

# *DIVINE BY DAYLIGHT*

Milo Whynott

I dreamed love felt like holiness in the arms of a false god  
Believed that his hands around my throat were a form of prayer  
My blood still stains the sacrificial altar; I doubt he remembers wielding the knife

I dreamed love felt like holiness in the arms of a false god  
And I dread desecration in every touch

So I awaited blasphemy against your lips—  
And instead found benevolence

Let me be your midnight sacrament; you are divine by daylight

*To Bifurcate* by Daniel Cheung

## *AI-carus*

Edward Huang

From the eye of a metal mask,  
Smoke rises while humanity fades.  
Packaged with a human face,  
It speaks our language yet feels none of our pain.  
Icarus, why fly thou so high?

