

Casey and The Bear

by Chelsea Russell

It was the evening time and the sun was going down. 'Casey?! ... Casey!!' his mother shouted at the porch. She thought to herself ..well fuck and wandered back inside to finish the rest of her bottle of wine.

Casey was running rapidly through the woods and someone, something was watching. He was trying to find the holes his dog had buried bones in, but Casey's dog died before he was born. You see the dog, Pony, was part of a litter of rottweilers, that all died because Princess the mother dog rolled over them in her sleep. As Casey remembered this simple fact, he came to a halt and was facing a bear.

It was fully dark now all around him and the bear said 'Wanna do this ?' Casey said nothing. But they knew, he did.

The bear rose to its hind legs and took Casey by the hand and they walked, a long walk at a medium pace, hand in paw all through the forest.

'Are you cold?' the bear said .. and Casey said 'Never when I'm with you' . They laughed and talked and reflected on life, how things could have been, dreams, promises, and the vegetation around them.

They kept on this way until the bear and Casey were facing a massive hole in the ground, and Casey knew, this was his cave, Stephen the bear's cave.

The bear said to Casey, one eyebrow raised 'Would you like to spend the night?' Casey thought for a moment and finally said ' No I think I'll go home'. Stephen said 'Okay I'll Uber you' and Casey said you know what I think I'd like the night breeze.

And the bear watched Casey leave, standing in front of his cave until Casey faded into the darkness.

And Stephen was alone, again.

Hot Fall

**There's nowhere hotter than a laundromat in summer
or laying in your arms at 8 am
Too hot to sleep too sleepy to wake up
Love drunk bodies slipping on each other like oily gears on a bicycle
I rode side saddle on your bars down Denison Avenue
The wind was in my hair and there was smoke burning my eyes
I was never more happy and afraid
Of falling.**

Enigma

**Are we more similar or alike
I've told him before he is enigmatic
My sobering demeanor breaks into a goofy laugh
My goofy demeanor breaks into a sobering stare.
My roommate almost killed herself 2 nights ago
That's trauma I'll deal with later
To love and care for someone is important to me
Something to be celebrated but not congratulated
Is it naive to be nice
I say
It's nice to be naive**

The Daze

Yesterday morning I unknowingly laid
In my dog's throw up in the summer heat
The night before I got
Too drunk to behave properly
But when I am sober I'm bored
It's hard to create for myself
And lately I've been thinking about cock all too much
He said he has an insane desire for intimacy
I feel that too
I said Goodbye to the German last night

I was sad but
People pass through your life for different seasons
And reasons
Passing old lovers with new lovers feels like
The best way to complete a cycle
Since I severed my tendon I haven't been able to
Cycle
The days go by
And I try not to drink cider and wine
Waiting for a purpose to arise
Outside of the comfort of a lover
I crave it so much
And seem to create more and with
More ease when that is the case.
You don't really notice a pain when it's gone
I've been thinking
Do you notice good or bad things more when they have went away.