Christos Anesti Alithos Anesti

I'm not your fucking dictionary.

Jacob Camacho

No one in my family speaks Greek except on Easter,
and the Greekest thing about me by looking at me
is my nose, a testament to the hill village my papou's
father was born in. He visited their plot in the village
that doesn't exist anymore, not on any map, not
by its pre-war name (I don't remember which). We
are American, but Greek enough for childhood friends
to cringe at my eating lamb and laugh at apparent
gibberish (spanakopita and pastitsio), and for adults
to butcher my mother's maiden name for laughs
to make themselves more comfortable, knowing
the time it'd take to say it right would mean they were
being watched. My papou's father, a terrible man,
changed my papou's name from his father's, Χρίστος,
to Christy. What's less American than being embarrassed
by your grandfather's name? My girlfriend's family—
well, people from Κρήτη look Middle Eastern to anyone
who doesn't know anyone Middle Eastern. Grow up
post-9/11 like that, you get used to your dad receiving
death threats. What's more American than changing
the definition of American to fit your fears? I mean
my friend can't just hate his dad, compelled instead
to raise a reluctant shield against a savage rhetoric
for the Pakistani man who raised, or housed and fed
at best, a brown American boy, who should have
had an untraumatized dad, after 2001. It's simple.
His father was a terrible man. He was an American man.

Where Do Your Ideas Come From?

TIGHT ON LOOMIS

as he stares in horror...

LOOMIS
(screams)
NNNNOOOOOOO!!!

Halloween IV (1988), Alan B. McElroy

Unimaginable things play on screens like children

peeking into greased pistol barrels. Unimaginable
things happen like children to human beings

legislated into cattle, miracle of flesh

manufacturing flesh to stock the line to stock
the shelves of America's company stores.

My high school principal, a priest scuttled

overnight from diocese to diocese, only man
I've ever known whose eyes really twinkled,

had us on a firstname basis and recently pled guilty

to what you'd guess, so is capable of worse
than I'll imagine. I shook his hand, gentle and soft,

his dimple, the cavern that caved in his soul.

The exorcist in *The Exorcist* needs exorcising.
Blood for Dracula is smutty über-gore. *Halloween*

IV returned to formula, after *III* murdered children

for following instructions. But I've seen a child's
meninges dangle from their opened skull,

wriggling like processed roast beef.

The eyes of Neda Agha-Soltan. Huey P. Newton's
mattress. A student's wrists restrained on the street,

sacrifice for imagined safety. The Nazi-demon fever dream

from *American Werewolf* is just inherited trauma
braided with once impossible horror. You try.

Live through mundanities of trauma and horror. Imagine

beyond trauma and horror. What survives but
trauma and horror? Insidious twins:

ancient, cheap, unrinsible. They rot like numbers,

inexact. They play at fate and stalk. They mask. They horde.
They always come back.