In the Attic

Veronica Shukin
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The heart-shaped paper airplane
Took a nose-dive from the bed

And the empty purple hair-band
Wrapped itself in its own knots

The cracked and tangled laces
Waited patiently to be found

And the inside out piano
Searched the pages for an answer

The fragile fake poinsettia
Denied a caring hand

And the worthless costume earrings
Wanted solely to be worn

The ripped and well-used album
Hoped to remain a source of joy

And the sad and lonely people
Need nothing more than love

Girl on the Train

Russel Emmert

My eyes investigate the way your sitting verbs,
assess the way your legs long,
and watch your head perching atop
your hands that nest.

My mind couldn’t quite grasp
the way your joints fold
like some subtle origami,
implying vectors while still.

How do you approach the gentle creature
with a smile of sealed invitation,
and eyes eagled and wise,
while her shoulders hint flight?

How do you infiltrate
the completed are of a woman
with no need for your ventricle
squiding out ink on a little page?