

*one
nine
six
nine.*

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One Nine Six Nine: An LGBTQ+ Literary Magazine

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Please be advised that these poems may contain triggering themes, including but not limited to drug use, death & decay, body horror, being closeted, sexual descriptions, among other possible things. Consider this your warning.



Two Poems by Sona Popat

gravity

a pocketful of
coins, bitten and tossed away:
copper slice-and-glint-and-gone-and-
count the seconds 'til you hear the splash.
that's how far we have to go, kid!

for you,
neither sun nor daughter nor moon:
just child.
child who plays with the moon,
carves it into a crescent,
and hangs it on their scythe.

prologue

star-cross'd lovers!
fate breathes down my spine:
rancid breath, foul spray
of spit and
sirensong:

i follow red strings
until their ends, wrapped around
tree stumps and stones,
turned over
and tossed aside-

and i follow red strings
until their ends, wrapped around
my neck
and yours,
turned over
and tossed aside-

star-cross'd friends!
meant to breathe the
same brains
until the sun returns.
and
i can't decide what aches
more

when there is only a clean cut
at the end of it.



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