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## As Light Runs from a Frozen Star

Lindsey Monroe

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## As Light Runs from a Frozen Star | Lindsey Monroe

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.