

SIGHTED FORMS

Miriam Atkin

Macaw

For propriety's sake, he tunefully beat his red heart in the bathroom.

The orientation continued: "stick your Post-its here with new ideas," as three came fluttering down.

Kate on crack in a kayak proliferates herself in nonsonance before dying a watery death.

The words on the edge of your tongue describe the difference between a tie and a slur.

Our well-meaning mothers would spread our bread with candles, fricatives, lag bolts, commutative properties, fever and Sgt. Arigatou, annulling the underlying spelt by way of its artificial dressing.

A Parrot Flower goes out in genre-gown, a cracked stick in a suit of sui generis interiority.

When I whistled at her sleeping, Alva seemed to swallow it.

The Widower (Sakabula)

He slips a dark dress over his head and the folds tumble down in finely articulated shapes of words, a grave unreadable force suspended in grinning.

The crepuscular third act, dedicated neither to posterity nor pleasure, continues to mystify audiences.

On the wall behind her bed hung a faded photo of her dashing dimorph.

I was a flying fish riding on hair.

Foetid Pothos

A springy white knob disrupting a smooth plane of flesh covers what is worse, a well full of moistened beads.

In the jutting woods, the fitful interference of stray lines makes new ways to signify feeling on the twisted faces of the copulating freaks.

Feet fasted to the sticky muck, the speckled pigeon's flight will bring the bog to Shehaqim.

Kneel naked on cracked ice to coax the pelt.

A hot knife hand rising up from the core draws all the world in.

Heteroconger

The ostentatious syntax of his earlier works is indeed what keeps the reader riveted, serving up constructions like “release contract release” or “undulate undulate undulate pause.”

Look, it's a cheap trick, like clickbait.