



Towers

by Jules Webster



Layover

by Michael Wu

BY SARA CORRADI

Slipping Pearl

I once cracked a closed shell
Over my skull
I thought it would make me whole
Shatter a home
Let its sweet spit drip down my face
A silver shield, singing a silk tune

Instead the hand of a clock
And wing of a dragonfly
Came running out, landing at my feet,
Screaming salt fumes
No pearl in sight

In the ripeness of morning,
If you stand at the edge of the water,
Your bleeding heart in your left hand
Your Mother's laughter in your right,
You may see it,
Staring back at you

The sunlight,
From June, or August,
Or the pocket of a child's coat,
Leaks slowly through a safe window
Soft as a milky eye, slipping away.
I stand still
Waiting.