

Gina DeCagna	Charismatic and cunning, the charlatan started running
Shaina Gates	All teeth and slick--a crook off the hook!
Halla Bearden	Charismatic and cunning, the charlatan started running All teeth and slick--a crook off the hook! With a sly sneer, the crafty swindler was in the clear
Sarah Legow	Asthmatic and bumbling, the charlatan started stumbling A wheeze and a cough, All teeth and rot--a crook off the hook! With a sly sneer, the crafty swindler drew near,
Johnathan Wilson	Saucy saints spoke, and the charlatan started stumbling A wheeze and a cough, All teeth and rot — faith folds off the hook! Dropping a sly sneer, the faithful swindler tries reform Recourse, recourse, the saints swiftly sang
Jeremy Berman	Squinty people persisted, and Satan started stumbling A wheeze and a wail, All reefer and rot — faith folds off the frame! Suspending a sly sneer, the faithful father finds formations Recourse, discourse, concourse, the saints swiftly sang
Basil Jackson	Peeking people persisted, so Satan started stumbling By breeze and by bark, Real reefer and rot — faith flows out the funnel! Suspending a sly sneer, their faithful father finds forgiveness Recourse, discourse, concourse, the sinners swiftly struggle Bring back our bards, so brazen, brash and brittle
Dalton Kamish	intruders would not leave us alone, so beelzebub started shouting !1; a wheeze and a grumble // dead flowers and weeds—at his alter we prayed 666 suppressing their cries, the intruders begged mercy ,,. injustice, rhetoric, the mezzanine (!!) those bastards were lucky. send away 'our' bards—too brazen, too brash, and so so brittle
Wai Wing Lau	Fanboys could not stop bothering us, so the bouncers started shoving, A bellow and a grumble // Trampled fans and autograph books – at her feet we reached for Overcoming their fall, the fanboys shook off the bouncers, Injustice, fistfights, the lobby (!!) those bloody bastards were damned lucky. Sent away “our” pride – too brazen, too brash and so brittle.

Yue Nakayama	<p>Fangirls were so bothered by them, so the bouncers ended up retrieving, An above and a complimentary //</p> <p>Trampled fans and autograph books - at her feet we reached for</p> <p>Overcoming their success, the fangirls befriended the bouncers, Justice, catfights, the bathroom(!?) those ketchup bastards were very unlikely.</p> <p>Sent away "YOUR" pride - too brazen, too brash, and so so brittle.</p>
Daniel Nathan	<p>Icicles were so irritated by them; stalactites as bouncers retrieving them all A bridge and a compliment //</p> <p>Trampled fans and photo albums – wretchedly reached for at her feet</p> <p>Succumbing to their success, the icicles—or were they simply fangirls—befriended the bouncers,</p> <p>Injustice, dog fights, the bathroom(!?) those chocolate balloons were entirely embattled.</p> <p>Sent away "YOUR" love - too brazen, too brash, and oh so brittle.</p>
Nicole Resnikoff	<p>Berries and berries so weird at last; stalactites as bouncers retrieving them all Music or Melody //</p> <p>Trampled fans and photo albums – sounds weirder than the other</p> <p>I never really knew, the icicles—yes icicles I knew—alone with the bouncers, JUSTICE, a love, pretending those chocolate kisses were only a dream.</p> <p>Reliving "YOUR" love - too much, too little, and oh so soon.</p>

<p>Gina DeCagna</p>	<p>Furies and juries amounting redness in brief White badges as interlocutors retrieve them all: Is this music? Or is this madness? Trampled fans and photo glam— flashes brighter than even the commercials. Chief Justice never really knew. The bystanders—yes, bystanders in-the-know— Alone in masses, brooding in quiet resentment, pretending those burnt misses were only a nightmare of yesterday. Reliving it: too much, too deep, too quick.</p>
<p>Shaina Gates</p>	<p>Lurid and hybrid</p> <p>Regarding toward relief in height</p> <p>Pale badges as interpretation, redress them mostly;</p> <p>Is this? Or is this?</p> <p>Trampled fans and photo glam— Tripled furs and floral girdles.</p> <p>flashes right, then even broadcasts</p> <p>Chicly, Justly: peppered this--new</p> <p>No bystanders—yes, bystanders in-the-know—</p> <p>Grown in masses, blood(ing) in real resonance,</p> <p>Resounding those burnt misses</p> <p>Purr Orwellian monsters of yesterday. Reporting it: to most: too drippy and too slick.</p>

<p>Halla Bearden</p>	<p>Leering and half-bred</p> <p>Reaching toward alleviation in the deep</p> <p>Dark cards as interpretation of fate, remediation mostly;</p> <p>This? – no. Or this? – also no.</p> <p>Trampled photos and fangirl glam— Crippled furs and choral hurdles.</p> <p>explodes right, then monotone news reports</p> <p>Stylishly, unfairly: spiced this--new</p> <p>Those bystanders—yes, unwitting victims—</p> <p>Created in chaos, branded in cavernous sonority,</p> <p>Reclaiming those burnt missiles</p> <p>Pure Machiavellian monsters of tomorrow. Repairing it, mostly, not fast enough, but too quick.</p>
<p>Sarah Legow</p>	<p>Leering and half-</p> <p>Reaching toward juicebox in his sleep</p> <p>Dark chords as interpretation of fate, silence mostly,</p> <p>This? - no. Or this? - also no.</p> <p>Tooth-trampled photos and fangirl glam—</p> <p>Spectacle sonnets and disco daydreams.</p> <p>explodes right, then monochrome news reports</p> <p>Explodes again, unfairly: spliced this--new</p> <p>Those bystanders—yes, jealous victims—</p> <p>Created in chaos, burnished in caveman fingerprints,</p> <p>Reclaiming those burnt missiles</p> <p>Blister-thumbed monsters of tomorrow.</p> <p>Repairing it, but not fast enough, not enough biscuits.</p>

<p>Johnathan Wilson</p>	<p>Dancing and half-baked</p> <p>Reaching toward clouds in his daze</p> <p>Misty swirls as interpretation of fate, silence mostly,</p> <p>This? - know. Or this? - also know.</p> <p>crumbled-trampled papers and fangirl glam—</p> <p>Spectacle sonnets and disco daydreams.</p> <p>explodes right, then gotham news reports</p> <p>Raise to lips again, unfairly: spliced this--knew</p> <p>Those stoners—yes, innocent victims—</p> <p>Created in bowls, burnished in ashen fingerprints,</p> <p>Reclaiming those burnt signals</p> <p>Blister-thumbed fingers of the flame.</p> <p>pull it, but not too fast enough, not enough smoke.</p>
<p>Jeremy Berman</p>	<p>Handshaking and half-baked</p> <p>Reaching the clouds in his daze</p> <p>Salty swirls as interpretation of singing,</p> <p>silence somewhat,</p> <p>This? - know. Or this? - also no.</p> <p>hammered ham and fangirl glam—</p> <p>Spectacle sonnets synchronized disco daydreams.</p> <p>explodes left, right then gotham news gags</p> <p>Raise to lips again, unfortunate, unfairly, unfairly: spliced this--knew</p> <p>Sample stoners—no, vindictive victims—</p> <p>Busted</p>

<p>Basil Jackson</p>	<p>Hands shaking or half-faked</p> <p>Preaching at the clouds in his gaze</p> <p>Stalworth stares as substitutions of signing,</p> <p>Onto others, our theologies terror,</p> <p>slick somehow,</p> <p>This? - know. Or this? - also no.</p> <p>hammered ham and fangirl glam—</p> <p>Spectacle sonnets discuss disco daydreams.</p> <p>explodes left, right then gotham news gags</p> <p>Raise to arms again, unfortunate, unfailing, unfairly: spliced this--knew</p> <p>Sample stoners—no, vindictive victims—</p> <p>Busted in bowls, burnished in angular ashen fingerprints,</p> <p>Becoming burnt barrages by disasters best bedridden</p> <p>Blister-thumbed banging fingers from flame.</p> <p>pull it, but not too fast enough, not enough smoke</p> <p>Until it rises too fast to carry</p> <p>Crashing in at casinos, water wrecking away at winners.</p> <p>Life lives in our own obstacles, outlooks, and outliers</p> <p>We were the sons of souls seldom seen sinning, still,</p> <p>Justice jams its claws into the carcasses of the corrupt.</p>
<p>Dalton Kamish</p>	<p>** see attachment</p>

Wai Wing Lau	<p> More half-baked cake Bellowing at the dark sky in his gaze Neo Onto others, our corrupt theologies reign, Somehow, we trudge forward This? – who knows? Or this? – also little is known. hammered graves and glamorous victories – red explodes upwards, downwards gotham descends to chaos acid Sample stoners – no, vindictive victims – Busted in bowls, forgotten Becoming burnt barrages by disasters best bedridden Hatred Pull it, but powder smoke Until it rises too quickly to carry Blood and gore Life lives in our own obstacles, outlooks and outliers The songs of souls dusky INJUSTICE jams its claws into the carcasses of the corrupt. at the clouds in his gaze </p>
Yue Nakayama	<p> Loved explodes upwards, downwards gotham descends to chaos Somehow, we trudge forward Onto others, our corrupt theologies reign, Neo blood and gore Until it rises too quickly to carry Pull it, but powder smoke The songs of souls dusky Life lives in our own obstacles, outlooks and outliers INJUSTICE jams its claws into the carcasses of the corrupt. red acid Becoming burnt barrages by disasters best bedridden Busted in bowls, forgotten Sample stoners – no, vindictive victims – Bellowing at the dark sky in his gaze More half-baked cake at the clouds in his gaze hammered graves and glamorous victories – This? – who knows? Or this? – also little is known. </p>

<p>Daniel Nathan</p>	<p>Beloved</p> <p>Implodes within, without, with me--gotham descends to chaos</p> <p>Stepping backwards, watching the world burn</p> <p>Onto others, our corrupt theologies reign,</p> <p>Neo blood and gore</p> <p>Rising. Fire. Ashes. Smoke. Gone.</p> <p>Blown away, powder and mirrors</p> <p>The songs of souls dusky</p> <p>Life lives in our own obstacles, outlooks and outliers</p> <p>INJUSTICE jams its claws into the carcasses of the corrupt.</p> <p>Basic. Basis. Base. Baseless.</p> <p>Becoming burnt barrages by barricaded beasts best bedridden</p> <p>Busted in bowls, forgotten</p> <p>Drinkless drunks – no, vindictive victims – Cowering in the shadows escaping his gaze Stoned graves and failed victories – This? – who knows? Or this? – also little is known.</p>
--------------------------	--

Nicole
Resnikoff

A lone cup

Sticks **around**, forever, with me--gotham **remains calm**

A little injustice, watching you **burn**

Your **corrupt mind crumbles**

Neo blood and gore

falling. Fire. Ashes. here. there.

A fine ending to a wretched beginning

The songs of souls dusky

Life lives in our own obstacles, outlooks and outliers

INJUSTICE will not prevail

Real. Pure. Understanding.

Nightmares and terrors of beasts best bedridden

But when we wake, **forgotten**

Drinkless drunks – no, vindictive victims –

Together unconscious, screaming to be apart awake

Stoned **graves** and failed **victories** –

This? – **who knows why?** Is this it? – also **little is known.**

