

WOMEN URGED
by Danielle Moles

Women urged to carry keys in hand
Women urged to sit not stand
Women told they can't, not can
Women now, dangle, hanged

Women urged to check their locks
Women urged to use secret knocks
Women advised against short skirts and high socks
Women now, sink; full on rocks

Women urged to stay in at night
Women urged to keep on their light
Women told, that this is right
Women now, fly to heaven, high as a kite.

Women urged not to drink
Women urged not to overthink
Women told not to flirt or wink
Women threatened and brought to the brink

Women urged to smile
Women urged not to be vile
Women should stay quiet for a while
Women raped, and put on trial



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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MIRRORS
by Melis Gordem

i walk across a dimly lit hallway
and stumble upon a woman of 5'10"
standing opposite of me.
she looks bewildered,
but at the sight of me,
her face softens back to its natural state,
without saying a word,
i start picking her apart.

i immediately take notice of her face:
chocolate eyes that melt under the sun,
hair wavy enough to cascade onto her shoulders,
stubby nose that grossly enlarges once she breaks into
lips as plump as the cherry of her youth,
and to top it all off,
a faded scar rests on her right cheek;
enough to make you wonder,
what happened?

she smiles at my scrutinizing curiosity
and as if to taunt me, she starts posing by:
emphasizing her hips,
showing off the legs she's been given,
widening her smile to portray her lips,
gentle hands placed on her sides, might as well call me

she sticks out her tongue,
teasing me for judging
her external state
while dismissing the labyrinth
of her internal state.
all her complexities wrapped around
each and every blood vessel,
gripping the conscious
and elements of her soul;
her heart full of gold.

i reach out towards her,
but my hand is stopped by glass.
somehow, her hand is touching mine.
i look up and smile at her,
for she is me:
the beauty and the observer.

The Ocean Calls My Name
by Kim Payne

The tide comes in
And I jump feet first
Heart first
Into the watery shelter
Unaware of the jellyfish and sharks
That lie in wait
I swim, mostly doggy paddle,
With no heed or recollection
Of the bruises, open wounds,
and scars from my last leap

Kim Payne is a lover of dreams,
the color red, and mochas.
Her work has been published in
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