Handholds in Purity
Chris Flisik

Try to understand the theory of the bullet.
Weigh every option. Stare into the phallic abyss of the gun. Fall into the blackness of the shaft and try to get a grip on something. When you are surrounded on all sides by unending smoothness you realize there are no handholds in purity.
Try to place the barrel of the gun in your mouth. Let your tongue caress the tip like a whore giving head to a machine whose only climax is death.
Lick the head of the dragon and receive its fire.
Try to remember a sunset.
A fire untouched by handholds and disfigurements.
A fire of beginning not a fire of endings.
Look into the grey abyss imagine the purity
no handholds of safety
The dragon only wants out wants to be with you wants to show you the way to purity.
(Remember the sun and hold on.)

Breaking Ground
Mark Henderson

He knows. I've finally told him.
He came up for a summer picnic. He's looking at a Rolex.
I look across his chest, the area behind him. Dry dirt by the grass away there with the Piles of dirt sit humped closed expanded.
His immaculate shirt is swish, hear him say something about the yellow machine sits firmly.
He says, "Why couldn't the movement behind him couldn't—and it strikes me change and divvying-up of Hall's solid, set proportions.
He's been talking along you from being who you are could.
There's something else passing near us, something like motion. People on the perimeter too. But people having to they're hardly glancing at.
"So, you're staying the wind is gusting. Far behind tints a thick line of trees others hard. Up front are sure. The wind swirls under the undersides of leaves. I while his shirt is always
A baby blue port-a-site. It's the color of a