

4.

On the emergency driveway,
Silenced sweet. The first ray
The unbalanced desire had turned me.

Nontoxic ashes
When the ambulance
I poured the sugar into the pond
A nontoxic frog.
That was not worth saving.
A nontoxic angel
Your vitals are normal. Now wait.
No doctors. Just a vending machine.
Like a clinic on a night shift.
My back head received it
It took a week for the storm to faint.
That I can buy at Albert Heijn.
Nontoxic wings
It sounds like to install a pair of
I don't want to pace myself;
Words that are not in me.
To speak. Any words will do.
For the old desire on the new pillow
That keeps me waiting.
It's always the unbalance

Untitled by Leo

The bugs that my friends all say they can't see
And they think I'm crazy
I'm happy if you're happy
Bright sunny skies
And a gun
Bright sunny skies
I'm glad you're alive
You can abandon this life
And as you'd expect I'm still a mess
But I'm gonna change while you're away
A person suit with a face doesn't suit me anyway
A mass produced skeleton pretending to be human



"the bugs"
by IlanPeimer

I need a pistol John
Fifty John Does, John



Rites of Spring
by Aletheia

2. 3.

Gravity held me down again today.
Maybe tomorrow I'll have better luck
but it's looking less likely that
I'll be able to fly by the end of the week.

The garden won't stop growing.
I haven't weeded in about eighteen months
and there's an invasive species
with a knack for hitting the windows.

I got a cold from going out in the rain.
Technically that's not possible but everyone
says it so it must be true; that's how
I knew I had no more potential.

Day six: I've given up on the flying.
A bird gave me side-eye when I climbed
her tree and it made me feel
too insecure to carry on.

Next Christmas I'll have wings.
I'm sure of it, although perhaps not as
sure as I would have been if that
bird was more supportive.

The road is slick with rain again.
So naturally I danced barefoot and
put a middle finger up at all the birds
who flew over my head.

Gravity won't hold me back next year.
I'll be up there with the rest of them,
passing on everyone who looks just
a bit too much like Boris Johnson.

"Just because I want to"

by Charley W

5.

@PoetryTrapperKeeper is a weekly poetry
newsletter founded by Kelly Mullins and Larissa Fantini based on a
shared love for unprecious poetry.

about our contributors:
Charley W

London-based writer who perpetually wishes she were anywhere
else. She loves poetry almost as much as she loves her cat and
hopes that, one day, people will stop misspelling her name. She
can be found on Instagram @Wittenbyme_C

Leo
Boy with hyperchondria. Just picked up the old habit of writing
poems lately. Sharing them is burning them. Follow him on
instagram @leo11boogie

Ilan Peimer
is the lead singer/asongwriter for indie/alt rock band Red Monkey
Black King, performing loud introspective indie soundscapes. You
can find them online @ilan_of_bohemia and @redmonkeyblackking

Aletheia
a Pittsburgh mixed media artist who focuses on anime and collage.
She is inspired by Remedios Varo, nature, and Love Live School
Idol Festival. Follow her on instagram @moondropflowerart

6.

hot people have a spring awakening
Charley W
Aletheia
Leo
@PoetryTrapperKeeper



not people
have a spring
awakening

The sun is shining, the nontoxic wings are
flapping and the birds are giving us.....side eye??
BUT WELCOME. To our first-ever Poetry Trapper
Keeper zine:

hello!

hot people have a spring awakening



a zine
by
Poetry Trapper Keeper



Rites of Spring
by Aletheia