Untitled

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poverty. The barista, who is also a college student, will now be able to afford a page out of her 826 page biology book. The people behind you are only mildly annoyed with your slowness. A tyrant CEO has reaped what he has not sowed. Lastly, you have spent your lunch money on 792 calories of unnatural coffee that won't fill up your stomach. Do you still have that successful grin on your face? I didn't think so. You have just been Starfucked.

Untitled

Abigail Swanson

God seeps from small holes
In the skin of oranges and pours
Jaggedly
Down the crags of the maple.
Man-- Who dies dark
And cracked
In the hard and cold
Form-molded crannies of the world
Buds and blooms Out Here.
We can see the barbs
On each blade of grass
And the breath of all trees
Washes over us.
It stays warm for days
Crackling across the country
Through mountain canyons
Dipping
In frosted glacier streams
Carrying our breath with it.

The world cries out to us
Whispers from the curves
Of fiddle headed ferns.