

New Nonfiction by Matt Eidson: Binge

Sometimes I'd imagine that compressing the areas of fat would break apart the tissue and allow it to dissolve into my body. In my downtime, I would knead the fat to a pulp.

New Nonfiction by Evan Balkan: In Praise of Awe

It's hard to define, awe. But certainly we know when we feel it. It's a rare thing, buried under the onslaught of daily routine and the indignities of, say, a red traffic light when we're late for work. Our ego—that most human of qualities—screams at us: “I am the universe. The universe is me.”

New Poetry by Loretta Tobin: “In the Dead Man's Seabag” and “River City”

A blue ribbon marked
First Thessalonians,
where he had underlined—
Be joyful always;