

she held him.  
Easy now.  
she knew the weight of the void,  
and prayed he too could bear it.

he clutched his head and shook and finally  
awoke in shock in Pittsburgh, PA, with  
Charcoal and Alprazolam in his veins and  
fear in his eyes.

nothing.

it was under highway 5, they said/  
she came to see him: coma toast.  
in his drug sleep he saw a pink  
crystal. a light flashed and he saw

she grinned with enlightenment and slept.  
the tears had taken root and grew tangled  
around a wooden bedpost.

her tears collected, swelled, oozed.  
in a dream she saw a pink crystal. a brilliant  
light shone pink to her forehead & she saw

nothing.

the veil

South Fulton Blues  
--  
The ants here are bitches compared to  
Georgia, even the little black ones  
their bite like hornets and don't get  
me started on the red fire monsters

My favorite girl was from Georgia  
We liked blue skies and old blues  
bands  
we laughed and cried and sang to  
vegetables in the street

The girls here are bitches too  
You can taste it in the soil-  
no iron red clay to raise a strong  
witch  
no kudzu vines to swallow you whole

Untitled #7: Dream Sequence (& Tech-  
nicolor Nightmares)

somersaults  
open windows  
a boy's life  
crescendoes

no one  
ever  
understands a  
lizard man  
dip ur toes  
in a fresh  
cup of yogurt

i want to play in your  
white spaces  
between your fingers and  
through your ears

I never went to art school I think  
that art is fucking dumb

the freight train  
hit him  
like a freight train

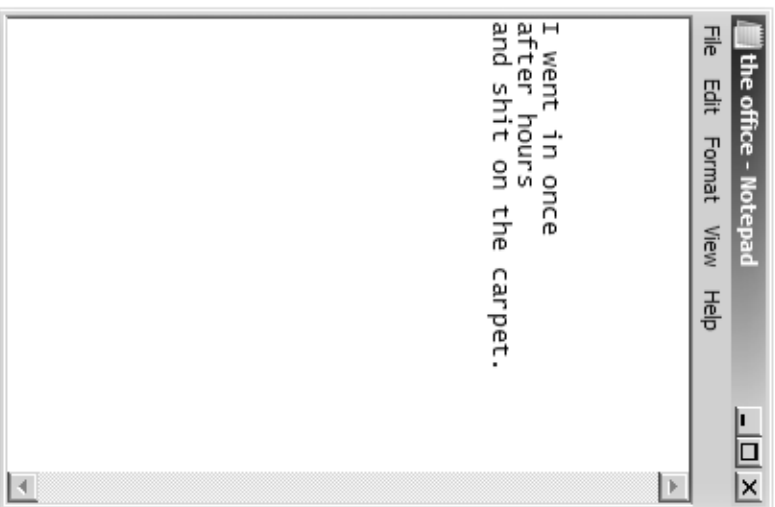


6 simple steps to enlightenment:  
a literary zine by Nate Donato

pandrogyn  
--  
I am the abandoned building  
worn bare and exposed  
for you to explore  
and wonder Oh, what happened here

dance to bright eyes in the shower  
????????????????????????????????  
I'll share my story too but it but it  
all comes out sounding like babble

I keep having ideas  
but they're boiling  
down to shorter  
and shorter  
sentences:  
I  
am



Broadband wasteland  
junkyard buddha  
use same bowl of styrofoam 17 years  
on a trash heap circled by desert  
he say "eat  
and sleep."

junkyard buddha make fire  
from drain oil  
and car battery,  
soup  
from chicken bone  
and greasy takeout box,  
nirvana  
from garbage  
and dust