

# PITYBATH



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KP Kaszubowski  
Edie Roberts  
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*Chloé Allyn*

# My Love is not a Horror Film

If I am not always thinking of you  
I am now, certainly now  
a new year presented in fresh snow  
certainly, as you're tucked away

because when nothing changes  
you'll still find everything new  
like the year closes  
still me, here, quietly loving you  
with every question and all desire

I am not Nosferatu, I am not  
an appetite, I am an orator atop  
a dying hill, I am a clock and  
surely, I wind, I cycle for you

you, my 12 o'clock, I think love  
is a monk in the bell tower  
I think of Shakespeare as a guy  
we all know and Sappho  
a goddess-out-of-reach  
in a cool way, because that's  
what's at the core of the divine  
the distance

so, love is human & abundant  
not mined, not quarried  
not entropic, not an appetite  
I am less like the black hole  
the quandary, the black cauldron  
of childhood hate and most like  
a cold spring, free and gurgling

though there's never a mouth  
to lap like yours has, never a drain  
so godlike; what black hole?  
what burbling place?

# Snowcart

The snow  
makes a track on the way home  
for my inkblot Japanese go-cart  
*go cart* like Austin says  
I wouldn't know  
I've never been  
but on the way home,  
every song  
is a soundtrack to you  
and how you do me in  
and how you  
do me  
and you  
do, how do you  
do it?  
you and me  
do you  
care that I  
wouldn't stop  
at a snowstorm  
to drive to you,  
wouldn't keep this  
from you for  
anything  
I would ride rainbow road  
with a blindfold  
if the trophy was your heart

# Trophy Boyfriend

does simultaneous submission mean anything to you?  
do you pay an entrant fee for competitions?  
7:47 AM questions for my award-winning boyfriend  
I know some of you people don't understand grammar so,  
he is receiving high honors, he is not the perfect boyfriend  
that doesn't exist and don't look at me like that  
I would not make the rulebook of love and being loved  
as inane as they did—you know, the royal we  
the societal They—the royally fucked up;  
it's in our best interests to remember that we aren't  
owed anything, when humans started to use tools  
on one another, we became abomination  
we are big brain parasites who wield independence  
we want soulmates and lovers and babies who  
win awards and get likes, we wanna post a pregnant  
belly because conceiving is fun, monogamy is cool!  
my husband is fucking useless! all he does is pay the  
bills, drive the car, kill the bugs, mow the lawn, stifle  
his emotions, deal with my period and play video games  
the sign at the gay parade says CHECK ON THE HETS  
and my sign says ENJOY LOVE AS YOU CAN  
listen, you people are simply afraid of dying,  
it's got nothing to do with being in love long time  
that sounds HORRIBLE, how vanilla  
we live and change for so long  
I'm begging you to push your little expectations  
outside, in a stroller if you have to  
there is more to loving  
than forever



*KP Kaszubowski*

# Loop

It is simple as this: you loop  
a joyous song until you believe

what it is saying. It says I care  
about you! I care about you!

I care! You will believe  
everything that lights up has to

do with the way your body is shaped.  
You will believe that what you focus

on grows and we're all focusing on  
you. My darling, you will believe

you are fascinating. You are walking  
up the steps and we're just so happy

you're here. Look at you, you are  
believing it, aren't you? You are

growing right before our eyes.  
The song has looped for so long

that it has to become you. Why  
would you think you could get away

from it? It can't help but focus on you.  
Our joy! A big song like swooping birds!

Swooping down on us!

**I do not tire of curries.** I do not tire of fruit. And so my life has walls insulated by heat and sweet. I armor myself with ease. How the passenger did not suffer lasting injuries because she was limp, asleep. How once a woman drove drunk through the interstate like a slingshotted toy tonka truck and she emerged, walking, wearing both her heels still, and possibly only concussed. Her body lubricated dangerously, but only dangerously for the concrete and those others driving at that hour. I lubricated my body against blunted words and people and now I know I don't need to make impact anymore. I can use my body as a home for tightly braided hopes and loosely language'd loves. I commute open mouthed and singing. I keep growth between my teeth. I make a whistle out of the blade of grass that asked for me at reception. I am hosting dinner regardless of the guests.



# Who answers when you call for your kin

How many crashes of the sea before the heart murmurs?

Is it true that each of us was made from a long line of lovers?

Who placed you in your bed at the shore?

Where is the first slice of yesterday's cake?

How many grave sins do you commit in your sleep each night?

Who do you absolve of this mysterious torpor?

How can you flee this eroding sky? How will you keep silent your passions?

How will you lift your seat at the table as you settle where you're wanted?

Is there another hunger like that of the child in exile?

Do you need to know how cold it is? Or will you just stay inside?

# *Edie Roberts*



# All of the sudden

the observable universe  
will never correct itself.  
Little floating cubes dot  
and skirt the war toned sky.  
Technically I cannot say  
whether or not water is wet  
in the deep dimensional candle light.  
Loose lips get laughs and shadow bans.  
The Men in Black are ready to scramble you  
like an easy egg. Our reptilian overlords  
are smoking in the mirror dome. Someone  
has been in the bathroom for over an hour. UFO's  
are consistently showing up whenever we organize  
a little parade for our cutie nukes. I'd like to watch you  
suck a bomb pop in a galaxy far far away. If we all died  
at once in some incredible planet blasting disaster —  
I like to image the force of suction through the Soul-Hole  
would rip God apart and we'd finally be done with Him.  
Can you image  
the big collective smile  
we could stretch out in the ether  
without that envious motherfucker  
asking questions?  
I'm not sure I've yet the capacity for that kind of elation,  
That shit  
is gonna  
wreck me.

# All of the sudden

the wreck is alive.

Another year limps its way  
onto the stage and we'd like to think  
of the internet as millions of little spotlights  
but its daytime everywhere all of time forever.

The blur is perfectly feathered.

I'm a sad tomato  
crushing a can in the flat splash  
of a disco ball. It takes a while  
to realize you're a paper castle  
in a floodplain.

The Midwest beckons your dissolve.

There is nothing I'd rather do. Another year  
props itself up for a photograph,  
the responsible glitter licks and whips our faces.

We are inside  
and paying for it,  
crashing into one another

like falling forward through punching bags.

Big sacks of hideous warmth. I'm kissed  
and asked afterward if it was okay. It is because

it doesn't matter like its meant to. Disco ball  
meat lips mash and mash.

Crush a can. Don't look up. Don't look  
at one another in the eyes unless to gawk at the gore  
of another year coming in with hot meat to mash and pin us  
without asking first. It doesn't matter like its meant to. The lights

never

go

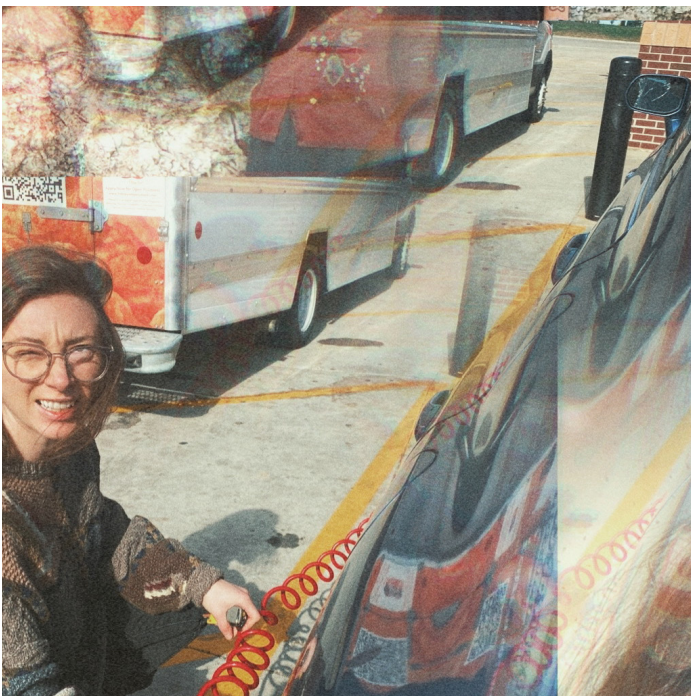
out.



# All of the sudden

home is the fishhook  
I am mouthing for.  
My mother wants to buy me things  
even when she can't afford heat.  
It costs a lot of money to be poor.  
Whiteness eats itself again  
with painkillers and alienation  
in a robe stiff like GOD BLESS. An engine  
fucks the silence of the night  
quietly throbbing with unicorn hunters.  
Trailer park mating calls. The lot rent  
is a tidal wave set to wash out  
the garbage.  
Permanent capital needs  
inflict more pain to cum  
than the world can provide.  
Or am I humanizing the cold  
steeliness of it, the proficient indifference.  
Buy what people need  
and squeeze the living out of them  
like a clock marches on. I say  
'I don't want to live forever' like I know  
what it feels like to slow all the way down and fade  
into the ambient laughter. I do not mind if you get high  
when we hang out. The ringing empty  
needs a little blur to soft the sharps of it.  
Its easier to understand  
desperation if you sell two thirds of your life  
to the pursuit of survival that looks like  
living in America.  
Its easier to see an exit sign  
bright neon lure  
like a door back  
to momma

# *Chelsea Tadeyeske*



# bringing a big, big thing from far, far away into focus

it's sweater weather  
and i smell good  
there's an ache  
inside  
my blood

i'm sorry  
little egg  
i just don't  
trust things

nurses, on break,  
smoking

the heart flows,  
twists,  
in a spiral

i got that painting  
from a thrift store

some context  
won't extend  
beyond my death

i'm so old  
sex feels  
wooden

i don't know if  
i've ever been happy  
or just momentarily  
found

# things will end up how they end up via steadfast and indistinguishable moments

the blood on my underwear  
makes a face, stares  
dead at me

i've seen so many  
living rooms  
from the street

i love how  
rough i am  
like a child  
when curious

tap the glass  
at the frog

the years—  
the way they  
remove me

but  
my new  
red hat

i'm here!

caught in the sore  
skies of people



# have you ever hit your head so hard you could taste it

you're belly up—  
arms stiff, mouth open  
mimicking a dead fish  
i laugh

everything you do makes me feel  
like throbbing genitals  
attached to a heart

a bubble escapes a slow boil  
heat squeezes out  
the air

i think i can understand  
what it is for—to live  
a life

i have to repeat things to myself  
or i'll forget or  
die

there's a concentrated cluster  
of brown specks  
on my shoulder blade

i'm not sure if anyone else  
has ever noticed

they make my back look  
like a sky dark  
with pigeons

# THANK YOU

**Chloé Allyn** is an artist, poet and facilitator working in Appleton, WI. She fancies herself a love poet but in the end it may all just be an elaborate excuse to live life fully. These pieces are from a collection called YOU which will be out later this year with Only Child. More at [chloeallyn.com](http://chloeallyn.com)

**KP Kaszubowski** (she/her) is a poet, filmmaker, and astrologer who feels better after walking straight into the cold wind.

**Edie Roberts** is a rabbit with a hat. A genderqueer mouthpiece ponied up to bat, cheeks fat with American anxiety and morale relay. They reside in Detroit, Michigan but would be happy to visit you. Find them @squabtastic, [edieroberts.bsky.social](https://edieroberts.bsky.social) or <https://edieroberts.wordpress.com/>

**Chelsea Tadeyeske** is a poet and bookmaker from Milwaukee, WI where she co-edits pitymilk press and curates poetry readings in her apartment, The Bell Tower. She is a Virgo sun, Libra rising and Aquarius moon born in the year of the snake. Follow her @pity\_milk on IG or visit [chelseatadeyeske.wordpress.com](http://chelseatadeyeske.wordpress.com).

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