

Yvette Nepper *1970s Version of the Future*

[my cell phone is searching for our location]

where me and my 1970s-future-girlfriend have a sexual relationship as blue holograms
in front of a dark window

and it's nobody's business.

I try to explain ghosts to my son
as faceless people
and suddenly
he's afraid of the dark;

his sister takes a bath in the other room
where nothing is more accurately our location.

Ugh! my phone is acting weird again...

remember how the new glasses changed your whole face and made me sad?

computer, sometimes you move so fast
I forget I'm being told about your

blue light, blue light, blue light.

Jeff T. Johnson

feb 28

feb 28

feb 28

feb 28

leap

Sean Cole *2.29.16*

15 minutes left of leap day. It's my

New York New Year's Eve. Moved here

March first, 2011, not far from Manhattan's

ten year fallingdowniversary.

Tin. That's what ten years gets you.

Five is wood. Six is iron, or sugar in England -

it takes a lot of living in this city to get to anything of value.

Now here we are a decade and a half since

crystal blue explosion on Vesey Street.

15 is crystal. Clutch that brooch to your

vest bone, we can have nice things if we're

ever-fearful. Customarily,

you give a watch to someone 15 years in but

no one wears one anymore. A watch is

one of those appliances named for what you do to it.

Like a pet. Or a clutch. Or a comb-over.

5 years in I'm running water down the bath

drain battling whatever ended up down there. There's no

water anniversary. There should be.

We're 60 percent liquid or more.

There's no cockroach anniversary either

though I kill two every evening. I found a wine year.

85. Makes sense. At that age

why buy something unperishable.

My step-father's 85. I buy him lots of wine.

Especially since what he calls the blood moon,

September 28th. Five months since she went away,

and one day. 90 years, I hear,

is granite.

Becca Klaver *Leap Day*

feel free to
fuck up again

like you did
four years ago

conscience
quicksand:

what you throw in
you don't get

reminded of
for years

and by then
there might be

another
president

half your cells
will be new

cleansed of
shame

it'll be just
about time

to fuck up

all over again

Ian S. Wilder *Leap Day 2016*

saw today's Google Doodle with 2, no, 3 rabbits and thought for a
moment that I again forgot the first day of the month awakening talisman
of proclaiming to my wife "rabbit, rabbit, rabbit"

if it were last year - or next - I would be too late

I still have a chance to remember tomorrow morn

David A. Kirschenbaum *2/29/16*

see dentist
after ignoring his wife's follow-up calls
for months
my gums are no good,
have to brush better he says

after the x-rays
and before the novocaine
he tells me a racist joke,
i laugh to laugh.