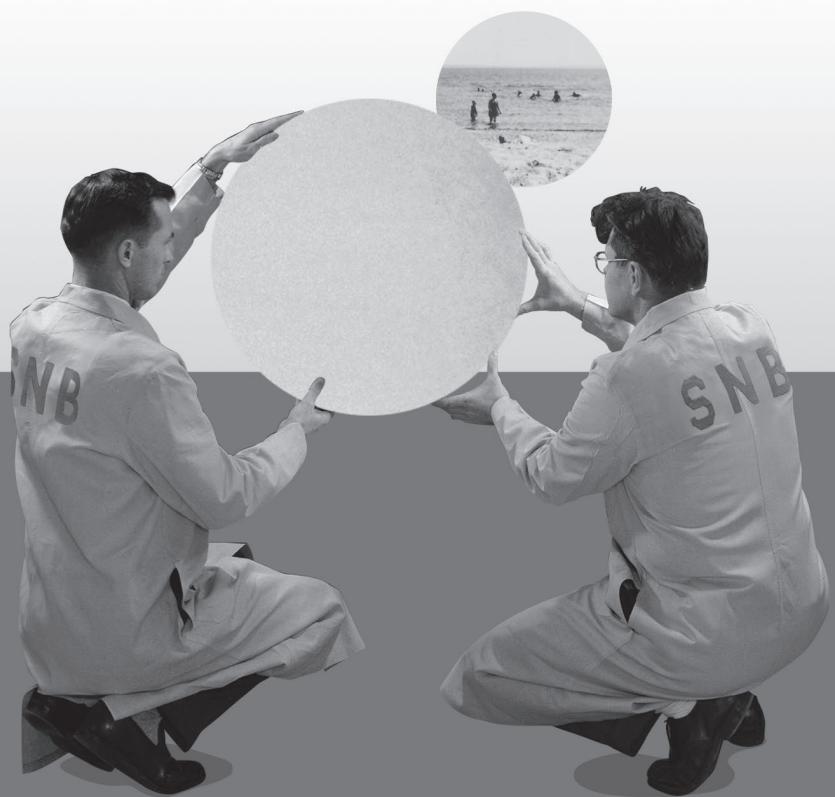


THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white



it's okay to have SAD DAYS



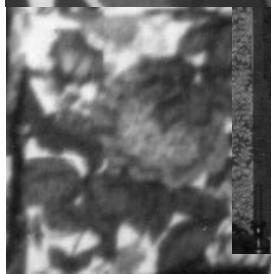
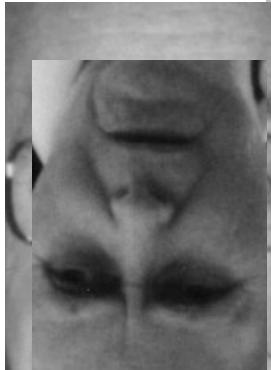
Writing - Photography - Illustration

Contributors Alicia Morris - Anjalee Nadarajan -
Olivia Mae Sinclair - S.C. - Wyatt Lowry

Directors Marc LeSage - Ryan Joseph Little
Editor Richard Clarke

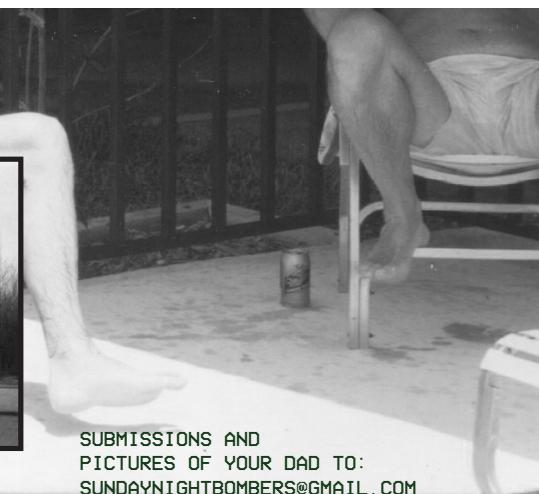


SUNDAY NIGHT BOMBERS



you're human, you're beautiful
and you deserve to be loved
and anyone who says otherwise
can go fuck themselves





CONTENTS

Mixing Metaphorically into a Veil

Anjalee Nadarajan

Heaven is Harriett

Alicia Morris

Scout

Wyatt Lowry

Everything in Piles

Olivia Mae Sinclair

Drinking and eovuka

S.C.

SUBMISSIONS AND
PICTURES OF YOUR DAD TO:
SUNDAYNIGHTBOMBERS@GMAIL.COM



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 thrifited youth,
 Retraining the mind to reframe, to halt the old refrain,
 Remains of the gainsaid wanng 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.

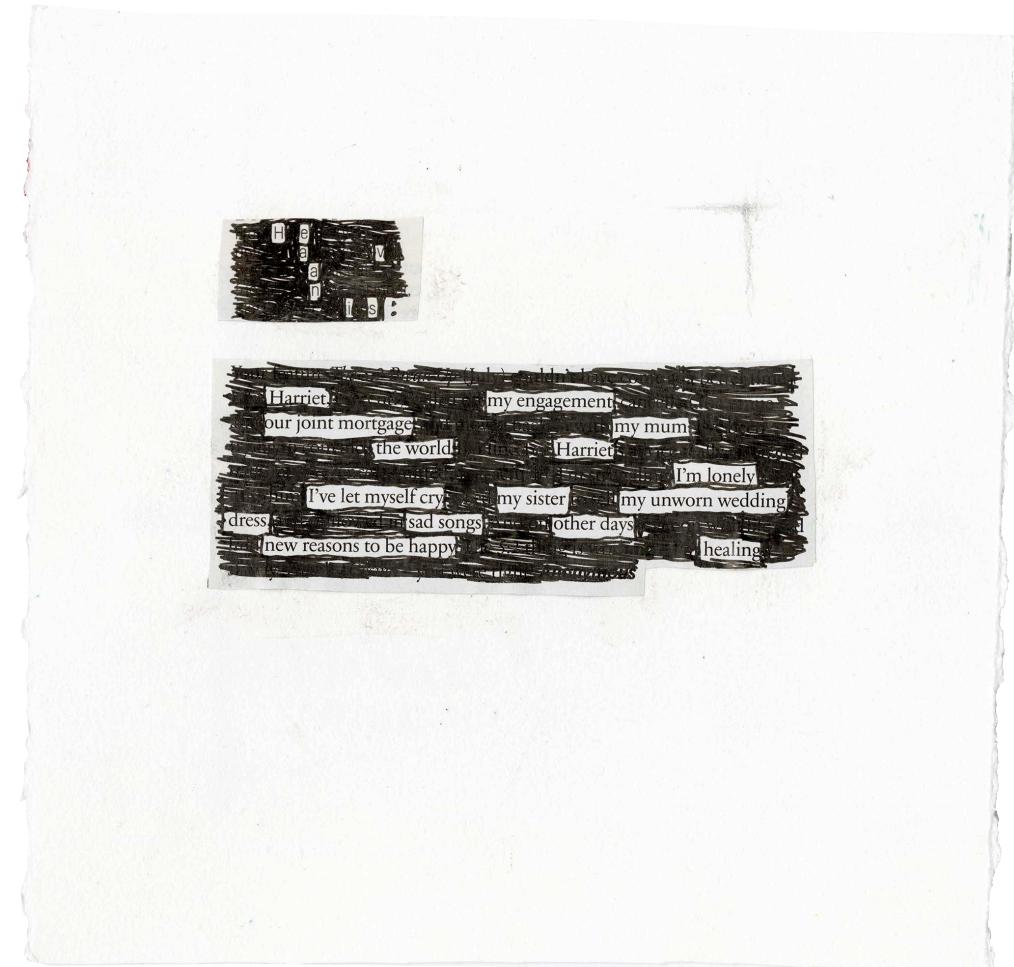
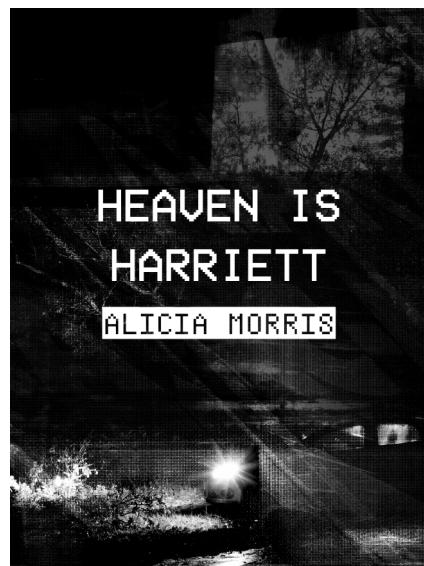
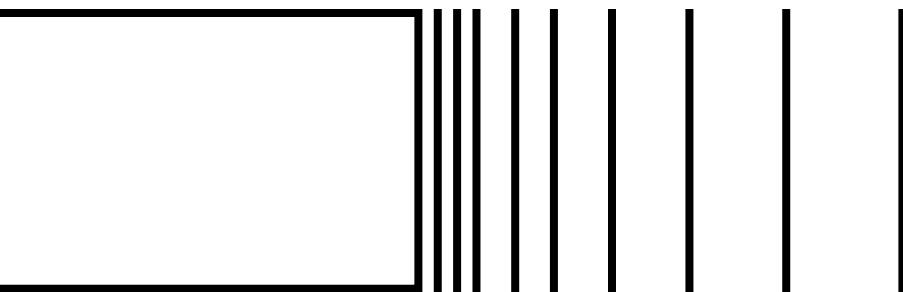


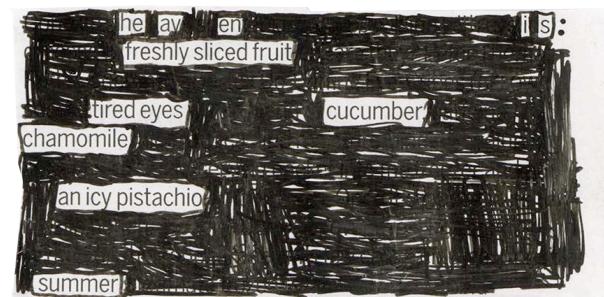
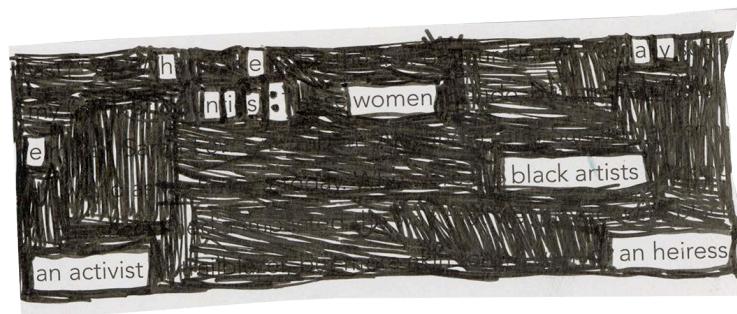
L'Anxiété
(It's Better in French)

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?"

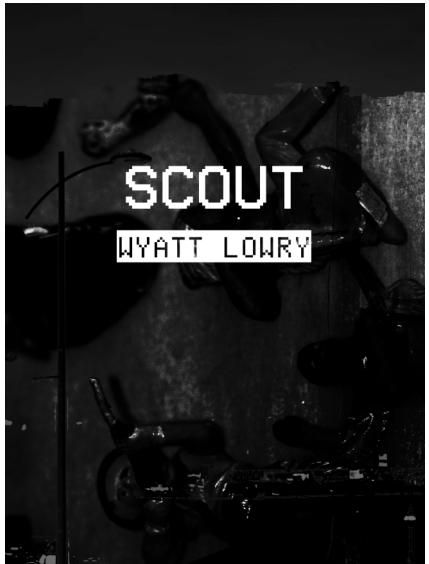
One then finds oneself explaining to her, in far too much detail, the situation until one remembers the old adage, 'Show don't tell,' impelling, therefore, one to show her the texts in question, desiring her opinion as a disinterested observer.

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.











I've never seen trees like this.



You can tell by the sun.

SCOUT

WYATT LOWRY

SCOUT

WYATT LOWRY



Look out!



SCOUT

WYATT LOWRY

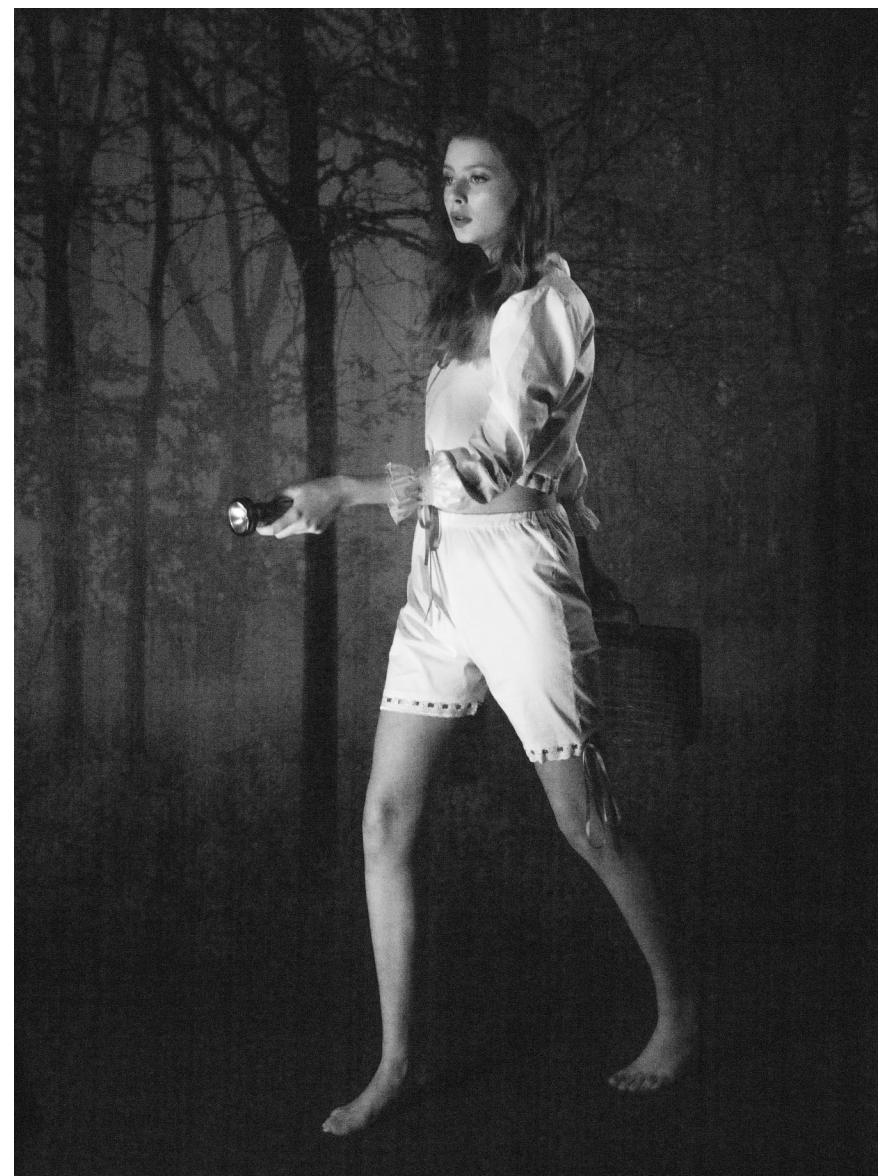
Where are the other beavers?





Freeze dirt bag!

Here I am, I found her!



Keep Looking.

I call top bunk.



Sleeping here forever.





EVERYTHING IN PILES

OLIVIA MAE SINCLAIR

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



Synopsiswrite your own
↓

An Ideal Sunday Afternoon:

Drink AT LEAST one eight ounce can of Redbull.

Give incredible oral sex for roughly forty minutes,
make sure to drool

A LOT.

Imagine your self worth is
completely defined by this one sexual act.

Name: OLIVIA MAE SINCLAIR
Weight: ONE HUNDRED FORTY POUNDS
Sex: LOTS
Color: PURPLE



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"

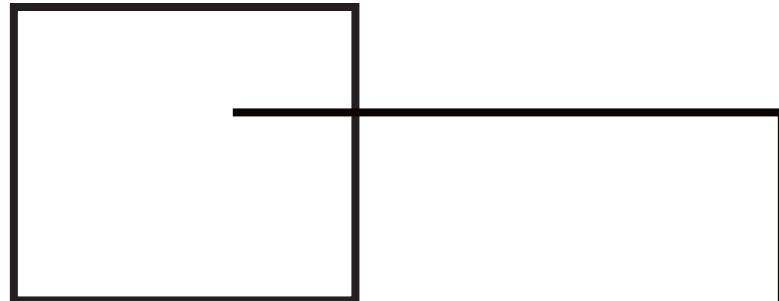
HE SAID "I KNOW, I AM GOOD AT SEX"

I ASKED "DO YOU THINK IM GOOD AT SEX"

HE SAID "YES, YOU ARE SEXY;
give me oral sex"

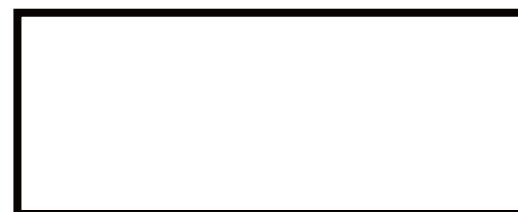
I said "Yes"

And sexed his cock with my mouth.



Romantic Fiction

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





mater

~

the deep
the valley
the cleft
the cave

hell
death
the cloak*
and
the grave

clout fish
trout dish

flesh womb
go to rot your skin in piss color
tri light\

the hate sign
trusts conor
to sign off his shift
to flip the switch
^**^~~*~

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
lthough 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 thas 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....,,,.





Covers Marc LeSage - Ryan Joseph Little

Printed by Pindot Press - Oakville, ON

sundaynightbombers.com

@sundaynightbombers

first edition of 50

