

# ELECTRIC LOVE

STEVEN GONTARZ

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My hands all over the curves of your body  
they slide up and down as  
I grab your neck;  
and finger you for the solo  
We thrash in a violent dance  
as my sweat drips all over you.  
We move up and down together  
as the stage beneath us  
pulsates;  
with every beat  
as the drummer bangs his head.

# GRAMPA BUD

JESICA BARTELL

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Your house was always dank with the smell  
Of cigarettes and cats but you had a chipper radio  
A California Raisin smiling like the sun  
It held a microphone in one hand  
The other pointed to the sky  
When your son and granddaughter would visit, I would try  
Hard not to take it  
That radio and all your treats  
Made every visit pleasant  
When the dank tobacco took root in your lungs and blossomed  
Black Death into your brain  
The California Raisin for me  
Your Dodge Ram for my Father  
Is what remained  
I held it close and from its speaker  
Spoke, the dank smell of smoke  
Still teeming from the tweeter  
Later it was packed, in your son's attic  
It never came back.  
I would cut the rust time earned  
When my key turned in that truck  
The diesel would combust,  
A good engine corroding like my memories of you  
So I sold the truck to someone who brought it new life  
I brought back the raisin in the form of a tattoo  
A bright little raisin, shining like the sun  
Singing and dancing like the radio had done  
Something I carry with me every day  
Since I cannot be carried with you,  
In your truck or in your arms, on my arm is your tattoo