2016

Transitions

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A Prediction, Warily
by Taylor Reyes

I'd never heard
a sad drumline
until I saw Savannah:
You'll see a jungle
of deep southern moss,
soft and filled with bugs,
in a few months;
Don't anticipate it
too much, though

This is about keeping time,
and counting the beats
until the third movement
(they feel like nothing
at all here)

Skip town
for a few measures;
Count every time
you see your lover
dancing alone
under a light
and doing very well;
Time will flow
like east coast waters

And prove me wrong,
from so far away:

La idioma del amor
tiene mucho más
que decir
aqui

Transitions
by Harrison Taul

Daddy never called me pretty.
With a queer eye I would
glance too long at multicolored brassieres
Dreaming of a day when I would
begin to fill out.
A birthright in the blade-
He only took me hunting once.
The forest was empty, and yet
Doe continue to dance in my dreams.
My back aches, longing for
Her support and strength.
They burn her for freedom,
but I long for her comfort and
Embrace.
Storms rage in silence, puddles that
Pool between my sneakers, mute and mourning.
In secret, her song blesses
My inner woman. I cannot find her
In the mirror's edge.