**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 eagle and wise, while her shoulders hint flight?

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

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**In the Attic**

Veronica Shukin

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