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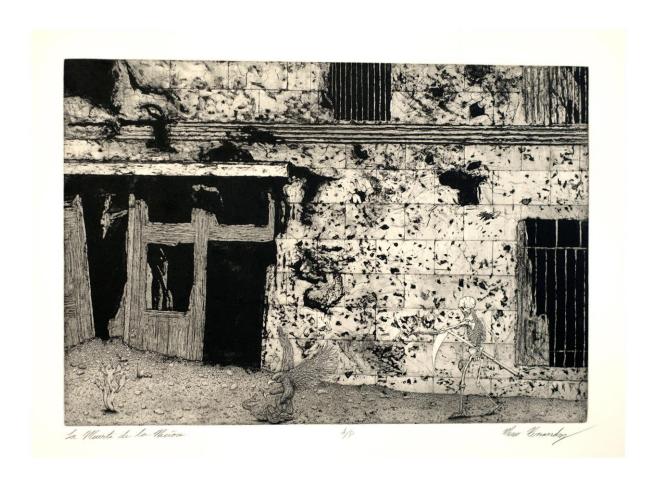
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The Day the Earth Stood Still

Twentieth Century Fox, 1951 Ace Boggess

Point is, we've been given a chance to get along, dismantle our rifles & remove enriched uranium from our bombs like cutting out bad spots from a hard potato. If we choose, we might sing & folk-dance in our shoes lighter than they were an hour ago. Make love not war was the alien's motto during his march on Washington. But, what do we Americans (Russians/ Brits/ Chinese) care when there are pennies to earn? Maybe we don't deserve an opportunity. Maybe Klaatu should've allowed the robot Gort to destroy the Earth. I guess we'll have to do it ourselves with the knives in our handshakes & teeth that hide behind our friendly smiles.



La Muerte de la Nacion

Marco Hernandez

First Theory of a New Science

Andrew Kozma

You are not as easily shattered as wood into sparks and would not set anything aflame given a choice, but you are not. A tame chemical compound is only understood

against its toxic, burning equivalent. I study you in cross-section, I brandish your latest spectrograph, the petri dish you fill slowly. I am the oxygen tent

and you are the lighter the patient has snuck in. What we do for one last fix, a habit we say is death to break, is to hold our grin.

And hold it. Consider love an increasing debt. To pay, you hollow your body bit by bit. They call it death, but we may fool them yet.

Letter to My Dead BFF, Sylvia

Luis Lopez-Maldonado

Dear Sylvia, You committed suicide inhaling gas from a kitchen oven, Why? I've thought about it, how I turned 30 too how easy a bullet to the head would do, how I'm obsessed with death too! O sister mother, wife, sweet lethe was your life, how your Daddy hurt you, God hurt you, and you had to kill both, what else could you do? I have your head on my walls your words tattooed to the bottom of my big-fat brown heart, my balls, a smile fell in the grass the fever trickles and stiffens in my hair, my head a moon Where are you? Tell me about How you keep coming back To pull your husbands toes, Knock-over picture frames mounted on the doors, how Ted Hughes never knew you! O fellow poetess, write to me when you have pen and paper, when you are able to take a full breath from inside that kitchen oven: I am waiting with gun in hand, poetry hanging from tongue and eyelashes.



Malamute Midnite

New Normal

Kenneth Pobo

Finished with the flu, mom and I would walk up to the mailbox, only two blocks, but free from school, feeling better, a Villa Park sky blue despite the Ovaltine Factory haze.

When she died, a friend said that I'd enter a new normal. The wound bleeds, no bandages or doctors to heal it. At work, others face the same real unreality. We say how sorry we are, write cards--the new normal, new

how am I going to get up tomorrow and act like I'm fine? We "distributed" her ashes in the garden. I will join her there,

maybe. For now there's dad, weeping in a restaurant they liked, and Stan, missing his father. Grief cuts, it doesn't stop, having so many knives.