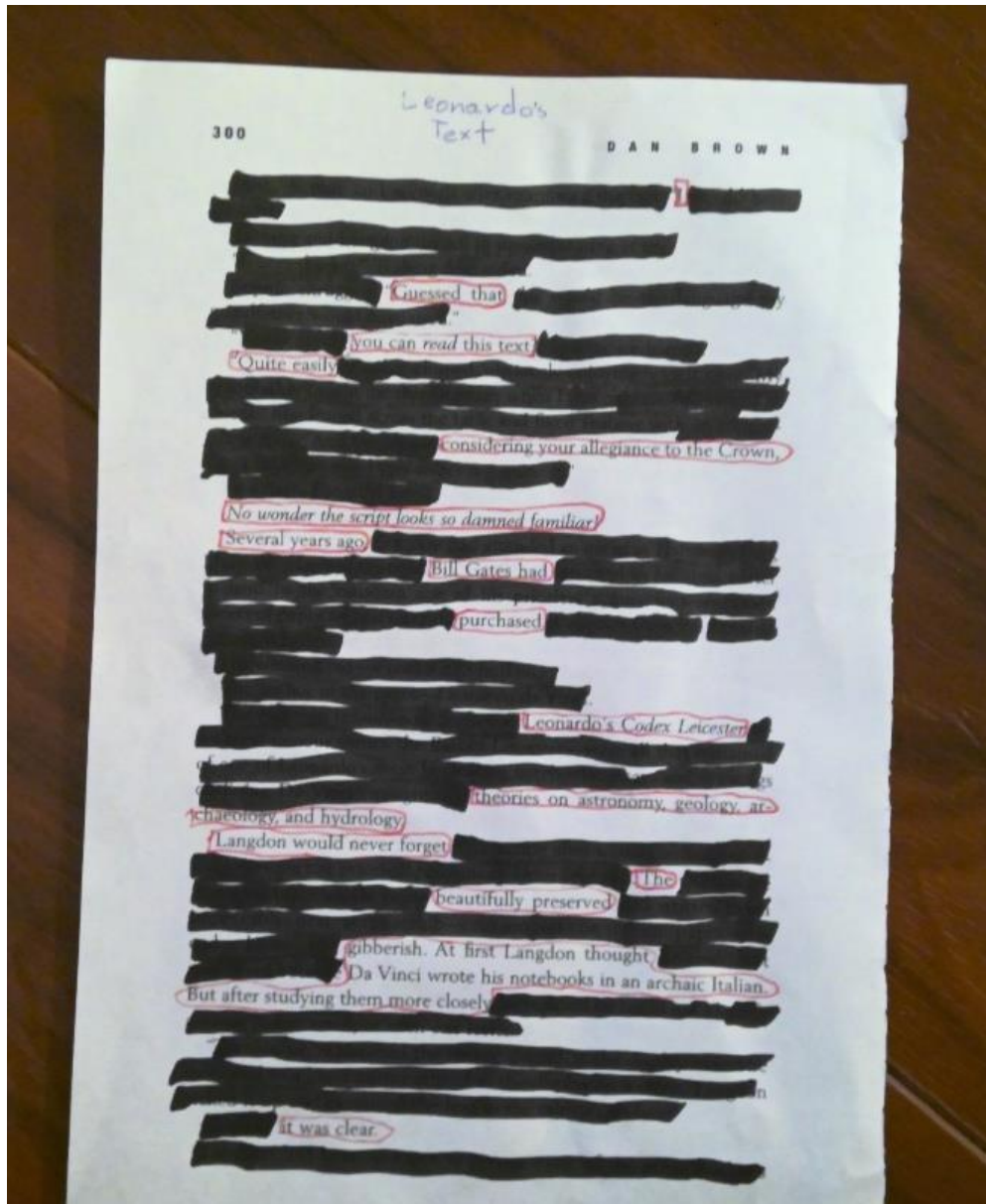
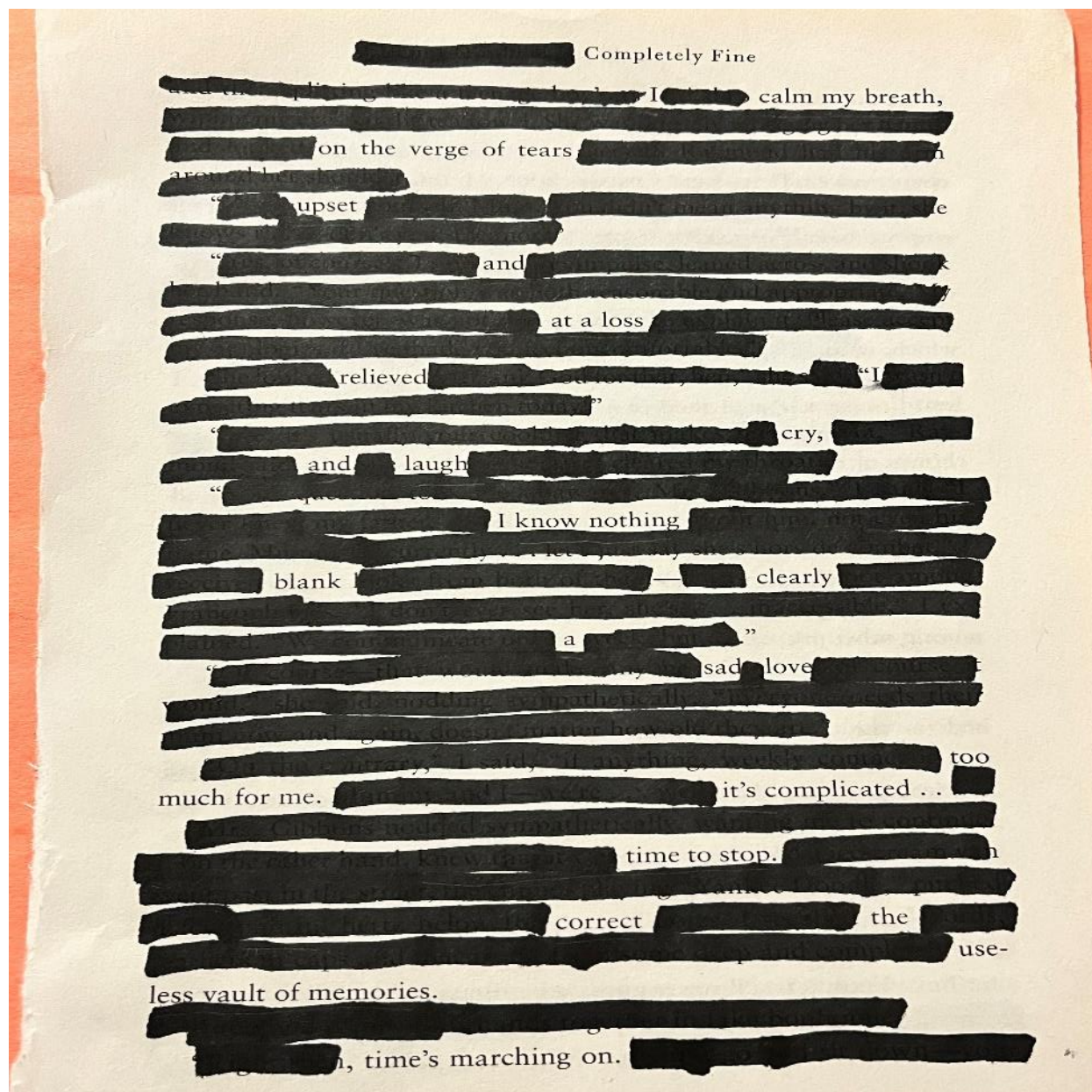


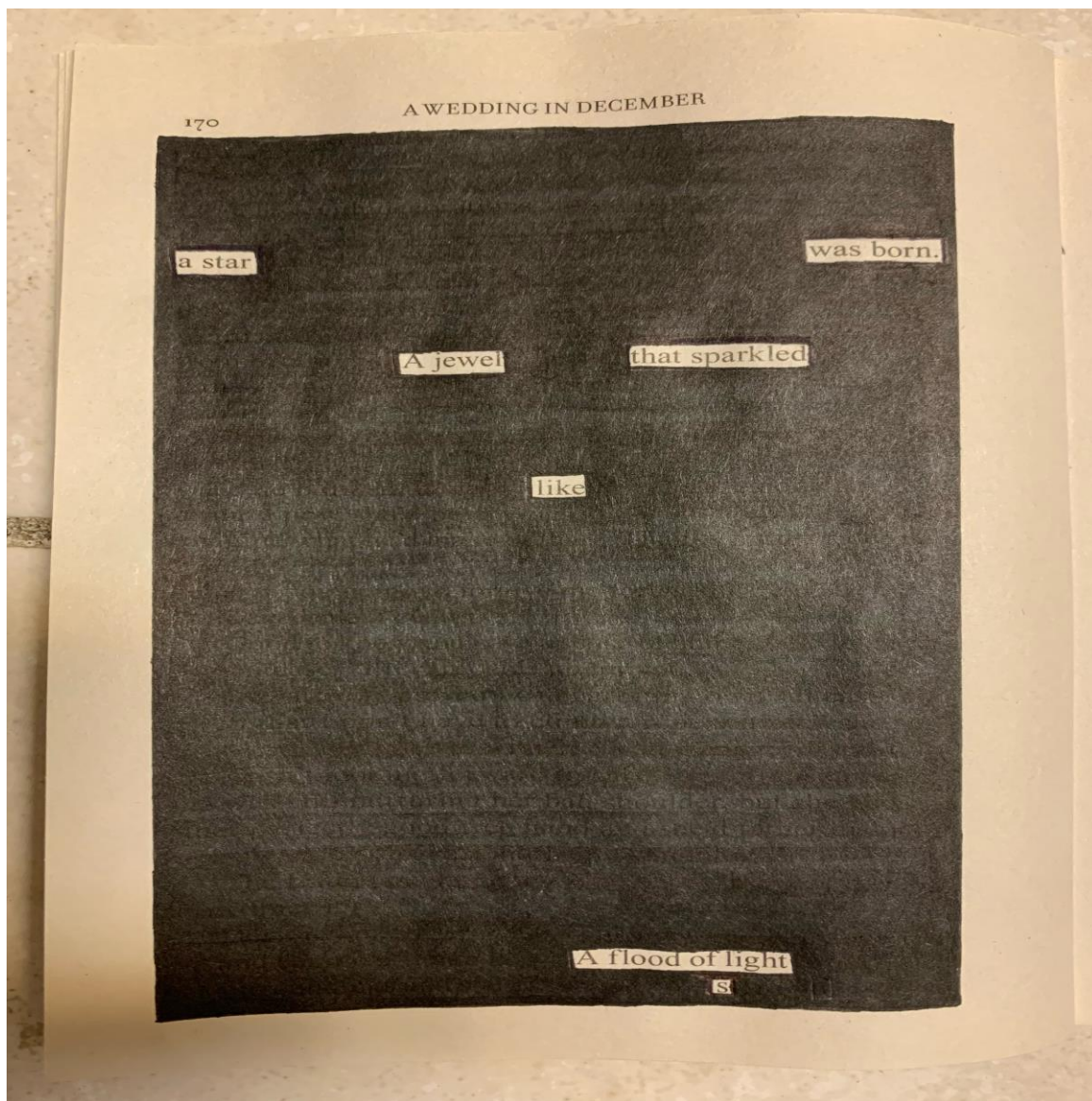
Blackout Poetry Casual Entries



#1: 'Leonardo's Text' by Kaydon



#2: 'Completely Fine', by Tiffany



#3: 'Starscape' by Sarah

"I know I did some horrible things," [redacted] said. "I was a terrible person." [redacted] continued, "I found out today that I'd done [redacted] worse [redacted] things. The memory's painful."

[redacted]

I'd expected her to ask, "What happened?" or even "What did you do?" But [REDACTED]. She simply swirled her glass. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] "We've all done things we aren't proud of. [REDACTED] all that matters is who we are now."

"I was for most of it, but . . ."

"What?"

"I gouged out [redacted] eyes."
[redacted] quiet for a time, then, [redacted] simply, "Oh."
"God knows what else I would have done, [redacted] married to know
[redacted] and when I woke up from that, [redacted] back to my old O
[redacted] but controllable, memories [redacted] trowel over [redacted] missing
time."

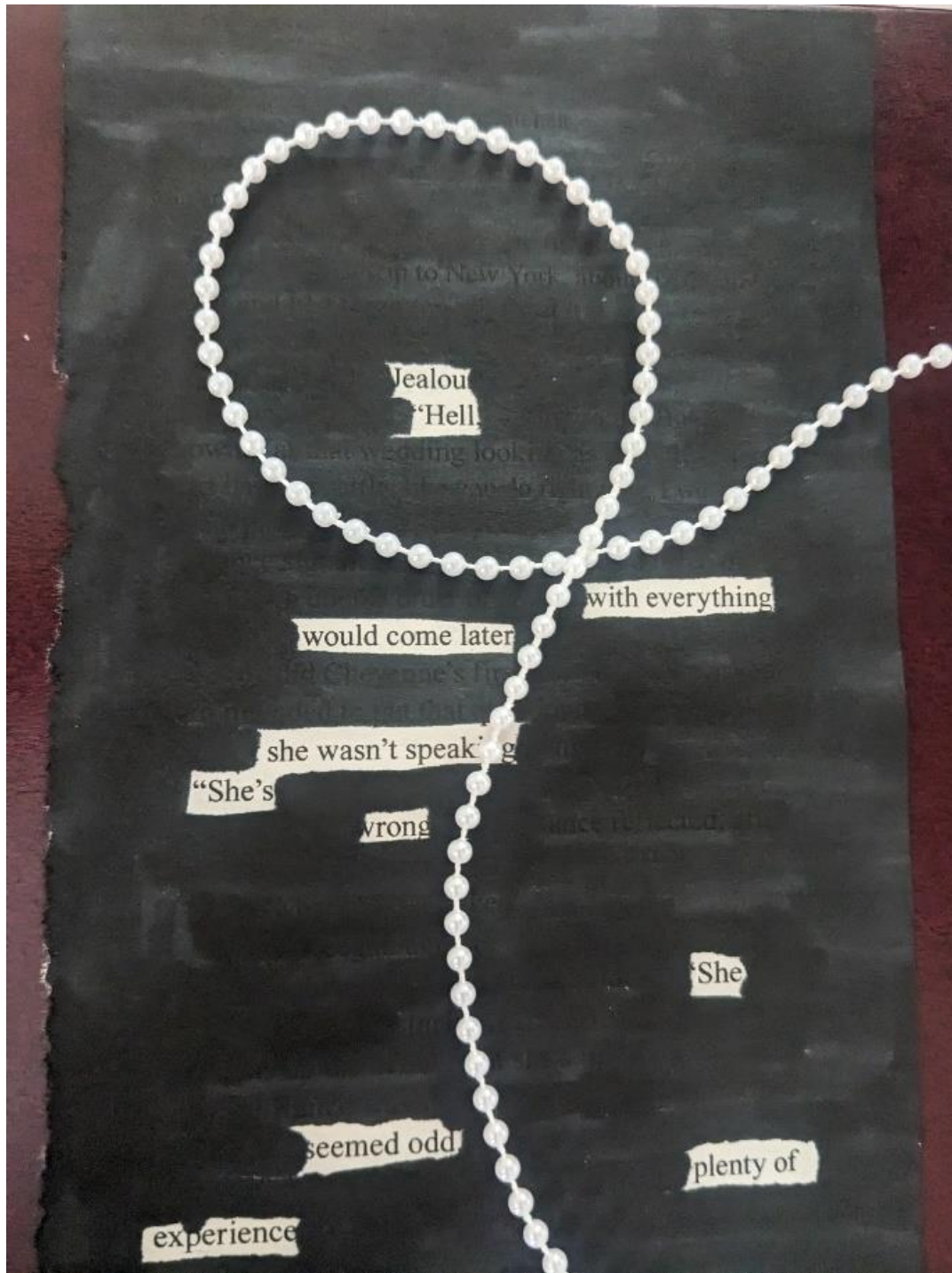
"So you wait, you're saying you were knocked down into a cold
 hard prison?" She sounded excited, as if this all confirmed something
 for her. "Once—what, New Year's Eve 2000, right? Then twice more
 at the end of the 2001. [REDACTED] you changed your [REDACTED] state each time
 you rebooted."

"I guess, yes."

"Coma, coma, coma, chameleon," [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] was clearly having an effect on her.

"For days on weeks," she told [REDACTED] "I was with a doctor that I like to see. He was a doctor, and he was with the ball, and he



#5: 'Jealous Hell', by Anne

(37)

HE WAS IN SHOCK. HE SEEMED
trying to cope. He was trying to comprehend
some kind of destruction of Jews.
Ava couldn't turn her head away from the potentially mass
grave. It was just unearthed.

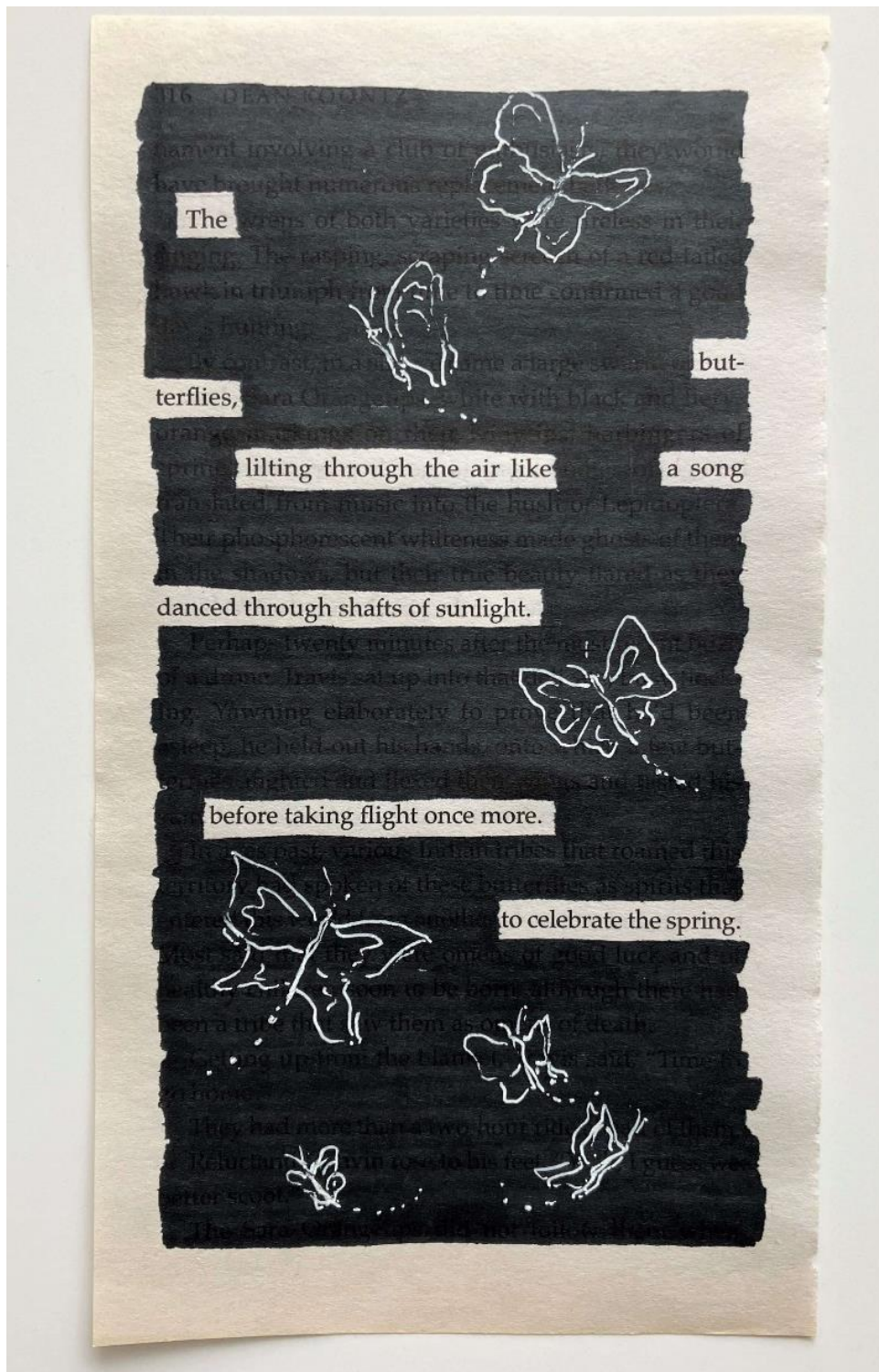
They talked over each other at first, but they gradually
slowed down and began to listen to what the other had
to say. As they did, the realities began to merge, and they
found themselves confronting a potential disaster beyond
comprehension.

"Are you sure that hand and that finger belong to
Jews?" she asked.

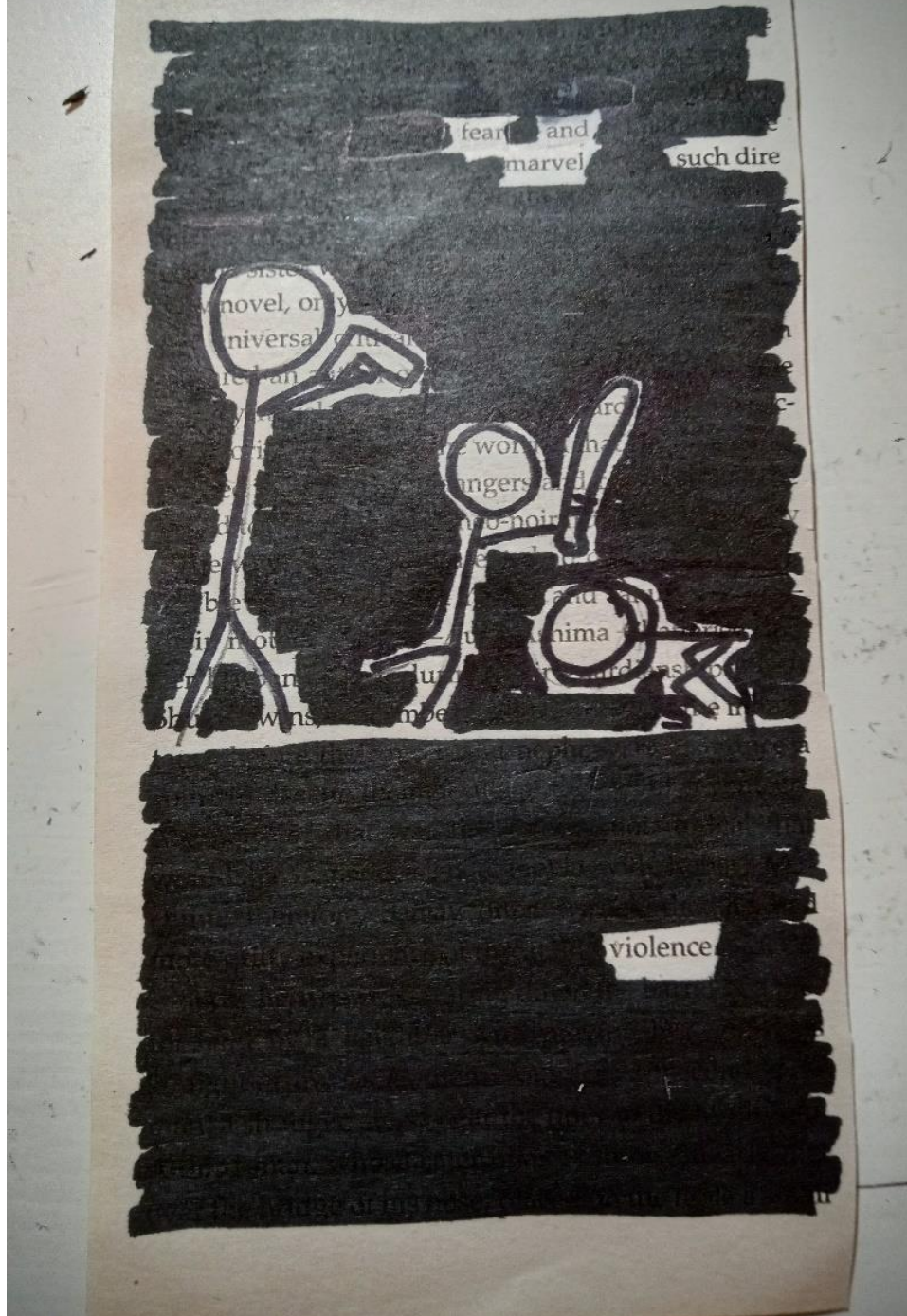
"Who else could it be? And if there are two of them dead
in that pit, then there are going to be more," she said. "That
wasn't a Jew's hand, was it?"

"We have to stop digging. We're not equipped to do this.
They will have to be brought in." He said almost

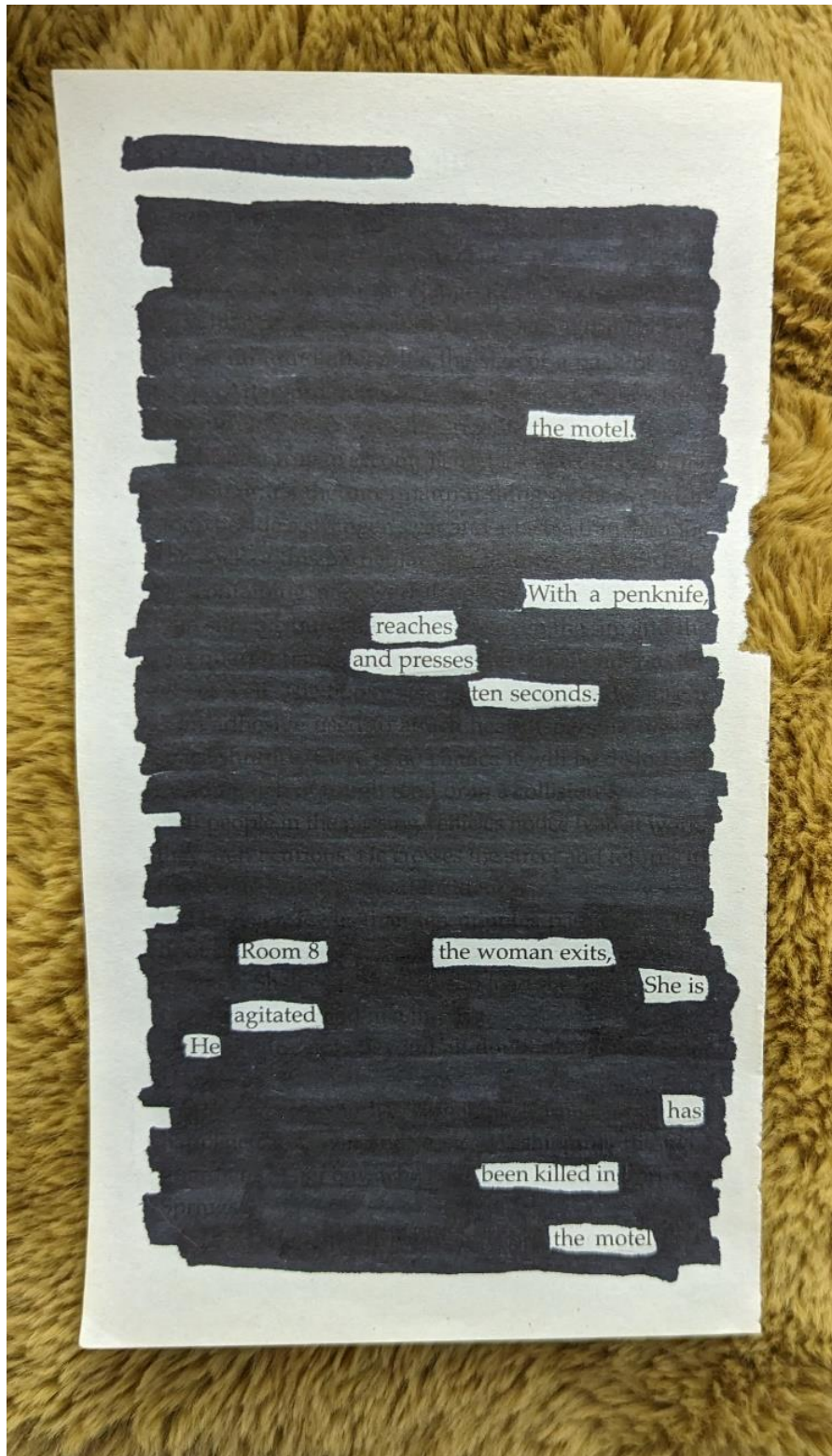
#6: 'Reality Digging' by Brittany



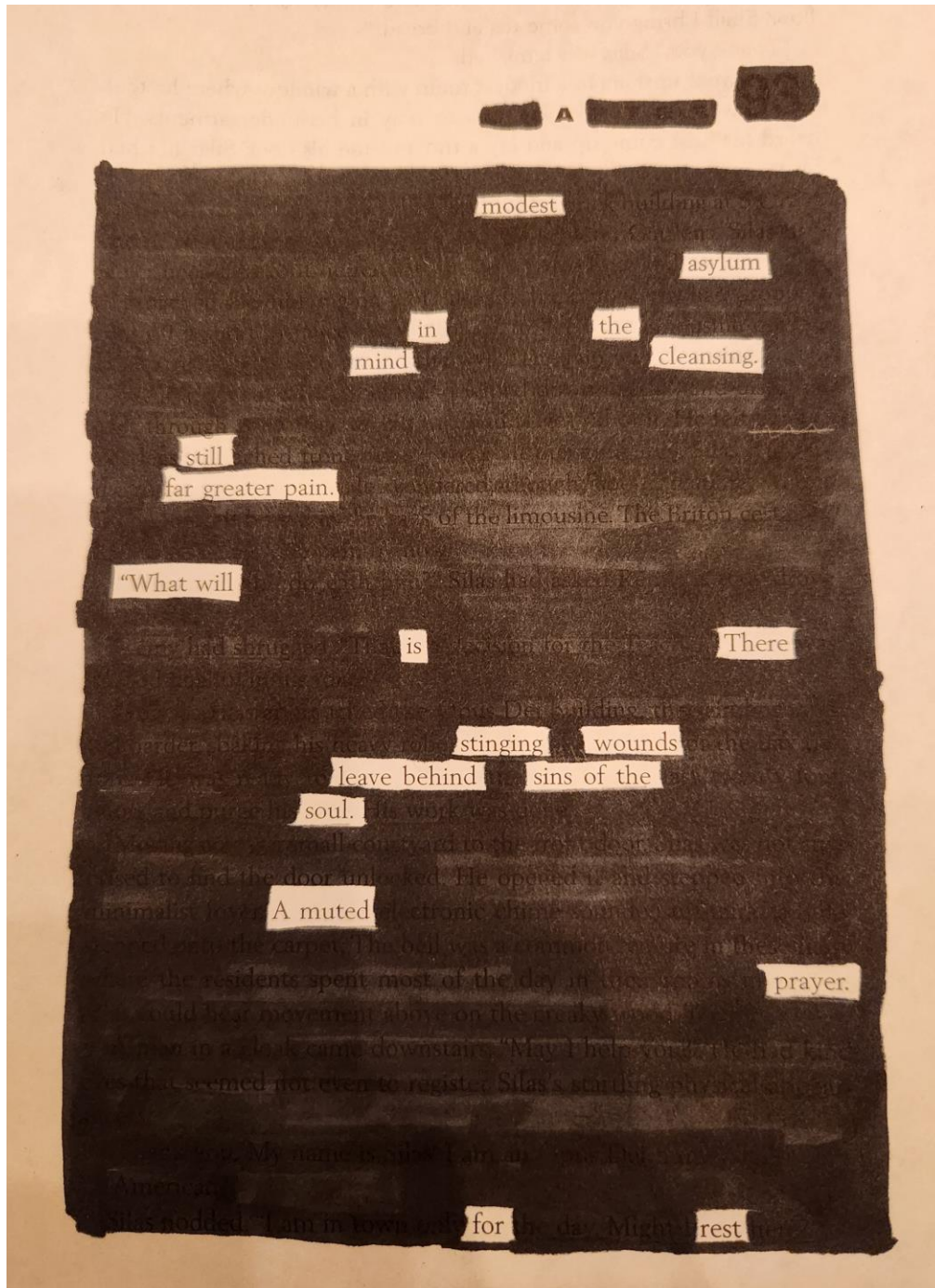
#7: 'Spring Flight' by Dilys



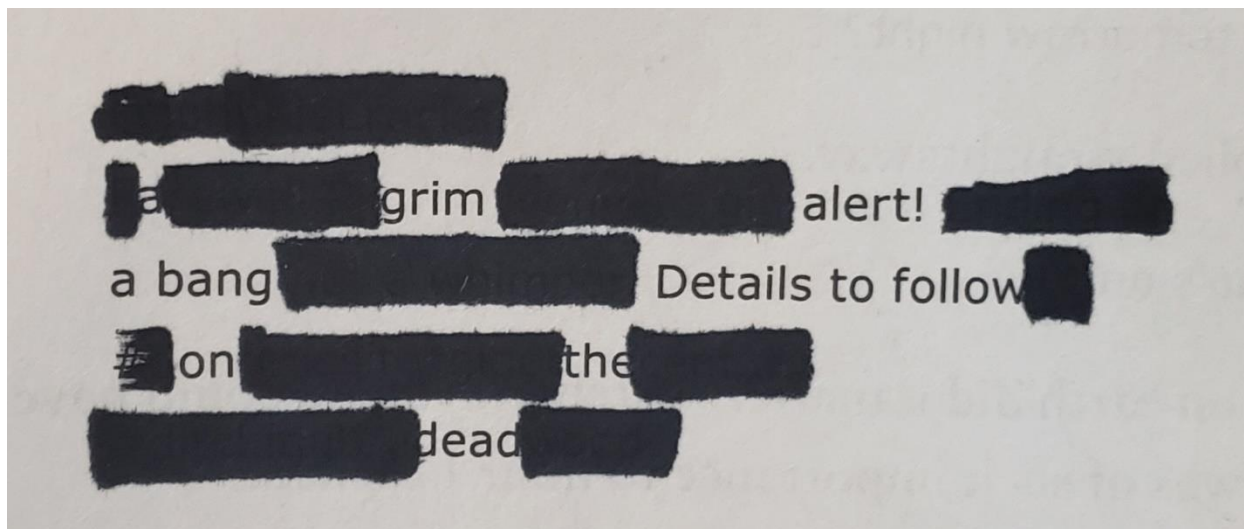
#8: 'Bang' by Renee



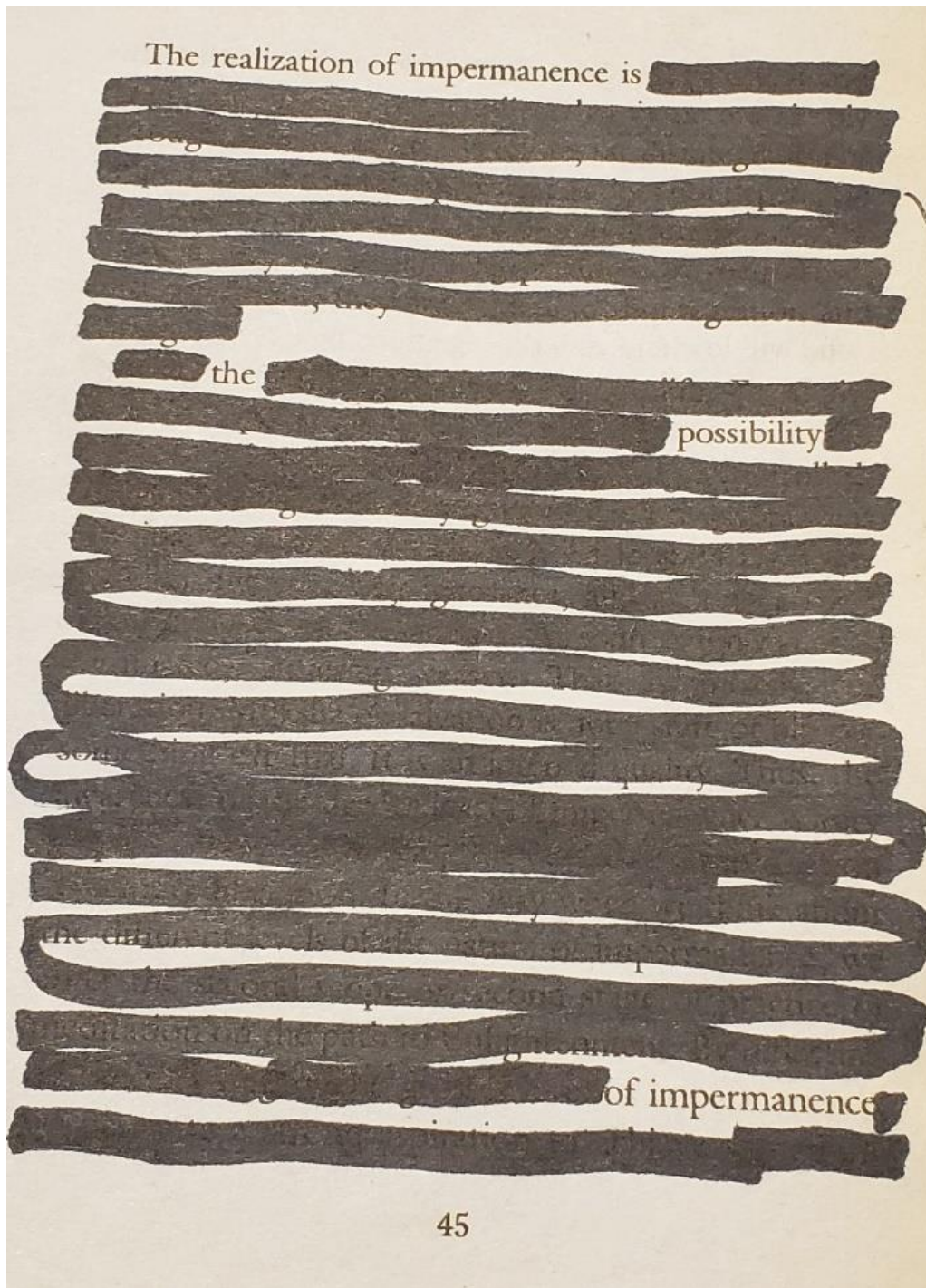
#9: 'The Motel', by Valerie



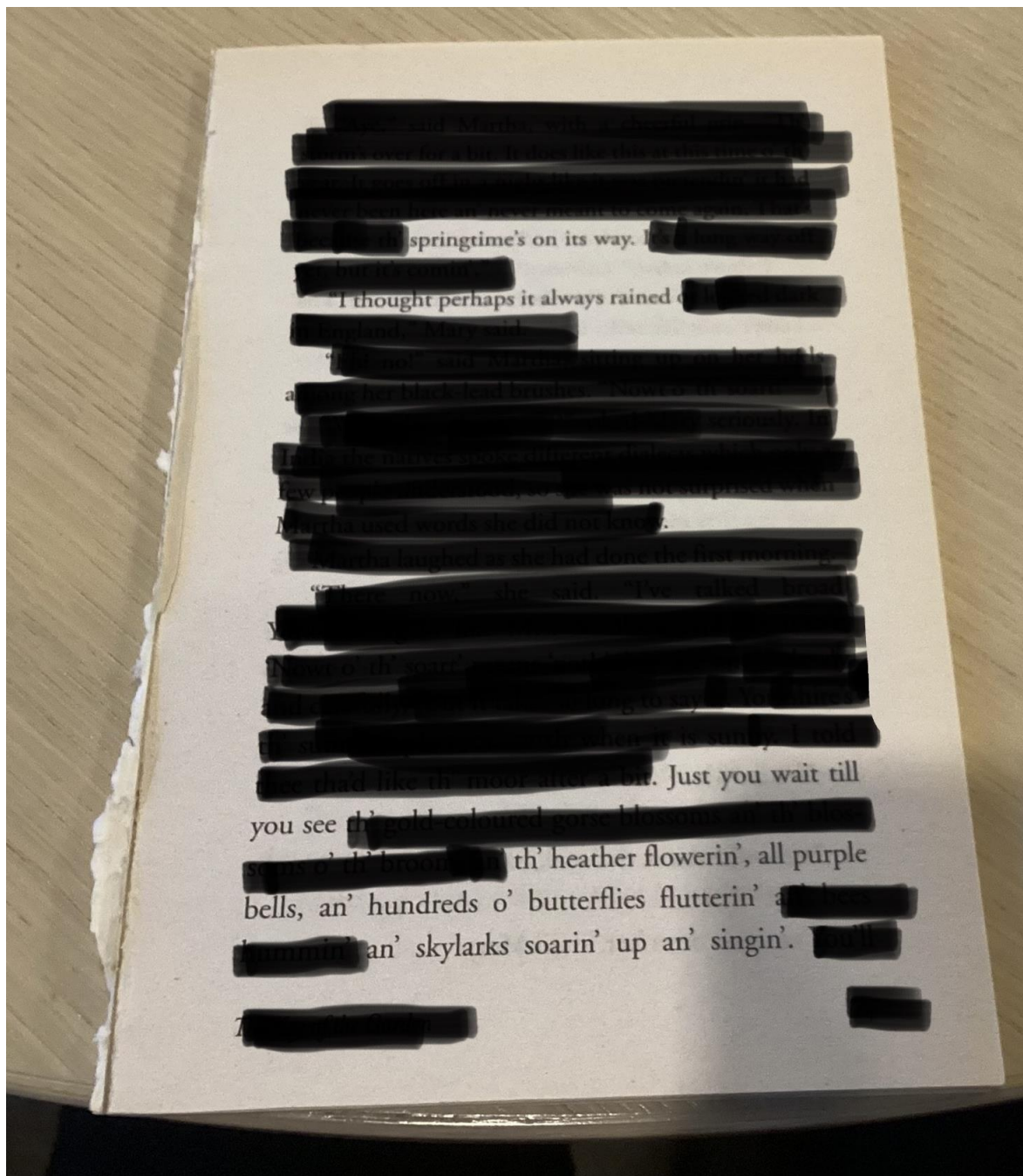
#10: 'Sleep', by Jenny Y



#11: Title Unknown-A Grim Alert! by Nadia B, Casual



#12 "Title Unknown-The Realization of Impermanence", by Noah



#13: "Spring", by Macie