

# Growl

*Madeline Kang*

The shower curtain is doubled. There is one on the outside of the tub and one on the inside. In between the two plastic spreads is a girl who does not upset their straightness. Wendy balances on the cold edge of the tub and wiggles her toes. They scratch the inside curtain.

She likes it here. The space holds her so snug like the skin that holds in her vertebrae. The water cuts diagonally from a jet stream head. All water falls.

There is a small bar fridge under a 36 by 36 counter. The fridge is empty. 36 inches are far too wide for hips, yet her bones stay in place. She considers vomiting again, but she has to go to work. The task of making a liv-

# Cars

*Azita Teimouri*

Blue Mustangs were your favourite.  
We would drive by one  
And you would always tap my arm profusely  
Like a little child who has heard the music from an ice cream truck  
closely approaching.  
I loved watching your eyes light up.  
You made me promise to stay  
So you could take me out in that car.  
So we could say, look, we made it.  
Now every time I see a blue mustang drive by,  
I wait for you to tap my arm, like the little child.  
But all I have are memories of your smile slowly fading,  
A sunset disappearing in the horizon.