



Kat Dixon

back two spaces

or why don't we skip Wednesday and go in our pajamas & my insides
are wrinkling, which is all I can think to talk about

or say, why don't we
skip one

letter or one period & everything runs together we do not growl at each

other we pick up

a telephone (anymore.) & what they're doing
with

words which is to say,
to write around god

or

a cold year. or half in retelling.

David Peak

Beneath Black Glass

my father's house
is on a hill

surrounded
by other hills
his house is

in the distance
i cannot see

storybook monsters
live beneath black glass
i am sure
of my grandpa's pond—

somewhere
shrouded in clouds

my grandpa's pond is
kidney-bean in
shape, the muddy banks
skim a steam,

the water a glop,
a hive,
a skin of

fly webbing
as sticky as trapping tape

draped and curling
and mud-brown

our archway
swarming with shadows
and quieted of the outdoor's
massive and menace

quieted of hum

Dan Nowak

Laser Tag Diary

Summers are spent sitting out on the sidewalk
watching our cars rust, winters are spent
watching fathers hunt down their children
in false fog and black lights. Something
about laser tag reminds men that kids
are the enemy. Birthday parties come with
cake and two games. Thirty minutes of men
becoming serious, becoming casualties
with resurrection buttons and a body count
that comes out smiling at the end.

Watching these games became a farce
of a spectacle; boredom became an addiction.
This is how I learned how to be a man,
this is how I understood what work meant.

Eric Beeny

The Feather, an Optical Sorrow

The feather, an optical sorrow, my memory keeps it awake, a dream to me, underwater enchantingly it was
this love to learn to reconcile, but.

You will never know of other things, the evidence simply, secret animals, their songs and statistics,
we'll learn to like everything the more we sing, the more we otherwise continue on immortal, together.

Overflowing, the more we close our eyes flying, away.

Adrienne J. Odasso

Knowing Home

I have a way with pictures,
an unenviable skill
for sensing what will become
of the images' subjects.

In the case of missing persons,
this is troubling. I cannot say
whether they might come home—
only whether they are alive

or dead. There are those whose eyes
speak of distances too great
to be tracked by a mind
as haunted as mine. With houses,

it's another story, one of trust
in what I am seeing. Two flats
of the past three, I knew
at a glance. As for this one—

well, we'll see.

Kat Dixon is poetry editor of *Divine Dirt Quarterly* and author of *Kississippi* (Gold Wake Press 2009) and *Planetary Mass* (Dancing Girl Press 2010). She may be found blinking at <http://katdixon.weebly.com>.

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Dan Nowak's first book, *Recycle Suburbia*, won the 2007 Quercus Review Poetry Series Award and his chapbook, *Burning the Arson Dictionary*, was just released from RockSaw Press. He is a co-founder of Imaginary Friend Press, an editor for New Sins Press, and an associate editor for the *cream city review*. Dan is a Ph.D. student at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. His work can be found in journals such as *Blood Lotus*, *Mid American Poetry Review*, *Shape of a Box*, and the *Heartland Review*.

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Adrienne J. Odasso is currently completing her Ph.D. in English at the University of York (UK). Her poetry has appeared in a number of publications on both sides of the Atlantic, including *Aesthetica*, *Sybil's Garage*, *Succour*, *Farrago's Wainscot*, *The Liberal*, *Mythic Delirium*, *Jabberwocky*, *Cabinet des Fées*, *Midnight Echo*, *Not One of Us*, *Orbis*, and *Goblin Fruit*—with new work forthcoming in *Illumen*, *Dreams & Nightmares*, and others. Her short fiction has appeared in *Behind the Wainscot* and *Expanded Horizons*, as well as in the *Ruins Terra* anthology from Hadley Rille Books and the *Needles & Bones* anthology from Drollerie Press. Her first full poetry collection, *Lost Books*, will be published by Flipped Eye Press in April 2010. Her first print chapbook, *Devil's Road Down*, is currently available from Maverick Duck Press.