

## Leaving

*Felix*

“There’s still skids on Kingsway,”  
which is incidentally where Arthur was left to wander  
with Alzheimer’s and piss soaked khakis.  
He got lost on his way to city hall,  
where he planned to pay his taxes.

“Let the community know of any suspicious activity.”  
There’s more crime under a full moon.  
I read her her horoscope while she told me about her old job  
where she worked for ten years and was laid off,  
it was the magnetic force pulling on her old joints;  
old joints, slow work,  
new restaurant, new owners, new staff,  
new clientele,  
but if it weren’t for them I would have never learnt  
to leave the pit of an avocado in the guacamole,  
to prevent it from going brown.

## The Impact of Falling

*Brittany Rose Barrell*

This is the impact of falling  
The dark water ripples  
Ink that blacks out the page  
Lost in the murky dark

That is the impact of falling  
This trail of all those left  
The broken line of love  
That tumbles all the rest

Illustration by Brittany Rose Barrell

