

Not in the Mood

by Wren Griffin

My head is pounding. It feels like someone is jabbing red-hot poker inside of my eyelids, to the rat-a-tat-tat of a really hot drummer. I press the palm of my hand across my eyes, trying to rub away the pain, but all it does is spread something thick and hot across my face. I take my hand away, staring at the blood.

Then I stare down at the knife that's in my hand, and down at his prone and naked body. I swallow, tasting salt and spit, before the dull ache returns between my eyes. I sigh, dropping the knife down beside him, hearing it go 'plunk' in the quickly spreading pool at my feet. I step over him, and to the bathroom cupboard where I keep the special kind of aspirin for my special kind of problems.

He really shouldn't have said, 'You always have a headache!' That sort of thing drives me crazy.

Bitemarks

by Lauren K.

Bloody noses and broken bones
 Won't get the barbed wire out of your throat.
 (Art will save this city's soul,
 Make up the history that hasn't been told.)
 Have your poison and drink it too.
 Keep on quitting, don't see it through.
 Sew yourself up in designer clothes
 (A penny for your thoughts,
 A dime if they're bold.)

(Un?)dead: A One-Sentence Story

by Linn Næss

"Jones, I don't give a good goddam whether or not you believe in them, I'm telling you it's still alive and it's still in--"

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Getting Out of the Bath

by Elizabeth Kate Switaj

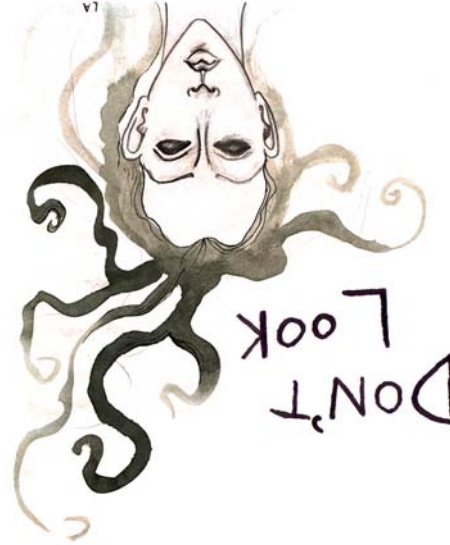
I stayed so long in water
 steam had turned my back
 to thick brushstrokes

and only the room desired
 to mimic light
 my skin reflected
 like any other picture

I stayed so long in water
 bottles on white table
 were empty when I needed them

turning on TV to see
 a war I hadn't known was coming
 I stayed so long in water

I'd never heard the country's name
 and couldn't pronounce it anyway



I am God

by Mary Lewys

Tick. Sightlessly insert the cartridge into the chamber. Push back the firing pin and hold, tense and ready. Release – clang – and strike the primer. Boom! Sparks fly from the ignited gunpowder. Converting from the burning, gas expands in the chamber. It forces the bullet down the barrel. Once free, it strikes the mark. Thump.

With a flex of my finger, I can change so many worlds.

Matter

by Tobias McVey

"What does", she said
 Before I
 Interrupted
 Only to
 Say "We don't care."



September 9, 2006

by Una

"Can you do smoke rings?"
 I watch your face through the fog
 the water bubbles

Sample Here