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As Light Runs from a Frozen Star

Lindsey Monroe

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Drowning in the context you tried to hide me in,
my originality was overshadowed
limited to less than the sky
though it deserves
the limitlessness of the universe.
I became asphyxiated by the waves
of your manipulation
and love
as they washed over me
like a polluted estuary
that kills shiny, cerulean fish.
The brightness in my soul
was dimmed, and
my bluebird song finally found
inexorable release in its surrender.



And they thought I wouldn't notice | Toyé Durrah

Digital Photography

Untitled | Adam Matonic

I am imprinted by his back.
I was whiplashed by his
taut-then-slack grasp.

I was unzipped by a hand,
once warm and sure, that
now plants in the hand of a man
I've never seen but on a
gleaming, sterile screen that
leaves an outline seared on my eyes,

So hellbent on staying shut
to banish a sight over which
I've been so set on seething.
I open my eyes to see my
fists bound around nothing
but my own folded, cold fingers.

My knuckles drain of blood,
as my grasp tightens vice-like
and my eyelids clench, and once more
I see his back imprinted on my mind.
My grasp slackens, leaving my whole body
lax, nonporous, and hollow.