

"Is he hot or is he just"

an excerpt from

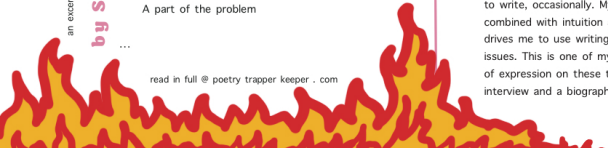
by Stephanie Felten

Fishing on our platform of revolution, trash in shades of blue
 The vertical power of a strong tree
 My body betrays me
 On second thought it is powerful and perseveres
 Raindrops fisheye my thoughts
 Trees with ancient underground networks extend for miles while dinosaurs swim in polluted waters
 Fishing on the platform of exploitation of nature
 The space for play is filled with waste
 That's why the baby scowls from their buggy
 The noise pollution of this aggressive corridor seeps into the green space

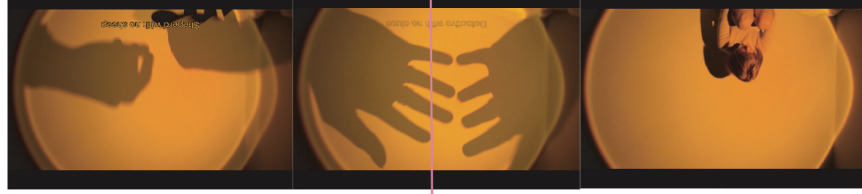
Is he hot or is he just...

Running hard on the field
 Running with a ridiculous form
 Holding his pipe too close
 Hanging on to two rottweilers
 Cooking with a camping stove
 Feeling the rain against his skin with the hopes of feeling something, human, anything
 Sculpting headless forms
 Just a child
 Just lost
 Rolling by, a shell of his former self
 A part of the problem

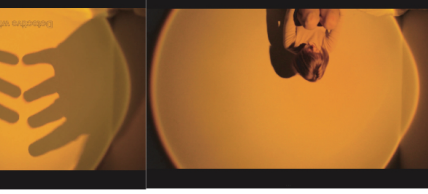
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"LOVE IS NO CONTRACT"



"LIEBE IST KEIN VERTRAG"



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

our sweethearts:

Helen Lovett

I use poetry as an extension of therapy and as a way to delve into hot conversation topics that me and my friends have discussed. Womens' sexuality has come up many times and there seems to be a repetitive pattern; men thinking that their partners are just not that into sex any more... and women thinking they no longer have a sex drive until they become single again. It seems like, rather than a lack of libido, these women are often feeling unappreciated, unseen and unloved - and this has led to a lack of interest in sex with their partner

Coline Lepiouff

Multimedia explorer, who tries to navigate human experiences through the dialog between disciplines, fields, languages, and mediums. Analog and digital, words and images, sounds and voice, stage and paper. You can follow Coline on instagram @ colinefff

Stephanie Felten

I am inspired by my passion for people, the earth, and community to write, occasionally. My strong sense of empathy and justice, combined with intuition and ability to absorb complex details, drives me to use writing as a tool to advocate for important issues. This is one of my first attempts at poetry, as a new form of expression on these topics. Also, I answered this like it's a job interview and a biography is too hard. K thanks!

watch video @ poetry.trapper.keeper.com



"She's just not that into sex anymore"

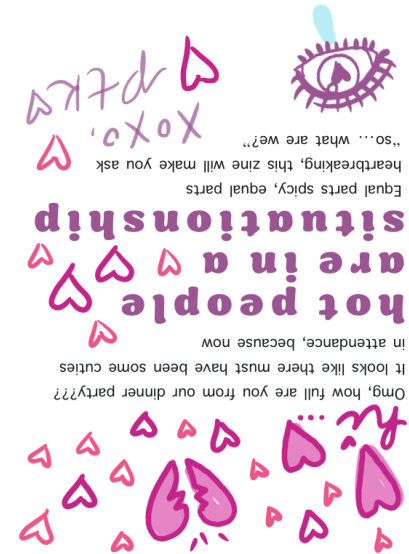
by Helen Lovett

Do you love me? yes or no, please...
 like Tick Yes No

But did you try...
 Breathing gently into her mouth
 After trapping her bottom lip
 With no rush to remember
 The rest of the room
 Asking her about the address
 In the way that she smiles
 While her eyes drown
 In a busy bar at midnight
 Thinking that her mistaking
 You wanting to snack on
 'MicroCats'
 Was the best thing you'd ever heard
 Feeling her manicured nails
 Sink into the back of your hands
 While sliding your tongue
 To her own beat in the dark
 Explicitly telling her
 That you don't want her to serve you
 When she offers you coffee
 From the cafe down the road
 Chasing her along the hall
 While she high-pitch squeals
 As a groveling Golum
 Because she's your precious



a zine
 by
 Poetry Trapper Keeper



Omg, how full are you from our dinner party??
 It looks like there must have been some cuties
 in attendance, because now
 Equal parts spicy, equal parts
 heart-breaking, this zine will make you ask
 "so... what are we?"

by Coline Lepiouff

A photograph of a couple embracing in a circular frame, with a large shadow cast on the wall behind them. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light. The couple is in the center, with the woman on the left and the man on the right. Their shadows are cast onto the wall behind them, creating a large, dark silhouette of the couple. The overall mood is intimate and romantic.

care and not pleasure

“LIEBE IST KEIN VERTRAG/ /LOVE IS NO CONTRACT“

by Celine Lepiouff