

Complementary opposites, as seen

Horse – noun. four-legged mammal, strong fight-or-flight-response, young horse – called foal – can stand and run shortly after birth, domesticated since 4000 BC, at least 48 published synonyms.

Quicksand – noun. a colloid hydrogel that consists of sand in water. Chances of survival are high. Just stop moving. The fluid has a higher density than an animal's body. Once you stand still you will float.

Nighttime – noun. daytime that is cast in unbounded darkness, flooding every corner; – and then your echo, floating on windowpanes.

Gesine Heger

Dating

Silence.

Sips.

Leaning away, his growing awkwardness builds a wall plastered
in her previous utterances.

How odd, she thinks.

Anja Keil

Gulliver

I got caught in the rain today. I didn't have an umbrella. I laughed, because he had one of Brobdingnagian proportions the day we buried you. It was yellow, and I could see it over the hedges, bouncing up and down, marking the earth where you rest. I thought it was ridiculous, but I didn't care. There was no difference between the rain and my tears. Now he is gone, too. It is why I hate yellow, but not the rain.

I wish I had an umbrella.

Laura Ntoumanis

Atrax

Her kitchen sink is clogged. Call a professional, now, her flatmates command. When the plumber arrives in a murky overall she thinks of warthogs and blushes. Then, when heavy work is underway, she observes a robust spider toiling its way up the plumber's right sock. Recognizing its fangs, this time she beams. Finally, the plumber withdraws webs of words and grunts that this tragedy can't be repaired. The sink, she knows, is saturated with Greek sins, hidden acts and whispered sketches of escape. She will wait. And again smoothly create.

Jessica Sanfilippo-Schulz

Carnivore

You swiped it all and were gone. From one day to the other. From the rubble of our past to the cleansed slate of our future. *Breathe easy, start afresh. Relieve yourself of your cluttered mind.* Torn tickets and signed postcards and scribbled notes. Words of yearning and words of blame, tangled in curtains, crept into cushions, stacked between books. The decorative wreckage of a whole life faded into this, four walls, emptied shelves, fuzzy white hairs on the ground. You've got nerve. To take the damn dog.

Svea Türlings

Train Ride

His kisses still embrace her lips while she sits by the window. Sun rays, like warm fingers, caress her face, stroke her hair gently. Then, a shrill sound startles her ears, reminding her to change trains. The warmth escapes her body as soon as she leaves the compartment. Reaching the next platform, her eyes are drawn to the rails. Lies driven by commitment are waiting at her destination.

The next train arrives and bustling silhouettes rush out. Others try to enter. "Goodbye," she whispers to them.

Anja Ziejewski

Driftwood

I move in a current of people rushing through a busy winter street. Nearly washed away by elbowing woolen coats, I take a deep breath. A foam-born figure captures my gaze. Her pearl-guarded gestures hold the promise of shelter. As everyone around her moves even faster, she seems to defy the existence of time altogether. Just as I think she will never notice me, her eyes meet mine. Anchored by her radiance, I float in the gleam of this strange lighthouse.

Dorit Neumann

Just Kidding

You're an idiot. Laughter. Didn't mean it. Not that way. Clearly. No offence taken. Keep the conversation going. I'd never do that. How absurd. Who would. Relatable lies. Who wouldn't. Cover up social anxiety. Don't mind it. I hate my mother. Just kidding. Freud. From complexities to complexes. What an easy transition. Running gag. Sneers. Go on please.

Purpose is a prosaic myth for sleeping at night; intention is a drug to chase away the ghosts of dishonesty.

What did you mean?

Do you care?

Alisa Preusser

Newspaper Clipping

You mind elaborating no not at all it's like uhm such a chance for me y'know honestly who's to say it won't be possible who's to say it won't be my place my time my space I grow into slowly smartly stuff the whole the gaping mouths of your hair with cheese and salt the gashing gasp of your pride you hide so perpetually we gather neckbitten scrambling to pry I would like to uhm thank you for your space.

Corinna Wolters