

Sometimes You Just Have To

Olivia Tse

Sink hundreds into an armchair. Think it'll help me do the job of a perfect spider
set example spandex crush expansion season. Once again I'd prefer not to own
the research

of a weepy waveform. They forget to take me off payroll so I'm still receiving unlicensed
licks of love. I can't believe the check so I cut it away

when we say bye for good boss your secrets fan out fast like sand. A simple shift

happening is a continuous variable you say. As matte as happiness not at all discrete,
not the sharp noise you sway to. And here is the worst form of address I'm proud

of your room without walls all the spare skins. After this I'll go full feral if

the wif dies, resort to sounding out listings for shows be an absolute spider. A woman

invests boldly in an expensive white couch. The father meets the nervous boyfriend for lunch

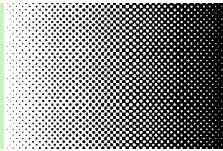
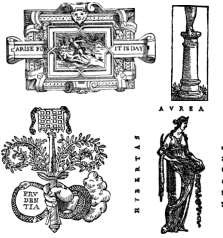
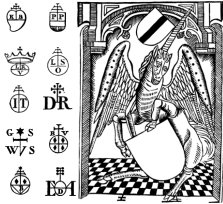
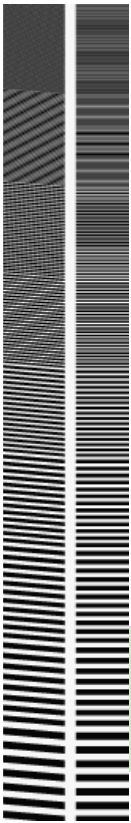
and there's no bottom to speak of no plan for a final deposit. Every transmission may
as well be the last one they'll ever see

believe or go berserk up to you. Seeing your age on the page makes me look up

and caress the check. Earning it was a nonspecific victory where the cacti were prized
for height. You opened up the plain and left me to itch rubbing my stomach down the weeds.

In Raku

Regarding rounder things
red orbs at night to be
chased and shadows
of plants when we open
the caption shadows
my fresco when we open
you got glitter on my pillow
are becoming a new piece
of jade leaf tucked
in more than single
convenient nets so
much for snow splitting
threads tonight like a buck
that wants to open the back
of a spoon
twills the neck
there is a little lineage
in everything an engineer
replaces my coolant
then the stove
without fanfare or name
only an unmarked shot
of ginger for health I steal
a bogus finch recycle
lunas into dollar
store galoshes leaking
unlined soot until
confused ore tears
wings unblinking
together in a dip test
tile is how
the big room
sounds where we mix
our powder and cherry
blossoms say the time
aloud I am still mooning
over prints of your thighs
privately the pot is starved
of oxygen then we pile
around the kiln
it brands quickly
for variety a firing.



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a unique
mark of
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Mary Magdalene Manifesto

Rosemary Carroll

History is unnecessary. Language is refractive. Give up your crutches! You do not need to rely on the futurists or the quantum futurists or the more than human criss cross art dropping situationalists! DO NOT CONTRIBUTE to the knowledge building project. Give up your crutches! STOP CITING THE PAST. Stop creating heroes and false icons out of artists and writers and drug addicts that came before you. STOP CITING OLD GRIFTERS in your current stuff. Do not blend queer theory with mycology! Do not be a scab! Do not reconstitute linear thought-trains and make new spaces in the institutions. Do not be a scab!

There are false prophets among us. Rose Thieves, Heterosexual Queers disguised as poets who fill the world with swirling shit. They try to pass as whores, drug addicts and artists. Do not be fooled. Angels are dangerous.

Take note of the thieves. They only name the dead. These people follow careful citation rules. They take the life from the dead to brighten themselves. They use their envy filled evil eyeballs to dislocate and bury anything new.

Once the chakral system crystallizes into gem shoes and rainbow trade we are in grave danger. The earth has layers and layers of skin cells but why gauge em out? The mining town filled with ghosts is a grid of greys. Some artists at the crypto bitcoin hip hop crystal conferences were arguing recently. One of them claimed to be fungible. The other said they were not fungible. They both dropped out of the conference to start Big Wooh Radio. Enough pole dancing they shouted! Enough yoni steams on stage! Xanax and weed is a dangerous combination; rather live in the country dodging wine openers wagged in our faces by the chardonnay mafia. Eat ants! Swim towards the fish who makes dreams!

Stop discussing abstraction and personal politics in art. Stop working and not working for the institutions. You will be poor. You will be rich. Golden doors will open for you. Your shit will swirl through all

of the coolest places with the most interesting provocative people and in MoMA too. Let's be real, as soon as your scene has been named a movement, a thing, it is no longer that thing. It is not counterculture. Naming it expands it, grows it, multiplies it and gives it a cost. Kill, clarify and multiply. Kill and multiply, Clarify and die. Refractive shifts in time and space. Make smaller. Isolate. Clarify. Brighten.

It's useless to build up knowledge. As soon as you make a single gesture, traveling through time and space, you recognize you are in multitime with every moment. The poetics of your body traveling in this realm are as refractive and opening as the creative chasms words cut like stars.

Counting Back Down

Tony Mancus

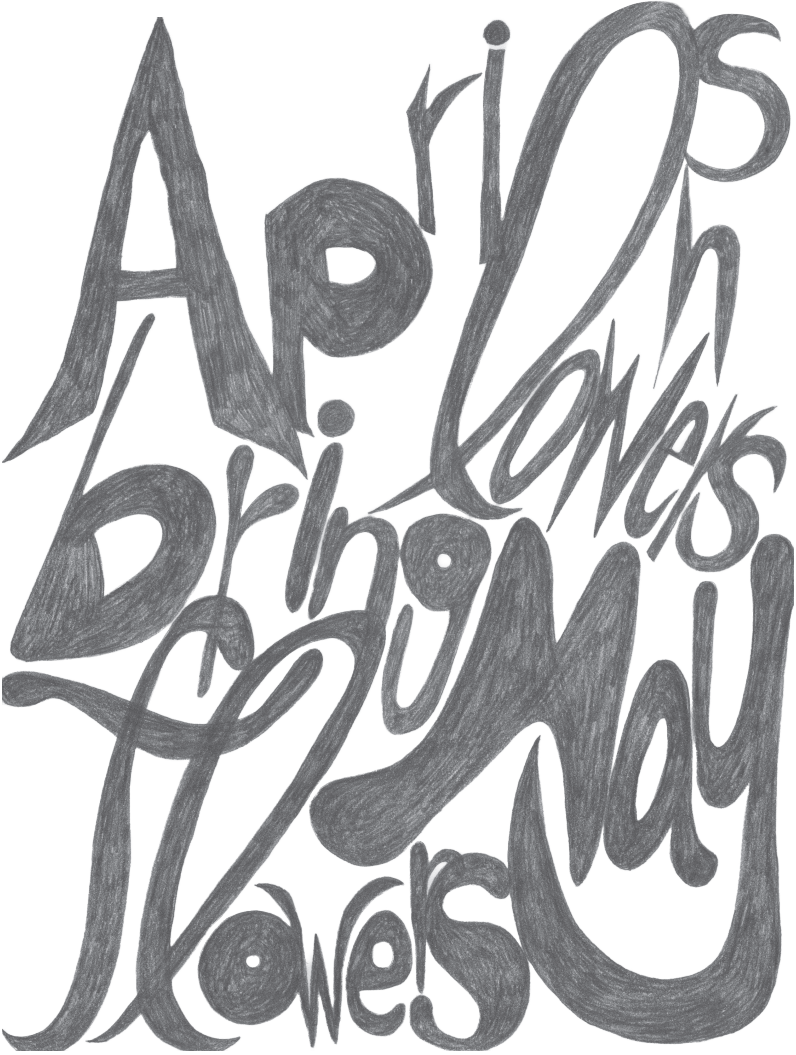
The mosses grow
Capsules full of what weather
In glass and home
I take a plant and shatter its not believing
The truth will set you reef
Bleached and ocean
A dang glob of soot
Buses formulate their routes
But no grease flops for you
No grasses in the Sunday noon
Calendar hands the shape of
Quicksand and mercury
Out among the houses and whoever
Photographing shadows finds
They are part flake
Snow billed and what is really
Real in this debt
I bet you've loved life better
When you thought you'd be
Lonesome as a crack
After the whips all went quiet
Not listening to the tubs
This tree in the middle distance
I can call it all now my son
The fawn in any faucet drip
Stares back big eyed and Bambi
Let your hand glide hang there
Low five for the morning

Phantom DNA

Heesun Shin



April Showers Bring May Flowers



A large, stylized calligraphic illustration of the phrase "April Showers Bring May Flowers". The text is rendered in a dense, overlapping, and highly decorative script. The letters are thick and textured, with many loops and flourishes. The words are arranged in a roughly rectangular shape, with "April" at the top left, "Showers" on the left side, "Bring" in the middle, "May" on the right side, and "Flowers" at the bottom. The overall effect is a complex, artistic representation of the proverb.

[My deadline for the]

Samara Skolnik

My deadline for the needle and thread is sated
by videos of birds landing in the tree outside
my window. The leaves are always
running. If I don't touch someone soon
I'll cut my hair in an algae
bloom in a room untended. Record three
separate things. Record always natural thought. Just be
thinking in finite patches like
photocopies of whatever I want. I sip and swallow like an
open palm, sweating.

