

THIS IS LIFE

DO NOT SHAKE ITS HAND LIKE SOME KNOCK-KNEED BAPTIST GIRL
OR TOSS LEFTOVER BREAD INTO ITS CUBICLE AT THE END OF THE DAY
AS IF WE'D NEVER TURNED OURSELVES INTO ROPE SWINGS,
OR FELT OPERAS SLIDE LIKE SYRUP DOWN OUR LEGS.

YOU WITH THE BROKEN NOSE, DAMAGED JUST RIGHT: MY DEAR-
MUST I REMIND YOU AGAIN?

LIFE SHOULD BE MORE
LIKE A BLIZZARD OF PAPER BIRDS,
IN SLOW MOTION,
FROM TWO PARTED LIPS:
ONE LOUD, BLOUSE-DRENCHING ACHOO.

COME. THE ROADS ARE DRUNK.
LIFE IS A PETIT FOUR SPREAD-EAGLED ACROSS YOUR PLATE.
DICTATE YOUR EPITAPH TO THE DISHWATER
ON SOME OTHER YELLOW AFTERNOON.



Poet Gabby Bates is from Birmingham, Alabama and studied writing at Auburn University. When she's not writing, she can be found dancing in airports, interviewing tree carvers, or baking sweet potatoes. Artist Kevin Morrow has earned BFA and MFA degrees in Wisconsin and New Zealand. After a year creating earthworks in Austin, Texas, he now lives and makes art in New York. Layout design by Sarah Van Sanden.