



genesis
by Christine Beevis

thoughts, armed with daggers
wage battles behind my eyes --
soldiers riding memories --
multi-coloured horses pave
hooves into the valleys
of my mind

jets of ink wash
over hills and grooves,
flood into
the channels of my veins,
delineating branches, trunks

become a forest,
bleed beneath my fingernails,
choke, struggle to keep afloat in the current behind the rolling ball

emerge victorious,
and print myself into
the fibres
of this page

My Vacation

by Chanda Meek

I mudpacked the back
of a horny trucker
in McReady hot springs.
He moved this way and that
his half moons
cresting the water
"lower — lower back" he pleaded.
He eventually hauled out on shore
to show me his wares
and how fun it'd be
to be his good buddy.
My eyes wandered,
Towards an old biker babe
her pendulous tits and
tattooed ass
a death tree - for the boys
"who went down"
and didn't come back up.
Her tummy was indented
from a long-ago c-section
probably not the birth of the
chihuahua "Sierra"
clutched tightly against her cheery
bright nipples
and laughingly dimpled cheeks.



Photograph by Mia Biasucci