The Sunday Night Bombers
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it’s okay to have SAD DAYS

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you're human, you're beautiful
and you deserve to be loved
and anyone who says otherwise
can go fuck themselves
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Mixing Metaphorically Into a Veil

I.
The YouTube beauty machines leash in their cumbrance of lash
Your lips—red lip—plum lip—autumn—summer—supersized sucking
Traction—fit for remembering the fit of a member,
Remembering the somersault splash of a protein dash—
Saved from the drain—hydrating as God intended the skin,
Problematic in its acreage, pores—disaster nodes
Unalleviated by the remedies for red spots—
Dark spots—circles—sag and swizzle—discolouration—hair
Testament to testosterone, the ugliness of man,
The excretion, bloodborne mess, the nightly drool, all of you.
II.
You, of all, in spite of the jizzle, the jilt and tickle,
Despite the lack of a satisfying conclusion, you
Seek exclusion from the effluvial concerns of others.
You, you ransomed mind, you stolen berth—you cannot dwell long
On the shortcomings, for the heart knows the shortness of breath
Resulting from a quick hug changed to a quick tug and swallow.
Attraction resides in the strip between caring and none.
In need of respite from the cares, sorrows of thrifted youth,
Retraining the mind to reframe, to halt the old refrain,
Remains of the gainsaid waning day. Turn on the ring light.

III.
Light rings the on-turn, off-turn ramp—the roadside rating show
Must go on, nonetheless—for, after all, what else remains?
Profusions paid down below—praise and prattle—alternating currents—to condone or condemn the vainglory of she
Who has it all—she, of the sparkling wit, the nervous tic
Endearing to all—for she is relatable—she
Makes do with summertime spoils—offering sunnyside smiles
Whether up or down the arrows go, weathering the peaks and plummets
Of popularity plundered in depths of wintertime.
Her treasure now lies—another YouTube beauty machine.
Sometimes, when, in a fit of short-lived self-confidence, one texts the boy one’s been eying from the corners of corridors, which results in his invariable confusion as to why one’s texting him in the first place, one’s self-doubt and sense of committing a faux pas burgeon like the pop-up windows that replicate into existence when one inadvertently clicks anywhere other than the ‘Play’ symbol on a streaming site, until one finds oneself ordering something far too sugary from the Starbucks all the while shivering with anxiety, thereby prompting the nice barista to ask, “What’s wrong?”

One then finds oneself explaining to her, in far too much detail, the situation until one remembers the old adage, ‘Show don’t tell,’ impelling, therefore, one to show her the texts in question, desiring her opinion as a disinterested observer.

After she mulls it over and says that one’s “fine,” the palpable sense of relief at not being entirely abnormal relaxes one to the point of attempting to pay for a second time, at which point another barista personally escorts one, afflicted as one is, to the pick-up area to pick up one’s needless drink, during the pick up of which, one makes eye contact with a boy who, looking strikingly similar to one’s ex, causes one to growl to oneself an “ugh” that, being not quite as quiet as one had hoped it would be, results in an involuntary frown from the boy who diverts his gaze from one’s face and stares instead at his phone, an apt ending, one thinks, that renders events a closed loop, homotopic to every other closed loop resulting from other situations that had started as one’s had.
HEAVEN IS HARRIETT

ALICIA MORRIS

HEAVEN IS HARRIETT

ALICIA MORRIS

an activist

women

black artists

an heiress

tired eyes

cucumber

chamomile

an icy pistachio

summer

freshly sliced fruit
I've never seen trees like this.

You can tell by the sun.
Look out!
Where are the other beavers?
Freeze dirt bag!

Here I am, I found her!

Keep Looking.
I call top bunk.

Sleeping here forever.
Piles of sexts sent, one after another and another.

Piles of clothes on the ground, both mine and his.

Piles of empty vodka bottles lined up on the nightstand, stained with lipstick.

Piles of condom wrappers, ripped and torn in the sheets.

Piles of tissue paper, damped with thick fluid.

Piles and piles of bodies. Sleeping men, laying beside me in bed

As I am filled with Piles of regret
My sex is female.
I enjoy sex.
He, sexed me for hours.
The sex was good.
IT WAS SEXY.
HE ASKED “WAS THE SEX GOOD?”
I SAID “IT WAS GOOD SEX.”
HE SAID “LETS SEX AGAIN.”
I SAID “OKAY”
SO WE SEXED AGAIN
AND AGAIN
AND AGAIN
AND WHEN THE SEX STOPPED
I SAID “THAT WAS GOOD SEX”
HE SAID “I KNOW, I AM GOOD AT SEX”
I ASKED “DO YOU THINK IM GOOD AT SEX”
HE SAID “YES, YOU ARE SEXY;
give me oral sex”
I said “Yes”
And sexed his cock with my mouth.
Do unto death as he has become to you
The body and Blood of tritan
The Romantic Fiction
Historic case upper case
monumeral mistery muse finds solemn, tragic, dirge in unknown tome, turns a static signal into presience and finds meaning in an image
...what is it

Romantic Fiction
REGISTR 66b8833 IN PRECINCT 888UKDieE flagged for overwrite procedure 8888

UTCPECO:88888888888888888888888888888868888888888888888888888888888888

decryptTimeCode(*UTCPECO)

print;


--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
mater
the deep
the valley
the cleft
the cave

hell
deadthe cloak*
and
the grave

clout fish
tROUT dish

flesh womb
go to rot your skin in piss color

the deep
the valley
the cleft
the cave

truncated by omnipresence
a vertical heroin glance
*A Slut of the Century
A short bread crisp with,
black
chocolate
sugar
coffin
glycerin Robin and Charls
Summon Bek and Lucian

eovuka

theres nothing keeping me warm tonight
no dark ness or light
just static screen
__feed
the former queen
of ADesolator

im working for the akubulahga
makes every day like vasoline
aki swooma;ah
working for the akibualahaga

rum and sugar crisp
keep me rich
off desert crisp my own perosterd
Dance Ballerina Dance,
as transcribed by a drunk Idiot:

my own pirroette is a breaking heart dance ballerina dance
you mustent want for dance a dancers part
work ballerina $$$
and just ignore the chair thats simply in the second row
this is your moment girl
though i=hes plotting out there
one youve sang
a man must wait his past
i gues that your concern
we live and learn a love is gone
ballerina gone
you cant afford a backward glance
dance on and on
a thousand people here
have come to see the show
and round and round you go
so ballerina go
dance dance.......

rvrything is concerned

once youve said
his love must wait his turn
you want to play instead
i guess thatas your concern
we live and learn
and love is gone
ballerina run
you cant afford a backward glance
dance on and on
a thousand people here
have come to see the show
and round and round you go
so ballerina go
dance dancedance dancedance dance.......
EVERYBODY LOVES THE TASTE OF

THE SUNDAY NIGHT BLACK & WHITE

HE LIVES IN CYBERSPACE
AND WANTS TO DESTROY
THE NETWORK SYSTEM
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