

A photograph of a wine glass on a tray. The glass is partially filled with a light-colored liquid. The tray is dark, and there are shadows cast across it, including a prominent rainbow shadow. The background is dark and out of focus.

*heavy
petting*

laura lindlief

the first two years of life. The first year of life is the most important period for the development of the brain.

The second year of life is also very important for the development of the brain. The second year of life is the most important period for the development of the brain.

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The ninth year of life is also very important for the development of the brain. The ninth year of life is the most important period for the development of the brain.

The tenth year of life is also very important for the development of the brain. The tenth year of life is the most important period for the development of the brain.

The eleventh year of life is also very important for the development of the brain. The eleventh year of life is the most important period for the development of the brain.

The twelfth year of life is also very important for the development of the brain. The twelfth year of life is the most important period for the development of the brain.

Being There

Being there is like that desired longing to be present, now. It's when you look at a photograph of a quintessential landscape and think why can't I be there now? Instead of where I am now, in this situation, under these conditions. Are you there for me? I will always be there. I won't just say it in words, but I will physically be here and would be there for you in a second. I am watching TV and I am totally wrapped up in this world. Better yet, I'm 3 seasons in to a 5 season run of some popular yet cultish TV show on Netflix and I don't even know what reality is.

I am sad when it ends and I'm not with these characters anymore. Now I have to go into the world and I dread even walking in to the restaurant of where my take-out order has been placed. I'm having coffee with a friend and a guy I've never met is writing me on tinder. I'm really good at typing and still making eye contact.





Who is getting all of my attention? I'm on the phone while I'm driving and my navigation app is yelling in my ear while I'm trying to hear my whispering boyfriend in prison that has to speak softly because he has obtained a cell phone and his cell-mate is asleep. He says he's gonna go because who knows where I was for that 10 minute conversation. The Spice Girls have the song, 'Say you'll be there.'

Do we always have to ask for our lovers' presence?
How many times have I asked my ex boyfriends if they could repeat what I just said? Somehow one could always repeat it but didn't actually process it until they heard themselves say it out loud. But I, first person, really will be there. I may say I'm on my way and will be there 20 minutes late, but I promise I meant well.





Plant Life

My fern assists me, almost gracing my hair
It really gets me, toxins beware
The energy is clear fall in to space
The fern goes with me, hypothetically speaking
Well, actually no, the fern is ever-present, which took
time to learn to be
I didn't have to ask for help, they just showed up
Crawled from that window you can't see and peaked
over the edge
We made eye contact and the fern creeped over some
over
Revealing almost its' entire self in a few short hours

They have been hanging there, a few short feet of
danger, not sweating at all

Maybe the fern saw the light below and was drawn in
But once they realized it was fake, hesitated, but then
the sun seeped in

Me and you and the space between

You and me conducting this energy that is casting out
I am connected to the fern and the same the fern with
me

We live right here

And the fern knows I will always be there



Tropicalia*

I am a seed, in the middle of nowhere
Sit, being, a being nowhere
I am the New York Times in Muddy's Mississippi
Time's appetite travailing, a ballooning being
I am growth, mega fauna, supra mundane
Doors of perception, consciously expansive
I am Nowhere Man, richly moving in stillness
Wide awake exhilaration, pumping heart love

That, is what she craves, the placid acidity they need
She gambols about, windswept, roguely unenforced
They like to watch, to witness, tropicalia and fecund
Its' essence transmutes the sterility
They are January and July, everything in between,
Traipsing, fingertips, tumbling in the dark
Where will you be?

Ineffable, comprehension
Extract the moisture from the ether
Inject ground with the ever net
Walk on water with Aqua Net
Glimpses of reality

*contributed by William Richardson







Susan Sarrandon

Listening to my neighbor(s) have sex. I could not tell you for sure if they are having sex, if it is two people, if it's two women or a woman and a man. All I hear is this woman groaning and yelling and kind of calling out, she sounds like some sort of animal. I don't hear any thumping sounds or any indication of a partner. Just a lot of 'uhh's.' When I first moved in here I started hearing all of these things, neighbors talking loudly at night, my next door neighbor playing the piano and this girl having sex a few times a week for maybe 15 minutes or so. I used to be kind of bummed because I wasn't having sex. But now I'm just happy for her. I am somewhat curious of who she is, but at the same time I'm fine with the novelty of this little bit of her life I'm in on. Now I've started sleeping with my next-door neighbor.



Well, not having sex with him, we have been dating and have so far woken up naked in bed together, with lots of intense making out and maybe some heavy petting. So I'm not so jealous when I know there are people out there having sex regularly. I am getting enough of my fill just having these exciting nights with him, with no sex yet to make it complicated, but I guess to others it's complicated enough that he lives right next door. I only ever hear him fiddling in his closet, putting something on a shelf, playing the piano or conversation from his window if his mom is over, like she's been for a few days. I don't want to live vicariously through other people. I don't like that I hear someone coming or going in the hallway and out of curiosity sometimes I pop up and look through my peep hole. I have rarely in my life used a peep hole. I am used to people living vicariously through me.





Peep Hole

What is the opposite a voyeur? Whether we have voyeuristic intentions or not we all listen and look at peoples' lives and compare it to our own. I've been listening to the Shania Twain song 'Whose bed have your boots been under?' What business is ours of whose bed his boots have been under. In her music video, Shania is getting very close to a restaurant full of individual men. No ladies frequent this place. At least at this time on this day. She's leaning on them, rubbing up against them, touching their hair. All with these men having no knowledge of her even being present. This is an interesting dynamic. She is really excited about this song and playfully curious if it 'felt like thunder, baby, this time around.' Is there someone who wants to know whose bed my boots have been under? I'm sure it's possible, and either they are a professional voyeur or introverted, quiet and private keeping this curiosity spinning in their head. I just came across the term *schadenfreude*, which means enjoyment obtained from the trouble of others. That is a sad fetish.

I can understand a feeling of empathy or understanding, or maybe just of the realization or relief that comes from knowing other people have been through crap too. Are you the type of person that listens to someone talking while thinking about what your response will be? I think I used to be. Probably still do enough. But I'm conscious of other peoples' feelings and needs. I was in Rosarito getting a massage from this woman from Lake Tahoe. She told me that both of her parents had passed. Mine too! Not much family left, now we don't even have to explain ourselves. I shut out a big part of myself to people that don't come from similar backgrounds or have a very particular sort of empathy. The opposite of a voyeur is defined as an exhibitionist. Why would a voyeur be interested in spying on someone who wants the attention? I am much more interested in looking through my peephole and seeing someone walk by with someone new or see what they're wearing. I don't mind if a neighbor sees me naked as I walk by the window. Good timing on their part. I wouldn't consider myself an exhibitionist, I'm just open to being vulnerable or to someone seeing something they feel lucky to see.





It's always exciting to see someone randomly naked, especially in their own comfort zone of an environment. It is an amazing feeling to walk around naked. Even when I haven't lived alone. I have done it often. My body isn't perfect, who cares. Every person can stare at your naked body if you let them, but why does that affect you- unless you let it, mentally. Sounds easy enough. But when I take off my bra, my boobs can hang, undies off, vagina can breathe, bare feet, air everywhere. I've been talking to my ex who is my best friend, about this guy I'm seeing. He has been all ears about every dirty detail, gives feedback and gets all excited. He's married, but we were together for 3 ½ years and he just wants me to be happy and satisfied. I talked to him all the way up to walking over to the guy I'm datings' house the night we were gonna have sex. This guy and I talked all about having sex, what we would do to each other and pretty much planned that it would happen that Monday night. I texted my ex a picture of the shirt I would wear, described my underwear – because those were important based on this guy and my's text. He asked if I'd wear make-up.

Told him I was gonna have a shot of tequila before I went over and that my panties were wet just from our conversation about this guy and I. I told my ex all about our night the next morning when he took me to school. He is still bummed that I wasn't able to come. My apartment is such a mess. I feel like I can't even exist in my home space. I am surrounded by too many clothes, too many plates, too many art supplies, too many books. I have literally gotten rid of 2/3 of my stuff, but I am in a 250 sq ft studio. I need space to breathe, open air, sunshine. Too much sunshine and I have the burn I have now from the Mexican sun. My boobs are so white, the clash looks terrible. My chest currently looks like I'm 70. I wonder if anybody at my school has a crush on me. I always have crushes on people even if it's just in passing. I have a problem liking younger guys but I'm giving it up.



Where?

Here

There's something there

There

He's there

Her everywhere

Her everywhere

I'm always there

Her everywhere

Her everywhere

I'm always there

Be there and everywhere

Here, there and everywhere

