

"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--"

(Un?)dead: A One-Sentence Story
by Linn Næss

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.)

Bitemarks
by Lauren K.

Not in the Mood
by Wren Griffin

My head is pounding. It feels like someone is jabbing red-hot pokers 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.

Don't Look
Issue #4, May 2007
<http://www.dsidedcreations.com/dontlook>

Creators, Editors and Head Crazies
Jack Lee & Mary Lewys

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.

Submission guidelines:
<http://www.dontlookzine.com>

Contact:
dontlook@dontlookzine.com

Submissions:
submissions@dontlookzine.com

Cover by:
Linn Næss

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 2.5 License
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.5/>

SOME RIGHTS RESERVED



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