Corpus Conundrum
by Trevor Grant

My blood speaks in isograms, sputtering enjambments like Promethean torture.

My pulse wails with oscillations, droning waves of stony impatience.

My heart screams in binaries, rupturing into echoes inside an empty chest.

My eyes argue to augment, battering my curses with Achaean rage.

My teeth swallow lies, firing idiosyncrasies like spitting gravel.

My reflection is a relay, meteors without a whole, satellites without a center.

But my poetry, with its deft sutures, heals my body’s cacophony.

Perspective
by Benjamin Kuehle

My wife and I stepped up to the painted shoe imprints, indicating where to stand. The ski chair swung around the bullwheel, slow and grinding, toward us. We bent our knees to get scooped up.

The chair hit the back of my thighs and I stumbled while trying to sit, causing the chair to swing forward in an exaggerated movement. We were lifted up into the sky and, before long, the sound from the vibrations and people faded away. Without distractions, my mind turned inward.

If I pick my nose and I get in an accident, would the airbag kill me, or would I just end up with one giant nostril? It would be pretty embarrassing, walking around with a stretched out nostril. Everybody on scene would know what happened. I guess it would be funny for the responders.

I noticed a smudge on my sleeve.

I need to make more laundry soap when I get home. I can’t believe Steven said the store bought stuff was better. The stuff I make doesn’t have chemical scents. Maybe he’ll change his mind when he moves out and has to buy his own stuff. He can think what he wants, it’s his opinion, but he’s wrong.

I wonder if the trees are happy. Maybe they are happy but they would be happier somewhere else. If they could, would they move somewhere warmer or wetter? Or would they rather be here since they’re cold-weather trees? Oh, there I go anthropomorphizing again.

The chair passed close to a tree. A string of silver plastic beads hung from an outstretched branch, almost within arm’s reach. It looked like the tree was trying to give them to us.


The wife let out a snort. “Those are Mardi Gras beads.”

I interlaced my fingers with hers and gave a squeeze. “It depends on where they are.”