility –

we need the people,
the government tells me,
for our economic well-being,
military strength –

brains trusts speculate
could test tubes do the job,
secret government labs
out of Aldous Huxley,
well-paid mommas artificially inseminated,
embryo implants,

& all these abandoned factories
converted into children's barracks –

so the family,
that dysfunctional brigade of bitterly close relations,
is no longer up to the task,
but we have a government
raised on reducing foreign villages to rubble,
able to raise American villages
out of a different kind of rubble –

meanwhile,
I say could we, should we,
as we slip out of our clothes,
just in case we're still needed.

John Grey

SNOW DAY

Snow Day keeps a jar on the bedside table. The jar is full of crumpled up pieces of blue paper. Blue like the sky. On the outside the papers are blue like the sky. A stranger who walks into Snow Day's room and sees the jar might think it's full of candies, some pastel Easter candies. But they aren't shiny like candy wrappers. Snow Day wakes up, puts glasses on, and reaches for the jar. It's that quick. The papers sound like wind in a telephone receiver. Each day is a surprise. Snow Day's hand sometimes gets stuck, a bear and a jar of honey, reaching for a new paper somewhere in the bottom of the pile. This is a routine no stranger would ever see Snow Day perform. Snow Day picks a blue paper ball from the jar, a new one. Hopes for a new day. The paper looks the same as all the others on the outside. But the inside is dark—inky and granular. And Snow Day knows this means today will be dark too. Snow Day's head will be full of static, and the lights on the bus will make ghostly shadows out of the faces reflected in its moving windows. Once last year, Snow Day pulled a paper with a woman's face. Eyes circled in thick black lines looked up and to the left. That afternoon, a woman outside Snow Day's office window fell forward into the street over a broken stiletto and watched a heavy car slide right into her horrible fear. Sometimes Snow Day pulls a blank paper ball, or nearly blank, sees nothing but sunshine all day. The roads are clear, and customers say Thank you. The dark gray day is slow. Snow Day watches the minutes flip on a desk clock. The grocery bag breaks all over the sidewalk. Rice and butter for dinner. Before bed, Snow Day practices sticking a hand in the jar, wiggling fingers around in a new way, pulling a pristine new blue paper. Snow Days runs two fingers along the top page of a notepad, feels for texture in the red ink lines. In a dream the sky is blue, and Snow Day is stuck behind a window in the dark.

Jules Lattimer

SIXTY DEGREES

Sixty Degrees has a left hand stuck in the jar. At the office, Sixty Degrees is the one who waters the plants and who's always at the coffee pot with a crooked smile. Today, Sixty Degrees has a left hand stuck inside the jar, the opening of the jar is a hard glass handcuff. Sixty Degrees' wrist is turning white, little brown hairs are pressed down and stuck there. Of course it's Sixty Degrees who has a hand in the jar of blue papers, because Sixty Degrees has bigger hands than anybody. Sixty Degrees is seven feet tall. But Sixty Degrees does not have a bigger jar than anybody else at the office. And like everyone else in this office and everywhere, Sixty Degrees tried to make a good day today by grabbing an entirely new paper. Obviously, because of the hands the size of catchers' mitts, Sixty Degrees has only been grabbing the blue papers at the top of the jar. Those papers got old quick. There is only so far that a giant zucchini-sized index finger and yam-sized thumb can reach into the same jar they're going to give everyone else. So after a dark gray slip of paper and the horrible rain, and the black slip of paper on the day the sun didn't come out at all and a furious moon came right in front of it to make a ring of fire in the sky, Sixty Degrees tried to make a difference. But got stuck. Sixty Degrees has been crashing a jarred hand into everything on this floor. Knocked a coffee mug right out of Kathy's hand and onto the pretty silk blouse behind it. Sixty Degrees' hands might bat plants and picture frames off of desks that touch the main walkway, legs up to everyone else's shoulders and arms swinging low like pendulums. So Sixty Degrees has learned to use pants pockets to contain this problem. Except that a jar and a hand don't fit where just the hand is supposed to go, and the jar is even more a weapon than a loose swinging hand.

Jules Lattimer

THE WINDOW

The Window hates to pull the papers. In the morning, The Window turns over and looks at the white sky and watches a bird draw a thin line in the clouds. The Window keeps both hands tucked under a pillow and groans, moans, grumbles, and huffs at pulling a shaking hand into the cold bedroom air. And reaching for the jar, so cold it's almost wet, slippery, sticky. The useless lid barely stays on. And inside is another cold ocean of blue papers, crumpled like candies in the glass jar. The Window has to plunge a tiny hand deep underwater (The Window is very small) and wiggle fingers like divers' legs until a new paper catches between them. The Window hopes. The Window hates to hope for certain outcomes, to wiggle divers'-legs-fingers in the sea of a blue paper jar and, like everyone, try to catch a new fish, to expect that the newness of the fish will make it a brighter day and a bluer, always bluer The Window hopes, sky. The Window grabbed a big piece this time and wished there was something inside it. Unravelling, the paper was mostly blue, some gray freckles and a thin black line across the sky like a bird. On the bedside table, the small paper crumpled itself back into a ball in slow unnatural cracks and The Window put it back into its jarred anonymity. On the way to work The Window felt exactly two drops of thick rain, one on an eyelid and the other on a hand, and The Window expected more. But then a gray cloud fell over the high rise office building that The Window was headed toward. A child's arm, was it a child's? stuck out of a high-enough window, charcoal and gray in the shiny sky, and let a coin drop down in a straight line right into The Window's skull. The clouds moved out of the way and the blue sky seeped back into frame, hiding the arm, the coin, the skull, and the blood on the gritty pavement.

Jules Lattimer

PUNCH LINE

From: Horace Hello, PhD, Manager, Strategic Analysis

To: Cynthia Diamond, Director, Human Resources

Subject: Resignation

Hello, Cynthia. I have been with the department for almost 12 years. In that time I like to think I've made a few meaningful contributions to the successful operations of our section and to the organization as a whole. As you no doubt will recall, over those years I have maintained a devotion to classic comedy (here I remind you of last year's Christmas party). The time has come for me to work full time at the business of making people laugh. I have a book project underway, and at the age of 55 (I know, I know, it's hard to believe), it is time for me finally to follow my dream and, I hope, bring a little joy to my fellow fellows and fe-fellows.

I realize it's a requirement to give notice of two weeks, but I'm certainly willing to stay longer—up to six weeks if that would be helpful.

I've found my work here fulfilling, and I've made friendships that I trust will outlast my tenure.

Best, Horace

From: Cynthia Diamond

To: Horace Hello

Subject: Notice of intent to resign

Hello, Dr. Hello:

Thank you for your email. We will do our best to facilitate a smooth—not to say speedy—transition for you. An information package is being prepared and will come to you by the end of business today. The length of your tenure with us is certainly hard to believe. You are in many ways a fixture, one that feels decades long. It will be difficult to imagine not being regularly asked why some critter or another crossed the road. Your humor certainly had the quality of regularity.

Thank you for offering an extended notice period, but we wouldn't want to impose that on you when you have your future to attend to. Indeed, it is my plan to have you embark on your exciting future by the end of this week.

I certainly shall remember last year's Christmas party, not just now, but I suspect always. Your performance was capped off by the question, "Why did the magpie stand in the road?" Answer: "To eat a dead gopher." Memorable, I assure you, especially coming, as it did, immediately before dinner.

Best, Ms. C. Diamond

To: Otto Mattik, Editor in Chief, Joke Publishers, Inc.

From: Dr. Horace Hello, Author, Provocateur, Laugh Therapist

Subject: New book concept

Dear Otto:

In my last query letter to you, I proposed a volume of jokes based on the classic why-did-the-chicken-cross-the-road model. With amusement, you might recall one of the samples I sent you: Why did the raven fall from the tree? Because he was raven mad.

(Chuckle pause.)

Attached is a further sample, this one with a dozen terrific jokes. My wife loves them. As I sat in his office, my bank manager practically passed out from laughter (there's more to that story, though, but still); my dentist may have actually wet himself when I delivered No. 3 with both his fists in my mouth. I don't mean to brag, but honestly, these are side-splitters. I know you weren't that keen on the last batch I sent you, and maybe you had a point about the appropriateness of a joke about a pole-vaulting dwarf, but honestly, these new ones are fresh, imaginative, and, most of all, funny.

Cheers,

Horace Hello, PhD

Attention: Otto Mattik, Editor in Chief, Joke Publishers, Inc.

More Fantastic Funnies from Horace Hello

(Note: Under Canadian Law, these jokes are copyright protected.)

A sonnet and a sestina walk into a bar. After a while the bartender says, "How 'bout a little poetry, boys?"

"Sorry," says the sestina. "No free verse."

A giraffe rushes into a bar. Less than a minute later, another giraffe rushes into the same bar. The bartender says, "I see you boys are running neck and neck."

A man walks into a bar. The bartender asks, "What'll it be?" The man says, "A double crème de menthe. Neat." (That's the joke! Get it? No one drinks crème de menthe.)

A man walks into a bar, but he leaves right away because he hates chocolate.

A man walks into a bar. He's carrying a rabbit in a cage. "What's with the caged rabbit?" asks the bartender.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm afraid of losing my hare."

A man walks into a bar. Under his arm he carries a plush pillow, which he sets carefully on the carved wooden seat. "I get it," says the bartender to his

customer. “A stool softener.”

A construction worker walks into a bar. He has a drink. Pays for it. Walks out. Two minutes later he comes back. Orders another drink. The bartender says, “You’re back already?”

“Yes,” says the man. “Can’t help it. All day I work with rebar.”

A phrenologist walks into a bar and hands the bartender a résumé. The bartender skims through it. “I notice you have a career as a phrenologist,” he says. “Why are you giving that up?”

“Too hard to get ahead.”

A man walks up to a food truck. (Not a bar, Otto, but same idea.) He asks the cook for a hamburger and offers to pay for it with a copy of his PhD thesis.

“Not a chance,” says the cook. “No food for thought here.”

Two men are sitting at a bar. They start chatting. “What do you do for a living?” one man asks the other.

“I just started writing joke books.”

“Oh. Anything I might have heard?”

“I hope not,” says the writer. “My first title was *Jokes for the Terminally Ill: 150 Pages to Cheer Up a Dying Loved One.*”

“Nice sentiment,” says the first man, “but a bit of a downer.”

“Yeah,” says the writer, “and that wasn’t the only problem.”

“What was, then?”

“No repeat business.”

“What are you working on now?”

“*A Hundred Jokes for Fishers: Laughing Just for the Halibut.*”

The first man says nothing. Takes a gulp from his glass. Continues to perch on his stool.

Two men are talking at a bar. One complains to the other: “My brother-in-law went broke.”

“What happened?”

“He was in finance.”

“So?”

“Too small a customer base. He specialized in loaning money to exterminators. It’s hard to make it as an infestment banker.”

Hello biography

Horace Hello, PhD, lives in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. He has a Master of Fine Arts degree in Creative Writing from the Royal Academy of Applied Writing in Saskatchewan and a PhD in the sociology of humor from Nobel Distance Learning Academy, Cambridge (Ontario).

He once sold a joke to *Reader's Digest* (August 2003). He also contributes humor to anyone undertaking a public speaking engagement such as a talk, a toast to the bride, a graduation address, or a memorial service. He writes a blog, *Hello, Hello.ca*, on which there have been several hits. None has caused serious damage.

He is married to Lola Hello (née Hoti), one of his biggest fans despite their age gap (37 years) and their cultural one (she is Albanian and speaks little English).

While laughing to the point of tears, she recently asked, “Was is ‘hal-ee-but?’”

To: Horace Hello

From: Otto Mattik, Editor in Chief, Joke Publishing

Subject: Rejection!

Dr. Hello:

As you have doubtless noticed over the many, many months of our correspondence (or has it been years, decades perhaps?), it is my custom to gently begin these rejection letters by thanking writers for their contributions, for their interest in having us publish their work, for their dedication to making people laugh. Here I break with that practice.

You have submitted three full manuscripts, each more than 150 pages, to Joke Publishing. That, to my rough calculation, amounts to 413 jokes (not counting today's additional dozen). We've rejected each manuscript and complimented exactly one joke (the one about the space alien and the plastic wrap), and it was marginal. So I'm writing today not to thank you but to beg you. Please do not send us any more manuscripts. Do not send any more sample jokes. Just stop it.

If I was to characterize your jokes, I would say they feature bad timing, bad rhythm, predictability (of the worst kind, the kind that's accompanied by dread), and a certain slavish attachment to a form that was last popular some decades ago when jokes were rarely off-color and television was black and white. But let me skip all that. Instead let me say that we at Joke Publishing are people of remarkable flexibility. We're really only looking for one thing when we buy one joke or a book of jokes: humor. And your jokes, Dr. Hello, are not funny. They are seldom even amusing. On those very rare occasions when they prompt even a modest smile (and I'm talking here of a smile that would make the Mona Lisa's look like a goofy grin), it is because they are derivative. Dr. Hello, your jokes range from familiar to tedious to tiresome.

I have no idea what subject you have your doctorate in, but my bet is electrical engineering or perhaps entomology. If it was possible to get a PhD in bookkeeping, I'd guess that. Maybe it's soil sciences. (I interrupt here to warn you away from writing anything about dirty jokes.) Maybe your doctorate is in archeology, a subject in which everything studied is dead and much of it remains buried. Whatever it is, Dr. Hello, please go back to it. I'm sure your colleagues miss you in ways we never will.

Truly, Dr. Hello, your efforts at humor are nothing to laugh at.

Sincerely,

Otto Mattik, Editor in Chief, Joke Publishing

To: Otto Mattik

From: Dr. Horace Hello, Author, Provocateur, Laugh Therapist

Subject: Rejection

Dear Otto:

Thank you so much for your last letter. I must say your admiration for the alien-and-the-plastic-wrap joke was gratifying. (Actually, it was aluminum foil, but still...) To have a leading figure in my field compliment my work is a gratifying moment, one I'll not soon forget. I shall keep writing. And let me assure you, I will work with determination to continue improving the spontaneity and originality of my work. You truly are an inspiration to me, Otto.

I left my employment recently. I did so in order to have the time and energy to throw myself into the serious business of making people laugh.

We, Otto, and those men and women like us, have a calling, a mission, really, to bring humor to those who suffer from depression, discouragement, loneliness, illness—or who otherwise are simply boring. It may well be that when I'm good enough, you and I can work together, in the words of the space alien with the aluminum wrap, to “foil all those who resist” a good joke. (Chuckle pause.)

In the meantime I will continue to send you the occasional *bon mot* by way of a progress report. Again, thank you so much for the consideration, the stern feedback, and the mentorship. Yes, the mentorship.

Best. Hello, here.

Don McMann

The Last Day

on the last day, the vampires opened the caskets, crept
out of basements, mausoleums
underground bunkers, to find a world
peopled by the shambling
dying and dead, a radioactive

landscape glowing as red and molten
as the day the Earth first
began to cool. they strutted around
for the first few hours, kings of the world
before becoming sick themselves
from feeding off of
the radioactive dead

the dead blood burning like white lightning
all the way down. soon, even the last vampire
shuddered into dust
long before the rays of the sun pinked
the flaming horizon.

Holly Day

The Wooden Man

a man made of wood would be a much more practical being
than a man made of flesh, a man with knotted arms
coarse flesh, rough bark, rooted to the ground
unable to leave. I imagine the women
of those long ago forests carrying
new babies in their arms, determined to forget
who the single sperm on that single night
came from, I see those women

holding their babies up to the best trees
the old, tall ones with birds in their crowns
squirrels in their crooks, rabbits under their roots
saying, "This is your father, " spinning elaborate
but believable tales of strong, beautiful, dependable dryads
visiting sleeping children during the night, planting
dew-damp and sap-scented kisses on tow-framed foreheads
whispering the secrets of the forest in their tiny
sleeping ears, and how the tree outside your door

is the thing that makes this home.

Holly Day

Milk and Apples

The door was locked. I didn't take it amiss: instead, my eyes stole through the changing leaves toward our guest room-slash-studio, seeking the familiar silhouette of David at his easel. He painted; I donned pantsuits and inhabited a Donna Summer song.

I mostly didn't mind.

David had set rat-race records in the hurdles while I was struggling to get even a toenail inside the proverbial door. Then: a job for me, a few promotions, a paycheck that didn't evoke guffaws from the IRS. By that time David, constantly looking as though he'd hugged a Van de Graaff generator, announced, "I'm taking a year off."

After three straight weeks as his sole nexus of human interaction, I had pressed his keys into his hand. "I think you need a walk."

"I don't."

"Go babble at the neighbors for a while if you want to save our marriage."

He took me at my word. During his Van Gogh phase, he lyrically painted the hands of three-quarters of the neighbors on our block.

Then he tumbled headlong into Escher, and asked the neighbors if he could loiter in their anterooms and sketch their stairs. (I hated that phase. David's ideas on 'warped perceptions' permeated his political ideas and seeped into our dinner conversation.)

Then Dégas.

But for David, every cocktail hour with my colleagues equaled drinking turpentine. Amanda from marketing, manicured talons screeching against her cider glass, tossed an apple of discord:

"So what *exactly* are you doing these days?"

"And have you done any shows?"

"I see."

David offered her a Jim-from-The-Office deadpan look. "At least working from home allows me to ransack an empty Safeway on Tuesday mornings."

And indeed, this crisp autumn morning, I had reminded him – while blowing him a kiss – that we needed milk and apples. He'd replied, "Got it covered."

I unlocked the door, entered the house.

It transpired that David had found a model for his newest phase. The southern exposure illuminated David blanketing the balletic coed from down the block. Milky skin and blooming apples on her chest fully present and accounted

for.

And now he's forced me to end a sentence in a preposition.

No use crying over spilled milk: practically our family's crest. I Googled divorce lawyers and filed a court order for eviction while the lyrics to Fiona Apple's "Fast As You Can" rolled trippingly off my tongue. We had been hoarding a bottle of Veuve Clicquot for "someday"; the cork popped with astonishing ease.

Later, David's lawyer tried to argue that he required alimony, as he had not held a job involving a W-2 in over a year. My medium-priced, high-value attorney slammed him for trying to milk our dissolving relationship for all it was worth.

The judge ruled that he planned to divide our assets evenly. Including David's seven-figure retirement fund. The judge banged his gavel and we all rose to go.

I passed just close enough to David to murmur, "How do you like them apples?"

Linda McMullen

i hear your voice, the first time i asked, and you said yes

i hear sliver in silver, the moon, a sliver of silver shimmers
as if suspended in your room, where decades discolor it all

where light pales the peel of paper on walls that remember
how perfect the place once was, i hear yes in voice, rejoice

as i can still hear your voice that first time i asked, and you
said yes, say yes, say yes, i'd prayed, then a sliver of moon

came in to play upon the walls, where all was perfect, with
white lace curtains lifted gently in the breeze, i hear breath

in breathe, hand upon your chest, lips pressed against your
lips, pressing up against mine, i hear your voice, no longer

in time with my own, no yes but in yesterday, all of it slips
away, so that all i hear now in room, is a shimmer of moon

Stephen Jackson

**Author's note on typeface: "these poems, which are part of an ongoing series [but are otherwise unrelated to each other], are designed to be printed in Times New Roman."*

polished to perfection in the process of dissolution

and from this we have learned what, the way stone
worn down by water, carries no memory of what it

once was, the mirror reminds us, but now only this
as if what's left of the stone can no longer define it

and the water comes still, rushing, over the surface
determined to erase us from planet earth, resolving

to leave us faceless, without reflection, polished to
perfection in the process of dissolution, i was once

stone, ceaseless lamentation, a tree bent in to wind
rustles its leaves in sun, it sees us, then we're gone

Stephen Jackson

tiny wildflower pressed between the pages of a book

the time between now and never is governed by light
an interim, meticulously polished, with a stolen cloth

sun slivers off cloud, stars glint into infinity, hours in
hourglasses oblivious to the sand, or the hands of our

mothers disappearing, unaware of the rusted key, and
to build a fire does no good, as the drapes are opaque

solemn document, still damp ink, the tiny wildflower
pressed between the pages of a book, this is your day

the silver sphere, still visible, the shoes of our fathers
empty, their feet fading, disappear, in sky raining ash

hold up your spoon, watch for lightning, see it reflect
in the convex surface, there was no need to sign your

name, time will not come again, and the world we've
created will collapse, earth awaits you, share this key

Stephen Jackson

You said nothing matters

but i said except for the things that do matter
and you said like what
and I said I can't think of anything specific
but really all I could think about was the color of my childhood bedroom
Remember the colors of your bedroom at home?
Were they lime green and pink like mine
until I became purple
purple with a shag rug that saw a lot and is a good host.
My kitchen is robins egg blue and scarlet
When i was in third grade my teacher laughed
at me for calling a mini van
cappuccino-colored.
Our airbnb is yellow
My sister is caramel and my dad is Blue
“my baby girl”
said the miso soup he ordered me to Brooklyn.
My sister had a dream that I died so she's going to order me sushi to Brooklyn
next.
Maybe if I keep dying I'll keep getting meals sent to my lap
Id like to try it out
Cause my bedroom's only one color now and it's red
with dead plants.
If I keep dying
 everyone would just make it
 about themselves
but then that ~~would~~ is just
me making it about myself
selfish again even in death.
just waiting for the delivery guy to buzz

Genevieve Sachs

Contributors

Zebulon Huset is a teacher, writer and photographer living in San Diego. His writing has recently appeared in *Meridian*, *The Southern Review*, *Fence*, *Rosebud*, *Atlanta Review* & *Texas Review* among others. He publishes the writing blog *Notebooking Daily*, edits the journal *Coastal Shelf*, and recommends literary journals at TheSubmissionWizard.com.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *Hawaii Pacific Review*, *Dalhousie Review* and *Qwerty* with work upcoming in *Blueline* and *Clade Song*.

Jules Lattimer holds an MFA from UMass Boston. Their poetry and prose is published or forthcoming in *Salamander*, *Hobart*, *Scoundrel Time*, and elsewhere. They live in Marfa, Texas.

Don McMann has always made his living by writing. He's written speeches, magazine articles, technical manuals. He worked in public relations where he developed his interest in fiction. McMann has an MFA from Bennington and a PhD in creative writing from the University of Wales, Trinity Saint David. He's currently an assistant professor of English at MacEwan University in Edmonton, Canada. To see more about Don McMann's writing, go to www.donaldmcmann.com.

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