POETRY

The Illumination of the 7
jeff TATAY

My crucifixion turns heads to celestial-animals.
Under China, Russia, and Saudi Arabia
I walk 17 flights with bone-matter.

The solar winds of Orion,
Rattle the stone faces of a million generations.
November-coming, fire.

Multiple organs, pulsing.
In the black egg-water
Elephant spiders weave rivers.

In the lower levels of the Horus Tower;
Omnipods lurch
Under the tree-locks, starring.

In the distance,
Bone-patterned rocks
Echo questions in the shadow-frost

In the untouched
Direction of the city
I search for fossils with a crowbar.

POETRY

The End
daniel BOCK

Follow the mustard colored dash
they are embedded in the charco.
The road is full of danger;
stay in the middle.

I am walking alone---
into the heaven light.
Each ray pierces my back and c
simultaneously.

The steel cages imprison
their inhabitants.

Their faces contorted by fear.

A cage breaks away from the t

My body is a stalagmite
and I have nowhere to go.

Everything goes black and
the windshield's cracked.