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The Infinite Almost
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We’re almost
Too sweet
We’re rotten.

We’re almost
Too ripe
We’re bleeding.

We’re almost
Too swollen
We’re no longer

Whole.
I Fell in Love
Emily Roberts
I fell in love,
underwater,
yesterday;
holding my breath,
and knowing that if God hadn’t
made the air,
I would be dead in minutes.
Christmas Eve 2014
Lydia Crannell
Kitchen table talks til 3a.m. with brother
5 glasses of rum to pretty the truth

Mom knows?
Yeah, she thinks it’s a phase.

It all burns going down.
Super(Villain)
Yoshi Maroscher
Words have power. My dad taught me that. It was a Saturday morning, back when Saturday mornings meant television and a bowl of cereal. I wasn’t more than six years old when I turned to my father. I can imagine my tiny face scrunched up, perplexed by the puppets dancing across the screen.

“Dad, how can a letter bring me a show? It’s just a letter.”

His grin was full of parental affection as he peeked over his newspaper. “Well baby, letters make up words. Words have more power than most people realize.”

My eyes wide with wonder, I turned back to the television. The cautious reverence in his voice had shifted my world view. The way he said “power” had given me goose bumps. From that moment on, I imagined letters and words flying through the air, from mouths to ears, becaped and determined to save the world one syllable at a time. The superheroes of my childhood weren’t colorful, bitten by radioactive insects, or made into government experiments, but they were no less powerful to me. They fueled my imagination, my passion for literature, and my journey to university.

I just wish I had thought of the consequences earlier. I know all too well that nothing can exist without its opposite. As that one word flew out of my father’s mouth and into my ears, I could barely keep my grasp on the phone in my hand. “...Cancer...” and just like that the villain appeared. Dark and grotesque, oozing a wealth of suffering to all it encountered, this word threatened to obliterate all of the strength and happiness this man had brought into my life.

The foundations of my world, held for so long on the strength and power of my father’s lessons, crumpled before my ears. My word, the only one I had left, choked out in a sob, fell to the ground in a tiny pathetic heap. Its cape was tangled in a noose around its neck as the tears from its eyes began to wash away the very ink with which it had been created; “Dad...”
Starlight
Lillian Mills
Your inky spine tangled
Around my restless limbs.
I kiss dew from
The muddle we’ve made.
Your eyes glowing
A constellation between
Sleep-filled lids.
Song for Ventura, California
Gyasi Hall
God made the West so our bones
would have someplace to dissolve into.
The waves eat parents out there.
I'll drive my brother home tomorrow.
The Twists and Curves of this Summer Air

Emily Roberts
The twists and curves of this summer air can only imply that life exists completely out of nothing, or perhaps everything,
Body Map
Casey Hall
Our bodies are not wonderlands, but wastelands. Constantly dying, constantly growing. A mind constantly learning about constantly growing, about constantly dying. A heart that beats, a body that can breathe, a life that can waste away. Always there is a process. At the same time there is beauty. A Beauty that is process. Beauty that is the process. If we ever stop it, or reverse the process, what will be left? A process that is not itself, that is not process. A life that is not living, that is not living.
From the Highway

Emily Robert
From the highway, 
late at night, 
the endless cornfields 
might as well be endless oceans. 
And if that is true, 
anything can happen.
Grass Nest

Lillian Mills
Raw with emotion
I watched you fall down through blades
Of freshly grown grass.
Down the cradle of my throat into a nest
Woven tightly
Into the deepest corner of my heart.
How to Get Good at Strip Solitaire

Gyasi Hall
Ask the brick walls how they got used to people always leaving them. Then, make something with your hands.