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Cover art by Lauren Silex

“ I always thought a wolverine was some smaller version of a wolf. I was wrong about that. I was wrong to rely on envelopes as synonyms for surprise, sunrise as shorthand for peaches; wrong to expect my damage wouldn't be permanent. After an outburst of silence, we arrive at a place where the landscape is best appreciated with our eyes closed.”

—Lara Egger

ten dollars ♦ eight euros ♦ fourteen clams

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Sarah Dickenson Snyder, Jessica Murray, S. B. Merrow, Rick Campbell

KRISTINA ERNY

On to Horeb

Lo, the trees within the trees are moaning.
The rocks within the rocks have fouled. Broom tree
umbrellas above you, human. Gloaming
desert, gloaming life. Do you think this frees
you? Relinquishing, after you've waited?
After, all you've seen? You ran, who always
run. Had sustenance anyone would crave.
You forget you looked seven times sideways
through your knees. You saw the cloud as a man's
hand rising from the sea. Remember? You
saw sky blacken, and its drench. The land's wan
sinews. *I've had enough*, poor body pooled
in shade. I'm tired, too. I am here to
tell you, get up. Eat this bread, push through.

JENNY KEITH

Final Girl (Sally)

(Texas Chainsaw Massacre, 1974)

Forget the dust. Forget
the crazy heat, the synesthetic smell
of rotting bones deep in the heart
of some too-big, lonely star.

Forget the desecrated graves,
the jeering men, and yes, forget
the titular chainsaw. But never
what pulls like a rusted wire:

the cadence of your voice
dissolving, scene by scene,
a pretty-girl scissor-leg scream
giving way to something

like the cry of foxes in the thawing
night, jagged, deep and guttural,
the voice of things torn open,
birth and death. *Who will be left?*

Not the old paterfamilias, centuries too
weak to wield the hammer,
But only the one whose siren shriek
survived the hook to greet the sun.