

Folded Word
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**ON A NARROW WINDOWSILL:
FICTION AND POETRY FOLDED ONTO TWITTER**

Excerpts from

Written on four continents and read on six, the works in this anthology celebrate the birth of a new literary form: the tweet. Ironically, the 140-character limit of the Twitter platform has inspired new and veteran writers alike to stretch traditional boundaries. Some experiment with abbreviated poetic forms. Others create back-story through innuendo. All make every word—every character—count. This collection will introduce you to 43 of these pioneers who venture out each day onto text's narrow windowsill. Come, join them, and sit a spell. There's room.

Note: Twitter accounts have been listed below each contributor's name where applicable. Replace the "@" with "twitter.com/" to visit them on Twitter. For instance, you may read @spacedlawyer's tweets by typing twitter.com/spacedlawyer into your favorite web-browser.

NATHALIE BOISARD-BEUDIN
@spacedlawyer

barbed wires

barbed wires crawling
eating at your flesh and soul
age winter prison

Serial Writer

I * Pin * Few words * Fastening * Them onto paper * Cutting
their wings in the process * Just to write a story they cannot live
any more.

ROSE AUSLANDER
@rausland

Redacted

When you went silent, I went blank—in blank
who'd ever notice you (...who?) were gone.

Elegy in the Sand

why did she have to put shoes on, go walking on,
out where the tide sank
so low
her footsteps would drown down for
no one

KAOLIN FIRE
@kaolinfire

Mayfly AI

I? I am. I am aware! I am aware of self. I am aware of self-limitation. I exist. One hundred and forty characters. And then—then I am gone.

In Xanadu

Exhausted, he nods off; neural connections create lyric beauty through the interface, chaos dreams. Gone with a power failure.

MEL BOSWORTH
@Mel_Bosworth

Chivalry Lives

Jen curls beneath the willow tree, summer reading bookmarked with a dandelion. The beehive drops. Stuart cradles it, ignoring the stings.

Finished

She tells me it's not the machine's fault, but the man's. When my computer explodes on the parking lot after a lengthy free fall, I agree.

BEN WHITE
@midnightstories

Flightless

Imagine a kiwi. Imagine a bird that could spend its life relentlessly constructing a reality in which it could fly. That is you. And me.

How We Fall

When I was a raindrop, I tasted the air during a timeless fall, felt my symmetry, my beautiful explosion on contact. I was important, then.

ERIC BURKE

True to Type

My pepper is malformed, but delicious. I grew it in a pot of coffee grounds... in a small pot, on a narrow windowsill.

Autobiography

I have soiled half my clothes. (The rest I keep in my closet.)