

Suicide

by Joel Johnston

Wall break down,
ground tilt.
Head sees inside,
loses face.
Little girls lost
and found.
The cold reflect
pulled from the shelf.
Disappears in skin
and drops half tinted.
Drops down in the forest.
Down to earth?

A Warning

by Jennifer Aikman

do not torment me
i now know the recklessness
of pain
and here i might say what i mean