

*how the angels dine*  
by Sophie J.K. Scott

it was eleven am when all the angels went gallivanting out to tea, with all their pretty heads on all their pretty necks. they had quite forgotten how to dine, and even

the waiters knew that perhaps they weren't used to the marvel of being alive. how they shrieked at the hand dryers in the bathrooms, and watched on in

rapture when food came out on china plates. how they murmured amongst themselves at the bend and snap of their cutlery. how their words glowed

when they said grace. they didn't understand yet, the push and pull of the moon, the rise and fall of the sun or when the skies got dark and why. ever

alight, it was clear they never got around to dropping the habit of youth. radiant and wily and hungry. glistening with the joys of humanity. though they

were just voyeurs to their own bodies. soon enough, they left the restaurant and each vessel kissed their neighbour on the cheek. until next time, they said,

whether that be a month or millennia. and then, they filtered out onto the pavement, with halos smothering the lampposts, and wondered why the world was dark.

Sophie J.K. Scott is a poet and undergraduate history student from the UK, currently studying at Cardiff University. Her work has previously been published in *The Wellington Street Review*. Her twitter is @luckycharmer and instagram is @sophiejkscott.

*Angels drink Busch from hand-painted flowered china*  
by Brianne Grothe

Cry for you when they've spoken too harshly the night before

Their lungs are dark and tied up with maroon ribbon that makes their voices high and husky

Their sides bear scintillating scars where they burned as a small child

They make a habit of calling you sweetheart when you're in trouble

Forget your ice-picked skin and your sins after just four months of calling you beloved

And always, always rise up no matter how many times they fall...

Brianne Grothe is a recent graduate from Oklahoma State University with a B.A. in English. Her poetry has been published by her university's undergraduate literary journal *Frontier Mosaic*, as well as by *The Allegheny Review*. Besides writing poetry, her passions include destigmatizing mental illness, making connections between sexuality and spirituality, trying to reconcile her desire to be a domestic goddess with her lipstick feminist agenda, and sharing cat memes on Facebook. You can follow her on Twitter @womaninredclay.

*Margo's Sonnet*  
by Kenna

Smiling behind the stand in the bookshop,  
She looks just as beautiful as always.  
Lovely and delicate like a snowdrop,  
I cannot help but to long for her gaze.

Like a dahlia, she vibrantly shines,  
Much softer and sweeter than lavender,  
And stronger than the sharp thorns on the vines.  
But I know that I could never tell her.

So, I peruse the novels and the rhymes,  
Quietly wishing that she'll look my way.  
Until the twinkle of the front door's chimes  
Welcomes a handsome man with a bouquet.

He strides inside and then kisses her cheek.  
I look back at my book, quiet and meek.

Kenna is an aspiring poet. She is currently attending Patapsco High School and Center for the Arts as a Literary Arts major and plans to continue studying literature in the future. Instagram: @poetry.primrose

*Hopeless Romantic*  
by Efrén Castro

I haven't felt love in such a long time

So I answer it's call whenever I can

*A notification on my phone*

*From a stranger asking if I'm alone*

Excitement burns from my legs up to my chest

I see a nobody as the light that ignites my fire

He's cute but that's all I really know about him

It doesn't matter because he's the reason I'm happy today

*I feel the rays of the sun lift the tips of my lips*

*To form a smile; like I was drunk*

*Deranged, I say, you are the answer I've been waiting for*

*I finally feel loved again*

I tell him to come over and he says yes

I spend the next two hours perfecting me

Trying to sell him the full fantasy

*I look out my window and see you waving*

*Asking me to leave with you, I do*

*Every time*

I reached my hands out to an illusion

It lasts until the last love song ends

Till my last hope breaks

And it falls out of me

Making me face reality

Days pass and his silence is deafening

I'm back to where I was before

*A tear falls from my left eye*

*I collect it in a small bottle that I write your name on*

*I place it on a shelf above my bed with all the others*

*Where the clouds form when I dream*

*Hoping they form around you*

Efrén Castro (ig: @namherec360) is a queer Latinx writer whose poetry can be described as "nostalgia porn". They write a lot about how growing up as a closeted person in a conservative environment has affected their platonic, romantic, and family relationships. They also discuss the ugly and dark side of gay hookup culture through their unique storytelling. They also write and design their own poetry zines, which he sells digitally and physically on his website!