

were pickled in alcohol
in a large economy size
miracle whip jar, rather
than face those grubs,

and placed on the
shelf beside
c, the speed
of light.

-- Kirk Robertson

Trinidad CA

ISADORA

insane insane insane
heavy intense alive
strangled to death

CYCLES

return the saint to his temptation
time and time again
after he has settled that
once and for all

curtain flapping gently
autumn morning wind
sunlight shadowed on the old elm tree
tea steeping on the kitchen table
and I must go to work

KEROUAC

sadness and alcohol and going
and then writing about going
with sadness
never relieved by alcohol

-- Richard Dillon

Tempe AZ