

(Under)worlds Collide

(an ovallejo chain)

the alien's suit
not spades or hearts
but hyperboloids

—D.A.
*Xiaolin
Spires*

hid his voodoo doll
unexpected orgasms
his girlfriend found it

—William
Landis

Icarus

made up his mind
a fictional character
leaping off the page

his *nom de plume*
on a suicide note

—Benjamin
*Whitney
Norris*

Makaria, my girl, though you've heard
Every word
Of this myth I've recounted before,
I implore
You—indulge me again. For at last
You've surpassed
Fragile childhood's constraints. Now hold fast
And let fantasy shift into creed.
You're Persephone's daughter; please heed
Every word, I implore. You've surpassed

Expectations I set at your birth.
From my dearth
You drew bountiful joy; from disgrace
You forged grace.
And it's clear that your eyes could induce
Mighty Zeus
To devise an elaborate ruse
That would send you careening unseen
Down to Hades, where I was once queen.
From my dearth, you forged grace mighty Zeus—

Who, three decades ago sent me bound
Underground
As a chthonian bride—would aspire
To acquire.
Once, Demeter's stray heart, all aglow
For the beau
She'd just met, allowed Zeus to sew woe.
He pared back the earth's crust, laying waste
To her harvest and left me displaced
Underground to acquire. For the beau

Who then claimed me, I burned seven years.
Through her tears,
Fair Demeter cursed Earth and repealed
Springtime's yield,
Vowing Winter would linger till I
Bid goodbye
To the underworld. Hades complied,
For the innocent girl he'd once craved
Was no more. As I rose, Mother waved
Through her tears. Springtime's yield bid goodbye

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To its seven-year drought. But although
Status quo
Seemed to flourish again, when detained
I'd retained
Hades' seed. It entrenched its black song
For so long
In my belly, no matter how wrong,
The abyss still enthralled me. When eight
More years passed, I spit out the innate
Status quo I'd imbibed for so long,

And descended at twenty to reign
Hell's domain.
Disavowing my schooling to seek
Dark's mystique,
In the city, I stripped on a stage
To assuage
What convention had trapped in a cage.
And I deemed each male patron a thrall
On whose worship I'd draw to recall
Hell's domain—dark's mystique. To assuage

The lacuna lost innocence spread
In its stead,
I sought lust, till a man who'd paid much
Dared to touch
Me as Zeus had once touched. But his ploy
To destroy
My esteem served instead to deploy
Comprehension. Mercurial youth
Had to forfeit illusion that truth,
In its stead, dared to touch—to destroy.

While these decades I've learned to delight
In the light,
I acknowledge I'll always endure
Dark's allure.
For the Hades against which I strain
Lives to reign.
Makaria, I'll need not explain
When, from underworld's embers you rise
And return to me, blinking your eyes
In the light—dark's allure lives to reign.

—Mindy Watson

time travel retail
BLOWOUT SALE
YESTERDAY

—LeRoy Gorman

autumn bonfire
the trees shiver
a little closer

—F.J. Bergmann

Mining Solo

on this barren asteroid
at night, the silence
wakes me

no soft rain
no rustling breeze
through leaves

no frog lullaby
nor chirping crickets
not even

an incessantly
barking dog
for company

—Lauren McBride

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