

Gravity Wrinkles

by E. P. H.

A seasonal change
 An atmospheric disruption
 A motivational change of emotions
 The drama unfolds:
 Feelings of incongruent intelligence
 fill a swelling void.
 A rapture of green grass and melting
 leaves,
 We are creatures controlled by mere
 seasonal fluctuations.
 Simple of mind, pregnant with infatuation,
 Do we desire the power we fear,
 The power incomprehensible?
 The grey mists defy the gravity of
 a mass beyond strength.
 Cloud our sight, a thickening veil
 descends upon human intension.
 Do not falter upon the fallacy
 of divine intervention,
 You control
 A mass gift.

I Want to Kill My Roommate

by Michael Anthony Moore

Can you hear it?
 MOVE, MOVE, MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!
 That's what I'm trying to say. . .
 Something's coming.
 An upward sweep of notes,
 A flash of light,
 And then. . .
 Nothing.