

BOOK EXCERPTS

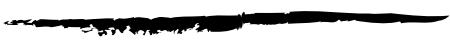
BY JULIETTE VAN DER MOLEN

from Death Library

Bartholomew Miller, M.D.

Death librarian in a card catalog morgue, Bartholomew gathers soul stories. Humming his deviant alphabet song. Beautiful. Grotesque. They speak thoughts behind stilled lips, whispering elapsed past—


permanent memory locked deep.



from Mother, May I?

3 A.M.

nothing good comes
at 3 A.M.,
nothing good comes
in Emergency.
death number five,
her lips bunched blue
they're falling like
dominoes clicked together
with a mother's quick flick,
a death gene whispered
through the upstate trees,



from Anatomy of A Dress

Painted Legs

Rosie may be
a riveter,
but she's also
got to be riveting.
because those men,
they're coming back
and they'll expect
your stockinged legs
and painted smiles
to greet them.