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Untitled

Robert Stevenson

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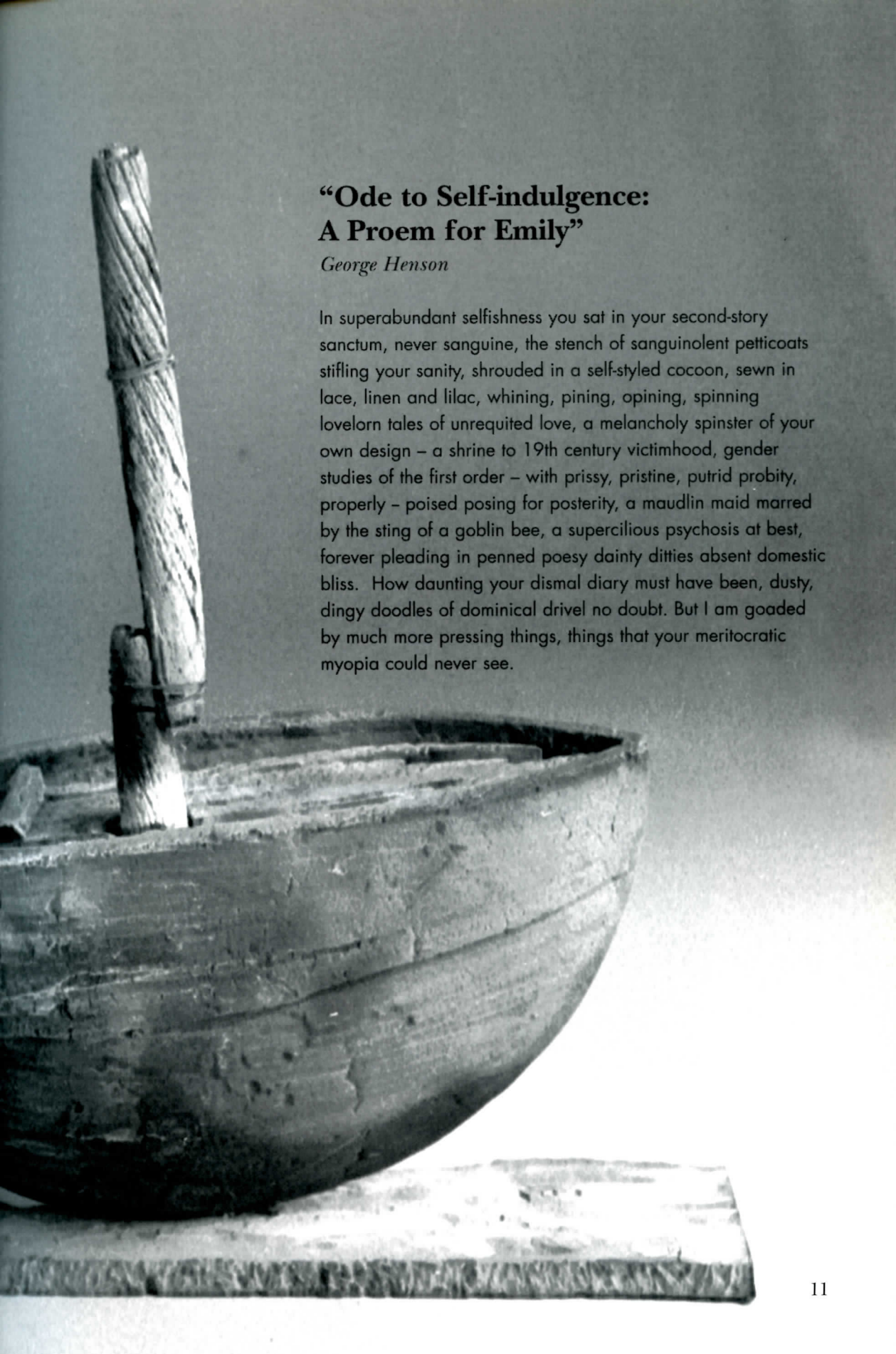
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WORDS

S. J. Day

I don't have the words.
I wrestle silently, internally,
As you sit remote in hand, images successively flashing
Upon the box that is your god,
Formulating a means to elicit my thoughts.
The mangled letters fall into rank
And present themselves to you
An explanation of my sadness.
But as they travel from mind to mouth,
From mouth to ear
(Is it me or the pizza bargains deluging
The void black that envelops us?)
Transformation.
Illegitimate comprehension fires the pistol
Of your race. You jump from the starting gate
And run headlong, a thoroughbred.
Consumed with the quest, the dissemination of my fears,
You charge toward the finish
(Faster than the glowing advertisement
Spews forth its accolades)
And claim your prize: disenchanting me.
No sooner won than forgotten,
A trophy on your shelf
Dusted off with provocation of desire.
Commercial over, your god consumes you
And I sit transfixed on my nail bitten hands.
I'm aching to rectify your erroneous achievement
But I don't have the words.



“Ode to Self-indulgence: A Proem for Emily”

George Henson

In superabundant selfishness you sat in your second-story sanctum, never sanguine, the stench of sanguinolent petticoats stifling your sanity, shrouded in a self-styled cocoon, sewn in lace, linen and lilac, whining, pining, opining, spinning lovelorn tales of unrequited love, a melancholy spinster of your own design – a shrine to 19th century victimhood, gender studies of the first order – with prissy, pristine, putrid probity, properly – poised posing for posterity, a maudlin maid marred by the sting of a goblin bee, a supercilious psychosis at best, forever pleading in penned poesy dainty ditties absent domestic bliss. How daunting your dismal diary must have been, dusty, dingy doodles of dominical drivel no doubt. But I am goaded by much more pressing things, things that your meritocratic myopia could never see.