



Blasphemous Window
by Lee "Gray" Vincent
<http://www.blackmagickman.com>

Don't Look
Issue #6, September 2007
<http://www.dontlookzine.com>

Creators, Editors and Head Crazy's
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:
Michael Murray

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



Sample Here

This is Apathy

by Tobias McVey

I can feel the hollow scape of my head.
My thoughts plunge to the bottom of my mind.
Greeted by the sound of process
On a sub-atomic level:
Tick. Tick Tick.
There is
Noight.

If

by Wren Griffin

She sits next to him on the sofa, looking at the pale, freckled skin of his hand; watching the slender fingers twitch on the multi-colored fabric of the couch. She thinks, 'If I touch his hand, that means I've initiated It. We won't be two separate people after that point. We'll be a pair.'

'If I take his hand, it means I'm telling him I (most likely) want to take his hand again. I want to sit closer to him. I want to rest my head on his shoulder. I want to feel his breath on my fore-

head.'

'If I touch him now, I'm starting something larger, and deeper, and longer than just a casual date. Touch equals something.'

She sits there, wondering on that. Is she ready for that? Can she fall, with all that implies – passion and pain, laughing at midnight and screaming at dawn?

She realizes his hand has moved, taking the decision out of her hands. He goes to touch her - instead. He takes the leap. She realizes she doesn't want him to jump alone, out there in the emptiness of space and wild hopes. She's ready.

So she turns her hand, palm up, so when his fingers touch hers, they close together.

Telling Eyes

by Todd Lakin

At night I walk these crippled streets and devour the souls of all the passers by. So it was that I saw her pale gray eyes for the first time. It's in the eyes, you know, where we keep our darkest secrets. Not in a hand-shake or a hug or a flurry of spoken words can we convey everything our eyes say in a simple glance. It was the first time in months anyone had held my gaze and Christ, she was beautiful. Her dusky eyes told me loss and heartbreak with intermittent moments of happiness. Somewhere I caught a smile to bring light into the darkest places of the earth. Now, for the first time in my life, I'd decided to give back, but she'd fled the scene when she realized what had transpired. And so I stalk these broken streets at night in search of those enchanting gray eyes.

Get Your Feet Wet

by Christine Stoddard

<http://www.associatedcontent.com/christinestoddard>

