

there was a green

the once
green

splotch of
paint has
turned

blue.

it's as
blue as
my

balls.

—joshua e. elchert

The editorial board decided that the above poem was best understood within the context of Elchert's poem "there is a green," which was previously published in the 2007 edition of The Cornfield Review. We reprint it here:

there is a green
splotch of paint

on the white
ceiling

above my bed.

that i just now
noticed.

i was

lying on my back
being fucked.