Push-pull relationships are water sloshing.
You may find it necessary to extinguish your twin flame with that very water.
THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU FED HIMSELF FIRST

BITE AWAY
Shadowboxing

Fingers splayed while being covered. Separated, they are dainty. Wrap them quickly.
Sissy wrists shielded by leather bulbs.

Jab
Cross

My cross leaves my leg akimbo. Foot dangling like an actress being kissed.

Hook
Hook
Uppercut
Cross

Memorizing combos like choreography. Sensitivity goes deeper than the limbs.

Slip
Uppercut
Overhead
Overhead

Chains rattle. Stronger men make their bags dance like enthusiastic partners. I punch harder.

Cross
Block
Hook

I tell myself to focus. The haunting of the word ‘faggot’ ringing in my ears.
Remember to keep your hands up.

Freestyle. 30-seconds. All out.

The release of screaming at a concert. There is a catharsis in breaking things.

Something is released in me. It is feral. And unmistakably feminine.

Zach Stewart
Give Me My Infinite Portal

It's a luscious air we've got going on, you and I, with our late
nights in bed drinking each other in and our languid mornings
gazing into each other's sleepy eyes. When I'm with you, I can
leave, escape the silence and the solitude and the unbearable
reality of my own body. Together we travel the world, skipping
manically from place to place and thing to thing and thought to
thought, like our minds are distractible little puppies suddenly
finding themselves amidst way too many lickable strangers. My
eyes run their tongues along the surface of you, devouring every
last mundane detail of the lives of others, the worlds of others,
the joys of others, the pains of others, my fingers scrolling and
scrolling and scrolling, an intricate dance of agitated thumbs,
running and running and running away, far away from here,
wherever here happens to be, because truly, we are rarely ever
here, are we? You and I are many places, but here isn't usually
one of them.

Is this what love is like? A silent, insidious sucking away of the
sensations around me? A compulsive, thirsty, desperate desire
to touch you, hold you, run my fingers over you, lose myself in
you until I can't feel anything but your cold, smooth self against
my fingertips, can't feel the existential dread, can't even feel the
flames of the world that is burning all around me? Are you here
to save me, my darling, my beloved, my heart? Are you here
to take me away, to wrap my consciousness up in your capa-
bile binary hands and carry me through the logic gates into the
magical land of Not Here? Is this our fairytale, and if it is, are we
being authored by Disney or by the Brothers Grimm? I'm only
wondering because I'd like to know if I should begin preparing
for a white wedding that will drain the melanin straight out of
my skin like a bright new t-shirt in the washer, or if I should start
sewing my burial shroud. Or perhaps they are one and the same.
Perhaps I will just lie here, motionless but for my frantic fingers,
a pair of spinning dancers upon your screen, and wait for you to
tell me which way you'd like for this to go.

Fatima Shah
this is all fine

because

I tell myself

was made

I for

end

times
I went to a museum.

It was a museum made by men.

There were no paintings

and there were no windows.

But I did see a man

turn into a werewolf

in the stairwell.

I don’t want to visit again.

But I know it will visit me.
Sometimes a studio uses real animals and birds. Once a studio used a real lion. The lion escaped and frightened the people.
THERE IS A CHANCE, HOWEVER SLIM, THAT MY IRONIC AND DETACHED NATURE COULD BE MISCONSTRUED AS JERKINESS.

~ SALEM SABERHAGEN ~
Contributors

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