



A Note from the editors

Pulp Mill Fiction follows a long history of student-led anthologies, to which I am humbled to be a part of. Being the third volume of this book that I have had the honour of co-editing, I look back and reminisce about my early days writing, often thinking that it was silly and cringy and insignificant. While I can't deny that my poems remain silly (and probably cringy, too), the idea of significance has transformed over the past three years. I'm not saying that every poem I've written answers the meaning of life, or that they are politically groundbreaking, or that they are emotionally intelligent—they are not significant in that way, nor do I ever need them to be. Rather, poetry's significance lies within the community it builds. The act of *creating* is only half the fun. It is the *sharing* that truly brings me joy. That this anthology has been a site of building an artistic community has been and always will be one of the most beautiful and generative experiences of my writing journey. This is the largest anthology yet and I am thrilled. Happy reading <3

Love,

Raegan Cote [pulptownfairy]

As I sit down to write this forward, I am overwhelmed with a feeling of pride. I am so lucky to have been a part of such a wonderful community of writers, artists, and students. I hope that this anthology can act as a window into our lives, experiences, and feelings. At the end of the day, I am very proud of what we've accomplished this year. Not only have we had two (2!!!) successful poetry readings at the Moose, but we've received a record-breaking number of submissions to this year's anthology! Many of our writers published here have never submitted anything before, and I'm so thrilled to be a part of their beginning! I know you'll love reading their work as much as I did.

Love,

Andie Howell [ceruleanclutter]



Excerpt from PMF Vol. 3: Tyree Corfe

There is a moment, however, when I behold you, the way you look away tells me I shouldn't have done that.

saddle leather chafes my crotch
rubs holes in my jeans
 in inconvenient places
packing cowboy heat

a six-inch revolver
safety's off *unholster*
feel cool steel stiff in your hand

rolled cigarette, looney toons style
sits tighter than a waistband in your lips

I lick the tobacco leaves from your chin

gun powdered the sheets: your seat, my face
voices echo, and the jew's harp quivers shaking legs

quick draw drawers shutter down ankles
you shoot a glazed glance, intrinsically,
it means nothing

implicitly, there is nothing
within the lily-laundered basin
that hasn't torn into me

Now Some Poems About Cowboys

muscles dry grind
dusty ligatures
stroke your name
against my own

I cough up a tumbleweed
each branch scraping upwards
leaving me
cottonmouthed, rattled

the diamonds across your back
are crusted over
cracked leather bleeds
like a dirty scab