

**For Miles Wolf**

One arm  
 thrust out of the womb  
 into  
 this world,  
 emerging from blood  
 into blood,  
 with a primitive passion  
 known only by innocents,  
 your solitude disrupted by  
 our chaotic existence  
 and our hope that  
 you  
 will somehow  
 make the difference.

*-Jane Stevens*

**My Messenger**

Tell me why I should be here,  
 because I don't see it.  
 All our paths together  
 lead to a maelstrom of  
 fleshy gyration,  
 careful nurturing,  
 and misguided despair.

your hands are cold  
 and I know giving you  
 all the daisies in the world  
 can't save me now

There are no covers to hide under.  
 No badges, no uniforms  
 but the ones in our minds.  
 That's where  
 my last hope lives.  
 Where pain,  
 my muse,  
 is called  
 Malachi \*  
 And my heart is a stake  
 driven through your opal eye.

*-Aaron Black*



\*Malachi is the last book of the Old Testament in Christian Bibles. The literal Hebrew meaning of the word is "My Messenger".