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Passion

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Passion

Heather Armstrong

My Father's calloused fingers strum passion through metal strings. My father's mistress with chipped varnish and a hollow heart, echoes times when life was less meaningless.

The solid black plastic pick waits on the table hoping to be held to emphasize the metallic ting of loneliness that longs to be lyrics.

Six keys adjusting the sound, to tune the feelings that are found, on pages of *Beatles* anthems, and *Eagles* ballads he sings like hymns.

Each song a faded picture of a time that's past, when passion wasn't just a word. It was his ambition.

After Valentine's Day

William Pearce

You seem, to me, far prettier the morning after Valentine's Day, minus the makeup, *au naturale*, as the douchebags say. That's when you smell like air that tastes fresh cucumber wet, and heavy, full of water vapor rising from too-warm-for-February evening's snowmelt. That is when you look the most like you, technically. Please remember- You are my favorite one. There is not a close second.