

This week we have three untitled shorts [from](#) [Kate Crash](#).

### Short #1



NO!!!” me

“do it now!” she

I don’t move. I’d rather lay in bed all day and be bored than clean my room or find a hobby like a boyfriend like half the girls in this town. I hear her stomping down the stairs and I know she has given up until the next time she finds time between her fits of melancholy mindless shows “my boss sucks men have changed when I was your age” couch potato call center rage and to poke me and explain with chicken fingers stain on her soap opera stage why I am going nowhere in this life, and nowhere fast. it’s not like I want to run to get up and grab what she has anyway. I’ve been in bed three straight days now with the exception of my tummy rumble to stairway leggo my eggo microwave and pee parade.

What is there to live for anyway?

### Short #2

here’s midnight regret in my stomach and tyranny in heart shaped in long rock n roll legs and a dark soul’d pale face that won’t call me on me when I want and drives me mad when I won’t reach out and when he’s in my room I’m all he’ll ever need he’d bleed dry the world for me or so he speaks

But I guess this is growing up, learning to say no?

Not trying to find or revive your dead childhood in a fantasy of the one? The unobtainable?

My fingers are dialing heaven and receiving denial, my eyes are knives carving out the mirror in style, my dream is the scream in the wild when I won’t give in to reading again

the last words he wrote on my heart, the midnight of my sin, stained it with his lullaby of ill timing and charm and bad choices and songs the art of his hunger and misdeception, I’m not a beggar, and he’s not my savior. Grow up. Stop chasing lost dogs with their self martyred cause. This is the last time I date a self afflicted god.

## Kate Gets Short

Written by Kate Crash

---

### **Short #3** 3 one line poems

I farted in bed and he told me I was no longer perfect

I'm sorry I ate today, I really really did mean to be anorexic  
I just get soo hungry....

One should not choose work over love,  
He didn't listen to me