

Editing Passion by R. B. Yeazell

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.

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Round Midnight by Jeff Crouch

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 plas-

tic 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.

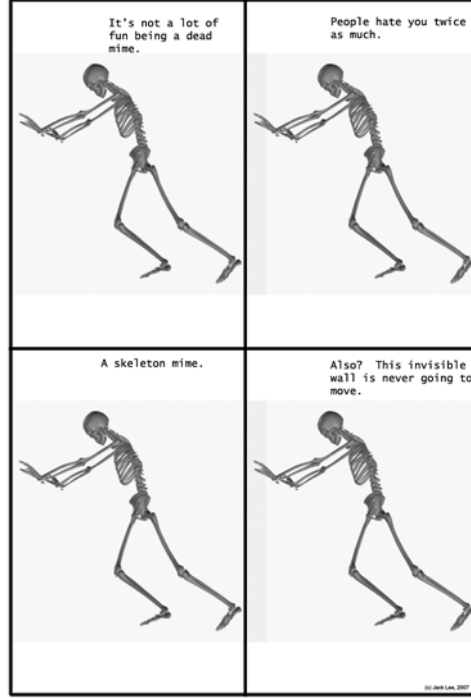
"Oh, yeah." The knife clattered onto the kitchen counter. Skull and hair and blood flew off the blade.

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 began cleaning the spilled ketchup.



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.