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Emily Hunt

I'd like to make a necklace out of the olives on your plate. Thread a needle, pierce the green, pit for pendant. Attach your lashes to an insect, watch him totter away on shaky, curled legs. Outline your shadow in sloppy, crimson dregs my paint. Head on the table, ear against wood, I swear there are tiny workmen inside, scratching surfaces solely for echo's sake. But it's only you, fiddling with a fork, searching for something red to eat.



Jess Miller

Kaikoura

The Pillow Your Head Sinks Into

What's that word again? Orange waterfall-fed fires opaque. A thirsty dandelion yellowed by the sun—shine on, thirsty one. An icy icicle on the tip of my tongue. I'm numb.

Seeing is knowing. Knowing that the unknown laws of physics shoot stars and shadowed sparks beneath this abstract parallel. Tree trunks trying to twist themselves free of their roots remind the old man of this proverb: The faster you are, the slower everything else will be.

And so he sits alone. A ring on his finger that reads, "This too shall pass" getting heavier, until he needs both hands to use just one. Apple-scented lightning bounces off the bedroom window of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. With a dream-induced deafness, they'll never know how lucky they are.

This is the world of ins and outs, say the preschoolers. (Fingers covered in color) This is the land of landing when you fly too high. Mr. Patterson happily awoke to the smell of hot apple pie. What's that word again?

Majeykinestitis? Yes, oh yes, that's the one. —*Jordan Quaglia*