



Collection

by Kareem Ali

I remain in the park
Knowing fully well
The strained solitude of
Winter.
I collect my thoughts
And prayers
Hoping the cold will
Melt itself.
I have arrived
Poised with my bags
Of corn and coins.
The pigeons and homeless men
Emerge from their sleeping bags
As if they were swimming
For pearls.

Poetry Hangover

by Julie McCurdy

5 a.m. wake up
Eyes gritty like sand
Gotta get the dog out
So the cat
 can make a stand
Old coffee stains
 Compete with the sugar
 Spilled on the counter
I stumble through the living room
Tumbling into the cushions on the couch
Sip, sip, sip
 Inhale
The steady, reassuring pull
Nicotine into the lungs
Without volition
 My eyes collide with
Crumpled papers
 Bearing evidence
Of lost nights
 Race to epiphany

"Another Brother," by Nik Adams

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