

Word/Art

Matt Margo

Nothing is cool.
Everything is cool.

S

E

INTERTEXTUALITY

U

A

L

I

T

Y

[the ghost of your
unwritten novel]

TABS

BATS

STAB

BAST

W

H

O

R

E

H O R S E S

Edgar
Allan
Poetry

& this cloud looks like
a letter

& this cloud looks like
a word

& this cloud looks like
a line

& this cloud looks like
a stanza

& this cloud looks like
a poem

s w a g

words carved into
the page

u cough into ur hand
and i take ur hand
and wrap mine
around it

Let's soar.

so YOu close ur eyes
so YOu open ur mouth
so YOu cross ur legs
so YOu sing ur song

F U N E R A L

B U M

good-god

i-am-finally-on-my-
way-home

Drain Me

You

Him

Her

Us

Them

Everybody

Sam Pink

**E
V
E
R
Y
T
H
I
N
G**

**put your
tongue between
a pair of scissors**

a bowl of salad

I want to write a poem that feels how the Time Columns song “Summer” sounds at its three-minute mark.

Is this poem that poem?

skypoeu

breath in and breath

slow

we're not

accountable now

this is our shared

dream

S
CANCEROUS
N
S
E
T

WhEeLbArRoW

**camping out
in the earth's core**

so serene

so warm

AEROPLANE
AEROPLANE
AEROPLANE
AEROPLANE

**I WILL ROB THE TREES
OF EVERYTHING THEY
HAVE.**

**THERE WILL BE
NOTHING LEFT AND
NOTHING WILL BE
DIFFERENT.**

**lol hi im just
thinking out loud here**

He said «pull over»

She asked Him «why»

**He told Her «no more
questions»**

**She thought «when
will I ever wake up»**

...IF...IT...IS...

...THEN...IT...IS...

...WHAT...IT...IS...

...AND...IT...IS...

...THAT...IT...IS...

thank you for reading

i am as the tiny
porcelain birds that fly
from your chest