

Home

Fall-Winter 2013-14

Summer-Fall 2013

Spring-Summer 2013

Winter-Spring 2013

Fall-Winter 2012-2013

Summer-Fall 2012

Spring-Summer 2012

Winter-Spring 2012

Autumn/Winter 2011-12

Summer 2011

Winter/Spring 2011

Autumn/Winter 2011

Summer 2010

Spring 2010

Winter 2010

Autumn 2009

Summer 2009

Spring 2009

Autumn 2008

Summer 2008

Spring/Summer 2008

Winter/Spring 2008

Two Poems

by Panika M.C. Dillon

you knock the sunrise out of me

twist into a stave & I'll climb through the notes into your open mouth. trees shift amidst star spun choirs, twist to stave off *end*. climb through the keys of my spine, pluck ribs & pull *splinter* from my staccato palms with your teeth twisting into staves. I'll climb through your notes. & you'll find me—my mouth *open*.

the illusion of angelization (your fragmentary voice)

trips on the record, yips / the answering machine barks too / welcome (your message) turned to pixels, to the static of weeds—dandelions begin *prickle* / it's white, the one in your chest, the bulb blushing into tether

a broken thermometer—your mouth / say ah to concrete, to rock salt / mercury leak—the tap tap taps / a nimbus of steam belts tile into pockets & pied pieces / peal it back, rough knuckles on its buckle & wash

rouge the water's edge with your toes: this should mean wading, this should mean not blood / breach the link of sand & not: this should not mean seep / burst (blisters on) your tongue / when you try to speak of it—kitchen sink, sing

Editor's Note		
Guidelines		
Contact		

Panika M. C. Dillon is from Fairbanks, AK and Austin, TX. She received her MFA in creative-writing poetry from Sarah Lawrence College. Her work has appeared in *Heavy Feather Review, Poets&Artists, Copper Nickel, The Diagram* and others. She works as a political organizer.

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