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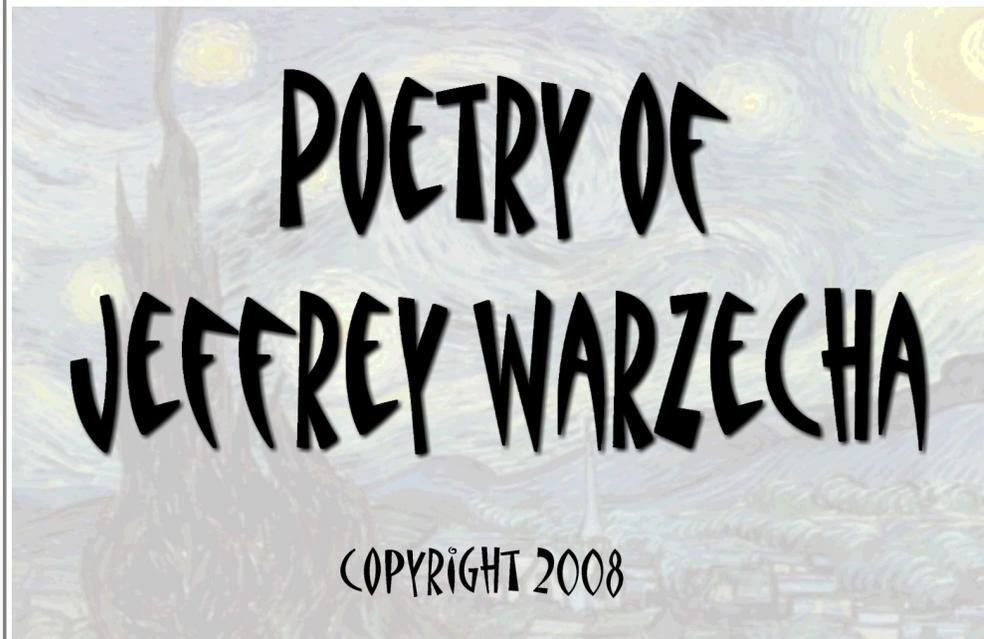
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Spilling Beer onto my Shirt

Frothing a moment ago: the carbonated hops
Were shooting toward the brim, the barely, grain—
The whole shebang was swirling in the stein
Until a friend approached from the door,
Snow piled on his shoulders, his face red
As a shipwrecked crew's, and slapped me hard.

It spills past my mouth and onto my collar,
Soaks my chest and expands for the sleeves;
Drips from other drips churn toward my pants,
Splash out onto my arms and continue outward,
Surging against evaporation, against the cold,
Flowing like a river toward the open sea.

Landlocked Bermuda Triangle

Waking early after a late night,
We hitchhiked across a foggy Sunday,
Swathed in a strange truck's rusted bed, and
Toured through three states until we saw
That dry, barren spot where the hills had
Been chopped at the knees and pulverized
Into the soggy earth. And as you screamed
Good riddance, we churned through a
Half-lit fork and passed into a milieu
Devoid of trees, bushes fruiting poisonous berries,
And crossed into that space of the Midwest like
A landlocked Bermuda triangle, where
Tornados stood still for our pictures
And the map wrote itself; where the sharp sun
Burned through the solid mist and
Before we could be seen, we disappeared.

Avoiding the Light

Awoken by the midnight bell,
I slide across the slick kitchen tile
To comb a half-shadowed cupboard
And debate reaching for my hooked jacket
Beyond the darkened doorway.

The church hums from between the hills;
Draws breaths outside the window.
What's there among the leaves
Is only a raccoon risking
A tiptoe through the walkway's deep light.

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Jeffrey Warzecha, 22, is a recent graduate of Eastern Connecticut State University. Last year, *The Connecticut Review* awarded him its Leslie Leeds Poetry Prize. He has forthcoming work in *Poetry Midwest*, *The Rio Grande Review*, *Conclave*, *The Edison Literary Review*, *Thieves Jargon* and *The Oak Bend Review*.