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Men Walk on the Moon

Taurean Hill

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Gluttony

JESSIE MANN

My intestines burn, vomit leaks
from my throat as if from a rusty pipe.
I purge out my desires, salvaging my figure.

My body is a computer slowly being
broken down by viruses because of my habits.

I promise my rotting organ this is it,
no more.

But then I come across a table of croissants.
Light and buttery, rivers of smooth milky
chocolate
flowed from within.

My hand gently touches my belly like
a pregnant woman over her unborn child.
Soon, I know, I will put my poor stomach
through the same torture, yet again.

Men Walk on the Moon

TAUREAN HILL

Firefly filled mason jars pave way
for the freshly squeezed childhood dreams,
held tightly in a charcoal skillet.
Rumble starts in their stomach today.

Syrup waltz on a cratered pancake,
as not to disturb her gentle grace.
Yet we devalue for what she stands using
fork and knife to claim her untouched face.

Egons Ago

KATIE LIPSCOMB

This is the shape of sadness.
A loss of what was
A lazy charcoal outline
of a dream
that was once avant-garde.

Who cares?

I'm skeletal mass
seeking abominable bliss

a coffee shop has-been

a collar bone soul.