

## Yellow Poem

By Corey Howard

You and I are best  
Together in a room.

Alone in a room with our wanting.  
Shut tight in that room with no waiting.

With you I pick your polyps, all six.

You and I are best  
Naked, dead weight  
In a yellow room  
Under a yellow  
blanket.

In a room yellow I'm led blind  
Through a clutter by your kiss.

Yours is a clutter in a yellow room  
And I am entranced by you best.

For you I am best  
Together in a room.

## Waiting

By Corey Howard

Settling the wind, a rain above the home  
The pit bull whispering  
His whimper, his urges, his decays  
The house creaking over a shallowness  
Of black snow outside footprints  
How now was not then and now was not  
When we speak there's little there

**Corey Howard bio:** Corey Howard is a writer going insane paying the bill of a recent college graduate in Boston, Ma. He is a cook, an editor, a TA, a guitarist, a drinker, and importantly a poet (nicknamed Poet Howard for those who know him best). In the time he does have, he hosts an open mic style reading once a month in the living room of his house in Brighton, dubbed The Mammouth Readings. His poems have been published in Crack the Spine Magazine, Venture Magazine, and the 2014 Greater Boston Intercollegiate Poetry Festival Chap Book. He is trying not to act his age of 22.