what could she know? Relived moments. Pieces of conversations. Memories of shared laughter and anger. How could she make sense of it all? How could she collect it and hold it up for inspection during the middle of the night—search for the cohesive that held it all together for her? Love? What else...why else? Without that, it would all be so impossible...so unbearable. It would really be temporary.

She glanced at the clock and then gently kissed Eric’s forehead. Now was not the time for contemplation; now was the time to pull on her boots and catch her bus.

Free, Young Lust

by M. Farinas

Living like the devil
Looking like an angel
I have bilateral symmetry but not really
An illegal alien crossing the border
But just who am I?
Talking Heads or Talking Friends
What the Fuck’s the difference?
Psychology or physiology
I love her personality
But I love her physically two
Sometimes similar but often not alike
However, physically seems like nerfs hitting my brain
But nerf balls, pink erasers, and grapefruits; I love these more
Space shuttles running from Earth to the cosmos
Like the brain patterns moving through the electric fields of my brain
Partying, dancing, or just frustration
Looking for the girl with a yellow sweater
Hey! look I’m just really pissed off
I’m just off the wall
Or is my mind being barbed wired within certain limits
Looking for dope in my plasma
Freedom to choose or Freedom to be
It’s just a quick means to an end