

Puberty Memorial

O boy, what a piece of luck (I forgot when) when I came to the closed locked closet door and knowing I had to spring the latch and observe

what teased from inside.

O man, what fun when a female voice began rudely croaking soaring promises which till then only ravens had dared chant in their caves while I played with myself outside alone.

But now duty splintered and irresponsibility drank the left-over acid lodged tight in my rear.

At last I am granted a glimpse: a little toy fire engine of tin oddly painted jade-black and on it scrawled with spider venom, "In memory of fatal wonder."

-- Brown Miller

San Francisco, California

How to Hallucinate Properly

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lebl
onde
girl
sare
nots
obad

Before you become
unnecessarily abrupt
allow me to surrender
for you
that way no one gets
away

excuses at this point
are, to say the least,
inappropriate.
You can keep your damn
goldfish

-- Barb O'Connelly

Carmichael, California