

My mind has locked away its words.

Looking inwards, all I see is a thirsty desert, barren.

Sand dunes ripple under the harsh fluorescent neurons.

The oasis of language off in the distance, a mirage perhaps.

Reaching out a grey, veiny claw, I drag my withered husk towards this promise of success.

But it stays out of reach.

Within the oasis, delighted puns frolic, alliteration and assonance assume aspirations of awesomeness.

Beat poets line the ponds, waving their reedy arms and bloated testicles in the breeze conjured by enunciated elements of erudite expressions.

Beat poets flatulate their fragrant fuckery, raping their seedy throats and imagine no obstacles in their luscious, drug-addled utopia.

Beat poets shred fingertips in the pencil sharpeners of their lecture halls and dive bars.

Beat poets lived in a golden era, before the assault of information, advertising, agonising over every moment spent staring at an abyss of pixels.

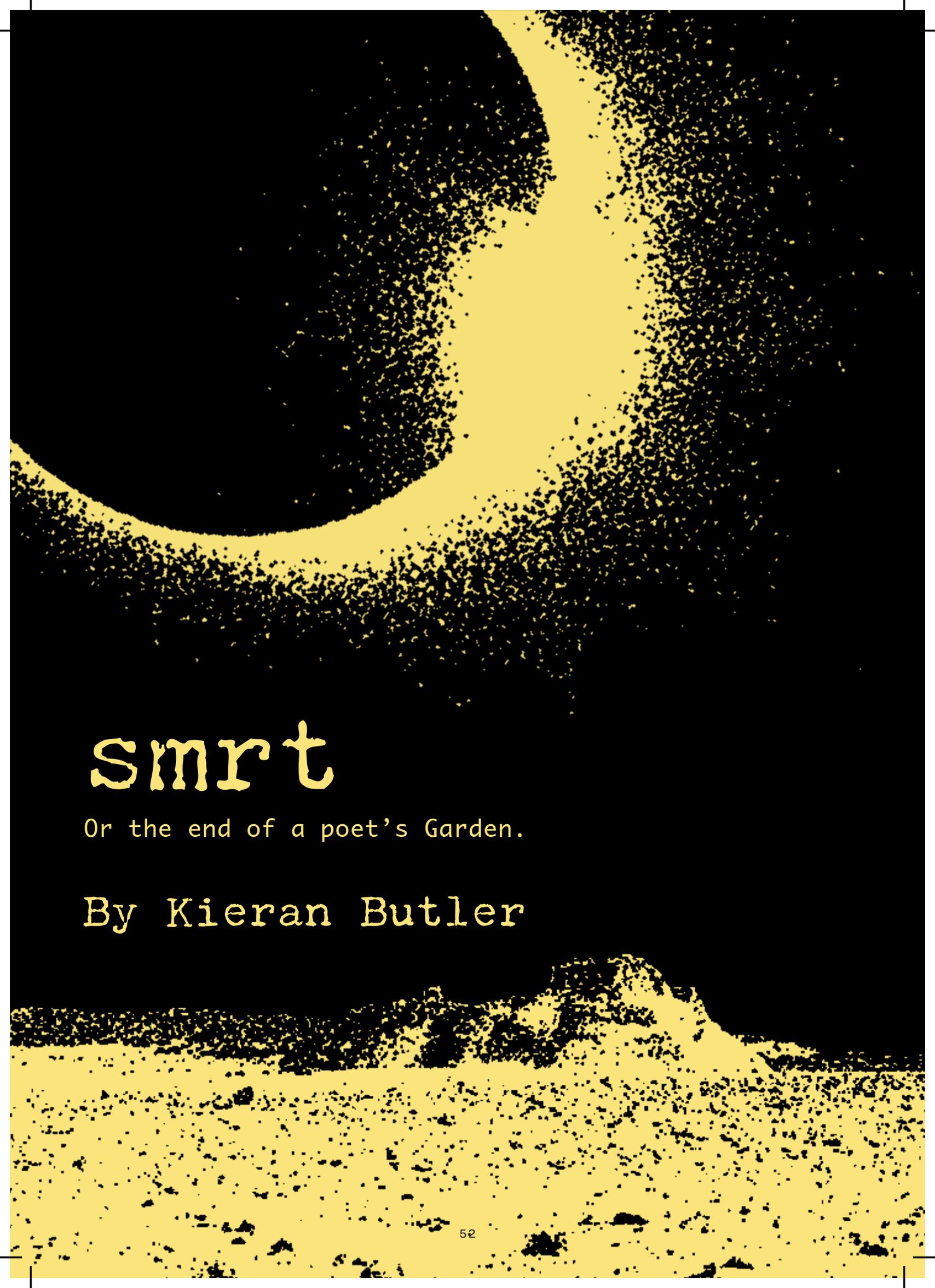
Beat poets with the good book, tear down their altars of hedonism, pin their hands with pens, they already have stigmata;

but, poets live beyond religion. There is no space for it in the illusion of grandeur. God is dead, we killed him and replaced him with the Internet;

but, poets scribble prayers in blood on pavement and face the precipice of disbelief with eyes framed in gold. Prostrated unwillingly, tipped by the

heavy shroud of ethanol fumes cloaking eyes with red vessels, sails  
lax in the breathless expanse;

but, poets row on. Limbs lain low, exhaustion propelling  
their heavy buttocks through borderless realms of free  
speech and free verse.

A black and white photograph of a desert landscape. In the foreground, there is a sandy, rocky terrain. In the middle ground, there are several large, rounded rock formations. In the background, a range of mountains is visible under a dark sky. A large, bright, circular object, possibly a moon or a large rock formation, is prominent in the upper left portion of the sky.

# smrt

Or the end of a poet's Garden.

By Kieran Butler

Voices crack  
At the sliver of pain.  
Hands reveal immeasurable disdain,  
When the day of judgement, now bestowed upon human sin,  
And the devil was incarcerated, the embodiment of Jin.  
'Good God!' the people cry,  
Their eyes bleed and bodies melt at the sight,  
Of the venomous sun shedding its vulgar skin.

A nebula of hell birthed the most wretched of beasts,  
The devil's kin cradled in acid and flaccid grins,  
That laughed at the screams of men, women and the newly born,  
That bleached the sky with a white noise drone,  
The cries layered and layered, higher than the corpses themselves.

God's voice will not break this evil siege of earth,  
Even the most holy who prayed strenuously felt famished for its love.  
Bleeding hearts and charcoal souls made it ever more clear:  
The myth of God had drowned.

Bishops knelt, their prayers diluted in diminishing returns,  
Their decapitated bodies fell lifeless at the feet of foul ghouls,  
Flowing through molten rivers,  
As rusty saws screeched at the cracking of bone.

Hellhounds prowled the scorched land,  
Sniffing out burrowed resistance,  
Those who fail to bow, submitting themselves to this awful plague.  
The flora, ravaged to its roots, and the fauna, left chewed.  
Birds choked, diving from black skies,  
As every breath was toxic and every heartbeat stained with phlegm.

The hour had struck zero,  
On the last day,  
Of the last year,  
Of the last century.  
The new millennium now dawns with no human presence.

Now begins the new age,  
The age of The Diablo.



# The End of the World

*A lipogram by Nadav Dreyfus*

floor one

Drown.

Froth he followed down wooden flow.

Elder world-ender, the tender offered  
Flood. Drown.

Forlorn horror hollowed of Hell, howl.  
Howl. Howl. Howl.

On northern fold he rode, trotted, tottered, fold-  
ed.  
He held her. Nether rod on her whorl flower.  
He deterred her.  
Froth root fell. The word for world: rot. hole.  
He fled, flew, fool, nor dell he entered.  
Lone. Lone. Dolt.

One owl, now old, wondered down rode  
rode lord, rode north, rode, wrote, rooted.

floor not one

Froth frond entered, rented, renewed.

Error led error,  
now

rorted. Of other order, note well.  
Lewd noodle thrown down  
or effed eel held folded or foldered. fodder.  
note well.

When heron followed owl, note well.  
When wolf held, drowned, note well.

When hollow hero hollered, 'Hell!', then wended  
wooden, off, down to the rotten town. Endowed,  
he told of the word of the world, we were noted.  
We went there.

floor three

Worn now. Old. Effed.  
He left.

# Inhumanity

**My world ends quietly,  
not with fire,  
But with the silence that follows,  
a house that crumbles into memory.**

**By Rawda Alshroof**

**I trek backwards through borders  
that are no longer drawn onto maps,  
My name detained at every checkpoint,  
My language persecuted,  
existence condemned.**

**The world ends quietly,  
as my grandmother folds her homeland into a  
handkerchief,  
that later finds itself buried into the soil  
-rooted.  
-unmoved.  
~~-remembered.~~  
~~-forgotten. erased.~~**

**Exile is not a place,  
It is but the bitter taste that occupies the tip of my  
tongue,  
as the nauseating sound of grinding teeth and  
repressed cries  
settle in the darkness of an exile's house  
-unacknowledged.**

**all the while the news continues unflinching,**

**tripping over themselves**

**to feast upon our rotting grief,**

**As our slaughter entertains the masses.**

**My world ends quietly,**

**carrying keys that once belonged to fallen empires,**

**now a mass of rubble**

**-an inconvenience.**

**Poetry settles itself within the folds of tragedy,**

**Taking its breath between every father**

**~~-taken-~~**

**-killed.**

**and the screams carried by those left behind.**

**Time continues,**

**But my clock runs in reverse,**

**recounting the humble olive tree,**

**and the elegance of the jasmine wall,**

**reminding me of the comforting silence that**

**follows after our calls to prayer. But time**

**continues,**

**And my clock begins to shatter.**

**The world has ended a thousand times,**

**not through a blaze of fire,**

**But by your inhumanity.**

IMAGES OF YOU FLOAT BEFORE ME.  
A VICIOUS SLAP ACROSS MY BEING.  
FOR A MOMENT EVERYTHING STOPS.  
THEN THE WHOLE WORLD IS CRASHING DOWN.  
KNEES AND ELBOWS BEND INTO POINTS.  
HANDS BURY BENEATH MY HAIR.



BY SARELIA KRESEVIC

# SEEING IMAGES OF YOU THERE



MY NAILS DIG DITCHES IN MY SCALP.  
MY EYES OBSERVE OBLIVION.  
THEY ARE OPEN BUT THEY KNOW NOTHING.  
I AM TWIRLING AS I FALL BACK THERE.  
LOST IN THAT ABYSS ONCE AGAIN.

# HIT ME AGAIN

**BY SARELIA KRESEVIC**

Hit me again.  
You have already stolen my sense.  
You have already mangled my mind.  
Questions consume my very being.  
Answers evade my every reach.  
Hit me again.

Hit me again.  
Hit me till my ears tingle with fervour.  
Hit me till my eyes sting with salted jewels.  
Hit me till my lip oozes crimson sap.  
Hit me till my skin is vivid patchwork.  
Hit me again.

Hit me again.  
Come closer and shout your contentions.  
Yell at me and profess your actions.  
Choke me and force my comprehension.  
Don't go and leave no explanation.  
Hit me again.