

**We Are Sharing True Emotions**  
by conn tomas o'brien

i am going to sit across  
the table from you  
and I will read you a poem  
expressing my true emotions  
and you will show me a painting  
expressing your true emotions

for twenty-four seconds  
we will simultaneously experience  
feelings of complete ego dissolution  
we will feel united and real  
and confused, like we have merged  
to create some joint entity,  
like a shared internet profile but better  
(obviously better)  
because it exists in concrete reality

it is hard and feels like it won't break  
but it will break  
it will break, this abstract, concrete non-existent thing  
existing between us

it will break and  
i will leave the café and  
you will leave the café and  
i will scream inside my head  
you will scream inside your head

"we are chasing something that we can't catch" we will  
scream  
it will be kind of okay  
"everybody keeps leaving everybody else, why is this?"  
we will scream  
it will be kind of okay

that night, we will dream of existing as fish, one fish  
eating another eating another

**Drunken Microverse**  
by aidan blake

I ran into Cole at a party. With things slowing down as they were, I attempted to speed them up by reminding him of the tragic loss of his favorite parental figure. He cried and cried, which did a little to perk me up. I found two kegs in the house and was prompted to switch them. This took longer than I thought, as moving them three floors required disguising each keg as a seat each time someone walked by. Stairways were especially difficult, as I had to both disguise the keg as a chair and myself as an asshole sitting in the middle of a stairwell. The asshole part I can do, but who sits in a stairwell?

The effort was well worth it, as soon the unwitting guests were drinking Rolling Rock instead of Octoberfest. Or Octoberfest instead of Rolling Rock, but you should have assumed that, you git. Exhausted from my hauling of kegs, I went outside for a breath of fresh air. Not a moment after doing so, a ragged harlot with an obnoxious cellular device ordered the police to converge on our location. Apparently, there was a car in the sidewalk that impeded her movement. I gaped at her, realizing that her mass must constitute such enormity as to prevent her from navigating the girth of an automobile. Indeed, as she wavered on the brink of crushing the sidewalk beneath her...generous proportions, I felt sorry for having parked on the lawn in front of her house. But only a little. Dismayed, I returned back into the house.

At this point, our noble host had realized the change in kegs, and was marveling over its occurrence. I nearly revealed myself as the cause of such mischief, until he loudly disclaimed his distaste for such antics by yelling and breaking a bottle into a jagged weapon. I was still tempted to out myself, as a good stabbing by glass bottle is a welcome addition to my merits of manliness, however the bottle was green. My blood just wouldn't have looked as cool. You really need a clear bottle for that.

I pointed this fact out to my shank wielding friend, who wondered why I had gone through such a thought process. Surely such a mental route made me the culprit? I laughed and said "Of course not, didn't you see Stan lugging those kegs around?" My roommate Stan turned at me, his face contorted in an expression of confusion and horror. Before he could object, the glass bottle had found him, and he was lying on the floor yelling loudly. I laughed and laughed, but it did little to perk me up.

I carried Stan moaning to the car. Before I let him lie on the backseat, I made sure his bleeding was controlled. "Bleed to death all you want Stan," I thought to myself, "But please, not on my car seat." As quickly as I could drive, as impaired as I was, we made it to the hospital. There, the doctor asked me what exactly had happened.

"He was...just waltzing you see and he...had a freak collision with a frying pan handle. You know, the stainless steel kind with the edges."

The doctor turned to me and said "Yes, the edges are a real bitch in waltz."