



Telling My Father

James Crews

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Woefully unfair. Dedicated to a deceased father, this collection is so powerful and precious, it's heartbreaking to realize how meaningful it would have been for the old man, if he had the chance to read it. Oh, James Crews, your dad is proud of you. Count on it. Crews work has appeared in *Crab Orchard Review*, *The (London) Times Literary Supplement*, *Ploughshares*, *The New Republic*, and other journals. The author of one other collection, *The Book of What*, he lives in Vermont.

First Kiss

*Imagine that first accidental
brushing of mouths between
two men in a fire-lit cave,
how they pulled away and vowed
it would never happen again,
though the pleasure receptors
embedded in their lips said
differently. And when they met
once more, this time on a trail
in the woods, they couldn't resist:
they brought their mouths
together, kissing over and over—
one man having freshened
his breath with mint, the other
having rubbed beeswax
across his lips to make them
even sweeter.*

MATT SUTHERLAND (January/February 2018)

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