

**Gutters**

Jessica Chen

I have gutters in my esophagus  
Where nasty words tumble down like rusty rainwater  
Gathering in a barrel of leaves  
And the growing stench grips my heart  
Vice-like  
With things that I'll never say  
Wishing that little bits of lemon rain  
Like blessings of the stars  
Will chip away the graffiti stains

**Con Passione**

Christina Crusius

When my lips meet my reed  
we become one  
in an embrace that transcends reason.

Euphony emanates  
like a gentle lullaby.

Rock beats reverberate in the concert hall  
beat-boxing bass lines.

Victorious melodies resound,  
boldly bellowing beneath the band,  
stating their presence.

CHAOS  
Clashes with the person next to me  
Creating explosive chords or

beautiful dissonance

restfully  
resolving.