

The Three Types of Despair

Sean Ennis

I've been reading my son's diary for some time. It has been mainly plotless, but punctuated by occasional moments of insight. And it's nice when he says something nice about me. Or his mother, of course. The question of his privacy hasn't been brought up. I started keeping a diary too, thinking, if this story helps just one person out there...

Like most, I never asked to be born. But look at me now, a biggish deal in certain small, select portions of this town. Everyone wants to know who my father is, but he did not keep a diary. Or he kept it very well-hidden, because I looked.

I am aware of the exact location of my wife Grace's diary, but its existence frightens me and I do not read it.

There are three types of despair, by the way: being unconscious of having a self, not wanting to be oneself, and feeling that one is not oneself. These are difficult predicaments. These are common anxieties.

trick

Elizabeth Gade

the fishbones in the throat
the truth that won't make its way out

admit you only want women as a commodity
or not at all

the body always has a price
it's the soul you can do without

you looked me in the eyes
still you couldn't see my humanity

I became a mirror
for my survival

while I protected you
from your goddamn self

there was no rescue
I saved myself

but first I had to trick
myself into believing

I was worth
saving

Drained

Vanessa Roberts

I don't climb into the shower
That's too eager an act
I throw the curtain open
Plug the drain
And let the water run
Sit in the empty tub, stare at the rust circling the valve
And wait
Lean back
Soaking, turning
Close my eyes, look at my phone
Divert, divert, divert
My attention away from the present
Thoughts start to bubble, and I drown them at the source
Submerging my head and letting the seconds pass
I wash my body I think
Blink shampoo from my eyes
And let the water drain before turning on the shower
Cheap mascara and eyeliner run down my arms
Creating darker veins
Filled with something thicker than blood
The rust around my eyes settling
Fingers pruned
"I was somebody once" I think
And then I turn off the water



Shivalika Agarwal

Mother

Shivalika Agarwal

Pale, parched, and grey.

Who is she?

Mother!

main character complex

Jo Galvez

we demand the world to give us our due—the life we crafted in our heads when we were little. we all believe we're born for greatness, that we're here to be larger than life, and have our names cemented in history.

maybe some of us are. but what about those who lived and died waiting for something that never came?

it's supposed to be like the movies—
a hero, defeating villains with a suckerpunch, flying to the sky with triumph in their chest and the citizens cheering for them

it's supposed to be like the movies—
a librarian navigating a bustling city, falling in love at first sight with someone at the coffee shop, kissing in the rain, living happily ever after with them

it's supposed to be like the movies—
a farmer girl, cycling through a meadow of flowers and sprawling fields, a farmhouse with lots of plants, honey and sunshine and innocence, loving family, a simple life

but when did life ever become simple?

when did the universe ever give us what we want? or at least, without making us suffer first?

Angel Recovery

Hark Herald

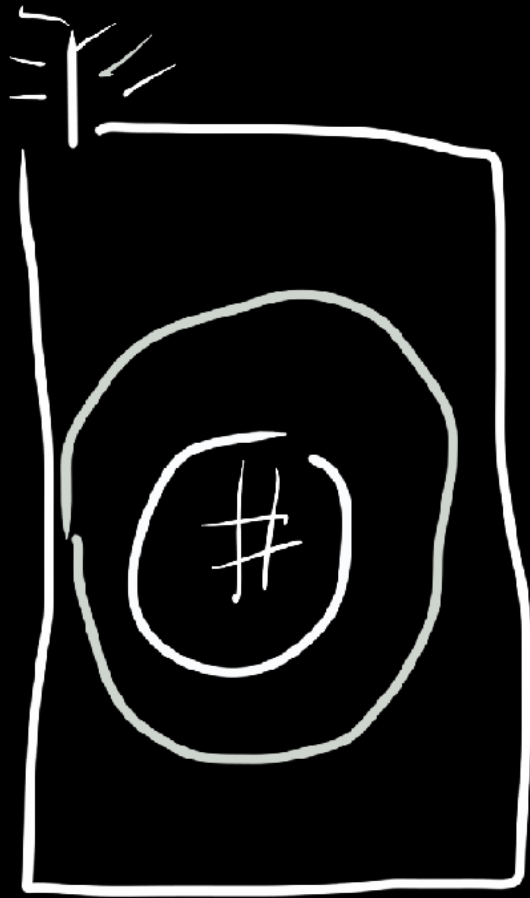
she's a huge tight coil,
a sibyl, all syrup and oil,
slow, thick, silver;
a glitter body of glimpses
sewed up slick, glowing, so whole,
so rockstar, so in control.

stayed up late and sought god
can you believe
 she found it fucking just about any-body else

thought she saw it in a dream
saw she heard it through the grapevine
from a cold white stream

feeling but not knowing
left from right, is it design
is it a sign
is it design
is it a sign?

it's something god-textured
indigo and architected
it's pretense and design
it is a sign,
a livewire line,
a dense divine fluorescent belt
 she found it fucking just about any-body else



Bam bam boom

Simo Gagai

Words in my head
Silence is my command
Hell we been here
Or is this an illusion
The mind is still and absorbing in
Toxins dominate
Dominoes fall along the trail
The lines are blur, help the people in need
Who's your hero when you're looking outside
Who's coming to save the innocent, the kids are defenseless
To each their own, let the word move within
This is the time every person should stand on their feet
What is religion
What is politics
Who made money and why do we trust the system so much
To be woke means you're alive in the nightmare
Better ignorance, better life indeed
The pain of knowing, the hard discipline
I'd rather be sober than to be drunk if this media making mediocrity
We watching the game but we are the game and it's not by our rights to be
Bare in mind that this is just voices in head, not just mine

dom top

Alex Prestia

there's a gorilla in this bedroom. pounding his chest over the twink, the one that's scared of poppers, not the one who's out of his mind waving his ass in a techno beat's wind. gorillas have the best mist for hiding.

eyes wide shut's orgy and how quickly tom cruise was found out, even behind a mask, still bothers the twink (not the one using his backside as a pride flag, the other one, the one in a puddle on the floor rn). surely they see their sweet sweat simply swirling if tom was so very obvious behind a volto.

streaming forgotten sitcoms from the early 2000's is one way to spend a night. tonight's activity is more receptive. they're both more fun without thinking. it's all entertainment.

"I don't do that," a married woman drawls across the table to her married friend, "I don't do *that*."

padout to 10minutes and hit monetize

Alex Prestia

there's nothing guilty about playing a khajiit stealtharcher. you're soloing a dungeon full of x30 bandits, x50 draugr, x4 giant spiders. by yourself. 84 humanzombiearachnids. nor in grieving a zonaite spawn. animal crossing is multiplayer but not competitive, so idk. legendaries should stay in the box (unless it's the ubers meta). mythicals, too. steve is working as intended. any way through a soulsborne is the right way through a soulsborne.



One in Seven Billion

A. E. Thiel

I refuse to waste
this nanosecond of a lifetime
pretending to be
anyone other than
exactly who I am.

THE INDIGO GIRLS

Anthony Acri

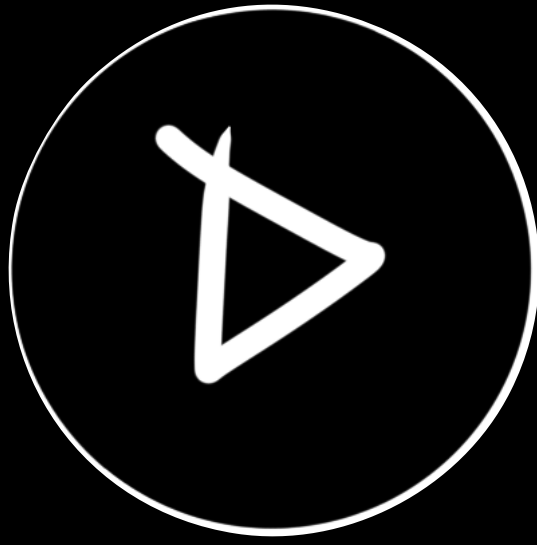
On the day in which the cop involved in the landmark Miranda case journeys past the Styx and into the long lost history when we all cared, I take the pertinacity to send out this work, as I recall as a pre law Jesuit boy, again it all mattered then, now not so much, about the case that CBS no less, long before it sold out to a goon at midnight who went all Cicero against Catiline so we'd not recall when he was tossing out both Richard Liu and death threats and had to start bringing in MP'S and Mistresses of the court and secretariats of transportation as opposed to stump the band, I recall that as a boy me and my immigrate father watched Kojack and the Marcus Nelson murders, as again CBS wasn't always Polyphemus wasteland, but it was though once ,a bucket of Minnows. You Rang...? So nice to know that so devoted is the cyclops to the union struggle that for an awards show un-wcathed anyways most years, a real fag show anyway, the opportunity to see Negros dancing and prancing has somehow causes a moratorium against the striking scrubs and pun makers, and yes, Virginian, they will indeed have a Tony Awrds.

Its where again they make up for dancing emceeing cooning up buffoons by loads of sanctimony and allowing say James Earl Jones to play Hoard Beale, but never is good consciousness Cassius, gods knows, Now, as the old coot stumbles his way towards his third act,

will he and you carrying Shiva, will you have to lay it on thicker or lesser now that he has caused cuts in WIC and Snap payments that make Reagan look like a communist, hell a Bread and circus roman as they've always tole me since i w as boyhood much you good puritans and Jews hate that. Will you lay it on thicker...? , but take taking to show an obviously black silhouette dancing amid and among the water towards with Roman, don't tell them, Roman mask of Drama, and in the decay of cold Gotham...? Doe sit matter, as I can be a bitch and I say with glee, those most magical of words, I saw it coming. AS WE WERE ALL WCATHING THE GOF MATCEHS AND THAT COMMCAIL CAME ON AND my brother, again sharper than mere sissy I, he said, isn't that nice, he noted, They plow through the picket line to cry and thank their tap dance teachers when they were eight. HE WAS THE ONE WHO INDEED GAVE ME MY COPY OF PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSCIC THE DECAMERON, and he said, it wasn't Giovanni Boccaccio who wouldn't complete his black death masterpiece until he got Dental.

I guess a love of abortion is only a hop skip and a small jump to voting for Mr. Hyde, the old coot, who just slashed WIC and Snap payments to a Reagan like level, so, I guess like Machiavelli I am never surprised yet always disappointed. Mostly in Sweet Old Bill, mentioned in this piece, as I really would have never thought our Marius would bite that final lip, shut that final door, and slink away, and eat enough shit to see an ABC , THATS ANYBODY BUT CLINTON AND NOT THE BOLWING BALL NETROWRK BOMB OF ANN MARIE AND DAVID SUSSLKINED, Jews aint what they sued to be, but who am I, as a wop, to talk, be made the worst drag Cleopatra since the Romans used to start riots, unhallowed now, you know, when thinking they were going to see a strong man Heracles play, instead got usual Greek f^g shit, we must watch what we say in the land of Super Mario, and insufferable, Tacitus word, tragedy BS. Anyway, I never thought back in the midsummer days reported here with that sprite little blond, that wed ever get to Roman Bill being just another asshole Praetorian goon, not on his farm, not even exiled to Capri disposed and despising, but instead, merely languishing away. As so I guess a forced impeachment is in the offing, no, wait, if I read the Romans correctly, you know, the ones that drag queen and n*ggers , house of course, are allowed to laugh at and demean, and say didn't exist, Ill bet somehow they force

this Mr. Lucky to abdicate, oh writ in Blood, sho nuf!, and slink way, he making Don Martin sound effects Bloooiong...! all the tripping way home. Just how low will you go Jewey Jimmine cricket, before our puppet boy stomps on you...with family eradicator Biden, your safety is never a given. How much shit, as pop told me , will a company wop eat...until it makes an achita of poison. Again, I am the auger, as mentioned that 1981 budget, and who voted for it, back when saw Virgil's ghost Gore Vidal on the Johnny Carson show, we used to have TV that wasnt all boilerplate all the time, and how even Johnny, who played it straight, wsa dumbfounded to know that school lunches were being slashed by hard ass consignee Roberts. Later to preside over a crumbling court, I said wed pay for that chicken wire Roman mass of the old coot's and Johnny was indeed king of a tonight show that dint have stinking cabinet members get their rim jobs from a goon or two who have to now apologize for their life time of fag jokes. Oh good, Batman is on, and not that mean queen they turned him into, but Mod baby, we are the mods we are the mods, we are, we are, we are the mods...



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“THE INDIGO GIRLS”, Page 1 Art, Page 5 Art, and Page 10 Art
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