

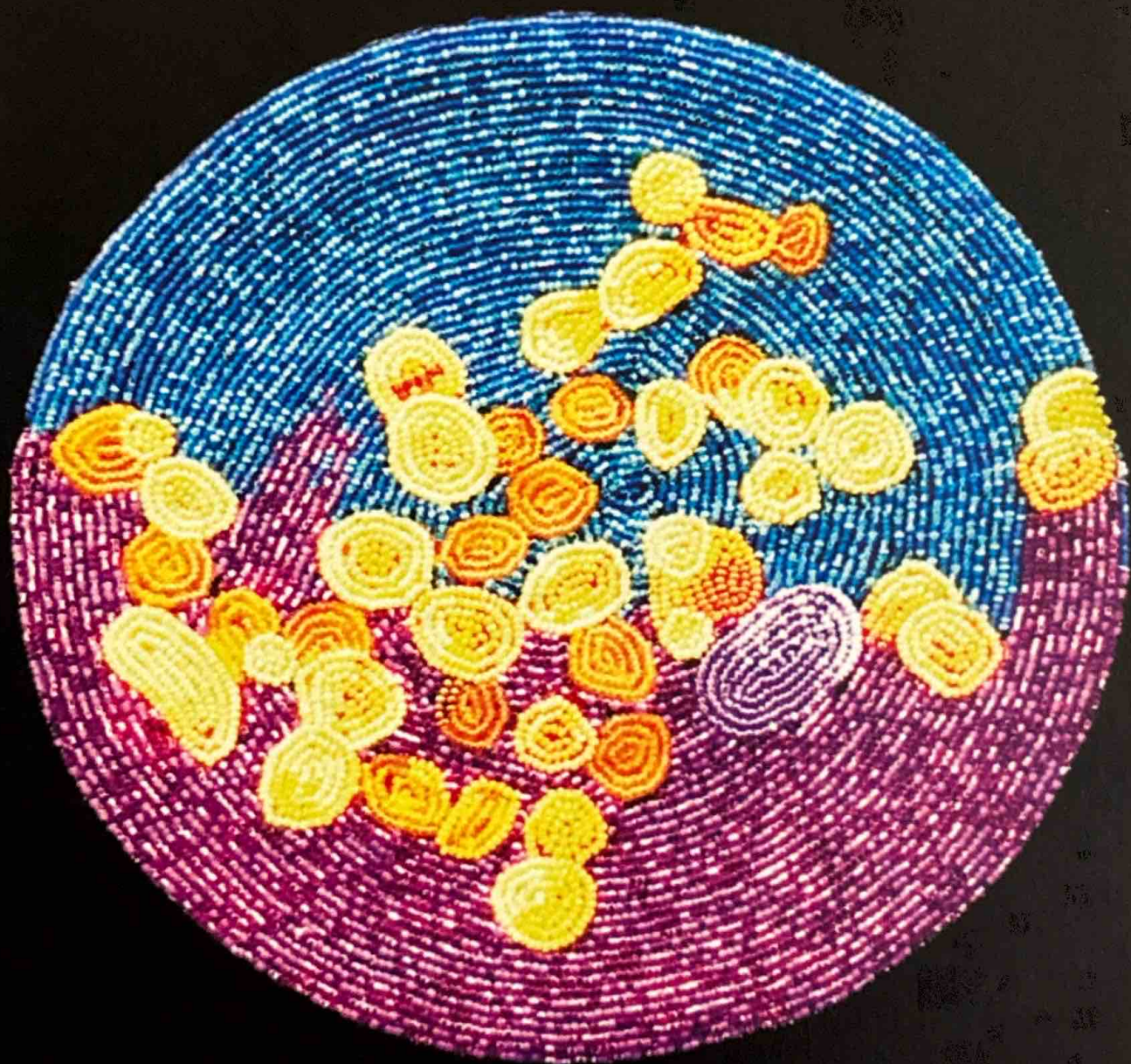
new writing by
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grain

the journal of eclectic writing

artwork by
RUTH CUTHAND

short grain
CONTEST ISSUE



Still the roses open wider,
a week old or two weeks,

the last petals of their hopeful bodies

already the texture
of a souvenir

dry and industrial and

under the force of touch,
see, they are unmoving

or they crumble. See,

this decay, and still, how wide
like gaping monsters

they become

as if to say,
No, it is not like that—

between life and

death,
balance

is not the word you want.