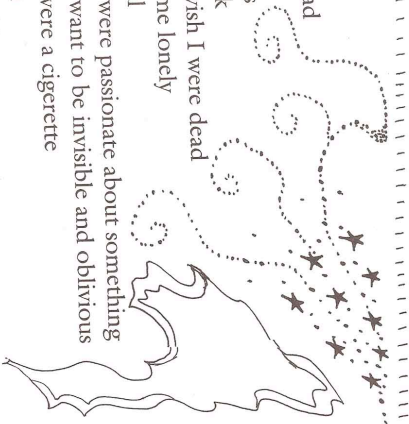


Foolish R.S.

this place makes me sad  
you make me cold  
she makes me envious  
he makes me heartsick  
the other makes me wish I were dead  
the one there makes me lonely  
she makes me grateful  
they make me wish I were passionate about something  
the crowd makes me want to be invisible and oblivious  
he makes me wish I were a cigarette  
I make myself foolish  
by writing things like this



I  
I miss my love  
I want my heart back  
If I can't have it  
If I can't stop hurting  
If I can't love her  
I want to die

You

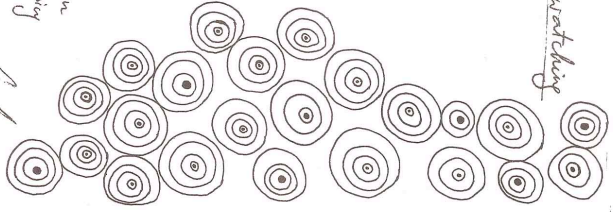
I want to love you.  
I want to have you, to hold you and possess you.  
I want to do wonderful acts of violence to you.  
I want to chain you, hurt you, break you with my love.  
I want to make you know what it is to love.  
I want you to cry for me. I want to you whimper for me. I want you to need me. I want you to hurt so much for me. I want you to need my pain.  
I want you to share my pain.  
I want to share my dreams and wishes and desires.  
I want to scrape you, break you, burn you, chain you, cut you, bruise you, claw you, bend you, snap you, suffocate you, bring you exquisite pain like you've never felt before.  
I want you to feel my love.  
I want to bare my soul to you.  
I want you to hear screams as I love you. I want you to listen to them, repeat.  
I want you to know the depths of my eyes as I pluck your sight away.  
I want you to taste your life slipping away.  
I want to heal you.  
I want you to heal me.  
I want to love you.

When you're not watching  
It's here again.  
Marking a slow  
and silent pace  
like a snake  
Creeping  
up on you  
Poisoning  
the smile.

Turning it  
-the magic-  
to salty water.

On that last second,  
Through the eyes of pain  
and the sound of gasping  
You know  
You were still  
alive.

Alina M.



George Gilpatrick

MAN SHOWS OFF

WOMAN STANDS QUIETLY

by Lisa Gordon

"I" and "You" by Rob Johns

Ye Wan Leung



"Miss Red"

She is when I am not.  
I write and she is Red.  
How to the exit can she be lured?  
"Red-out"-a-bull's  
eye, assured.  
My red-dress is her egress.

Rebecca Bird

