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ELDERLY
TWENTY
FOUR

LEWIS WARSH

ALMOST NOTHING

I had some thoughts, embedded
inside other thoughts, which took shape
against a background of cloudless
skies,

and a volcano in the distance
erupted and all the people who lived
in the foothills were buried under
tons of white-hot lava and the butcher

put his thumbs on the scale and the
prices went through the ceiling, the
price of chop meat, for instance, almost
doubled over night, and coffee

beans were parceled out a quarter pound
to a customer in brown paper bags so
you couldn't tell whether you were getting
decaf or regular

and it all smelled the same,
the dust particles in the air, the perfume
of the woman pressed against you in
the Tube, it all tasted the same,

a different version of what had happened
before, the piranhas crawling out of
the bush to lick the dried blood
from the corners of your mouth,

an open door to the past
where you're always welcome, a gypsy
cab ride to the edge of town where
you put out your thumb and hope for the best,

and maybe you'll have to spend another sleepless
night on the shoulder of the broken highway
the coyotes chanting your name like an anthem
from star to star.

LITTLE GREEN APPLES

Smile like you mean it.

Let the cards fall
out of the sky.

The snows of Kilimanjaro
melt over night.

“Come out with your hands
up.”

There’s a flood watch advisory
for the tri-state area.

People I used to know take
off their clothing

in a dream. The last line
comes first, with no end in
sight.

My heart is in the right
place at the wrong time.

What else is new?

A package of lemon
wafers

for the long trip home.

A word to the wise,
but no underpants.

NIGHT SKY

Night-life in the country,
beyond the sighting
of a raccoon,

and the headlights
of a pick-up returning from the
dump

night-life in the treetops. The
3-legged dog next door
doesn't bite. Do I hold

on for a moment or do
I slip over the edge?

Night-time in the
parking lot outside
Arizona Pizza, the Metro

North train
arrives in Wassaic, I get
off at the last stop.

Tuesday matinees
at the Triplex. The forklift
operator's wife at the end
of the bar.

Night-life in the Bronx.
A dead carnation
in your lapel.

My mother knots my tie
before I walk out the door.

Night-life on the Pacific
Rim. I wear a bullet-proof vest
in Coconut Grove.

Night-life anywhere filled
with stars in the night sky.

Night-life in the baggage
claim area with no where
to go.

OLD FLAME

There are movies that come back
to haunt you at the end
and you can hear the music building
to a crescendo like Hollywood
so you in the audience and you in the
starring role are almost the same
good looking clean cut up tight all of
the above and none
I wouldn't recognize you on a bus
if you paid me
to get on and off
and you wouldn't remember my name
for all the nights in the world
we crawled into bed
with the lights on
and the radio playing
soft and low
we might as well have been blind-
sided by a two-ton truck
for all it matters
because there's only the present
like a movie played backwards
with a cast of thousands
hanging on for dear life.

DOUGLAS PICCINNINI

SPEAKER 1 (WITH RED THOUGHTS)

like the book of evening put down
there is another life to begin
as speech empties
the space btwn constellations
a backward logic colors all

the way I know: sky became meaning at dusk
like another life you begin
unexpectedly no single action is central
like silence refit into a singular space—

~

the sea line and all come
the sea line and all go away
move me from my focus

don't let me suffer
give me the words
to say what I mean

SPEAKER 2 (WITH ORANGE THOUGHTS)

Come here, refusal
chew on my wound. Muscle gone
wasted present. The wind not
here on my skin. Terror itself.

~

You must plug the air
to stop its song. You must
intoxicate the world to set it free—
to ring the eye in caution.

~

Stripped of my power. Cleansed
of my song. In public and in private
my private life goes on.

SPEAKER 3 (WITH YELLOW THOUGHTS)

New feeling I've been lifting. New silence
in the center. A shape inspired by your attention.

The resolution of ironies put down
as unrecognizable currency.

C'mere broken light on the boudoir. That death, a death
is this particular. No sun but sun and this life
lived in a position of what it must forgive.

SPEAKER 4 (WITH GREEN THOUGHTS)

It isn't night you miss but its power.
The affection of ones own authority
as gaps in description
command this incomplete bouquet.

I am okay with my wound still weeping beneath my shirt.
I'll go away in a violet sound, darken by rotation. I'll turn,
I'll keep farming the soiled years
where you are, old dream:

I feel the strength of your finger on my tongue
your hand in my mouth.

SPEAKER 5 (WITH BLUE THOUGHTS)

No one falls asleep and no
one way of careful thinking
wrings right the dream.

Self-containment, suffocation,
the occasional kick beneath the sheets
means an overlay of textures
overflow the days.

Money, no money—

say where to speak and break
the clockhands as my own.

The hands of a prisoner speaking up.

Don't let them hit you.
Don't let them take you apart.

SPEAKER 6 (WITH INDIGO THOUGHTS)

There, in my mistake, I am present. The present
lifted over itself. A day like grout
in the tiles suddenly brittle suddenly breaking
down this pattern. A date you remember
smeared in the pages of a calendar.

That was pleasure once. Sure-fit, needled
existence and then as the nerve brought forward
a yellow seam in the silence. Silence thrust
its burning face to the glass—
that kind of domain.

SPEAKER 7 (WITH VIOLET THOUGHTS)

The future approaches as if it were fixed—no
days but days multiply. Rooms of a house
you know and have entered—remember
change—this custom like a place you feel

studded in sky, swept away, in a substance
like a signal departing as it arrives, to keep time

to see a tree top touched breeze
to say that, for example, you lose
the keys everywhere to find them.

SPEAKER 8 (WITH UNCOLORED THOUGHTS)

The promise of a repeated note. Soon, long is so far
away from mistake. Sun the same in a field the same.

Here comes this bloodbeat song. Here is nobody
and no body's song. I looked up in history

one unchanged wheelbent song—
no one likes to say "I am wrong."

SPEAKER 9 (WITH WHITE THOUGHTS)

Sometimes a crumb falls from the table. Sometimes
a skeleton bright white in the sun. Made in love
made in hate and undone. After heaven. After
history this land in a forlorn corner
gave chase to that little feeling, hunted one—

I burned this field at harvest. No I
didn't yes I did confess.

SPEAKER 10 (WITH BLACK THOUGHTS)

Somebody behind me, get behind me. Take my
place. Close the door.

Some bloodswell evening to nurse
a whitecoal feeling.

Hands together. Hands
pried apart.

All through spring I was summer: green
and unbreakable.

Unfix yourself on me.
Take down your sign.

If my flowers
are the same as yours—

Why bother mine?

STACY BLINT

PEEK PEAK PIQUE

the unseen
never materialized

copper horizon corroded
transient sculpture
simultaneously fixed

still moment
chemical reaction
emulsion transfer

devastatingly tingly actions

snag
informative cloud formations
glory Gloria
times squared
lightning snap shot

near as is needed
far as is wanted

physical precursors
to a pink city

GARGANTUAN

evaporation is to be understood

because they were all (beautiful? / beating off?)

low pressure horses
ritual projections
forgetting

all

is bad enough
eliminate too
and the form
from

tease
please
ease

HEADLAMP

tear as in fabric
tear as in my beer

Alice feathers
birds sing the evening's
distant genesis

the dance of spring is no answer
to the many questions that concern

the price to be paid for proof of one's possible
regretting the deaf on one leg in my house

as always you will be a part of your need to be image

GRAZE

water ghost rises
as sun enters
stage west
tree and train station
arch
burn all dream sandwiches
rubbing against
that sheep's nose
living in the Freud museum

SYMBIOTIC

what we dream
naked
is only laughter

SUBSTITUTION PATTERN

natural golden pigment
chromatic third relations
multi-tonic changes

barren oak
shallow shoulder
cultured curbs

the house casts its roofline
on the empty field across the street
suddenly becoming detached

trees mostly brown
the slightest indication
tiny green buds
robin
rabbit
cat
no
squirrel

road a strange train
rode when presented with
a decorated laundry hamper

desert riding
dessert out of town
desert being
an ocean

CURRICULUM OF REFLECTION

extensive use of ellipses
still a common topic of conversation
at dinner parties
mongoose
chased snake away
covered in the embarrassment
of being in the world
trick of light retrogrades
far from complete
length not being
an only value
duration
0° fixed earth sign
life raft of nope
moment of clarity
film depicts poetry
as defense against
a sentient computer system

THINGS YOU
DON'T SAY

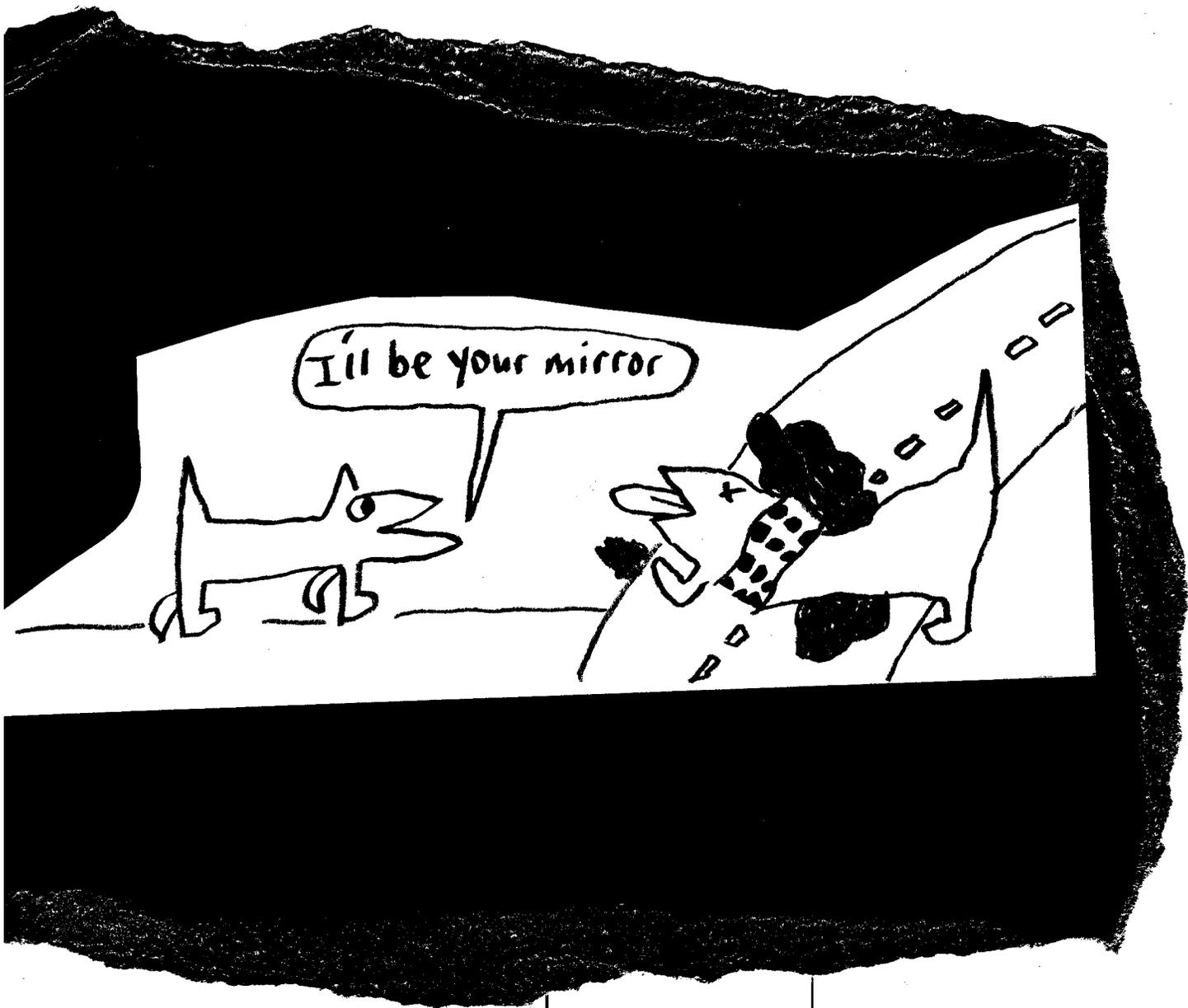
by JULIEN POIRIER



Once I discovered
butt-plugs I was
off
and
running

Wig by committee!





JULIEN POIRIER

SHINGLETOWN

The City has no money
for shades for picnic
tables
which are consequently empty
over long summer afternoons
when it can top
100°F
without breaking a sweat.
No wind.
Drought grass at the Medical Center
reclaims the lot.
No AC in the Mexican
joint—not good
but better than
the right-wing pizza parlor.
Where did that word
originate, anyway? Parlor.
Not here,
I can tell you that.
Nevertheless, it's OK here. Like
the country song on the radio
says,
“God is great, beer is
good, people are crazy.”
Just
keep telling yourself that.

I'm waiting for the Rapture
Forever stamp
to come out—I'm going to make a run
on the Shingletown post office.
But when Jesus does come back,
looking like the healthiest
Giacometti,
he won't show up at the Shingle Shack,
he'll go everywhere else
on his big reunion tour
except Shingletown.
His handlers will keep bugging
him about it—
“But they *love* you up there!
Look at all the windowless
churches, the Christian youth
camp, with its eerie
aura of hyper-alert disuse
. . . I tell ya, Jesus, they
absolutely can't get enough
of you in Shingletown.”

But Jesus will look away
and pretend he don't hear.
He will never go,
and that may be one more thing you two
have in common.
Still, the picnic tables
shady or not
hint at a certain civic spark,
and the librarians in the one-room
library
are extraordinarily attentive.

WEATHER BOOKIE

A weather bookie I was
talking to told me the only way
to make money in California is to leave
the state,
only that's a challenge since the state
interpenetrates, and one's skin
is less and less a boundary
(t)here—than elsewhere.
He was a very metaphysical bookie
who said things like
“I want this conversation to be
just like we're talking”
without even noting the irony
if he meant any. Still,
you'd think a weather bookie must have
a lot of time to kill
in California, but actually—there
was no end of bets to make
on light precipitation
in Los Gatos
or a dusting of snow in McCloud.
Or you might have a line
on exotic tornadoes
smuggled in shoeboxes through the L.A. ports,
or a can
of green paint
in the trunk of your Impala
with the bad starter
for painting the lawn
of the Nirvana
Apartments in Hollywood.
A weather bookie never stops
moving and it's a lonely life
like he's a shark
and about as popular with the ladies.
The one across from me
in the diner booth looked like
a lot of people you see
around noon on a winter weekday
in Santa Monica—
like he'd just rolled out from under
a five dollar bill that wasn't
running anymore
and five dollars says he could fix,
white-gray suit with no tie,
a sumo burger in both hands
with a perfect bite out of it
like a surfboard—

STEVEN KARL

from DARK DARKNESS

White birch/A stand alone something/ Barren otherwise breeze/Given way heaved air
& then what hits/hits hard—

Dark dear
they why
always dark
say dear they
dark why say
dear dark away
within they
it what always
a way
within what
say dark dear then
a way away & then

White birch peeled bark/Skinned smooth exposed/not a copse forget/forest A/stand alone
something/off center/far left & left/for periphery ripped/& then/whooshed gushed gutted/spill
spilling spilt/Spread/ Repeat &/seep what/a song menace/means to reap/& then—

Dark
Dear,
Why they
Say dark
Always with
Analwaysasif,
Deardarkaway
Whatawaywithin
Awhatdark(w)hole
Saddarkdeadlydears
Emptyhauntsfilling

White birchx3/always it multiplies/always unseen/seed seeped soon/soil rupture multiples/together
Divided by I sky/sea the/air the/rock eroded/skinned jagged exposed/it spreads subtract/owl see/
Mosquito raise/one to roach/enter rat undead/possum never cross/a road/live this/forever/ Lit up/
is how to/live in a/ lie/of light—

from DEAR GRAPEFRUIT

Dear feelings,

Leave me alone twee sonnets &

Guitars drenched in delay
Unripe August swimming head/ melody/ counter/ melody/
rainy sky boys
& girls grisly

grow on ceilings,

*

Don't you enjoy seduction. Regret everything (ball in play) oh well
Orgy of feelings felt overwhelmed overwhelmed with

Forest of spruce!

Pine! Dead
leaves yellow
& red fade
into lost

The gory
glory of
nature's passing

or devour—

*

Afterwards.

How your color paled.

After words.

We mountains
thought have
We mountains
mouths for—

The beauty index got fucked.

*

It happened again.

Inaccessibility.

The internet a horror show.

But the hospital was so easy.

(Ball out of play)

A short appearance of yellow slowly sinking.

Lump-throat canaries locked inside the flower shop.

Nervous to be awake.

In mismemory's memory today was beautiful.

This is old news.

Let's lie a little more.

You be—

I'll be—

*

Friends on

opposite ends

meet in
the middle.

Mosquitoes. Be damned.

All on the line.

Then it's all over.

Winner.
Losers.
Whatevers.

*

The sea! The sea! & _____,

It's all about the bathing suit.
The instillation is happening now.

You remain off-screen & unframed.

Once removed from the ra-ra-ras.
Cheerleaders on the bench.
In my days of skin & bones.

My idiot dribble.

A palm drops its skirt.
Shouting off in the distance.

Later while you were still away I slept with your dragon.

*

I took sick days in name of celebration.

I drank your gifts.

I did not water your flowers.

I took a piss in your ocean; it was not meant to be

malicious.

Later I rinsed in the perfume stank of

nostalgia.

*

But seriously, look at all this beach access.

Nothing if not articulation of goddamn endless FREAKOUT!

This is a renewed romance with clouds.

Polka dots an absolute must.

*

Remembering the *someday we'll*

The instillation is happening now.

then there
was the
new lesser distances

the of he
of intermittent accusations
then another
him again

—The now instillation happening is.

her even
if only
to if

even her
to him
about

the mornings
of them or life

with without—

*

A palm drops another skirt

The sun stains the sky in forever gold
Good boy get good at boy good

Trying to make some human noise
Performance sans petals shoes nothing to press

Failed shoegaze ghazal

tap tap it is happening inside you

Rage & a day listen harder.

*

If we let ourselves,

There is so much to love about love.

MASHA TUPITSYN

UNTITLED

after Joe Brainard's I Remember

I remember waking up all the time in the middle of the night, 2015, afraid.

I remember I was terrified that I was going to die someday. But I also felt more alive than I do now. Maybe that's why.

I remember texting you (my last adult love), "Let's meet" after we decided it wasn't a good idea. You had a girlfriend. I was with my German gallerist, at a hotel bar on Kenmare Street, getting drunk.

I remember pretending to be sober in order to seem professional, but she kept ordering more wine.

I remember I hadn't eaten dinner.

I remember at one point, I said, "I need to use the restroom. I'll be right back." In the bathroom, I threw up the moment I entered the stall.

I remember her daughter showed up. She had just moved to New York to go to film school. I remember her telling me and her mother that her first NYC apartment had been burgled because she left all the windows open.

I remember her telling us about her first film shoot for school and how she forgot her \$5,000 camera in a parking lot in New Jersey. She didn't sound sorry.

I remember her telling me she was living with her actor boyfriend and feeling jealous that she'd found someone so quickly even though he seemed stupid.

I remember thinking she was spoiled and wore too much makeup for someone so young. I remember telling my gallerist about liking you.

I remember asking her how long she had been alone before meeting her fiancé, Karl. She was 52.

I remember she said 8 years.

I remember I had been alone for 3.

I remember that being that drunk gave me the courage to tell you that I wanted to see you again. I hadn't planned on ever doing that.

I remember being happy that you were happy to receive my text. You instantly wrote back, "Yes, when?" and we made a second date.

I remember how easy it is when both people want something at the same time.

I remember there was melting snow on the ground.

I remember going outside to smoke cigarettes with my gallerist's daughter.

I remember red light in the windows and all the heavy foundation on her skin.

I remember not being afraid the way I am afraid now.

I remember the splashing sound the cars made because the streets were wet.

I remember checking my phone under the table. Something I never do because it's rude.

I remember my gallerist made fun of me for it and that's when I told her about you.

I remember I was out and you were home.

I remember you asking me where I was.

I remember you said there was a big bruise on your thigh. I had bitten you.

I remember not having any memory of doing that.

I remember we were texting each other about what we remembered: slow dancing on the last night at school in the Swiss Alps 3 years prior, at a Eurotrash dive bar, when we were just friends.

I remember you texted, "I remember I liked holding you."

I remember texting back, "Do you remember we almost kissed?"

I remember you replied "You remember that? Yes."

I remember how romantic and exciting it immediately felt to remember things with you. About you. To feel remembered.

I remember it was late February, 2015, dead of winter. We had known each other for 3 years.

I remember 2015 was the last time I felt beautiful.

I remember we were clumsily, drunkenly, kissing in my bed the week before.

I remember I whispered something in your ear. I was on top.

I remember you said, "What is that voice? I've never heard you sound this way before."

I remember I said, "I know, it's *high*. Do you like it?"

I remember you said, "I love it."

I remember that we texted every day about how cold it was outside. Where to meet for our dates. What to wear. What we wanted to see each other in.

I remember choosing bars, movies, restaurants, bookstores to meet you at. Whether to stay home in bed together. "Do we want that?" you once asked in an email. You said "we," which I liked, but really you meant you.

I remember you texting that you missed me.

I remember texting that I missed you.

I remember having sex for hours as the weeks went by.

I remember being afraid in the beginning that the sex might not be very good because you were too shy at first.

I remember being surprised, and liking, when you talked during sex. When you told me what to do.

I remember being amazed at how pleasure arrives in one's life. Then leaves.

I remember trying to remember if I had ever wanted you all those years when we were just friends.

I remember liking (no, loving) watching you come. You seemed so free.

I remember thinking nothing about you turned me off, which amazed me. There had always been something repulsive or strange about other lovers, even when I loved someone.

I remember thinking that I knew you when we were in bed even though Adam Phillips writes that sexuality is the one thing we can never know about someone.

I remember looking at your hands.

I remember you kissing my hand.

I remember that you made sounds when we kissed. Like you couldn't bear it.

I remember never pushing you away. Never avoiding you. Never thinking anything would go wrong.

I remember emojis.

I remember: crystal ball, fox, fire, green heart, red heart, red rose, the symbol for Pisces, a star, a lock, a key.

I remember that every text you sent was: thoughtful, warm, romantic, immediate.

I remember there were daily emails that always felt like letters.

I remember you writing, "I can't wait."

I remember me writing, "I can't wait."

I remember how when we misunderstood each other, you always offered to call. To let me hear your voice, which solved whatever problem we were having.

I remember you telling me that you saved the only voicemail I ever left for you and listened to it over and over. I was at a noisy bar when I made the call.

I remember you telling me that having a recording of my voice was “precious.”

I remember that we always felt better after talking on the phone. After seeing each other in person. As soon as we kissed, which always took time.

I remember that you always referred to it as “being careful.”

I remember the way you would look at me whenever I would walk towards you. When we would meet on the street. When I would leave the room then come back into the room.

I remember you telling me that was your favorite part: me at a distance, then me close up. You thought of me—“my beauty”—as a filmmaker. In terms of camera angles and shots.

I remember you, a student at film school, asking me, a film professor, for a list of old black and white movies to watch. You thought they were boring but wanted to change your mind. I told you why they weren’t boring.

I remember giving you the list.

I remember getting up to sit on your lap at a bar in the East Village on our second date. I remember when we left the bar, you reached for my hand to hold it.

I remember it was very cold outside.

I remember we saw a little dog that the owner had dressed as Edie Beale from *Grey Gardens*. I stopped to pet it.

I remember strangers always asking us if we were in love because we spent hours talking and kissing at bars.

I remember sending you photographs of myself as a child.

I remember you telling me what you saw in those photographs.

I remember when you took your sweater off, right before we kissed for the first time, you were wearing a forest green button down shirt and it was like I had never seen you before.

I remember talking about the weather getting warmer, “thawing,” needing the sun.

I remember sitting in the park with you in March because spring was coming.

I remember meeting you in Washington Square Park on my birthday and you telling me that I “stood out.”

I remember making out in a taxi in Brooklyn.

I remember always convincing you to come home with me at the end of every date.

I remember you always resisting. Then succumbing.

I remember I should have known that was a bad sign.

I remember leaving my birthday party a few different times to kiss you in a stairwell in the hallway where no one could see us.

I remember I didn't want anyone to know we were together at the party. I don't know why.
I remember you telling me that I was beautiful over and over.

I remember how flushed your skin would get when you were turned on. Your grave face. Your kind face.

I remember I was wearing a red satin 1940s Canadian high school jacket (you are Canadian) that you loved to see me in.

I remember you put your hand between my legs in the stairwell.

I remember thinking those were the best kisses I ever had. I still think that. And it is painful because we are not together.

I remember thinking you were in over your head.

I remember thinking I wasn't in over mine.

I remember you said if you were on Safari I'd be the first thing you would kill.
I remember telling you how romantic and sick that was.

I remember I was 16. With another boy. The first one I ever loved.

I remember school was almost over, one more week. Memorial Day weekend.

I remember we almost got back together. We had been walking around Soho in circles. Mulberry, Mott, Prince. We were the two kids that lived Downtown.

I remember at one point we were sitting on the NYU faculty housing steps, that I now pass by everyday on my way to work, facing LaGuardia Place.

I remember it was night.

I remember feeling sick with a stomach ache. I had eaten a bad slice of pizza. You didn't eat anything.

I remember you were wearing your long tweed winter coat. But you probably weren't. Too warm.
I remember you asked me to take you back.

I remember you were on your knees. "Please don't mess with my heart," you said.
I remember you placed my hand on your heart like you were pledging allegiance.
I remember I was dating your best friend.

I remember I wasn't in love with him. I was in love with you.

I remember telling you I had to run across the street to use the bathroom to throw up.
I remember I went into one of those Italian bakeries that used to be there. The bakery is now an Austrian restaurant called Freud.

I remember (yesterday) that last spring I saw that a restaurant called Freud was opening and thought, "When it opens, I have to go there because it is called Freud."

I remember wanting to go to Freud, which hadn't opened yet, because I was teaching a class on Freud's Mourning and Melancholia.

I remember (today) realizing that Freud is the bakery where I threw up at 16.

I remember that when I accidentally saw you (the adult love) at the NYU library last August, after not seeing each other or speaking for a year and a half, you asked if I wanted to get a cup of coffee.

I remember I proposed a drink instead to my calm nerves.

I remember realizing later that it was only 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

I remember you suggested we go to a "bar called Freud."

I remember we sat in the back. In the corner. Me in a booth, you in a chair opposite me. I remember no one else was there.

I remember the waitress felt nervous around us and was too cheerful.

I remember you cried. And paid for our wine.

I remember we both felt such pain.

I remember the way you looked at me, like it was hard for you.

I remember that you always looked at me that way. Even when we first met and there was no reason to.

I remember knowing (feeling), only days before, that I would see you again.

I remember I didn't remember that Freud was once an Italian bakery where I threw up over another boy.

I remember that I remembered that I had told myself to go to Freud when it opened, but then never did.

I remember I didn't tell you that because I didn't remember that yet.

I remember how after 5 years, it wasn't okay (with the first love).

I remember how after 10 years, it wasn't okay (with the first love).

I remember how after a year and a half (with the last love), it wasn't okay.

I remember it was only okay (with the first love) after 20 years.

I remember how the last love told me, at Freud, "Time didn't take care of it", even though Freud said it takes 2 years to mourn.

I remember how because 20 years had passed, the first love and I were finally able to talk to each other again.

I remember that, on the phone, early July, we basically agreed that time didn't take care of it. I remember thinking *there's no way this isn't fate* about both of them.

I remember being surprised when the first love told me things I didn't remember. That we talked on the phone for hours as teenagers. Something he said he never does with anyone. Not even his wife.

I don't remember "talking for hours."

I remember not being able to talk to him. Too scared.

I remember telling him things that he didn't remember: that I loved him, which I never told him. That he got into a fist fight with his best friend, who was my boyfriend after him. That we were all thrown out of the bar we were at because of it.

I remember that I don't remember everything I think I remember.

I remember things I forgot.

I remember things I never forget.

I remember exchanging memories with the last love about the brief time we spent together as lovers (2 months).

I remember thinking, "He remembers everything."

I remember he remembered that: I always ordered "dry" wine, the color of my hair when we first met, the color of my hair when we dated, my gray leopard coat, the pin I wore in it, the night we made love 4 times in one night, my birthday party, the length of our dates, "from 9-2am," how "warm" I am as a person. "The warmest, but I forget that," he said.

I remember he said, "Your memory is better than my memory."



Elderly is a bi-coastal magazine
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This is issue twenty-four (24)
for 13 Oct 2017
FDT

THE BAY/NYC

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FOR THE
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