

## Editing Passion by R. B. Yezell

I wanted to send you  
a romantic poem  
but I realize that I'm not really good  
with words, that way.  
Give me a misplaced comma,  
a poorly formatted Word document,  
passive voice in a sentence;  
these are things I can handle.  
Romance can be so  
overdone.  
Next time, maybe,  
I shall light candles  
when you come over to watch Buffy.

## Spilled Ketchup Heidi Carpenter

"Mom is going to kill you!"  
"Shut *up!*" Greg hissed. "Help  
me clean this before she gets  
home!" He gestured with the knife at  
the pool of red on the kitchen floor.  
Dave smirked.  
"Just throw me a roll of paper  
towels!" The cracked glass corpse  
of the ketchup bottle lay at Greg's  
feet. Red splotches dotted his  
Converse sneakers.  
Dave threw a roll of paper towels  
at Greg's head. He laughed as the  
roll bounced off his brother's head.  
Greg glared as he cut the plastic

wrapping off the roll with the steak knife. "If  
mom sees this, your ass is on the line, too."  
He unraveled several yards of paper towels.  
"Greg, I think you can put the knife down  
now." Greg's knuckles were white around  
the knife.  
"Oh, yeah." The knife clattered onto the  
kitchen counter. Skull and hair and blood  
flew off the blade.  
The ketchup pool had spread beneath  
their father's chair.  
"Here, help me."  
Greg lifted his father's limp legs by the  
calves as Dave hooked his hands beneath  
the armpits. The chair squeaked. Grunting,  
they heaved the body onto the counter.  
They got down on their knees and be-  
gan cleaning the spilled ketchup.

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**Creators, Editors and Head Crazyes**  
Jack Lee & Mary Lewys

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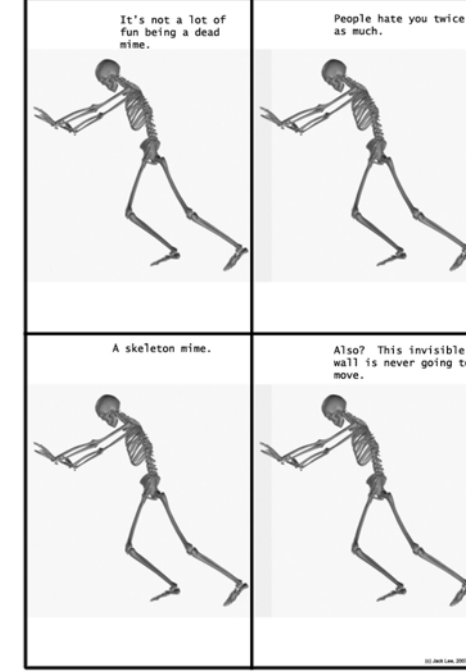
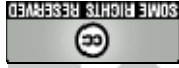
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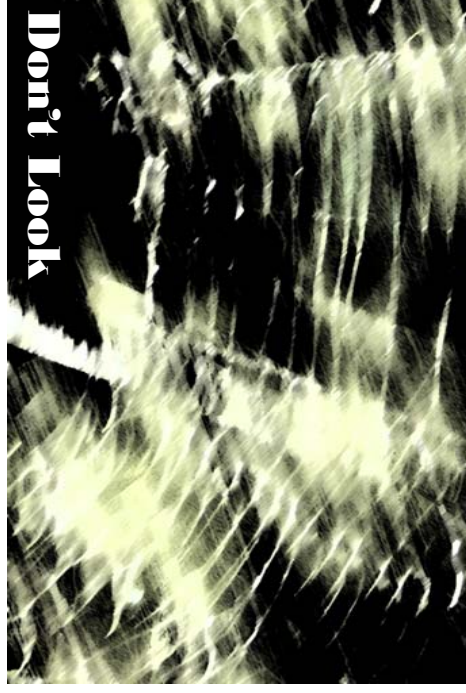
## Where I Stand By Andrew Rihn

I stand between the crowded buildings  
shoulders bumping the bricks on either side,  
looking up to the grey sky overhead.  
If the rain wants to soak me  
it will have to fall perfectly straight down,  
which it never does.



Shaple Here .

## Round Midnight by Jeff Crouch



## Don't Look