On Death

The stink of its approach is prickly and delightful.
It could all end with a housebreak or a pre-dawn naked ambledown river, in the river; or a monoxious hose, his hand in mine.
I hope not. Hope is weak and nothing stronger than hope.

by Tamara Fulcher

Choices

arsonist child minder

teaching us kids to strike it and eat it and hold it there withholding control

years later she married a man full of fear of fire

by Dee McMahon

The Failure of Perfume

intolerably crimson black-creased petals fallen on a hot tarmac path gathered and pressed until cell-walls ruptured and smeared oilly cartoon upon chipolata fingers

by Ursula Hurley

a ceiling of grey scum waking gently under I hope not. Hope is weak

or a monoxious hose, his hand in mine.

It could all end with a housebreak prickly and delightful.

The stink of its approach is