

The boy who wears makeup
by Danielle Moles

Night-time on daylight sky
onto eye
lid
he grips
her free hands
as she applies
wise on the standards
of society
she
carefully draws onto the lid
a thin
black
line
and wing
she applies his lipstick
as he trembles

He opens his eyes
realising
he quite likes it.

Danielle Moles is a student at the University of Lincoln.
In her spare time she writes and makes art.
She is currently experimenting with a range of different forms,
and hopes to one day turn her love of creativity into a living.
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my house is quiet
dark and cold
because – for now –
you do not love me.

there was a time
you told me this would be
a gamble,
my answer was my timeless
shrug.

and now that my cloud
to your sun
has bloomed in our sky
it is dark, and it is cold,
and you do not love me.

i don't like this life. i
don't like tangling
into the thing you love and
the thing that will hurt you
because if i don't, someone else
is bound to...

cloudwoman
by Celeste Ramos

as is the law of this plane.

i cannot enjoy you nor you me
because eventually
the axis of our natures will tilt us
to strike. will darken our season
into flood, into drought, and –
for now –
i will accept you don't love me.

my cloud will one day pass.
you'll see.

Celeste is a writer of fiction and poetry from
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Her work has appeared in *Shooter Literary Magazine*,
Barren Magazine, *Juste Milieu* and *Narratively*.
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helen
by Melis Gordem

a peach as sweet as me sits on top of a table,
it's soft, plump, and its flesh bares a sunset glow.
it idles in its bowl during the pinnacle of its ripe.

chirps echo into the room; the birds' nests reside closely to the sill.
i look outside, cupping the peach in my hands, and all i see is greenery:
freshly trimmed grass, blown out daffodils, and a withered elm tree.

"marriage is such a fickle thing," i sigh, caressing the peach.
it consumes the fruit of the youth when disagreements turn out rotten.
i bite into the peach, saccharine juices dripping down my arm.



Little Wings
by Stephanie Parent

I scrawled my love on a piece of paper
and grew angry when a flame devoured it
and left ash

I typed my hopes on a computer keyboard
and panicked when a virus darted and danced in lines of code
like a trickster god across the screen

I carved my dreams in a great old oak tree
and when the thunder bellowed and the lightning
cleaved my dreams in two, my heart went with them

so I wrote my secrets on my skin
but when the cells divided, peeled and shed
my secrets with them,

I grew despondent,
spoke my losses to the wind,
thought it would carry them far from me

but instead
it stirred the ash
and made the electric lines sing
like ancient deities
and scattered the seeds across the soil
and raised the hairs up on my arms
like little wings

Stephanie a graduate of the Master of Professional Writing program at USC,
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