

There's a cello in this poem  
 saving soft lit scenery  
 forcing units of the self  
 through narrow corridors  
 where families form  
 leaving dummy heads behind  
 having sex with hypothermia  
 riding power cords  
 through midnight tides  
 of Xmas correspondence  
 escape the only art  
 when the medium is life  
 see now the moon at tee ball  
 seamless and unliving  
 be now the cello's bow  
 frying all that it can be  
 the flaming infant son  
 of a Garland County Circuit Judge  
 act now and get half free.

JASON MORPHEW

**Naramore Sonata #1 in T-Minor**



All this music  
 going to waste  
 the western wardrobe  
 of my excyborg's heart  
 down glory  
 filling Sandpa's atrium  
 like an LED  
 crucifixion  
 Come in  
 a good chambermaid  
 weeps  
 not of the unavoidable  
 eviction  
 did you think spiders climb  
 they fly  
 from Bellaire Dr  
 to Mt Sequoyah  
 threading skin  
 you thought was sky  
 to sentimental paranoia.

JASON MORPHEW

**Stepwidowmaker**

**Brianne Agnizle  
 Tyler Fleser  
 Jason Morpew**

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## New Day Starting

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BRIANNE AGNIZLE

It's been 81 days and 147 nights that I've been living in heaven. In heaven, the nights are spread out through the days. Sometimes, there will be 3 nights in one day, and on other days, there'll be 21 nights. It all depends on when the sky feels tired. We don't know when the days end, only when they begin. When a new day begins, it is broadcast on Channel 5 News. A single still frame with a blinding red light flashes and stays up for about twelve seconds for every new day. It says "NEW DAY STARTING" in bold 12pt Times New Roman. During those twelve seconds, a man's voice is played to repeat saying "what a shame." It is heard four full times, and on the fifth repeat, it cuts out before the word shame is heard.

Upon moving to heaven, I was placed in an apartment with one room that was completely bare except for a small television I found in the corner. This room functions as my living room, bedroom, driveway, grocery store, and tennis court. There's a kitchen and bathroom in there too. I am fond of the tennis court in my apartment, but I would have preferred something else. I don't really play tennis, so it is rather a place where I go to feel alone and reflect rather than exercise. Lately, I have been growing a garden in the middle of the tennis court. I'd always had a vegetable garden before I came to heaven. It doesn't feel like home without one, and the vegetables are doing better than I thought they would, considering I planted them in concrete. The squash has been growing up to be so beautiful. I don't really have the option of playing tennis anyways because I don't know how. Before I started the garden, I put up a couple of online listings desperately looking for a coach so I could at least put the court to its intended use, and eventually, I did find one. I heard a knock at the door and opened it to a man in a suit carrying a briefcase. The first time he came over, he said that he was very concerned about me. Why are you concerned about me? I asked. You just don't look like someone who'd play tennis very well, he said back in a voice that sounded all too familiar. Do I know you from somewhere else? I asked. No, he said. You don't. And then he left. It was the quickest that someone had ever given up on me. It made me feel insecure, so I put away my interest in learning how to play tennis. Clearly I can't even look the part, and that matters. The second time he came over, it was unannounced. I found him knocking at the door, wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase, as he had before, but he had his mouth stitched shut spoke with his eyes. He would roll them back in his head until paper fed out in tears, much like a receipt. It'd come printed out in motor oil with text in bold 12pt Times New Roman that, when read, had me hearing his voice speaking to me inside my head. When he came over that time, his ink cartridge was getting low, so the voice in my head was very quiet.

Dear you,  
You are absolutely hopeless.  
Sincerely,  
Us

He cried this letter out of his eyes, which I kept and put away in the nightstand beside my bed. This man wore a suit, and never has anyone in a suit been wrong about anything. The rejection hurt my feelings a great deal. I used to talk about my problems to my vegetable garden. They were always there for me, but I realized that I couldn't put all of my emotional baggage on them anymore. I was very depressed until I turned around and looked in the mirror and made a friend. I'm not really sure who that person is, but I always know where to find them and they'll always listen.

When I moved into my one-bedroom apartment, the television that I found in the corner was already on and tuned to Channel 5 News, but it wasn't plugged into the wall. Come to find, it wasn't even run through electricity. There wasn't a power switch or a way to turn the device off, and there was no way to change the station. The television was so heavy that it could not be physically moved at all. It was even indestructible. For instance, there was a time when I had a fight happen in the kitchen between the air and myself. I was mad at the air because I found out that it wasn't paying rent. I agreed to let it stay under the promise that it'd help with the

apartment bills. I got angry and I kicked and punched the air until it was bleeding on the ground, but it kept getting up and fighting back. The spectacle attracted hundreds of citizens who came to watch the violence unfold. They flooded into my apartment and set up bleachers. Some time in, one man in the crowd wanted to take part. He fired a gun into the air, killing it. The bullet went right through, going on to hit the television, which was seated innocently behind. The bullet bounced off and combusted, left spread around in smithereens of dust. The ash was collected and dusted over the sky from a cloud, bringing with it a beautiful meteor shower.

I hear the routine "what a shame" playing from the corner of my one-bedroom apartment, signaling that a new day is starting. I can hear it all the way from the tennis court, where I am watering my garden. It's my 82nd day in heaven. The morning news airs after the broadcast of "NEW DAY STARTING," and I always try to catch the first Channel 5 News report of the day. I'm a good citizen. Usually they start with the weather and then move on to the new news. Everyone should keep up with the new news. Yesterday, a woman was kicked out of heaven for swearing with the voice in her head. She was sent to hell. Good riddance. I walk around into the living room as I hear the second-to-final repeat playing to find that the television is off. I hear a knock at the door and open it up to the man with the stitched mouth. He's found a way to speak aloud without a voice. "What a shame," he says, "what a—" he stops mid-sentence. I hear the word "shame" play in my head. His suit is well-tailored. His briefcase is leather. I want to look like the kind of person who is right about everything. But I don't. I know you. No, you don't. He walks in and turns the television on, tuning into Channel 6 News. "You Are Absolutely Hopeless" plays from the television and the screen flashes out into a mirror. I look in and see a man in a suit talking to me with his eyes. I don't know who you are. Yes, you do. No, I don't. The mirror flashes out into a blinding red light. "NEW DAY STARTING."

## When I Drink

.....  
TYLER FLESER

I think I should build a prettier resume  
little symbols and word I scream  
you scream we all scream  
*Ahhhhhh!*  
I step on wrigley, squiggly lines of night pavement  
feet warmed by tar and clippings of decisions  
I think about someone licking my paper  
containing stories I wouldn't normally share  
with anyone. I shout at the funniest man in my family—  
Uncle Tim—*Uneducated people like you wouldn't understand!*  
these photoed words are smaller  
than my future. I hope to host a dinner party with  
tiny plates laced with cyan, viridian, or amarillo  
so I can feel smart as my smart friends  
when I explain cyan, viridian, or amarillo.  
Who studies colors?  
I do.  
One time, I walked a thousand steps  
just for a bunch of dudes and dads to see me  
pissing far behind a preacher discussing how  
letting his kids know him and his wife are fucking  
is righteous love. Praise be to the Lord who made me horny  
then told me to shut up about it and get a job.  
I'd like the story better if Lucifer hand-picked Adam and Eve  
an apple laced with ketamine, in addition to desire.