

twenty – and natural.

She didn't reach for her bag. A few survived over-doses made the junkie wise. Sally carried an adrenaline kit. She never had time to reach it.

Moondust: the latest by-product of our space program. Small rocks ground into a fine powder, usually cut with something. Not tonight. Not for Sally. As the zipper closed on her body bag, I thanked God we had a limited supply. At the end of my shift, after signing out with the desk sergeant, I'd drown myself in a fifth to keep from thinking what will happen when it runs out.

Eden in a Jersey Kitchen

by Fiona Kyle

the pregnant space
between us becomes anorexic
the air passes through my basket ribs
and you become Adam, with
the apple in your teeth
like a pig
"Lilith," you say as I bite the
apple from your lips, "You are going to stop my heart."
The intention was to have a snake
coil around your throat to stop your breath;
the fruit to poison your body.
Devouring you like the food of the divine.

In the back booth, I found her slumped over. The white foam around her soft, supple lips changed colors in the disco lights. Sally put everything up her nose. Back in the eighties, she had started with cocaine and never stopped. I've arrested her for possession one too many times not to know that. If it hadn't been for the rotating-boyfriend-funded genetic alterations, she would've looked well past her one hundred and nineteen years.

Her tits didn't look a day over

Moondust by Mary Lewys

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Please distribute this magazine. Print off copies. Leave it in your favorite coffee house, music shop, library, repair garage, waiting room or bookstore. Pass this far and wide and share with your friends and total strangers.

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Everything Is Very Difficult by Joseph Goosey

I am not necessarily in love
with modern clocks or race tracks.

John is calling me.

-are you in jail?
he asks.

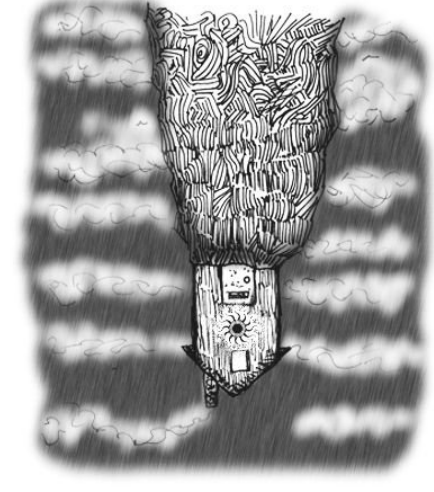
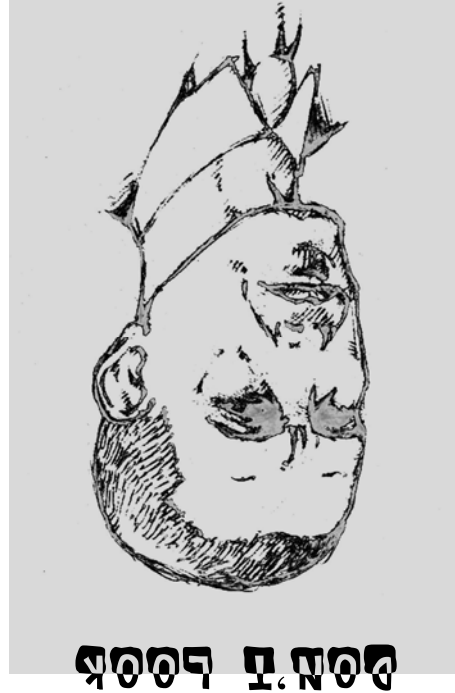
And in a sense I am and
he is right to ask because
everything is very
difficult. There should be
a complexity present. I am
in dire need of hugs
and Chinese

food.

Someone is demanding
a performance
art piece but
fuck!

I fail to write thank you
letters to Harvard educated
women.

I use my credit
card to buy 2 dollar drinks.
Declined, declined it always is
and
why are all these bitches
wearing a green
dress?



Shaple Here .

Cut Here