

*Barefoot*

Heather Dorn

I gave her my shoes, as we  
 walked down the sidewalk,  
 downtown drumming  
 in our ears. I gave them to her  
 forever, to wear  
 with that red dress that is like skin  
 on her skin. I couldn't wear them  
 anymore, my feet were not made for  
 fashion or work or dancing. I think  
 they are not made for love or hate  
 or anything. She held my shoes  
 and my hand. She put my heartbeats  
 in her handbag. She asked me to sing  
 Fiona Apple on the way to the car,  
 but I was embarrassed that my notes  
 would fall like flat feet. She once said I could  
 sing and I didn't want to ruin that. I asked  
 what my feet were good at and she said I'd  
 have to find that out for myself. I gave her  
 my shoes and high ideas. I wanted her  
 to cradle my lungs. I wanted her  
 to hold my feet and sing, this little piggy  
 was made for me.

*Keep Forgetting*

Bree Rolfe

Michael McDonald is playing  
 on the Walgreens sound system.  
 And I can think of nothing

worse to hear while I am  
 searching the aisles  
 for something that might stop

the disgusting rash that started  
 in my pubic area and is now  
 spreading all over my body.

And I start to remember  
 that Michael McDonald  
 was playing the last time

I was shopping for a cure  
 for some embarrassing  
 medical issue like head lice,  
 which I had when I was nine.

The school nurse checked  
 our heads in the middle  
 of Mrs. Herf's classroom.

She waited a few minutes,  
 then called me to the office,  
 where my mother was waiting.