

Valentina Cano

Hell

A glass laugh falls to the floor,
shattering in a crash of glitter.
She sidesteps the shards that try
to bite, looking for the nearest door,
the nearest dust bin.

He watches, his mouth clenched shut,
the ice dripping in silence in his tumbler.
She stands still in fear
as the scattered joke
begins to piece itself together again,
a tape rewinding too fast.

And up it goes,
back to his lips,
past his tongue,
down to his gut,
to be repeated,
to be shattered
against her feet,
endlessly.

Summer Time

A season in this place
feels like knives rubbing
their blades against me.
Nice at first,
the coolness,
the strangeness a thrilling dance.
But then, as the days
and the pressure mounts,
pushing the blades ever deeper,
blood beginning to run,
wisps of burgundy weeds
trailing down to the floor.
Puddles grow like flowers
while my head spins,

the room grows then shrinks,
the floor gapes at me
expecting a dramatic crash,
but I hug myself together,
brushing pollen off my hair.

Valentina Cano is a student of classical singing who spends whatever free time either writing or reading. Her works have appeared in *Exercise Bowler*, *Blinking Cursor*, *Theory Train*, *Magnolia's Press*, *Cartier Street Press*, *Berg Gasse 19*, *Precious Metals* and will appear in the upcoming editions *A Handful of Dust*, *The Scarlet Sound*, *The Adroit Journal*, *Perceptions Literary Magazine*, *Welcome to Wherever*, *The Corner Club Press*, *Death Rattle*, *Danse Macabre*, *Subliminal Interiors*, *Generations Literary Journal*, *Super Poetry Highway* and *Perhaps I'm Wrong About the World*.