

ADVICE

LAURA CIRAULO

Try some resistance
to a soap opera existence.

FRAGRANT MELON

As I cut

Into cool

Green wedges

Scooping seeds

I disturb

A futility

A sadness.

FIRST LINES OF A POTENTIALLY REALLY BAD NOVEL

Call me

idiot.

It was a dark and stormy

afternoon.

She lay back on the bed

her bosoms flapping in the wind.

CALL NARRATIVE

If out of a dream
in the middle of planting
flowers in your front yard
a voice beckons beyond
the mundane and asks
for impossible things,
know that you will suffer.

FAIRYTALE FISH

Scales shine like polished silver hooks

Eyes glint like crazed chips of amber

Melodious mouths speak of promises.

THE POWER OF NAMES

Blanche

an old-fashioned name

reeks of strong perfume

and stale cigarettes.

Her bleached-blond hair

like fractured yellow straw

is a cliché.