POETRY

Near Fall From Grace
(After James Tate's "Consolations After an Affair")
lee SCOTT-GREEN

Light, from the spaces between the trees, is reflected in the river:
where sacred spirits are dancing in time,
flowing downstream into my hand-mirror.
Along the path, there are cracks in the sidewalk, showing off the slope
of the scoliosis; sprayed-on graffiti smashing my mother’s vertabrae.
They know nothing of nearby bluegills, catching flashes of our conversations.
The weight of the concrete has been lifted by the roots of the trees,
where kindred souls, hidden beneath the surface, whisper through entanglements.
I’ve discovered that I don’t need
Buffalo tattoos in tartan plaid kilts to be reminded of you.
After dreaming all the animals were gone from the zoo, one thirsty lion attacked
like a wounded, bleeding warrior, far from home.
I can smell the sweetgrass, cedar and sage oils mixing with your Stetson,
From the edge of this cliff I’m learning to love
As the bats swoop above me and around me,
Like the signal over Gotham City.

FICTION

Red Things
hannah STOWE

I wanted to find a piece of you
ized that was where my pieces
really wanted was to buy some.
You would end up keeping it (I didn’t
with but in the end I would.

So I went to a little store that
made of soft not glossy paper
ing my teeth. And there was a
I knew you would like it. I w
few various bills over to the la

It had begun to rain outside s
I was wearing shoes that were
me on the seat and I saw the c
then I knew the hard part wou
ably never see it on you.

It was a little devastating, but...