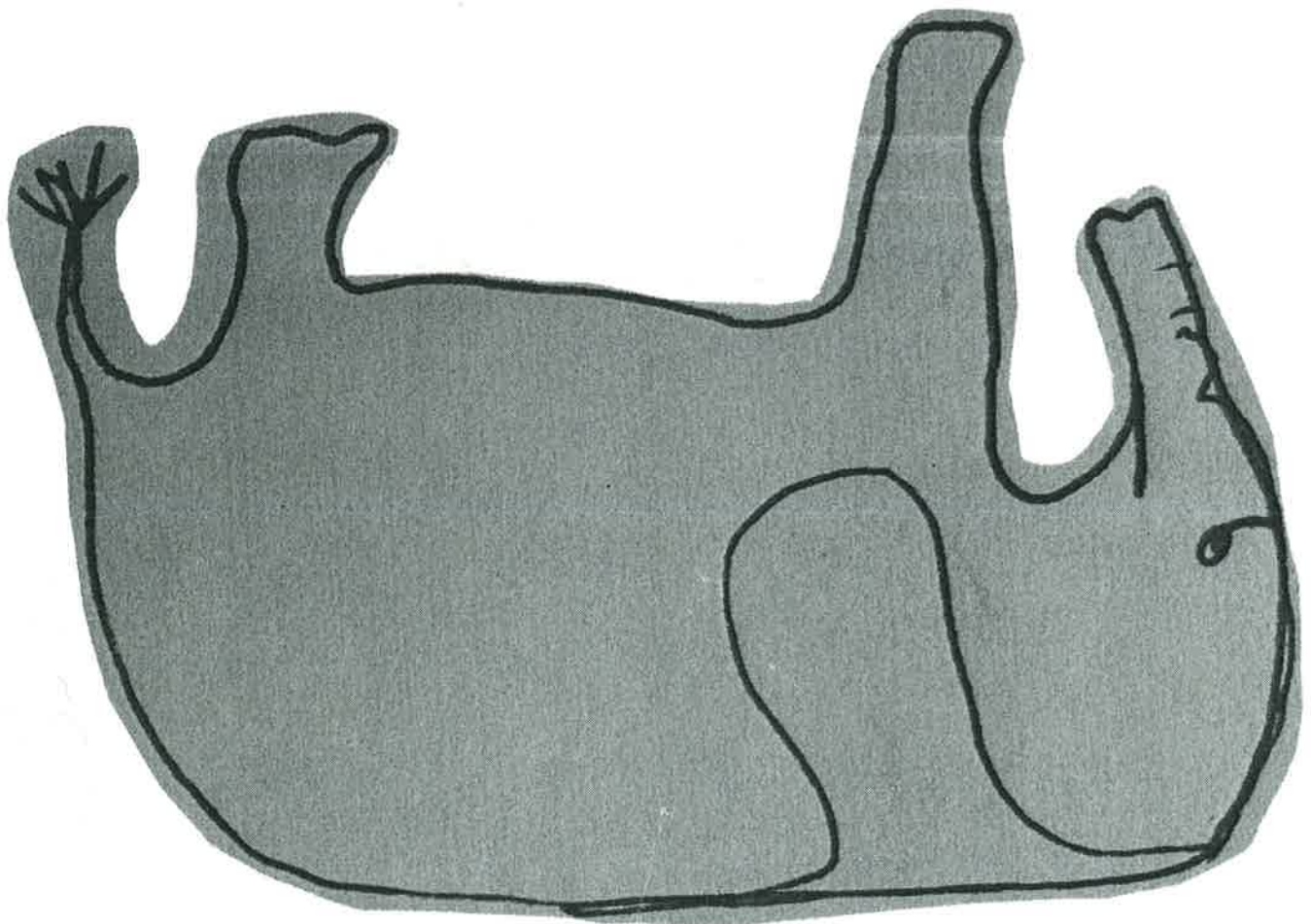


WALKWRITE UP  
presents

the I  ve issue



## A Step by Step Guide to Cuddling

### Step one

Decide if this is cuddling that will lead to sleep or cuddling that will lead to sex.

Make absolutely sure  
you are both on the same page  
regarding this issue

### Step two

For the purpose of this poem assume  
it is cuddling that will lead to sleep.

Lay with your stomach  
against her back,  
stroke her hair and  
wrap your arm around her.  
People call this spooning.  
You call it  
becoming whole.

### Step three

Place your other arm under her head.  
When this gets uncomfortable, place it  
under your head.  
When this gets uncomfortable,  
place it under the pillow.

### Step four

Realize that no matter  
where  
you put this arm,  
you are going to wake up with a cramp.

### Step five

Do not get an erection.

### Step six

Check to see if she's already asleep.  
If she is, wake her up.  
Yes, it's three in the morning  
but now is the perfect time to talk about  
your thoughts on the book you finished reading today  
or why the electoral college is obsolete  
or your favorite April fools prank.

### Step seven

Remember she's good at going  
"mhm"  
in her sleep.

### Step eight

Stare at the wall.  
Think about  
everything you have to do tomorrow.  
Think about everything you didn't do today.  
Think about everything you  
did do today,  
but poorly.  
Think about  
what superpower you would want  
if you were given the choice

### Step nine

Settle on teleportation

### Step ten

Start to drift off.  
Notice  
how cute she is when she rubs her eyes in her sleep.  
Place the top of your feet  
against the bottom of hers and  
press yourself to her  
as close as possible  
Let her steady breathing rock you to sleep.

### Step eleven

Do not get an erection.

# CREDITS

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“you are what you read”

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“loves saying the word mock-up”

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“grateful for nepotism”

**Contributor...** *Halima Rae Scott*

“life is for enjoyment”

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Audrey,

You know the stupid comics I drew on those Chipotle napkins? I want to force our friends to look at them. Would it be absolutely too pretentious of us to make a "zine"? (Zine is short for magazine.) Would your mum be willing to send us a poem for it?

See ya tonight,  
Phil

P.S. Can you get me a brownie on your way home from work?

## **The Difference Between Choosing Not to Think of You, and Not Thinking of You**

You were the third woman I had used the word "love" with, and I was your 12<sup>th</sup> boyfriend. There was nothing left to learn. We started giving relationship advice to our friends and both thought autumn was the prettiest time for a wedding.

After the break up, I did not go to the barber for four months. I stopped shaving and trimming my nose hairs. The number of cigarettes I smoked in a day fluctuated drastically, depending on which one of us I hated more. You worked hard at being a photographer and starting making friends with people much cooler than I. I took a job in a warehouse and bought two new pairs of boots.

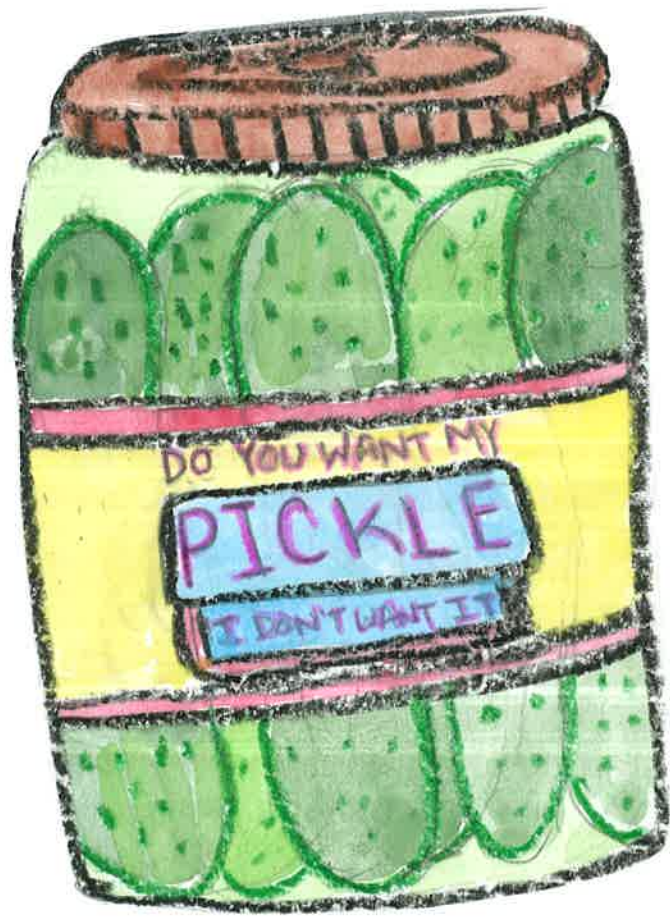
I spent mornings at work playing out the fights I never had with you. I took great pleasure in the idea of rubbing in your face all the ways you had wronged me. I made you into a monster. I made my roommate throw out your sweater.

Later, you got a job in a photo lab, and went to London. I got paid for my poetry for the first time. I lost weight and smiled at women at parties.

I recently found a small porcelain statue of a snowman kissing another snowman on the cheek. I could not remember if you had given it to me for Christmas, or for Valentines day. Either way, I did not smash it. Suddenly, I could see the way you had been twisting right in front of me. I have turned you into a concept. I have forgotten the color of your nipples.

I know today that you will eventually be little more than a set of facts. You will be binary. I will lose the processor. I will tell people it's better that way before I fully believe it.





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