

The Ohio Season

was like most: tempered and full
of muck. The world stayed
round at both ends. Children imagined
war when there was no war. Rain
moved in. The difference

lay in interiors—some
letters were lost in the mail,
other handwritings appeared
blank. Houses
sighed from the weight

of broken retainers and
a wife pined for her lost
breast. Sunlight,
when it came, was so white it
ate itself. I remember this:
days stayed longer. Time splayed
two mean fingers before a red
wall. Outside, raccoons eternally
spat, rolled in root, did their best to drag

a tin of baked Alaska. Nearly
born, I also refused
one life for seconds.

Susan B.A. Somers-Willett
Austin, TX

Urn Overturned

A double spy, Anne Trudy
took cover as Fred Booth
in a cross-dressing show
grotesque as Punch and Judy.
There's more beyond that truth,
but all you need to know
is: Trudy is Booth; Booth Trudy.

William Walden
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