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

by Dee McMahon

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 and kept it there.

She’s teaching us kids how to strike it.

The Failure of Perfume

intolerably crimson black-creased petals fallen on a hot tarmac path

gathered and pressed until cell-walls ruptured, and smeared oily carnation upon chipolata fingers

stuffed into jam jars topped with tap water stolen by succubi

by Ursula Hurley

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