

Nate always thought there must be something philosophical about a philosophy major working in a bed-frame store, although he was uncertain what it was.

They zigzagged to their undisclosed destinations, occasionally crossing paths with another or getting lost under a bed frame.

Nate imagined the fish forgetting themselves, morphing into piranha, or trout, or alligators. In his mind, the river teemed with new life, exploding and engulfing the surrounding landscape.

He Lives

Love Unfaltering

Jina Davidovich

Before years go by and have the time to crystallize into the/
past,

They remain a palpable reality.

My skin still recalls the warmth of your consuming embrace,

My ears remain full of your wise words,

And the inside of my eyelids are engraved with pictures of/
your life.

Your laugh, perpetual and honest, rings through my mind.

And my thin gers tremble when retracting from the tele/
phone ...

My mind telling them there will be no answer when I call to/
say •Shabbat Shalom.Ž

Amidst stories from a ctional place of hardship and love,

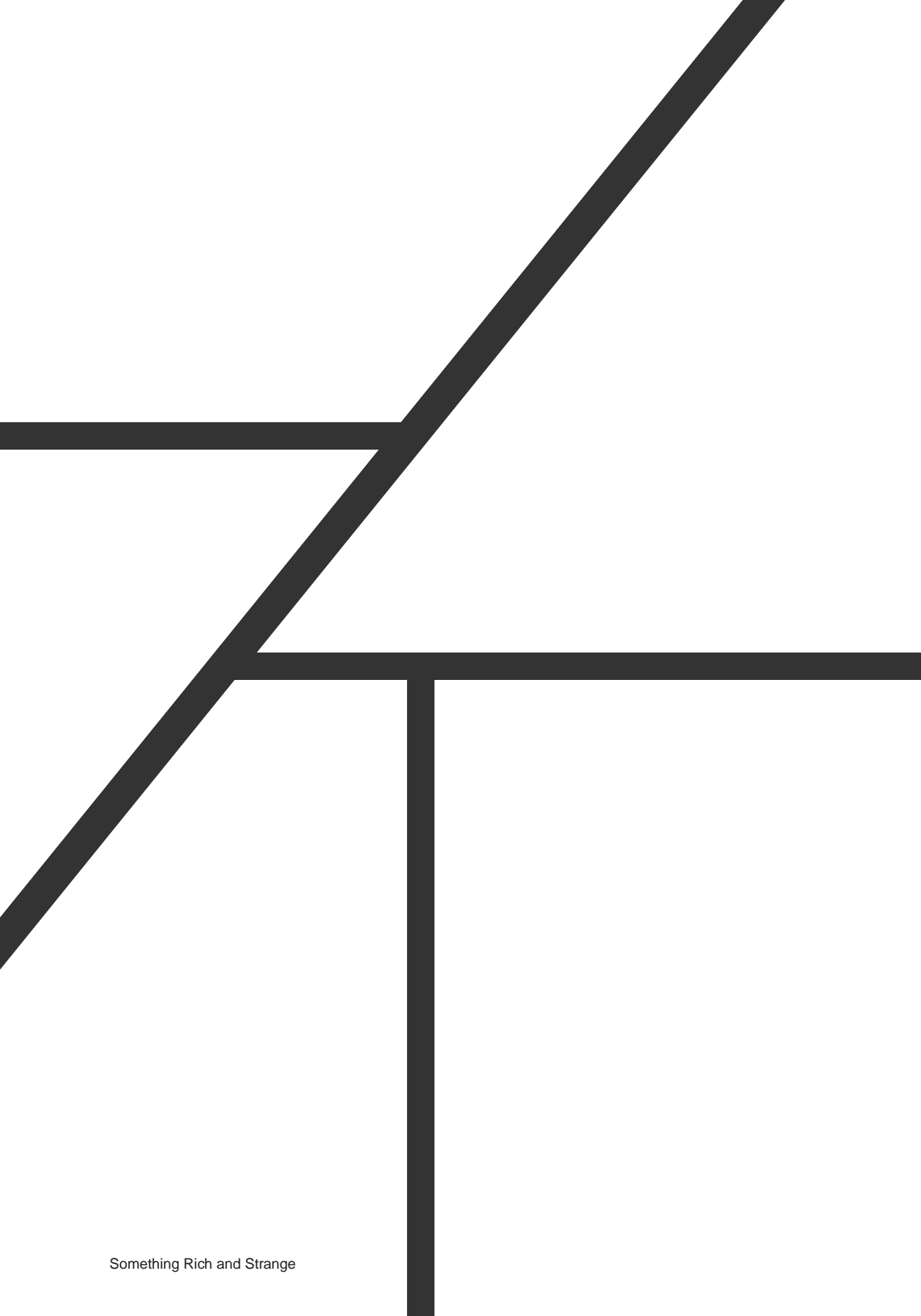
You hugged me, and told me, and loved me.

Love I cannot place in the past.

Though I thank God for granting life and forgive Him for/

Isaiah's Love Lament

Imagine that you are huddled on a park bench hugging yourself tightly while the onslaught of twitches and unintelligible squeaks and gurgles continues. Does this image terrify you?



If snowmen had voices

Oshiro's Son

She smoothes the lipstick on
Mouth rounded
Sensuously open
Dark crimson
She's naughty
Apple red
Feminine and sweet
Glittery pink
Wants to be young
Intense chocolate
Thinks she's old
Bright coral
Hot fuchsia
Just another girl, trying to have fun.

The Woman at Izzy's

Perhaps if customers would spend less time wondering to themselves whether Solana is an illegal alien and more time wishing her a •good afternoon,Ž her demeanor might improve.

Orgo Lab

And I find myself missing
these people... because some-
how, in some way, they are
inside me, even though I am
not sure in what way I mean.

And always I want to record it all. I do not know why, exactly, but maybe so that I will be able to understand it,,whatever it is that makes the wild, still wind stick in my throat.

Stale Femininity

broken windows

Avigail Soloveichik

i don't think normal people stare out windows

and imagine what it'd be like to fall

all the way to the bottom

like a broken-wing eagle searching for home

but we learned today the world

can't exist without the crazy people

that's why i don't lean out too far;

See, the world needs me, they say

We Who See the Sea

If I Should Wake Before I Die

As is often the case, it is the abstract, indirect look at a topic (in this case, the life of a man through the lens of not his accomplishments but the outgrowth of his efforts) that offers the most clarity

The natural sciences, for many years the exemplar of the productive value of an educational institutional for single-minded and misguided publics

Menard's picadoring of the academic bull seemed to result in the metaphorical goring.

Hayworth, for his part, remembered after this brief experiment in crowd-pleasing that the very notion was anathema to him