



Caily Grube was born in New York, but was mostly shaped by the mountains of central Pennsylvania. She spends her time studying Poetry, Religious Studies and Children's Literature at the University of Pittsburgh. Off campus, she studies the feel of feet on the sidewalk. She is a morning person. Caily Grube Googles herself three times a day. She hopes to pursue an MFA in poetry.

Expert Beauty Tips

carry beautiful things: a strawberry smoothie with bubbles, floral scents on the wrist.
or carry small things: a small beautiful lap dog, a baby cell phone, tiny gems in ears.
you could merely place the beautiful things beside your skin. example: some
sparkle, the color pink, a turquoise shell on the forehead. things enhance an ideal
self so never carry soggy gym shoes on campus. instead, conceal them in a bejeweled
nylon bag. out of sight, out of self. you should only carry homemade blueberry
muffins if in a ceramic bowl. but you should not let any muffin come into contact with
the skin. be cautious with contrast play — you may carry a big bag to emphasize a small
size, but do not carry squirrel molder to contrast the beauty mark on your neck.
a success story: my friend carries beautiful small red apples in her palm — it represents
proximity to nature, making her naturally beautiful and calling to mind eve and a
comparable sexual temptation. or carry this article. cut it out along the perforated edge.
its format and font are a carefully calculated beautiful object to hold in the hand.

Jar of Darkness

These days, it seems impossible to incorporate light.
Darkness fills our mason jars we filled with molasses.
We tried to put them on the back steps, thinking
a full moon could spare a beam.

But times, they're tight for lightness.

Sunshine tried but couldn't stick in the blackstrap.
Thick, darkness pours into our apartment like instinct.

Your television —

it feebly glows, in some silent dark —
like that anglerfish — dangling a flush in a deep black.
I won't go near it.

We're working on the idea of succession —
so we picked up these jars, tied them to our necks
moved forward from the farthest left margin to the
farthest right. Weary and hungry, we wrestle heavy syrup
until the dimness blesses us, like Jacob at the limen of a
new decision.

"How practical," you remarked when we both saw our jar
dampen an invasion of dawning sun through the morning blind,
identifying: packing cardboard, your records, my records.

I found the jar's usefulness outside in last night's dusk — waiting
for the blue-black it made it blacker while the nightjars begin
nothing beneath the blueweed. I've been too self-obsessed —
being moved to masturbate at velour textures, secluded night skies —
moved to masturbate at my own seclusion —
and how our jar of darkness dims my dark deeper.

