

Storefront
by Christopher Woods



Shaple Here

Distance
by Andrew Rihn

She walks
like a catalogue in high heels,
her stilettos
castanets on the tile floor.
The scent
of citrus fills my nose
as she leaves the room.
I am hungry;
my lips are drying,
thick as the skin of an orange.



Cut Here

Don't Look
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Don't Look
By Lee Barnett

Parts of my body hurt with a familiar soreness.
That was the first thing I realised as sleep slowly left me, and I exited that familiar state, those few elongated moments before you wake when anything seems possible... including rolling over and rejoining the realm of Morpheus.
But the pounding in my temples meant that option was looking less likely with each second that passed.
And then I heard breathing.
It wasn't mine, since it had stopped the instant I'd heard the sound, and simultaneously detected the warmth of another body laying next to mine.

My eyes sneaked open, but all I could see was the glowing red numbers of the alarm clock. That and a shaft of sunlight spearing through the narrow gap in the floral curtains, the pattern hurting my eyes, though that wasn't unusual.
Trying not to make a sound, I slowly turned over, smiling slightly as the mattress rewarded my stealth, then wincing as a stubborn bedspring creaked.
I sighed as a black lace bra came into view.
And then gulped as I saw what was lying next to it.
That explained the hangover... but not the bra.
And all I could think was "not again."

The Body's Voice
By Donna Taylor Burgess

A girl disguised in an old lady's skin
Muscles stiff and slow of gait.
Awkward.
At night when she dozes--
She never really falls into a good sleep
any more--
She remembers dancing.
Twirling, shuffling,
Giggling up into the face
Of a handsome and unlined beau.

Her body is betraying her.
Inside/ outside.
It allows illness in to grow and to flourish.

To spread.

Each heartbeat is a tick on the clock.
It is only a matter of time before she winds down,
This girl trapped inside and destined to die right along with
The old woman's skin she has become.

Disenchanted
by Mary Lewys

