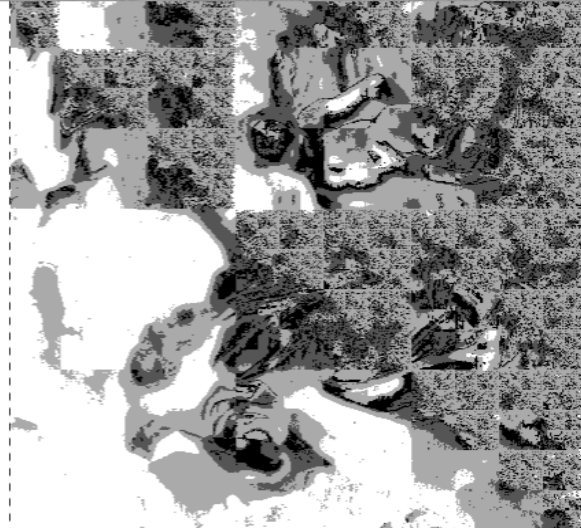


a zine by lore lopez

IF POEMS WERE DOGS
these would be loyal ones



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created with nathalie lawhead's
electric zine maker
(alienmelon.itch.io)

THX!

my love,
my lamb.
when i kill you, you will try to take
me with you.
not for spite, and not for justice
but because you are afraid to be alone.
it is the context that makes it possible
to understand a poem



but i kind of wish i could.

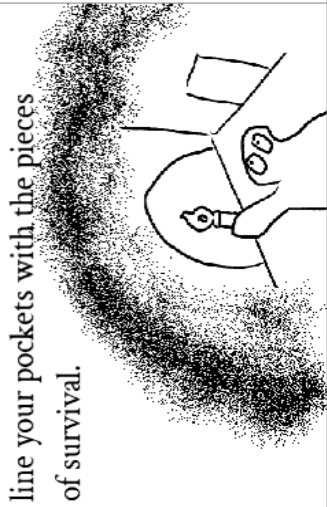


**I CAN'T IMAGINE MY LIFE
I CAN'T IMAGINE MY LIFE
WITHOUT YOU IN IT
WITHOUT YOU IN IT**

"surely you forgive me that," he smiles:
he is joking.
fool, i will never forgive you anything,
ever again.

two stars in the sky, askance
the sharpest crescent moon you ever saw
slicing through lazy, gentle clouds
surely you —
oh, how it aches.

make love to the cold light, if you wish
cast shadows that make me want to scream
it can't hurt you, can't hurt you
can't love you back either
i thrill to find myself shaking in this
cold wind, writhing
perhaps even burrowing
through chilled flesh
to the warm heart of something.



line your pockets with the pieces
of survival.

sometimes the tools you are in
need of are around you,
there but off-limits.
if the shadows in the hallway
conjure terror to your heart,
rip the sconce from the wall,
light your way.



one way to love something is to try and solve it.
another way to love something is to try
to understand.

these are not the same.
to solve something is to assemble a wall
between you and the unknown,
like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.
to try and understand is far more
intimate, & entirely selfish.

it is to hurl yourself into the question,
hoping for your cell walls to dissolve,
crying out to be consumed.

