Thanks, Ma
By Laurel Wiederman-Bieschke

For bringing kooky beach towels to the Dunes the time, age five, lost amid the Day-Glo swimsuits, I was feared kidnapped or marooned, but found my way back to our rainbowed pile, that jumbled terry-cloth haven: Chicago skyline, art deco pandas, the one with the California Raisins posed as the Temptations. And thanks, Ma, for pulling into Punky's for soft-serve, splurging on double-twists that drip-dropped down our shaky hands as you careened 'round curves racing towards aloe to fade our burns to brown, out nut-colored legs dangling out the windows as we picked the crusted sand from our toes.

Someday on Writer's Almanac
By Chris O'Brien

After having published only one poem During this period In Women's Day magazine, She drowned herself In her neighbor's ornamental koi pond, After leaving a note on the kitchen table for her family.

The note was written in erasable ink, And included instructions For using the washing machine.

Her mother, in a later interview, Said: "I told you so."