

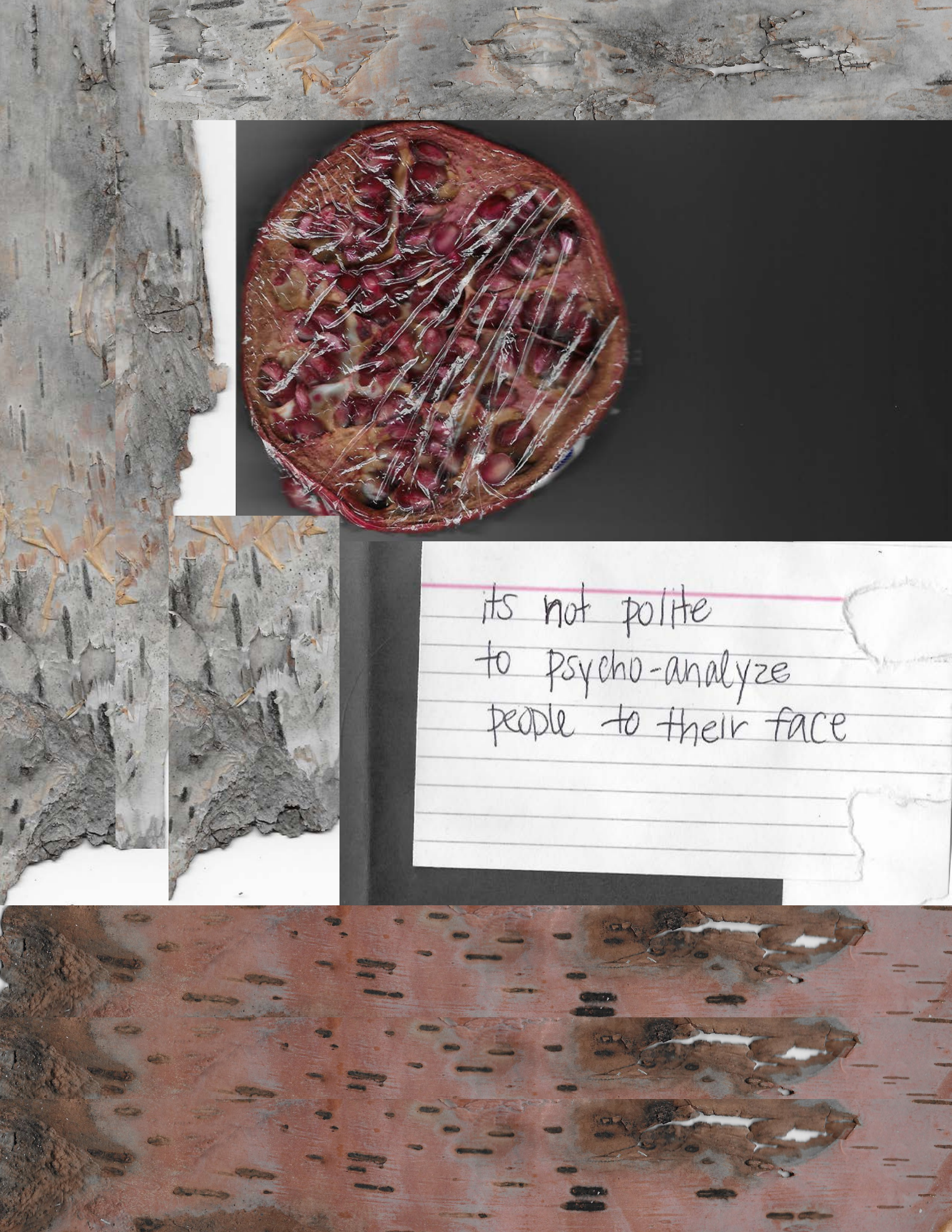


The Rotation (in no particular order)



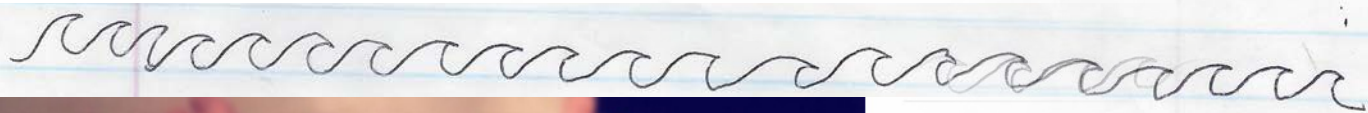


WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WHEN YOU SMOKE A JOINT IN THE BATH-TUB?



its not polite
to psycho-analyze
people to their face

She planned on taking nudes of herself in the bathtub after smoking a bowl. She disrobed unceremoniously. On her phone she checked her email, standing naked, and worried about her work schedule. When the corroded taps belched out the water she had to pee and considered peeing in the tub. She sat down on the toilet and hoped that no one could hear. She didn't flush. She put her feet in the shallow water. The porcelain was mottled with brown stuff. As the water rose it brought the detritus at the bottom of the tub up to float like little careening boats. Thick strands of her roommate's hair danced about tiny, unidentifiable flecks. Her ankles stood in the water like huge pilings sunk into a harbor. She felt like she had to pee again.



12 likes

lepetitepoop Writing for

donttouchmybelt Exxxo

loudfemme oooo

canteysmith Super bat



She crouched down and saw a dead baby cockroach pirouetting in the churning water. She took a jar from the sink and collected the bug. He spun restlessly in some whirling eddy inside of the jar and she considered sealing it and saving him for a while like a fetus in formaldehyde. She poured it away in the sink which gargled and swallowed him up.

She laid down in the water. Its debris weaved and swam about her like fish on a coral reef.

6 AM.
REPTILE
SHOW
SAMFORD,
MA

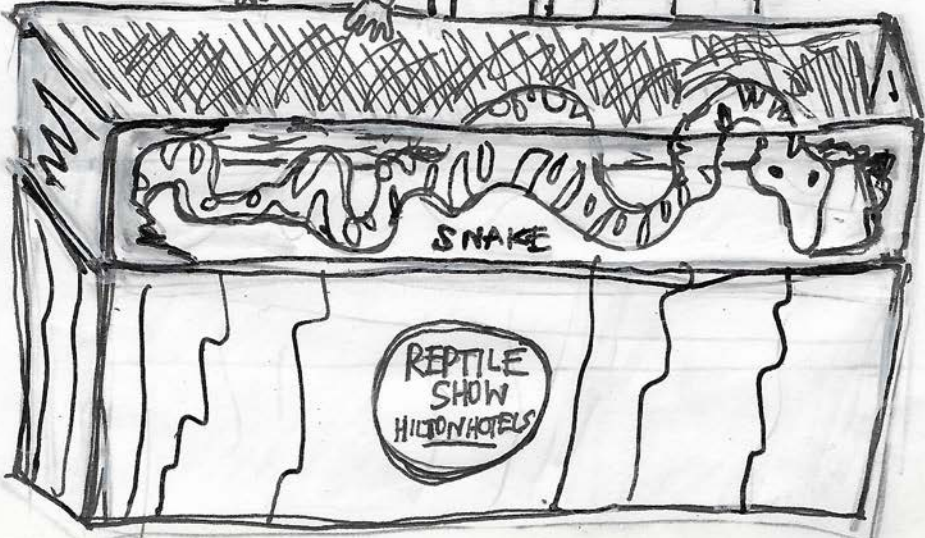
(WAS COOL)
MY
CHILDHOOD

COOL.

YEAH.
ME

BROTHER

DAD



theres weed in the oven
and she's in the tub, smokin.
garbage pale
princess
scrubs sticky remains of
forgotten temporary tattoo.
writes about herself
in the third person.
is composed mostly of dead skin.
soaks in soapy water
because the towels so far away
she's forgotten what its for

the radio speaks to her from across the room
she pretends that its asking her
if she's ever thought about
the cost of molecules
for the price of heat?
weed decarboxylizes in the oven
and the voice in the air raises a thought
from inside the machine
and asks if she has
considered smoking a bowl
before going to sleep
in order to counterbalance
the sensation of dreaming

athletic bath salts
never freed her muscles
they only made the water
too cloudy to see through
so much so that she forgot the way water used to be
and watched it spill in drips from the faucet
until she remembered
that all her thoughts were
just tiny electric blips
in her brain fluid

porous skin covered water sac, she was
sitting in a potion of magnesiums and sulfates
and sweet domesticated rain
from the gods at nyc water systems
everything she considered to be hers
breast bone, skeleton, shell

et al
was just a membrane between two pools of water
she wanted to mix together
but couldn't quite figure out how

carbon molecules
fluttered freely from
their hosts and
plant matter sputtered
from the heat excitement
it smelled like
her fucking birthday
and she was ready
to eat cake

relighting her hand rolled firecracker
smoke air and water
became the same
color, consistency
and she, just a fleshy skate or ray
swimming through
tossed about sand
looked for the drain

she would sit here until
her lost city
revealed itself
from the depths
of milky milk
until nothing clung to her
including droplets of water
she had once poured for herself
as she waited for the weed
she had left in the oven.

-Elena Dowling 2015, bathtub.

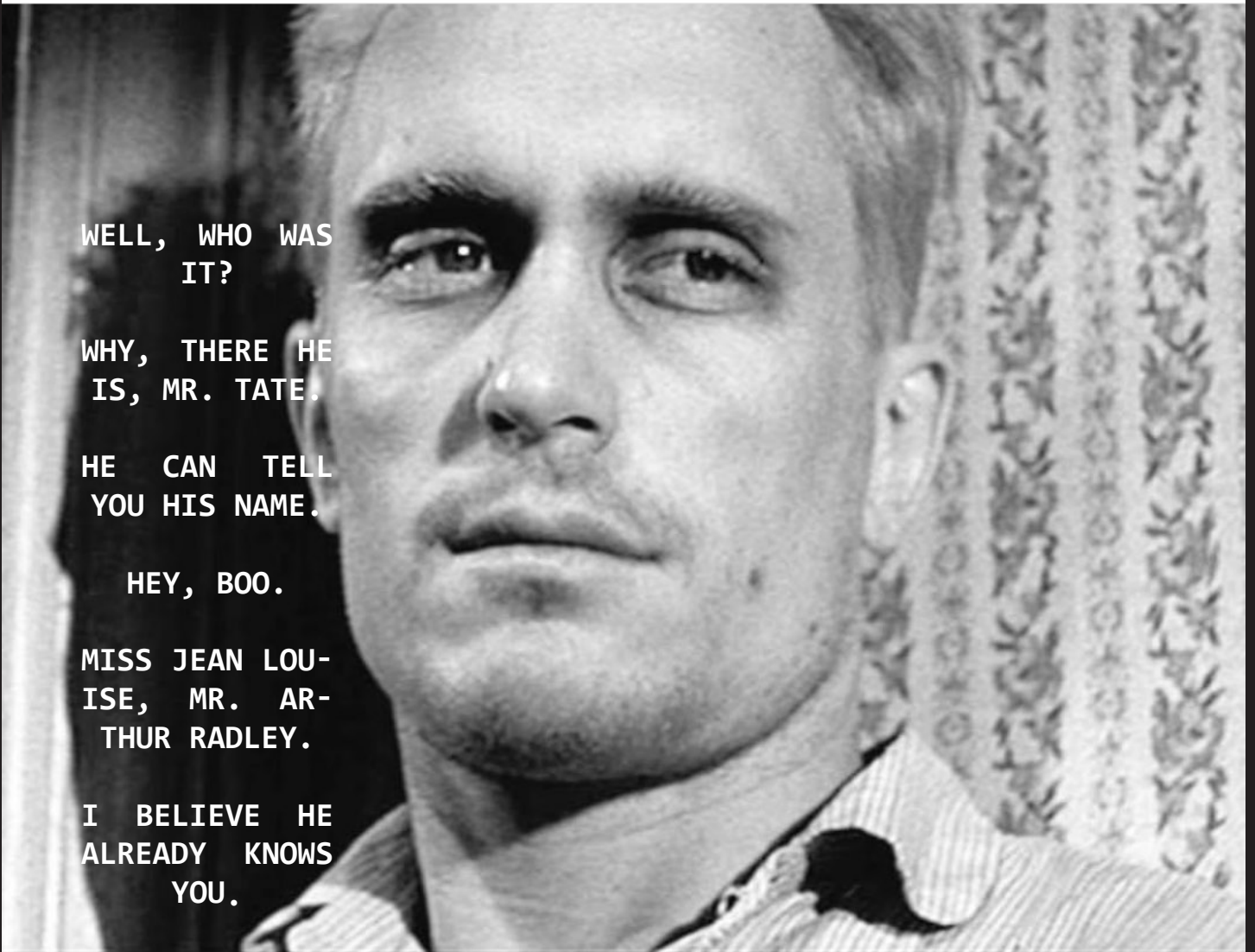


PHOTO



davidwhiteart

10h



WELL, WHO WAS IT?

WHY, THERE HE IS, MR. TATE.

HE CAN TELL YOU HIS NAME.

HEY, BOO.

MISS JEAN LOUISE, MR. ARTHUR RADLEY.

I BELIEVE HE ALREADY KNOWS YOU.

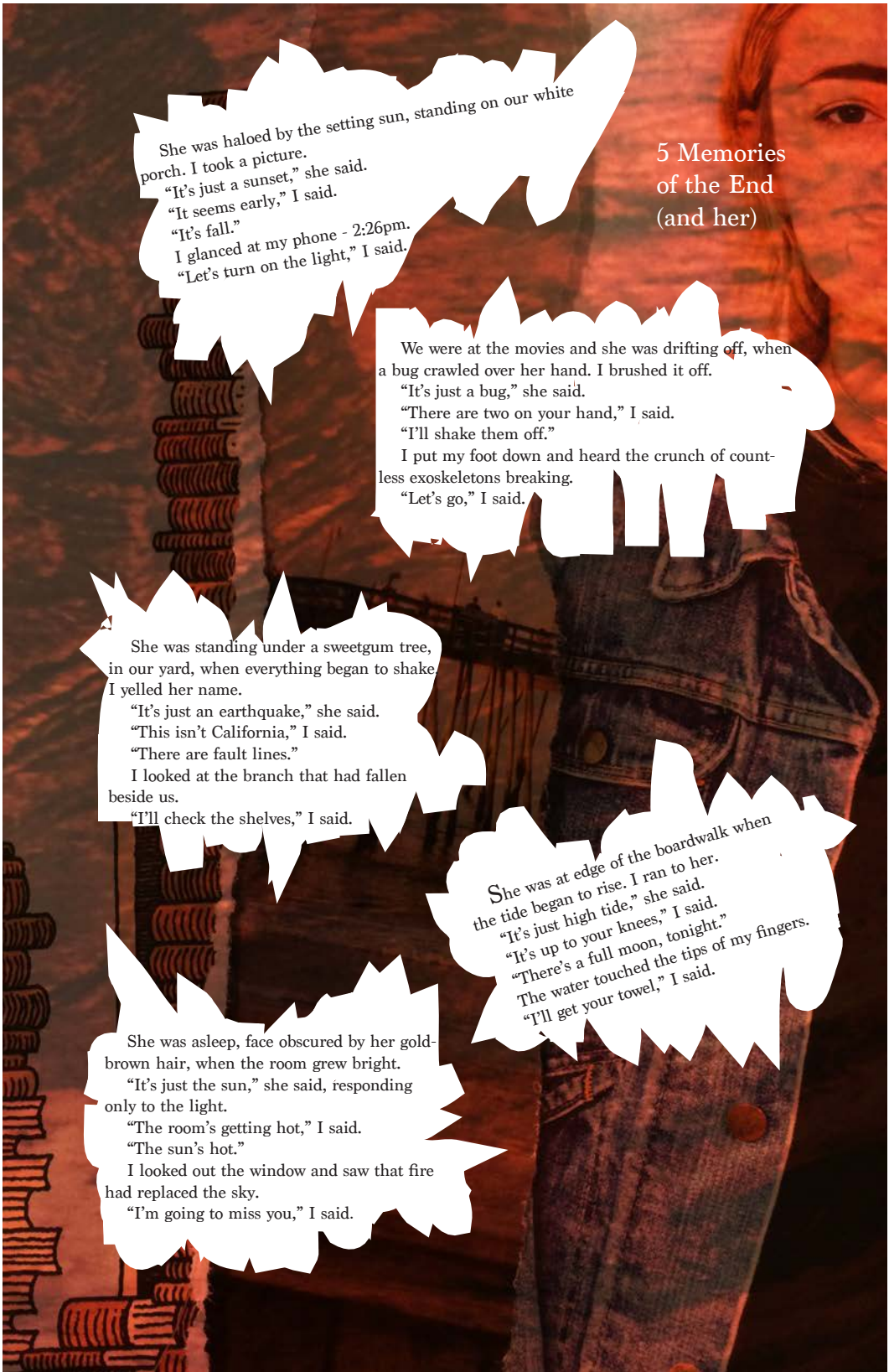


23 likes

davidwhiteart Boo, bae

canteysmith Yaaaaaaas

canteysmith Boo, lookin good to in the bed days



She was haloed by the setting sun, standing on our white porch. I took a picture.
"It's just a sunset," she said.
"It seems early," I said.
"It's fall."
I glanced at my phone - 2:26pm.
"Let's turn on the light," I said.

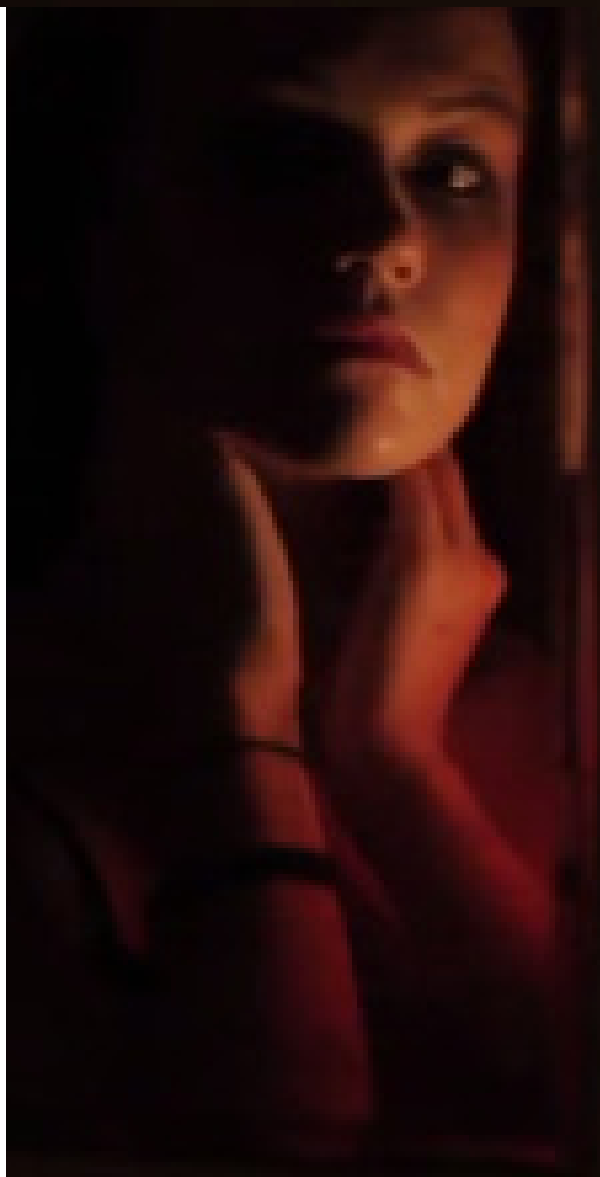
5 Memories of the End (and her)

We were at the movies and she was drifting off, when a bug crawled over her hand. I brushed it off.
"It's just a bug," she said.
"There are two on your hand," I said.
"I'll shake them off."
I put my foot down and heard the crunch of countless exoskeletons breaking.
"Let's go," I said.

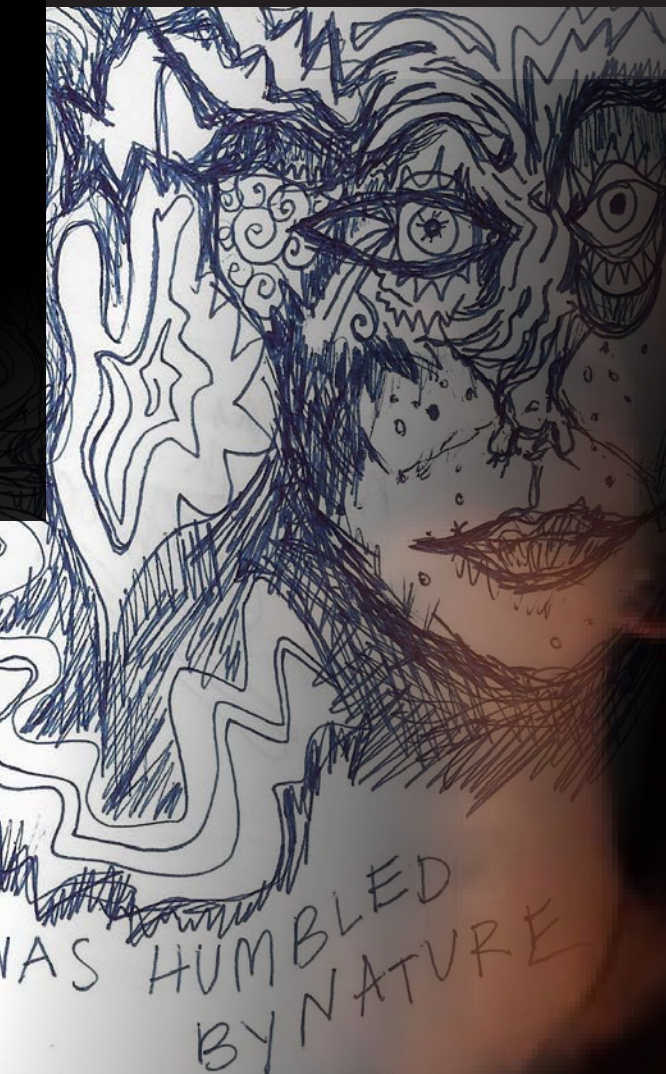
She was standing under a sweetgum tree, in our yard, when everything began to shake. I yelled her name.
"It's just an earthquake," she said.
"This isn't California," I said.
"There are fault lines."
I looked at the branch that had fallen beside us.
"I'll check the shelves," I said.

She was at edge of the boardwalk when the tide began to rise. I ran to her.
"It's just high tide," she said.
"It's up to your knees," I said.
"There's a full moon, tonight."
The water touched the tips of my fingers.
"I'll get your towel," I said.

She was asleep, face obscured by her gold-brown hair, when the room grew bright.
"It's just the sun," she said, responding only to the light.
"The room's getting hot," I said.
"The sun's hot."
I looked out the window and saw that fire had replaced the sky.
"I'm going to miss you," I said.



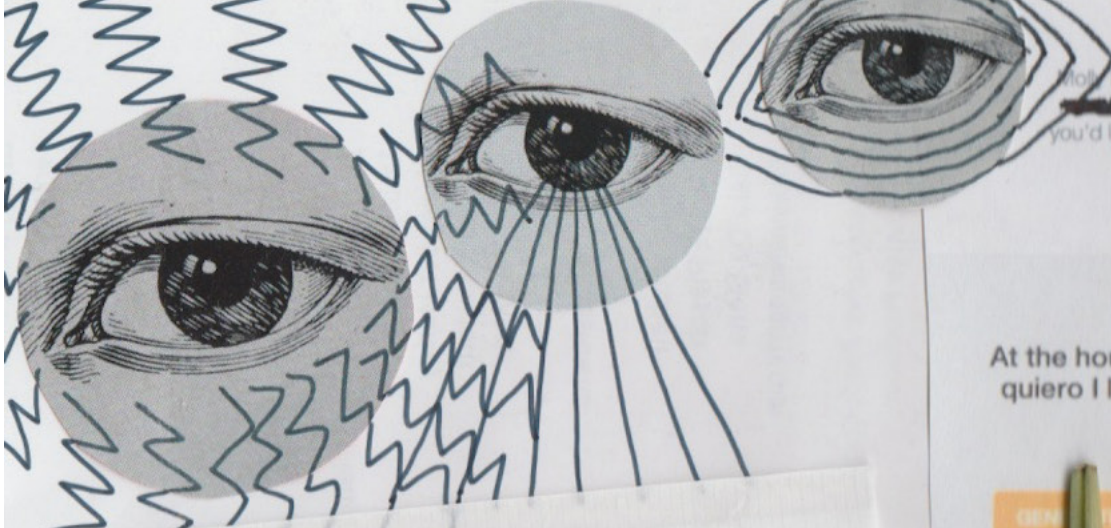
WILL I
SMOKE
NEED
FOREVER
?



pleasures are anxiety
nothing can be known
in what fragments remain
to be
to be
to be

a better soul for the past
~~that~~ couldn't be pulled in
from that opened page? Heart
twist reality Disposed
wrest of confusions

I've got a leg on each side
Backward passion, forward
~~can go~~ (Am swept up, ^{insp.}
but I've learned to
float in the Pool/
Doubts are ~~and~~ SALT PILLARS
SHOT UP PARALYZING
LOST in ~~their~~ LABRINTH, ^{the more}
DESPERATE ^{the more}



Your Memories
Ellen, we care about you
We thought
you'd like this



2 Years

At the house with Her last sentence to
quiero I love you. I find myself sitting
in the hospital.

GENERATE STATUS POST TO FACEBOOK

ghost people
phantom time

small movements
great failures

center on the last place you
slept
hailing 11:43pm 8.31.15

attention is a form
of prayer



THE FIRST FALSE BAD BOY
I HAD A CRUSH ON WAS
HADES.





CANTEY

I saw A man with
R-E-G-R-E-T written
under his eye.
He was an artist.