

Annum
by Sarah McPherson

I could call you February,
short and sweet.
Unfulfilled as yet; for now you can do nothing
but look ahead. Your plans
and dreams and games
grasp at the promise of what may be.

Shall I call you April?
Fresh-faced and wilful;
sun comes creeping like your smile
through intermittent showers of rain.
Teenage kicks and true love
shattered
into a curtain of beaded tears
you hang in your door.

Now I'll call you August,
at your height.
Fruitful and welcoming; a home filled
with warmth and a basking cat
who shares your life.
But glancing sometimes behind,
to run manicured fingers
through tattered and cherished
remnants of youth.

And if I called you November
would you weep for the ending
or smile for the memories
and the wisdom
and the time?

Sarah McPherson is a writer of short fiction and poetry
from Sheffield in the UK. Her writing has appeared or is forthcoming
in *Still Point Arts Quarterly*, *Burning House Press*, *101 Fiction* and *Paragraph Planet*,
and she was shortlisted in the *Writers' HQ Flash Quarterly Competition* in July 2019.
She can be found on Twitter as @summer_moth and
blogs sporadically at <https://theleadedwindow.blogspot.com/>.

Waiting Up
by Juliette Sebeck

There's something sort of sacred
in telling someone to be safe,
sitting in the dark until
they've made it home okay.

It could seem a bit too paternal,
stifling in its security,
but when the right person
wants to know that you're okay,

It's sort of like hearing them say,

"I love you."



We were storms of fanned flames once
You were red,
And I'm still blue
Burning out as embers
Hoping to create something new.

We were sublime souls
Living on a selfless streak
A line of life that has left me bleak
Our smiles and laughs once echoed each other
But alike everyone else you're now an everyday stranger

We were broken puzzle pieces meant to make a whole
Until time said we wouldn't fit
All our affections now lie somewhat lie dead in a pit
And I pray they rest in peace
But if feigning memories and their intensities
Are all I have to hold
Then remember me...
As I think of you

Blue Carrisole is an emerging writer and poet.
She writes short stories, poetry and flash fiction.
She loves reading Stephen King short stories and historical fiction books
written by her peers on sites like wattpad.
Born and raised in Mombasa, Kenya her years of
writing have been driven by her love of diction, hunger for improvement
and wish to connect with potential readers.
Currently, she writes on websites like medium, booksie, inkitt and
wattpad and social media handles like Instagram and tumblr.
She is working on completing her anthologies and collection of short stories.



By Association
by Carla Durbach

1. 'Have Courage' Someone said, and even the
words had knuckles. Courage is such a simple
word to pull apart, thread by thread without
missing the in-between.

2. Cour. age, noun: Strength of Mind to carry on in spite of danger,
from the root word Cor which is Latin for heart,
if Mind = Heart

then Cour. age: Strength of Heart to carry on in spite of danger
~spiteful of danger?

3. Courage sounds like Carnage on the page,
a hint of violence somewhere,
in a lab where a dissected human heart
waits as wannabe surgeons gather the rage
to pick up the blade and slice again

4. Coeur. rage
Coeur is French for heart as in
heart. rage (diastolic or systolic),
red and inflamed like feasting eyes at the
red district where women are consumed,
part by part or perhaps at the Moulin Rouge
where this happens in sophisticated famine
and oh, so taste-full-y
□ Courage = rage of heart, in Latin and in
French.

5. heart. rage is dangerous [carnage]
but mind = heart □
mind. rage is dangerous
thoughts are dangerous
memories are thoughts
that are dangerous
you can die from memory

6. In conclusion
Courage is having [strength of] heart to carry on in spite of memory
Courage is having a heart in spite of memory
Courage is having a heart despite
Courage is having a heart...

Carla's work has appeared in *Heart of Flesh*, *Lost Pen* and *Little Rose* lit mags.
Her poetry is also upcoming in *Bonnie's Crew*.

