

An Arts & Lit Magazine for FLINTA* Health

FLINTA* JUNE

Guest Edited
by

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Sucker Punch | Maudie Bryant

two pink lines and the tour began
guts of my guitar filled
with hand-me-down

remnants
of a brother's musical journey
still yet to reach his destination

tiny dreams swirled in gas fumes
frolicked at rest stops, lullabies
whispered between

soundchecks. Sucker Punch—

he chose. to end. his ride.

melodies soured
feedback filled
a hotel bathroom
water washes everything but grief
tears down the drain

a storm brewed within a sterile room
a stolen hope

a doctor's cold dismissal:
"Not pregnant."

a clump of cells, ignored
on the examination table

fluorescence changed
to stage lights blinking
blurring I strapped
on my guitar

each
note
a battle cry

distortion, a tribute in every power
chord screaming pickups thrumming
summoning

rhythm
to the
empty space
where a heartbeat
should be