

# *Breadcrumb Scabs: Issue 9*

September 2009, edited by Lena Judith Drake

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CHRIS MIDDLEMAN  
E. BOUCHER  
CB DROEGE  
CAROL LYNN GRELLAS  
JUSTIN PARRINELLO  
ZOE JEWITT  
OMAR AZAM

K. VIBBERT  
AJAY VISHWANATHAN  
LOUIE CREW  
LAURA LEHEW  
EILEEN NEARY  
CHRIS BUTLER  
K.M.A. SULLIVAN  
BRYAN BORLAN

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*Lena Judith Drake, editor-in-chief of Breadcrumb Scabs magazine, is currently a Creative Writing student at Grand Valley State University. She is Puerto Rican, a poet, a geek, and a feminist activist. Her own writing has been published or is forthcoming in magazines such as Clockwise Cat, Underground Voices, and Yellow Mama. She enjoys Chinese buffets, hot showers, and sleeping.*

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Here comes #9, the September issue of *Breadcrumb Scabs*, just in time for work and classes to start up. Never fear, the magazine will continue to publish on a monthly basis.

My editor's pick for this issue is "Death" by Louie Crew. There are countless poems and stories about people meeting Death personified-- but the imagery in this one tops them all, from Death's halter top, to the genuinely disturbing last two stanzas. Check it out.

Since we're always willing to announce the accomplishments of our contributors: check out *Gebenna*, a new book by one of our contributors for this issue, Justin Parrinello, under the name of Ludovico De Medici. After taking a look at the book, I can state my approval-- the word choice is bizarre and perfect, without becoming meaningless and random like some "experimental" poetry. It's available for \$5 directly from Read & Destroy Press via <http://www.readanddestroyit.blogspot.com>.

If you have a little extra money laying around, please donate as much as you can (even just \$1) at the website. More than anything, though, enjoy the issue, and make sure to send submissions or comments to [breadcrumbscabs@gmail.com](mailto:breadcrumbscabs@gmail.com)!

*Ben Rasnic currently resides in Bowie, Maryland balancing chaotic commutes around the Capitol Beltway with the serenity of weekends by the Bay. His poetry can be found in recent issues of Jimson Weed, Connections Literary Magazine (College of Southern Maryland) and If Poetry Journal.*

---

## **Superman**

by Ben Rasnic

Material by Hanes,  
Insignia designed with crayola  
Crayons, a big red "S" stenciled  
In 100% cotton T

And draped across bony shoulders,  
a plush red cape styled by Cannon--  
Wash only in warm water  
with like colors;

World was the back yard hillside  
Up up and away, expecting to fly.  
Lois lived next door  
Kept taking her panties off  
In the sand box behind the tall oak.

Kryptonite was always there waiting  
At the bottom of the hill--  
Invisible  
Even to these  
X-ray eyes.

*Chris Middleman grew up in Downingtown, Pennsylvania and now calls Seattle his home. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in several publications including The New York Quarterly and Zygoté in My Coffee. He is a regular contributor for Spectrum Culture.*

---

**Elliot Ave W**

by Chris Middleman

If I were Jonathan Richman  
I'd write a song about you,  
riding shotgun with me, blowing

blue smoke through the cracked window  
from those little black cloves you carry  
in the inner lining pocket of your bag

Is it too nostalgic  
too suggestive  
too presumptuous

to imagine milkshakes  
sitting without lids, sweating,  
dripping in the cupholders?

Would you turn & give me the eye  
the kind of passenger seat look  
that, to a driver, feels like getting t-boned?

*The author works with bugs he cannot see. Ajay Vishwanathan's work has appeared or is forthcoming in the Times of India, Bartleby Snopes, The Houston Literary Review, Boston Literary Magazine, Counterexample Poetics, Bewildering Stories, Khabar, Six Sentences, Static Movement, Short Humour Site, and Little India.*

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## **Ungenerous World?**

by Ajay Vishwanathan

What constitutes selfishness?  
My unborn ravaging my  
Hormones, soaking up my juices  
As she grows,  
Her special milieu,  
Feeding from my exhaustion?  
The guru,  
His Abstemious ways,  
His penchant for promoting nostrum,  
Doing nothing as sycophants  
Work the dogged day  
While he sits  
In his perspicacious corner?  
The pretense of detachment?  
The glorious pantheons  
Who elect the elite,  
Claiming penury  
Of intelligence,  
Thus wallowing in their hubris,  
Their own burgeoning ego,  
Veneration?  
The hand of altruism, its mimetic cousins,  
That feeds the abjured and needy?  
The mouth full of advice?  
All filling their lacunae  
With self-content,  
Smug with gratification?  
The maudlin breasts that feed  
Their scion in wait  
For the day of his glory,  
Their pride?  
Selflessness it seems is not obsolete;  
It never existed.

*CB Droege is a poet and author of speculative fiction. He is Adjunct Instructor of English at Brown Mackie College in Northern Kentucky and is a staff writer for the online geek-culture magazine, Icrontic.*

---

**Blade (Whirr)**

by CB Droege

Bla

Bla

Bla

Gripe

Bla

Cheese

Twidle

Wasstle

Green

Lost

Drimple

Flats

Brown

Dune

Clipper

Resting

Bla

Bla

Bla

Blade of indecision

*Justin Parrinello (b. 1989) is a poet, playwright, visual artist, essayist, and publisher. His poetry has been published in Home Planet News, Chronogram, The Poet-Fest Anthology (2007), Uni-verse, Spread-Head and The ARTery to name a few. He is a member and sponsor of the Academy of American Poets and is the creator and editor of Read & Destroy, an avant-garde publishing outfit dedicated to printing, posting, publicizing, and circulating poetry, fiction, and art to the public at no cost to anyone. He has authored numerous chapbooks under the pseudonym Ludovico De Medici. Some of those works include Bodies/Galimatias (2008), Andromeda Lapdanced (2008), and The Hair Falls Out in Clumps of Languages Long Dead (2009). He is currently working on a science-fiction narrative called "Mnemosynesiac." His poetry, thoughts, musings and babble can be found at <http://www.notadeadtree.blogspot.com>. He maintains <http://www.readanddestroyit.blogspot.com> on behalf of the press.*

---

## **You Are Dead, Because the Lord is Not Your Armor**

by Justin Parrinello

And I've known so many Amandas...

All with a soft indifferent glint of the mincing eyes; lasting at least all summer long.

Who'd draw with sandaled feet, bathes of eunuch sunray and goddess moon-shade.

Cold sweats corkscrewed and resinous conduct such blood-tests and her matted hair follicles are judge, jury, and verdict with your consent or without.

And the insinuation of a present day bends at the joints like the pews in a swollen bluster of a roman catholic landfill.

And while you work so hard to reassure armor-plates of sacred hearts remain without tarnish,

I corrode sycamore eve's with eye-bathes of cinders and I'm nebulous!

A full frontal sulphuric holy terror of method and funkenstein crystal.

The fury of radar blips, pips and microchips

are the hallowed down and gypsum of Mandy in Bobby-socks.

Ruddy mouth holes swaddle a set of aging child-star-good-looks

like the chisel of Sunday pincers on a gangly crip-walking

low-quality American tele(en)visioned handful ass with short brown legs.

And I'm pushing up mums like every irrecoverable era's doohickey pinko sexpot

and or laser-guided intercontinental ballistic missionary.

I forget to forgive,  
to have and to have not.

I haven't loved any Amandas, but I've certainly used a few.

## **Brain-Dead Barbie Has Got Nice Tits**

by Justin Parrinello

“Women who seek to be equal with men lack ambition”

-- Dr. Timothy Leary

Zythepsary funk beat-shop swing,  
I found a home, I'm a lover afterall!

I found paperback romance,  
enticing in the hourglass configuration and acetylene finish of curving brows  
twist-tied behind cardboard and finely woven polymers.

In the alehouse-taproom taverns of hemp and of hop,  
where accordion foothills meet behind streams of moist clay and tiger lilies.  
Where roadhouse hussies work the gallows and plot penny dreadful infidelity.

It was in this sanctorium I rest liquored and salty,  
prostrating in the wisp of unworldly malaise.

In the vague discomfiture of recent infibulation piercing like Berkowitz,  
arose a miasma of graham cracker pheromones,  
shambling in six inch ankle-wrap spikes;  
impressionable-coquettes-affection-control to faceless contrivances  
drudging through acrylic Mc-mansion's in protest.

Teenage fashion supermodels fresh from the leucotomy farm conjugating like  
Wuornos barflies  
and flirting up like French-maids in jazz clubs thick with carbon monoxide.

I was not busy embalming or honeymooning,  
I was lurking sinister all along in the effluvium of Mattel's cocktail lounge  
plotting a little bit of heartbreak.

Candy-striping philanderers would labor for the possessive attention of  
lucrative stockbrokers.  
Permeating through the enigmatic vapor of July 9th delirium tremens.  
They are nothing but confounded dishonesty and dissatisfaction in the luscious  
tyke forms of high society!

You've got to thank Ruth Handler, for without her matriarchal devotion your  
spawnship would have been nothing more than a nocturnal emission.

She appears beloved, blossoming ambivalent with those weak stomachs of rape.

Incapable of reproduction, impeding on digestion and pinched nerves.  
Barbara Millicent Roberts bares the delineate proportions prayed for by wishful  
thinking girl scouts.

Busts and wet crotches suffused in polyvinyl chloride.

Features that graze all adolescent boys onanistic daydreams, disrupted by the  
florescent lighting fixtures beaming

“Real living breathing women on sale!”

She is partially crystalline, partially amorphous,  
smiling at the mercy of that topknot ponytail and tightly curled bangs.  
Compromising the catheter, cauldron tubs draining,  
rubber stoppers cool with bottom fear and cotton perverting voices as she  
scrubs the elastomer from her surface skin.

She’s mint in box, one of a kind decaying beneath the lace and wires of royal  
corsetry.

A threadbare chemise corrodes her ethylene core.

Distressed by lack of human contact; soft iris’s distant glom, teary eyes sullen  
with lobotomy.

She will never grow old and tell me I am worthless, slam the door in a fit of  
rage or add Draino to my boxcar.

She does not demand affection but is grateful to be at the receiving end.

She enjoys caressing to nurse but only because she can’t will her limbs out of  
entropy.

The refrain is sometimes frightening but memories of her and I,  
and the goose bumps rising sibilating yesterdays maxims like  
“Come hither”, “Popular with children” and “This is all for you.”

Why did it have to come to this?

Ray Croc,  
Walt Disney,  
NASA,  
the Nazi party,  
irregular menstruation,  
anorexia nervosa,  
the committee for propagation of virtue and prevention of vice,

the republicans and democrats,  
Malibu American dream disease,  
half-assed superficial friendships,  
rabid materialism,  
and the fashion industry tried to infect and consume you, and you gave in  
smiling sullen with lobotomy.

*After many years admiring modern poets and venting poetic self-analysis while acting like a scientist, Omar Azam has declared his freedom by becoming a literary activist. He has little formal training in publishing beyond school projects. He feels that art has been there for him through the hard times and likes to remind himself to eat his own produce. He feels that it is much easier to take on someone else's mindset than to find his own. He likes to weave his artistry, humanity, and sensitivity to ethics into his other interests of music, psychology, movement, and computers.*

---

## **epic**

by Omar Azam

Bomb them til they know their place, until they show their face, until  
they mix their race, until their smile embrace, until they hold their  
brace, hold them up in a mirror and shit out a pan of soap and fight  
their meat-eating cavities and fresh-faced doe-eyed sisters  
our bitches are football-sized appetites and women too busy and anxious  
to fuck long for a chador over their head and a daddy  
and a brother and a husband who beats the street on horse  
back river to let me call my house a home.

## **Pagressive**

by Omar Azam

Kindly allow me to meld  
this panoply  
of exceptionalism  
into one coherence,  
Before we endeavor  
our usual catechism.

Give me a moment,  
let me sit,  
let me sift  
through tendrils of  
neoplasm and remember  
the pain of anesthesia.

And I knew,  
long before you,  
I did know,

that unison was an  
achievement of the  
dead.

that  
touching  
moving  
and being  
were robots in denial

And let us say  
"I do,"  
my dear,  
adieu.

My unwariness melts  
with the prospect  
of your absence

I summon  
my litany,

as you turn the other cheek.

I and you,  
Two words  
as opposed

as supposing  
a definition  
as inaction

And we say  
"we do",  
my dear,  
we do.

White elephant  
pink with bile  
as my lip  
catches on a question  
I will never ask.

As I transcribe  
your unwritten law,  
I imagine a transgression  
so foul  
the lead breaks under the weight.

*Zoe Jewitt spends most of her time walking the shores of Spurn Point, a beautiful but quickly eroding coast line. Zoe has raised three children together with numerous foster children and now enjoys spending her time researching, reading, writing and of course walking. Zoe was delighted to be recently published in The Driftwood Review.*

---

**charlie, sex and him**

by Zoe Jewitt

he came in the form of a man

I didn't know you were going to love me

we were sharing words  
in a bottle of beer

with a twist

we played  
lied  
lined

gypsies strummed euphorigenic thrusts to the fuck

You sailed away.

fruit flies infiltrate  
receptors remain insatiable--  
shadows warm and lonely

I don't know if it's making me dependant--  
where is the reward

I won't breathe  
until they bury  
me  
under  
yellow  
buttercups

*Kathleen Vibbert lives in the Midwest, has three grown children and one granddaughter. She has been writing poetry for ten years and studies creative writing more extensively since retiring from the work force. She enjoys travel, gardening and all forms of literature, particularly nature poetry.*

---

## **Umbilical Cords**

by K. Vibbert

Box kites with red hinges,  
water skis leaving me  
a dark flower spinning.  
One day I pulled seaweed,  
convinced there was someone  
at the other end.

Does a party balloon count  
if it holds my own breath?  
Every bonnet I own trails a long bow,  
every holy book a red thread.

I'm drawn to the calla lily, the fat weeds  
in the center of the soil around her;  
I water both, the tail roots, the muted ends.

*Carol Lynn Grellas is a two-time Pushcart nominee and the author of two chapbooks: Litany of Finger Prayers, from Pudding House Press and Object of Desire newly released from Finishing Line Press. She is widely published in magazines and online journals including most recently, The Smoking Poet, Oak Bend Review and Flutter, with work upcoming in decomp, Thick with Conviction, Poetry Midwest, and Best of Boston Literary Magazine. She lives with her husband, five children and a blind dog named Ginger.*

---

## **Ode to the Dark**

by Carol Lynn Grellas

To the darkness  
where I recline  
bared to the man  
beside me--

lights removed,  
curtains kissing  
arms tousled  
legs coupled

the magic begins,  
a living labyrinth  
complicated networks  
exploding sparks

un-dim the moon  
no chandelier  
or candle's flare  
a deathless love

the edible longing  
relieved in shadows  
dancing movements  
unwavering mellow

his braille fingers  
my writing system  
dot to dot  
our brouhaha

the caterwaul cry  
the want to die.

*Louie Crew has edited special issues of College English and Margins. He has written four poetry volumes: Sunspots (Lotus Press, Detroit, 1976), Midnight Lessons (Samisdat, 1987), Lutibelle's Pew (Dragon Disks, 1990), and Queers! for Christ's Sake! (Dragon Disks, 2003). The University of Michigan collects his papers. As of today, editors have already published 1,931 of his poems and essays.*

---

## **Discovery**

by Louie Crew

When Harold Parkinson  
was told that he didn't smile anymore,  
he went to the bus station and took  
this picture.

## Death

by Louie Crew  
*after Li Min Hua*

wore  
a white halter  
when I sat for tea.

I folded the paper  
and started to rise.

"Not necessary,"  
she            said.

She  
squatted  
to wipe  
mud from her ankle.

Through the glass table  
her navel, an 'outy,'  
looked very old.

Her shame hair  
matted close.

She snored.

I  
could  
not  
swallow,

even before  
I whiffed  
the fumes.

*After finding, rescuing and keeping 3 more kittens, aka The Army of Darkness, (for a total of 8 cats young and old) the vet crowned Laura LeHew an official crazy cat lady. She is also an award winning poet. Her work appears in a myriad of national and international journals and anthologies.*

---

## **I Don't Love You**

by Laura LeHew

I never loved you from the moment we met  
at the convention in August in San Francisco.

I hate it when you are my partner  
in Spades,

the Balvenie you drink the  
way you tower behind me

your hands on your hips  
dissuading competition.

I hate those grey 'gator  
cowboy boots with their 2" heels.

I hate elevators they remind me  
of our first kiss.

I hate our first date  
you picked me up

from the airport  
and didn't break a sweat

when I walked down the gangway  
carrying the caught bouquet of wild flowers.

I whole heartedly despise your lies  
about being an expert camper, the crisp in the autumn

foothills, the uninsulated borrowed  
brown sleeping bag I hated

your curl into my +10 bag.  
I hate the way you listen to me,

how you support my schemes,  
how you gentle the cats. I hate

how you could care less when I am  
fat or thin, that you are nice

when I am not. I hate your family and  
I don't love you.

*Bryan Borland acknowledges that every poem is about you. To see more of his work, visit  
<http://www.poeticgrin.com>.*

---

**Sam**

by Bryan Borland

He told me to get on,  
a challenge more than a gesture  
of friendship,  
he'd smelled what I was from the beginning,  
the way wild animals smell fear.  
Unsure of where and what to grip I  
clenched the rear of the seat and nearly  
monkeyed backwards when he  
accelerated and the pavement  
changed to blurry gravel and dust.  
I tried to concentrate and balance myself  
but the dizzying warmth of us pressed together  
speeding like cheetahs through the savageness of youth  
distracted me  
and I forgot to be afraid.  
We slowed long enough for me to take an arm and  
guide it to his waist, his stomach, one and then  
the other until I was  
hugging him,  
ten minutes  
that the natural order was  
interrupted, the hunter seized  
in the grasp of the hunted.

## **Marks of the Beast**

by Bryan Borland

Unpacking the campsite, we discovered with  
shrugged shoulders and sly smiles the deliberate accident of  
one sleeping bag forgotten. Three days of rain  
had left the world dirty, our tingling feet and fingers  
snailing muddied trails behind all that we touched.  
In a slow-moving pendulum of light to dark,  
the fire coaxed away clothing from fresh, sweaty skin,  
igniting kindred kindling,  
burning my reflection  
in the wilderness of his eyes.

When the blaze fell to ashes and soot  
and we were boys again,  
the cool, gray birth of morning showed us  
the marks remaining from hours before,  
our bodies tattooed in the transformation of the night we became tigers,  
one stripe for each claw and grasp.

## **Bite**

by Bryan Borland

He tells me to use my teeth,  
scrape the skin just barely,  
just enough to

make him feel it.

This from the boy who caught me like a hungry fish  
on his shiny, perfect hook,  
the minnow who swam like dinner in my bedroom oceans,  
luring me with rufescent cheeks above and below,  
the one who stood out  
in schools of leaders and followers,  
traveling, colorful clouds of tumbling positions.

This from the gentle boy whose quickening currents  
I'd fought to slow into liquid forgetfulness  
with nibbles so near to the back of his neck,  
my stealthy arms drifting toward but never to, never around  
his river-strong body.

This from the trophy boy I saved from drowning,  
into whose depths I'd so often dreamt  
not of plunging piston-like with steam rising in  
a delta vapor of swampy lust,  
but of sinking sweetly and slowly to the bottom  
with the carefulness of a trickling southern stream,  
soft and with love.

This after he and I together tread bodies of sun-warmed water  
undiscovered by all, untouched by any man,  
the same boy with me as we reach the surface and gasp for air,  
when there's not an inch of dry land in sight,  
it is this boy who turns from tadpole to shark  
and tells me

make it hurt.

*Eileen Neary has been published in As We Are 2009, and As We Are 2008, an art and literary magazine from Timberlane High, Creative Communication's Young Poets Contest anthology multiple times, Creative Communication's Young Essayists Contest anthology, and was registered to be a Judge for Poetic Power's 2008 Spring Young Poets Contest. She was accepted via Early Action to attend Emerson College this fall 2009 with a major in Writing, Literature and Publishing. At her own high school, she runs Writer's Club and was a member of the English Honor Society.*

---

## **The Space Above the Light Booth**

by Eileen Neary

Asbestos and fluorescent pink nail polish

Dichotomy

Like us.

*K.M.A. Sullivan grew up wandering the hills and salt marshes of Truro, Cape Cod. She currently lives in Blacksburg, Virginia where she is an MFA candidate at Virginia Tech.*

---

## **Pruned**

by K.M.A. Sullivan

Dead leaves are trimmed before guests come.  
They won't see the fronds  
scorched by drought and rage,  
the stalks limp from disillusion.

We will not talk about cancer over gin.  
Brains pulsing out the nose do not, in general,  
coordinate with cocktail napkins.  
Luckily, the quarterback looks good this year.

Roots drown with too much care--  
succulent leaves rot from within.  
Sometimes infection spreads into the dirt  
and even the soil cannot be saved.

Jail-time, toothless in-laws,  
and anonymous sex in cars  
are not, as a rule, recounted in Christmas letters.  
Orange jumpsuits do not amuse at funerals.

Occasionally green does come--  
firm and eager.  
New growth revives the old.  
Even a bad dye job can cover the gray.

## **In Our 25th Year**

by K.M.A. Sullivan

Slender 23-year-olds think  
they are the only ones  
who make love in the morning sun.  
They don't know what it means  
to be loved inch by inch.

You taste the wrinkles at my eyes  
and neck, and the ones not yet  
at my breast. The lines tell  
some of our stories.

I kiss the fingers that picked cabbage  
and radishes, the cracked knuckles  
on hands that have carried us all.

Only my mouth, only your back,  
only your lips, only my thighs.  
Skin gets softer with age.

Your tongue traces the silver trails  
that criss-cross my hills, east-west  
they stretched for the first birth,  
north-south for the second.

With nothing to prove, nothing  
to secure, we play on this checkerboard,  
try new games with familiar pieces,  
no need for novices or additional players.

*Chris Butler is a twenty(3)-something nobody shouting from the Quiet Corner of Connecticut,  
in the suicidal town of Danielson.*

---

## **Nipple**

by Chris Butler

I am  
as useful  
to the world  
as a male  
nipple,  
spilling  
emotionless  
milk onto  
marble  
countertops  
of the capitol  
buildings,  
from these  
unnecessary  
pepperoni-  
sliced  
utters,  
of hardened  
reddish skin  
which  
summits  
outside of  
my hairless  
chest,  
thusly,  
secretly  
secreting  
this useless  
juice for  
you to  
suck on.

## **Liver**

by Chris Butler

My slivered liver  
lives off  
of filtering  
artificial  
fillers,

detoxifying  
non-toxic  
Crayola  
products,  
flooding  
rusty  
red  
blood  
through  
periwinkle  
blue  
veins,

while  
synthesizing  
dialysis by  
synthetically  
sustaining  
persistently  
regenerating  
degenerate  
cells from  
dysfunctional  
immortal  
donors,

recycling my  
waste pissed  
into a  
plastic cup  
of iron-rich  
onions,  
and bottoms up!

*E. Boucher graduated from Keene State College with a Bachelor of Arts in English and a minor in Writing in May 2009. Her day job is at a bakery where she makes everything from bread and pies to brownies and cookies from scratch. At night she is a different animal-- consuming books and partaking in her many hobbies which range from sewing to writing poetry.*

---

## **Sewing Tips**

by E. Boucher

The orgasm is your seamstress.  
She measures your inseam twice,  
just to be certain.

She knows all kinds of stitches.  
The needles threads through  
her bolts of red silk fabric  
with an interlaced running  
stitch, rosette of thorns stitch,  
pearl, diamond, seed--

She embroiders a pig's bones,  
after being cleaned and bleached  
and scrubbed for hours, into a doily-  
patterned bracelet.

Every now and then the orgasm  
knits a strand of soft white wool  
into an evening clutch. She ties  
a knot of blue thread through a cicada  
button with a daring needle. She loves  
to carry the rattling sound of courtship  
with her through the night.

She encourages you to try a little needle-  
point once in a while. She enjoys golden  
ribbon and raffia entwining together  
in slow deliberate movements. Orgasms  
have a weakness for deliberate movement.

Often, she practices basic sewing techniques.  
Her favorite is the catchstitch. The thread

loops through itself and slowly tightens,  
encircling thick fibers of material.

And sometimes, the orgasm receives  
a parcel through ground shipping that bows  
out and is tied with a coarse brown string.  
She pulls the ends of the twine and the package  
bursts open and spills out 3000 cream and ivory  
buttons, which glint and glitter as they twirl  
out across the floor.

## **A Spice Cabinet**

by E. Boucher

### Allspice

A heavy sweetness slopes  
down her chest.

You can almost see her  
blushing red nipples  
peeking through the  
film of her shirt. You  
can almost see  
her peaking--

### Ginger

Her love is  
crystallized ginger  
popping between her  
glistening teeth while  
she crushes garlic  
with her sticky palms.

### Cardamom

The pressure on your chest  
increases as she settles--  
delicately perching on  
you. Her legs unfolding  
like carnal flowers.

### Cloves

She loves the feeling  
of cloves in her mouth,  
tucked between her cheek  
and tongue, and left until it  
blooms all the way down  
her coral throat.

### Vanilla

She slips her toes  
into her bundled  
nylons, grazing them  
past her calves and  
sliding them over  
her pearl-white thighs,  
hiding their tenderness  
from you.

#### Cinnamon

She prefers sucking  
on the sweet spicy heat  
of red-hot candies that come with  
their wrappers twirled shut,  
while she grinds sticks  
of cinnamon into a fine-  
grained powder.

#### Nutmeg

You remember immediately:  
the strength of her arms,  
the dimples along her spine,  
the shape of her mouth when  
her face begins to flush, even  
if it's too dark to see any detail  
in her face at all. But, somehow,  
you always seem to forget--

#### Mahleb

She loves to roll sour  
cherry pits between her fingers  
until they're worn completely  
smooth. She only likes to  
know there's something  
as bitter as she is.

*Bailey Irving's art and poetry reflects her interest in aesthetics as well as her love of punk-culture. She is also quite fond of history, particularly the 1770's and the 1970's. If she could have her way, she would live in a world where people wore frockcoats & satin breeches and rocked out to glam punk & anarchistic boogianism.*

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COVER ART: "Silent Maid" by Bailey Irving.

Call for submissions:

Confessional poetry. Love poetry with unflattering, pessimistic imagery. Poetry that makes us think politics with personal, tiny snapshots. Poems about fighting against oppression and repression. Poems about guilt. Poems that make us feel nauseous. Sentimentality distorted with grittiness. Anything with strange and interesting imagery. Get your hands dirty with real human emotion. Dark is okay here, as is political, or erotic, or absurd, or poems that can't seem to fit in anywhere else. We'll give them a try.

Since we know from personal experience the lack of spaces for voices of women and/or LGBT writers, those are especially encouraged, but anyone is welcome to submit. We don't care about your credentials, only the quality of the pieces you submit.

To submit, check out the website, peruse the guidelines, and send in your work.

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Questions? Comments? Email *breadcrumbscabs@gmail.com* today!