

PENNY

THOUGHTS

#39

EDITORS' NOTE

Welcome to Issue #39 of Penny Thoughts! We're delighted to share with you this week's selection of writing and graphic works from around the world. First though, some news.

We're sad to announce that one of founders and long-time editor Jack will be stepping down from his duties at Snitch. Jack helped launch Penny Thoughts way back in 2018 and has been there every step of the way since to lend his unfaltering support. He is responsible for Snitch as it appears to you now, and while he'll still be helping behind the scenes with some podcast production, we will greatly miss his day-to-day input. You can see his works on [instagram](#).

As always, you can submit to Penny Thoughts at any time. [Click for submission guidelines](#), and see you next week!

Rory



Eva

EVA

Forced Happiness

Japo Okworobu



Cook Chick

Shahar Tuchner

Cook chick

Fried chick

He will go for a walk across the street.

Suddenly caught him

And also prohibited him

And the chick say so:

"I'm not soviet

And not recruit

And not in politics.

Don't arrest me

And don't shoot me.

"Because a chick wants to live too."

Oh a chick chick,

Be careful!

You're so naïve,

You found a job,

You found a girl chick,

You're establishing a family.

You took a mortgage.

You paid property taxes

You paid taxes.

And you don't have the power to live !?



If you don't continue!

The restaurant has an entire menu:

For boiled eggs, fried and baked!

For omelettes, fried eggs and poached eggs!

Oh a chick chick,

Get out of jail

Find a job

Get married

Start a family

Take a mortgage

Pay taxes

Pay property taxes

Pay taxes.

And you don't have the power to live !?

If you don't continue!

so...

A big, fat hen fuckin!@# \$ chicken will
drive her in a limo.

She will drive and drive and drive...

Until she got a cocktail

She thought for a moment and said so





The hen said this:

I'm a capitalist

Eating sweet things to my delight

Candied coated granules every good taste

But, most I love Kentucky Fry Chicken
with all the seasonings

Come to me my chick

Come to me my friend

Do not be afraid

Do not be shy

Let's play a little here, let's play a little
there

and then...

You will be delicious to me for dinner while
I will watching the main news show

bon appetit! Big Super Fat Hen.



Escaping the Pull

Frances Willoughby



Brick

Christian Alexander Bailey



B-8.

The Void XII


Chantal Meza



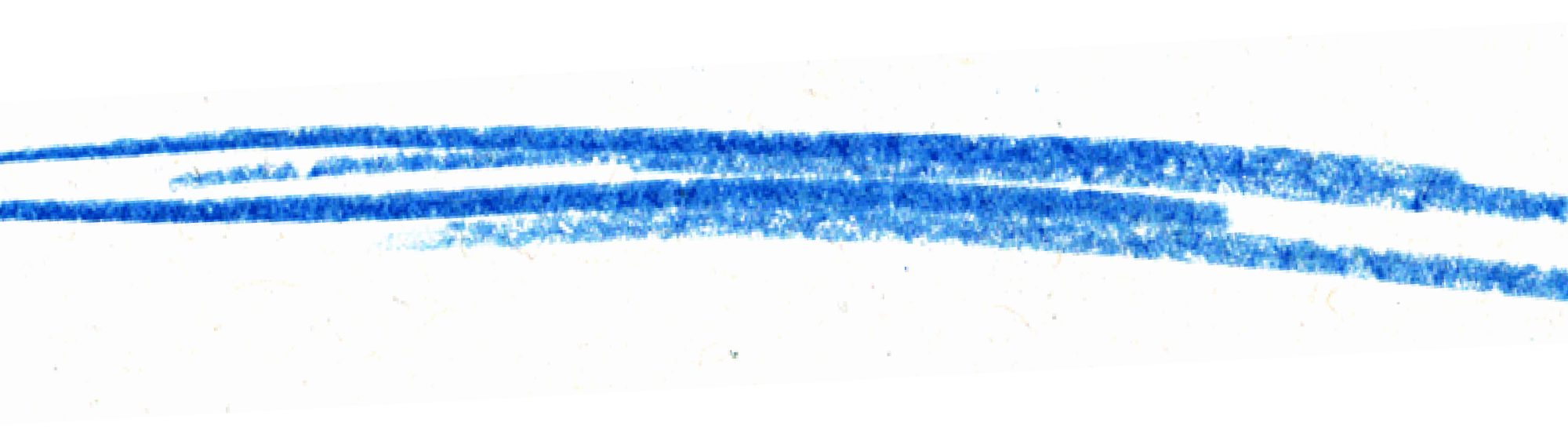
The Words

Danny Maurice

It's hard to find the words
When your heart is breaking
A tide of tears that loose
The arms embracing,
Her veins like vines,
with vice-like grip
'You can't escape me.'
I hate the way we.
Talk and say we'd live for love
And put the pain away
and save it
For a rainy day.
But maybe what I meant to say,
We never should have started this
I never meant for half of this...
If only I could take it back and make it like
used to be...
Remember how we used to speak?
Remember how you looked at me and
giggled for that one time,
on that one night,
that I whispered words of wanting.
But instead you gave me silence...



That's the way you left me.
Mouth agape and speechless,
When I'm alone at night and sleepless
I'll pray for dreams to come
And weave for me a symphony.
Taking strings from the iridescent lunar
glow,
a silver tapestry for those below,
A gift to those who'll never know
The reason why we parted,
was a shattered heart,
like glass is...



Here and There

Ronis Varlaam



m+e

Alessandro Paiano





My Dress

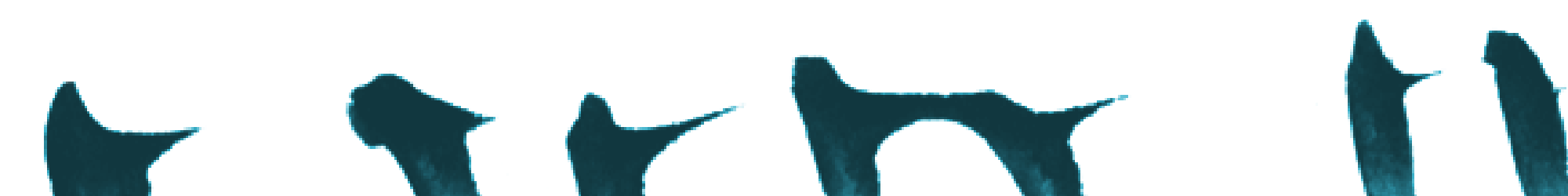
Andrea Hamilton

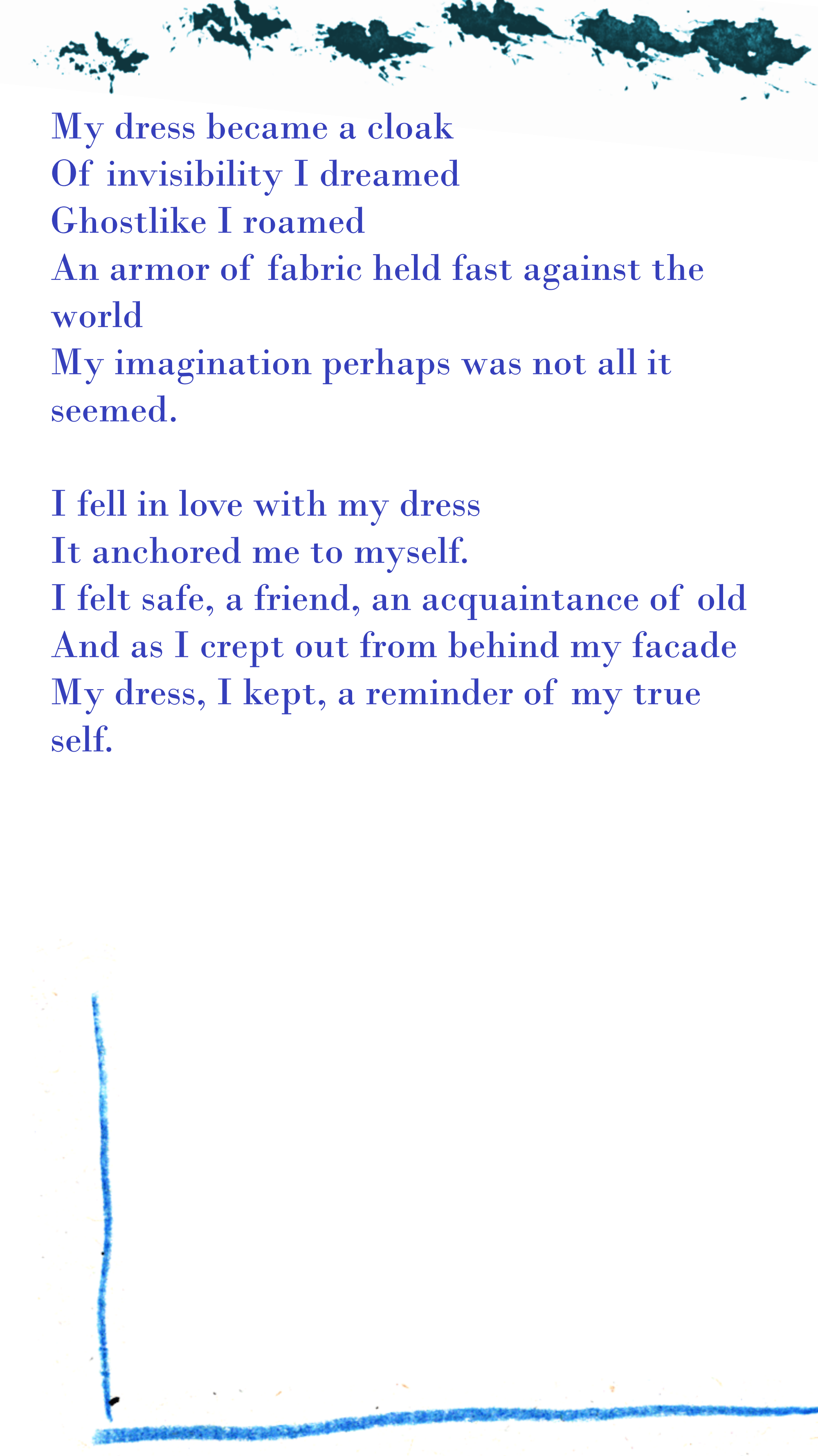
I wore a dress everyday
It was not through poverty or cost
Nor laziness, nor illness
I was still and momentarily lost

The doors were locked
Yet my mind was not
The world had stilled you see
Through illness, confusion and loss
Dead inside, I did not much care a lot.

You see, I found time
Or was it, that it found me
Together we formed a plan
Daily rituals became as one
Time, my dress and me.

My dress became my inner self
I wore my insides out
Stripped bare of needing
I found I needed less.
The more I thought, the less came out.





My dress became a cloak
Of invisibility I dreamed
Ghostlike I roamed
An armor of fabric held fast against the
world
My imagination perhaps was not all it
seemed.

I fell in love with my dress
It anchored me to myself.
I felt safe, a friend, an acquaintance of old
And as I crept out from behind my facade
My dress, I kept, a reminder of my true
self.

Self portrait with crow

S.G.Owen



We want to see **YOUR** work in the
next issue of Penny Thoughts.

You can submit your work to
yourpennythoughts@gmail.com



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