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The Tin Lunchbox

Feed Your Brain

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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 Nación

4/10

W. C. Conroy

La Muerte de la Nación

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.