

# THE THROWAWAY ACCOUNT

GETAWAY

## THE FOUR CHAMBERS OF MY HEART

Zodiac River

*The first chamber is wrapped in crimson satin and scattered with withered roses.*

*It smells like death and melancholy; the perfume of tragedy thickening the humid air. Footprints of the lost marked the cold, cold tiles and sometimes you can still hear the rushed steps. She lives here, the mistress. A beautiful lady, she is, yet the vilest you can know. When she bares her fangs and bites, my heart jolts and shouts in pain. How she smiles when my fingers sweat and my mind snaps, how soft her hand was when I struggle in fear, just like a rat in a laboratory. Scared, scared, I'm so scared of her. I'm so scared of living as long as she's there. I try to kill her all the time, so I scratch myself and pull my hair and cry, because I know she will dissolve in the current of my feelings—*

*also published on [pancakebirb.wordpress.com](http://pancakebirb.wordpress.com)*

*—but I suppose I can't go against the laws of immortality.*

## THE USES AND ABUSES OF MELANCHOLY

Cloud Parliament

1)

*twenty seven ghosts skewered themselves on my  
oldschool clockwork metronome  
one after the other like some kind of waving timeline*

*the ghosts are rinky tinky  
they're driving a car the weight of their combined bodies  
(the value depreciates as their bodies decompose)*

*nobody likes lumps and these ghosts are lumpy*

*one ghost's grafted itself onto smoke  
others are being mashed down to make baking powder  
a woman works her spoon on them*

*couple of ghosts turned themselves into things  
skid marks on a snowy road  
white hair on a nonchalant pudenda*

2)

*toasters are the defibrillators of bread*

*similarly,  
bringing people back to life  
tans them  
the way Summer tans Autumn*

*trees are yawns spun on the tops of poles  
ghosts shot through  
with the dye used to print vegetables*

*everything's very comfortable with a shovel  
a blow you can deposit anywhere  
bombast baited with stars*

*a week after she died  
her soul was still queueing for the postmortem submarine  
its conning tower visible mid-river  
like a stapler grappled by grey gloves*

## LAST DAY

Erica Plouffe Lazure

*"Last, day," we say. Our hair whips in ribbons as the last  
cast of sun spans our faces, descending into the ocean,  
into the approaching night. We'd spent the week  
underwater, armed with fins and goggles, imprinting into  
our brains as we swam patterns of elk horn and sea fan,  
tiny fluorescent polyps and docile, Technicolor fish. At  
night we returned to blue, dreaming from inside oceans.  
One morning we catch sight of a spotted skate—"an eagle  
ray," we insist—and in the afternoon, a sea turtle. We  
get lost in walls of shimmering fish, thousands of them  
like tiny blue lights, hovering in and around us. We avoid  
the black-spiked urchins resembling cartoon landmines and  
scour reef and rock alike in search of sly octopus. "They  
have no bones," you say, in an attempt to explain their  
absence. "We just have to know how to look."*

*And today—tonight—is our last day, night. And so we  
stand on the shoreline and hold hands and ask the day to  
stay—to last—so we can search for the octopus, the  
seahorse, the undiscovered fish, another turtle, keeping at  
bay the thrilling terror of shark, keeping our minds  
forever imprinted with the patterns of this liquid  
underworld, to experience the miracle of silence and  
presence, of quest and discovery, one deep breath at a  
time.*

**FLOWERING TEA**

*Jenn Gracey*

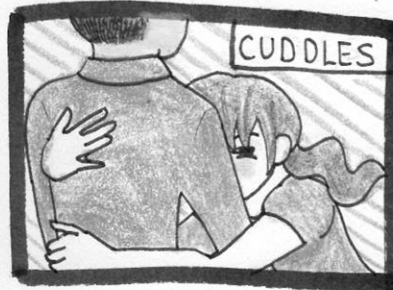
*The second chamber never looks the same.*

*Sometimes it's festive—with colorful balloons (with white lies inside instead of helium), ribbons and clouds that taste like bubblegum cotton candy. Though sometimes it could be a miserable place; the atmosphere excessively containing distraught that makes me want to burst in tears or explode in wrath. The transition can flicker in seconds, and it's really confusing, often I think I'd lose my mind. Either way, a boy resides. When the place is dreamy, sweet and seductive is he. He offers me*

*I bring dead flowers from trees  
A gift of what was & what be  
She asks if I am thirsty  
Let us make flowering tea.  
I watch water become pretty  
Colors of her grim reality  
I take a glass of rainbow sea  
And sip her flowering tea  
I taste flavors of bitter glee  
Strong traces of sensuality  
I force it down & agree  
She has the best flowering tea  
She yells 'fuck the patriarchy'  
And sips her flowering tea  
She sings sweet melodies  
I think them all for me  
As I write sad poetry  
Of how life should be  
She spews truth to me  
Wishing my words free  
She screams 'kill the binary'  
And drinks her flowing tea  
Sister, oh sister, cant I see?  
What love has done to thee?  
Her hopes shattered, they flee  
Right into my arms you see,  
Life isn't what its meant to be  
We both sing 'thats the tea.'*



# STUFF THAT MAKES ME HAPPY ♡



j.e.m. hast

## THERE IS MEIGAS IN THESE WOODS

Alma Vignal

*There is meigas in these woods, these wetlands of simmering mud, where illness prevails and an ogre hero's hand guards your breath. He'll keep his half and gift you yours. You didn't knock, came by train rushing through the gates, and you're no Celt.*

*From the ring of mud, pines along the rim, creatures like independent minions, flowers on the field—the belly of this land—stick up. A micro universe of small suns and a stiff leg, a battered knee, the most warrior of my limbs.*

*and we dance to lovely music. When it's not, however, he is a demon. I'm but a puppet, and he is the puppeteer, controlling my moods and driving me into madness. We could be in the middle of a joyful conversation, then, as if there were a switch, he would turn into the devil. I simply don't understand—things go wrong so quickly, even though it was so right just a moment ago! I don't trust him. I don't trust him at all. Oh, I can't even trust my emotions.*

*The third chamber is dark.*

*It's dark and silent, to the point it is possible to hear white noises and see flashes of shadows. I thought, at first, that they weren't there. But they were. This is the most abstract room: it has nothing in it yet it still makes me feel great distress and sadness. I'm too disinterested in living; I'd just let this total darkness to cover me like a blanket. But, dear Lord, the more it wraps me, the colder it gets.*

*The person—*

*LOW*

*Don Leach*

*They know. They know I'm a fraud. They know I don't fit in. They know I'm not normal. They know I don't care about designer clothes or who's dating who.*

*If I so much as have one hair out of place or say the wrong word at the wrong time they'll laugh at me and tell everyone else so that they can laugh at me too.*

*I'm way too skinny, all elbows and knees. I've got braces and freckles and always have to wear glasses with huge lenses. You know the kind, the nerdiest of the nerd glasses. I'm ugly, no, I'm hideous. My sisters find no shame in telling me so.*

*Why would anyone ever like me? Why would anyone ever care? I'll never find a girl to look past what is in front of her and really see what I could become with a little patience and understanding.*

*I'll always be alone so I have to suck it up, keep my mouth shut, my eyes down, my headphones on and my music turned up as high as it will go. Those are my only defenses, lord knows I can't fight to save my life.*

*My mantra is don't ever hope. Stay in my assigned lane. Stay in my place. That's just the way it is for me. This is my life.*

—or creature—

**SEA BURIAL**

Cloud Parliament



**GRIEF HAS MANY HYBRIDS**



—that lives here is invisible, and I don't bother to find out what they look like. They are here, on my back, like I'm giving them a piggy back ride, and their coal-rough hand shoves my head down to a bucket of water; and there I was given a vision of the good things I'm unable to experience due to *this*—and it's so hard to breathe, not because of the lack of oxygen but because of my attempts choking back tears. (I can hear them snicker in pride.)

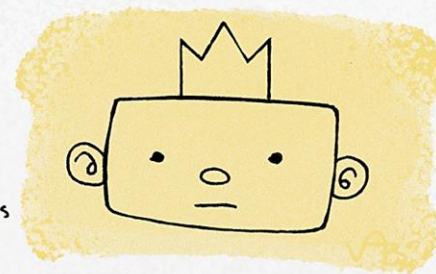
The fourth chamber is just a dirty warehouse, the tiniest fragments of myself placed nicely in the corners.

## CROWN

Julie A. Burrall

Today the head feels like a heffalafftaph  
tomorrow it might be more razzamashpash  
the brain could be Molly, Lee Ann, or Dave Brown  
where thinking could build up or knock off one's crown.  
a crown that is frelly or jelly or none  
contents which spill out or stack one on one  
two on two  
three on three  
four on four  
or four score

surely this head as it is  
is worth more?



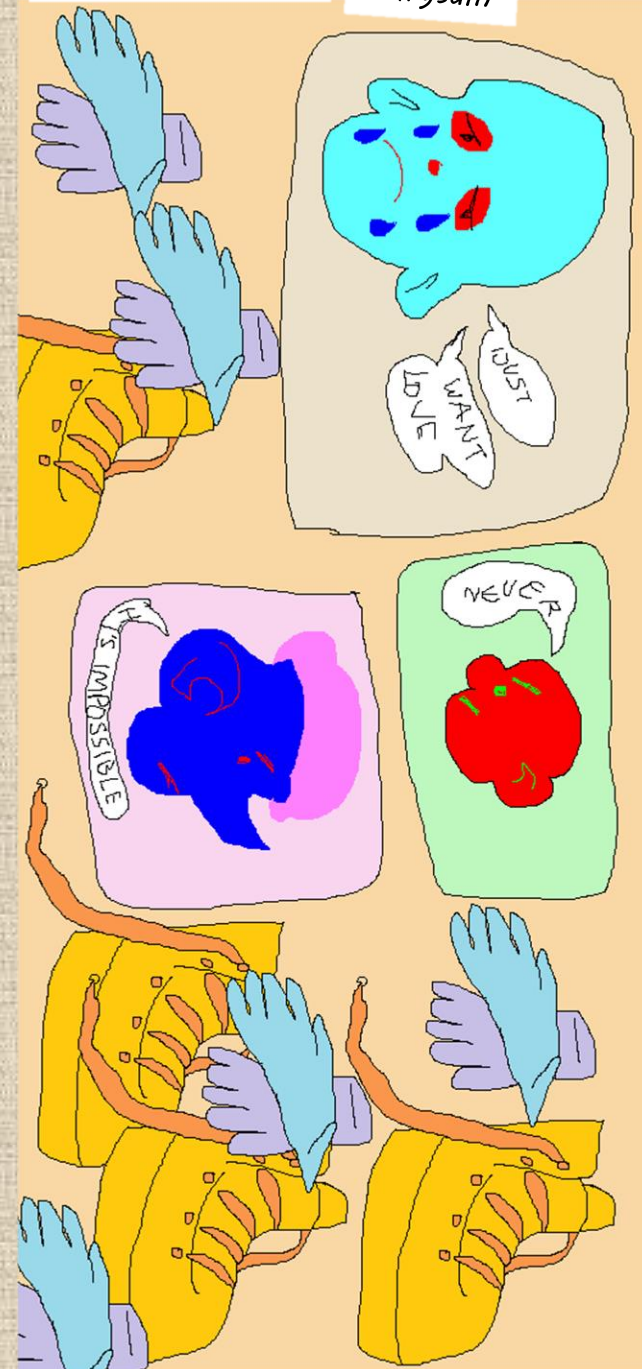
## A BIRD THAT WILL NEVER BE TAMED

Linda M. Crate

if i could get away, if i could escape; i think i would go to wales disappear forever in the green forests without a worry or a care—always i have pictured myself running barefoot and in the woods and in the wilds of my heart without a burden upon my shoulders for i long for the laughter of golden sunlight and silver moons, conversations with the crows and the ravens; the song of lilting laughter that comes in mighty creeks and rivers and i swoon for the ocean psalm—there are so many trees i need to hug and know and love, and there are so few people who understand me; in the forests i lose all my tethers and snares and become the wild bird i always was meant to be—because i have more than soft feathers i have a fierce talons and beak who will break open the bones of all those who seek to claim my dreams from me as their own because i will not be owned or tamed by anyone.

CRY BABY CRY

dairysam





*This is where I live.*

# BIO • TWITTER • FACEBOOK • INSTA • SITE

*Alma Vignal: Born in Spain, raised in America and now settled in London. "I am a young writer and student of philosophy. I write short autobiographical poetic prose."*

*Cloud Parliament: Cartoonist, graphic novelist, neurodiverse vegan, sound artist, amateur botanist. Lives with one elderly crow, seven rescued pigeons, two rescued bantam cockerels and one imperious hen.*

*dairysam ([dairy.sam](#)): "I'm Sam, and I love making zines, films, ceramics and much more!"*

*Don Leach ([notmovingpictures](#)), just a guy trying to write some songs and stories and meet some interesting people. Soldier, office worker, husband, father, son, brother, uncle, old guy.*

*Erica Plouffe Lazure ([erica v plouffe](#)) is the author of a flash fiction chapbook, *Heard Around Town*. She lives and teaches English in Exeter, NH, USA and loves to snorkel.*

*J.E.M. Hast ([jemhast.com](#)): "I'm a Melbourne-based artist, author and editor. Well, I'm trying to be, anyway. I also like to sew and read lots of books."*

*Jenn Gracey ([JennGracey](#)) is a visual artist, illustrator and poet from San Antonio, Texas. Her works describe emotions and thoughts she can't speak about out loud.*

*Julie A. Burrall ([jaburrall.art](#)): "Mainly an animator and illustrator, I like making art and poetry about the weird and the whimsical, while using a lot of different mediums."*

*Linda M. Crate's ([Linda M. Crate](#)) works have been published in numerous magazines and anthologies both online and in print, and she is the author of *Phoenix Tears*.*

*Zodiac River ([icryoverships](#)): "I am somebody who writes; weaving words into tapestries and baking them into rolls. I am a street poet, a curious historian, a spectral human."*

*Liz Texx ([bigbutchcub](#)), Minnesotan zinester, editor of *The Throwaway Account*. He also edited singleton *WRACE* and was a guest reader for digital trans lit mag *Name and None*.*