



Pandora's TV by John Elkerr
3.5" x 4.5"
Media ink and collage on paper

EMILY'S ROOM

my heart is a slaughterhouse –
a fever-walled room encysted
with parapets and crazed
monkeys leap and poop down
bearded vines. in crowd the
curl-tailed conventions to
Mantovani candlelight strings.
the turnstile cranks *Step right
in*, say the soft electric
clampers. pump the charge and
light the spasms that founder
the beast. foot the loop and up
swings the jugular spout, the
smiling murder I call a line.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry