



[Home](#)

[Winter-Fall 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 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](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

Three Poems

By A.J. Huffman

This is My Brain on TXT

I (*period double-space*) so
formal so rigid y
not just scream
4 attention followed
by pretentious punctuation*
and don't 4get Segregation
from the rest of the
words thoughts ideas
dropped

btw[this]side
of personification
is overrated (*new paragraph*)
u understand me perfectly
w/o form(al) function or even
pertinent vowels

impt note: textual density does not = intellectualism

Return (*wrong keystroke backspace*)

ing to my original POV:
(*bold italics underline*) thoughts
only need 2 mirror vocal intonations
(*spellcheck: off*)
k? Bye!

*(i m a little i'd god lost
in a world full of capitalized egos)

On a Road Paved in Cold

I vacillate between wings or hatred
and sorrow. Billowing inside the smoke
of complete despair. You have consumed
my sight. I cannot find my way. Up
is a directional dysfunction I cannot comprehend.
Yet I have no desire to remain on the floor.
I stomp my heels together. Demanding
an overridden wish. And the red comes.
Eventually. Sparkled but fading. Riverlets
tracing or erasing an outline that will never be
mistaken for a door.

Emotional Migraine

I cannot.
Think. Speak. Hear.
Feel. Motion –
physical, mental or e --
floats well beyond my capacity.
Bring me silence.
Darkness. Duct tape

for my eyes and
all the mouths in the world.
Let there be end
less streams of unknowing
for me to drown in.
No, not drowning. Just wading.
Nothing active (or even
actively passive). Color me
tranquil. And roll me
in variegated shades
of sheeted slumber. Finally
collapsed. I count backwards
from conceptualization. Ten . . .
Nine . . . Faintly . . . Floating . . .
Six . . . Five . . . Senses . . .
Sinking . . . Two . . .
Oblivion.

A.J. Huffman, a poet and freelance writer in Daytona Beach, Florida, has published six collections of poetry all available on Amazon.com. Her work also has appeared in numerous national and international literary journals. Most recently, she has accepted the position as editor for four online poetry journals for Kind of a Hurricane Press (www.kindofahurricane.com). Find more about A.J. Huffman, including additional information and links to her work at <http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000191382454> and <https://twitter.com/#!/poetess222>.

Copyright 2013 © **A.J. Huffman**. This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.
