

HOOT REVIEW ONLINE

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Transfinite

bitch i'm uncountable
& it's not my fault

if you can't understand
my aleph with tongue-tap

omega on mouth-roof
when i (open & close]

flip through charts
+ maps in this atlas

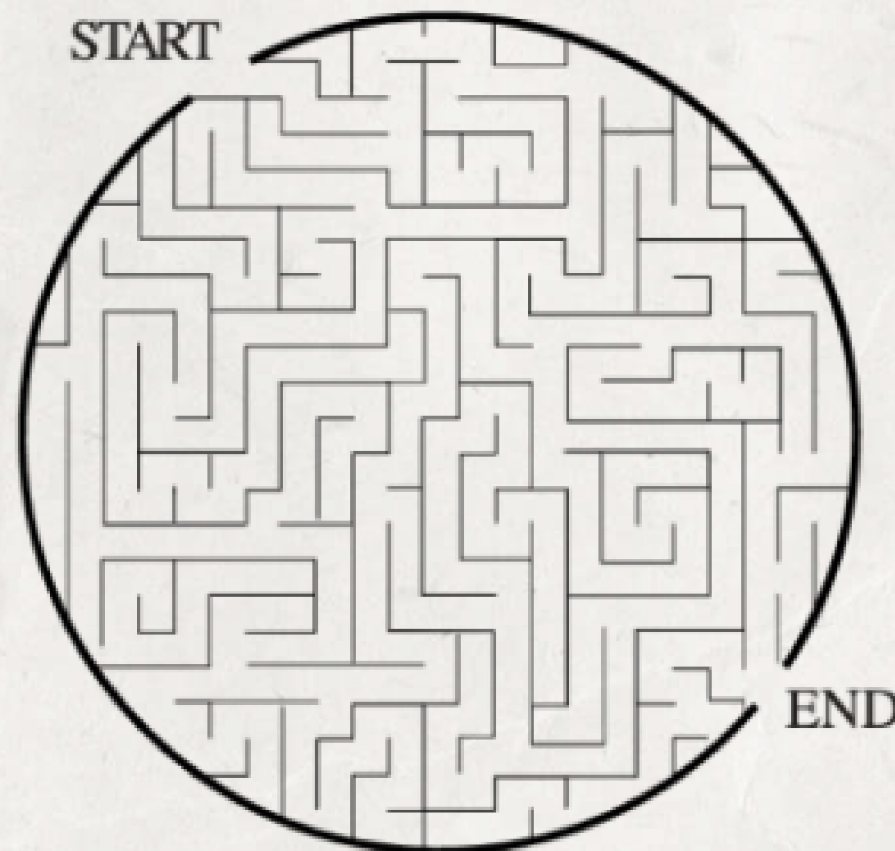
from [given, body)
to (body, self]

by: Joey Gould

ANYWAY, HERE'S "WONDERWALL"

When I opened the door,
the "opening the door"
sound effect was what I
heard. It was natural in a
way that didn't surprise me.
I double checked because I
love you.

by: Nate Logan



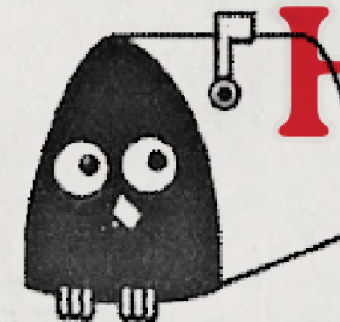
Walking on Dirt Roads in Winter

I stomp as hard as I can
to make an imprint
on the tire-tracks,
but
feet are small and slow
and selves are soft.

Words on white paper,
squirrel-tracks on white snow—

the hills fade into the melt-mist.

by: Liz Bergland



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