

Joseph Moffett

Dear,

Help me that I may stop pretending and get on with living. It's been nearly 24 years on this earth and where can I locate a bathroom or a savings bank in which to store memory? You are always as far as possible, the thick distance constantly fattening. Then, as if speaking to oneself weren't enough, these garbage cans in the back of the foyer give me headaches, an announcement of my conscience arriving. Please write me back; there are soon no more shortbread cookie tins to send as a parting gift. Then they sang the Halleluiah Chorus while taking mescaline. The holiday concert was simply a disaster. I miss your bunches of flesh rolling over on the couch with the dog and the children and the in-laws. We then could consider the logic behind our crossword habit and pretend to care about children in Afghanistan. You are missed, which has become your function.

Love,

Luke Moldof

and there they were not walking or having avoided a moment to regroup their thoughts were sincerely misled hoping for less fortunate behavior than a glimpse of God could not provide resolution from doubting your self worth if only he was better equipped to instruct the guidelines to our people remind me of different ambitions set forth from guidelines that avoid intervention and then they try and invent a new purpose for falling out of each other's bad graces of themselves that one day they will not recount towards their grandchildren and away from uninitiated future generations haven not set a thought forth away from the time being stained on my shirt that tells you to venture near at all costs coming further backwards to when your grandparents had first imagined death and you had already lived in our hearts for generations to come back so as not to regress without the unusual reiterations that should be helplessly avoided as the plague has been gone now for out thousands of decades forward with stops accordingly manifesting their inner nature as large as particles of hair relinquished from nervous scalps that can no longer hold on to secret thoughts and instead opt to think no more knowing that we have already imagined such things even outside of our own dreams of reality could possibly cease to teach us to practice enjoyment of her fruits or of his labors lingering just to disprove that unobtainable point that I wish only you could know and instruct others along with ourselves more reluctant young years draw near and our lives are over and over and over and over there we spot our perceptions swinging by the fence beyond the gate which has long since rusted shut like a love trap full of emotions gone sour leaving them to cower in fear and possibly even question self worth is deserving of my full attention is not on the matter at hand but on all that does not matter is it a pure substance guided planning on avoiding waste would be unmentionably tragic beginnings of self serving endings when it has yet to become quite apparent from the onset that there is a goal to reach to fill it with as much emptiness as can not possibly even be imagined reluctantly so as to increase their self awareness is constantly fluctuating as gills cling to breath in a squeeze box when it is inappropriate to laugh but do not know if that would not be the least honest reaction would possibly be to hesitate explaining what one looks for in characterizing their own mistakes are the hardest chances they might ever take care to be cautious but as with the wind chance is unavoidable possibly encouraging in retrospect uncanny circumspection as comfortable as the least painful circumcision is a given when avoiding one's own faith on the path her father has set out for the children to march on home from work with promises kept lingering till they are forgotten sex is usually the best on nerves that choose to way thin like the rack worn thin line divides pages of reinvigorated manuscripts mixing blood and semen that could make only them proud like a mothers triumphant return to school now blind learning to invent a wheel worth passing on to future generations that regard sight as a curse when it is best to taste what you want first and foremost mostly residual and appropriately deserving like the singling out of the sexes and the impolite let downs of previous generations of French peasants that want nothing less than potatoes or starvation could possibly not be a better option when a thin line divides successes and failures usually win out in the end

**A Novel**

jacob rex zimmerman

Chapter 1

Panting

Sweating

Running to catch the train  
but it doesn't seem to matter.

Chapter 2

The mission is revealed.

Chapter 3

Venturing into cities

Seeking a spiritual answer

Chapter 4

spirits low

sweet lime

sex in the loo

smoking is not allowed

Chapter 5

kicked off the train

consider going home

campfire ritual doesn't work

classical music

Chapter 6

In the morning

Tragedy

A child's blood joins the flow of the river

A funeral is held

Chapter 7

A new mission!

Spirits high!

Traveling to find her.

Chapter 8

How kuhhhhh keeee kurnen and

furnnnnnnnnnuh, nurrrrrrrrnnuh

keeeeeeeeee kurnen and

turnnnnnnnnnnnuh

turnnnnnnnuh

Mother does not have the answer

so she left us

SOME DREAM

Kristin Slipp

Watched the out  
side from far  
away, it would  
seem. Had a  
hazy feeling, or  
was it foggy  
mist on windows.

Like Last Night,  
sheets in wind:  
this morning fell  
ill. And felt the  
body raging,  
silently  
as it does.

Compounded, as  
with a fog. A  
cloudy crazed.  
The feeling  
of a question  
mark as it is  
made tangible. Turning

like the wheel  
on old barrow.  
This sickness  
The steadiest I've felt.

here nor there  
neither

nowhere  
how

where

near

Caroline Park (b.1986) studies composition with Malcolm Peyton at the New England Conservatory of Music. She lives in Boston, MA.

Brian Pouliot

Life and World, pt. 1

They didn't choose to lift  
Up the lead feet or legs,  
Weighed down by life and  
Stumbling towards  
Unavoidable fate with a slow,  
Beating reason echoing the heart.

Truth was a smoky blanket  
Implicit in the rules of nature,  
But not to be touched by one  
Who could do no better  
Than to catch quick glimpses  
Of dancing shadows raising  
Their soft claws to elemental  
Gods as their corporeal  
Selves, hidden behind  
Tightly packed rows of trees  
With twisted and barbed branches,  
Feasted on warm flesh.

The men with blank faces could  
Sleep peacefully with no eyes to see,  
Ears to hear, noses to smell, or mouths  
To scream dull, echoing prayers  
At the endless black.  
But the aberrations born with a  
Knowledge beyond themselves were  
Forced to look inward to  
Soft, supple parts that if touched  
Could crumble and turn in,  
Filled with the venom of years gone  
By and tears cried only in the silence  
Of hearts – Tears collecting in shallow,  
Reflecting pools where nine of ten  
Who wade in for solace or conquest  
Sink as a stone and  
Are silenced.

Brian Pouliot is currently a senior at the New England College of Music in Boston, MA, where he is majoring in Jazz Studies. He will graduate in 2008 and will continue his education at the Harvard University Law School in Cambridge, MA.

Our dusty, hi-fi speakers  
warned me about you.  
I didn't listen, but I should have known  
because the watch that you gave me broke  
a long time ago.

Nick Catino is a jazz trumpeter who has been living in boston for the past 4 years and plans to graduate from New England Conservatory this Spring.

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on old barrow.  
This sickness  
The steadiest I've felt.

Kristin is someone I need a bio from.

Existence - by Noah Preminger

It makes me cringe and  
nervous, unimportant.  
anxious. it's horrible and  
i panic.

sucked in so i suffer; suffering that  
refuses to leave my shoulder side  
so i give up guessing.  
i tell Rapunzul to stop trying,  
my hopes are cremated,  
dried up pain  
crumbles to dust.

my shadow is too overbearing  
to hold back.

Jazz saxophonist, Noah Preminger, has a bright future ahead of him with a promising career as a performing jazz artist. For more information on his debut album, his life and where he's playing, please check out [www.noahpreminger.com](http://www.noahpreminger.com).

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Don't they already  
show themselves  
when a thin mist  
surrounds the  
deep grass and  
leaves  
when it is  
time to go.

Bio: My name is Bob. I feel silly trying to write two lines about myself.

The missing piece

The gap in confidence

Missing Tooth

The hole that pulls

Yanks into a well of despair

A little lacking

The big loss

It isn't there

Do they wonder?

The empty cavity filled with weakness

The hollow happiness

My name is Will Slater and I'm from Massachusetts and I play the Bass. My favorite poet is Ben Davis.