Flooded Silvana Sunset
by Carrie Eidsness
Jeremy’s Crane
by Andrew Fink

I saw magic for the first time when I was eight, on the day Jeremy Chendo showed me that paper cranes can fly. He was not a remarkable child in any physical way, with a slight frame, a bristle of black hair stuck on top, and small, slanted eyes that always smiled. He was special because he was a boy who did not try to look up my dress on the playground, and I liked him in ways I wouldn’t understand until I was older, when he was gone.

We were seated in the back corner of the room, where, if you were careful to position yourself so that the head of the child in front of you covered Ms. Bergman at her desk, you could do anything you wanted. She was not a teacher who believed in active learning, but one who preferred to lecture from her desk in a high flurry. I would imagine that her voice was actually coming from the flock of songbirds stringing the power lines outside, or that she was not really there at all. That day, I was watching Jeremy fiddle with a paper square, folding it this way and that, creasing and uncreasing, smaller and smaller until he held in his hand a crane no larger than a spinning quarter. The crane’s body was still flat and pointed, and though it was too small to push your breath into, he placed the bottom against his lips and blew anyway.

From where I sat, it looked like the body expanded at an alarmingly slow rate, as though it took every ounce of breath from his lungs to fill the small cavity to capacity. The sides popped apart, the top flattened and rounded up, and when it was nearly bursting, he held it in his hands and blew the crane through the air towards me.

The crane’s trajectory was far too even-keeled, and as it crossed the space between us I could almost hear it flutter, though it might just have been the wings outside. I caught it, and was surprised to find myself holding something which should not have been alive. It looked up at me, fully aware of my shock, and almost as though my disbelief had injured it, it looked away and placed its tiny head beneath its wing. I looked back towards Jeremy, but he was staring out the window, where the birds were unmoved by his mimicry. I asked him how, but he did not answer. The small crane pecked at my hands, and I did not know what to do with it. I did not know what to do with an act of magic. I did not know what to make of Jeremy Chendo and his miraculous breath. So I kept it, and the crane still sits on my mantle, frozen and breathless now, my reminder that nothing magical lasts forever.
A Year Away From Alaska
by Melissa Lettis

Fireweed burns slowly into colder days
catching sparks from neighbors
until snowfall quenches
lust-red leaves.

Glitter litters the moon-speckled ground
and traps the sun behind the horizon
until each sparkle drips and
returns to the sea.

Tentacles swim through the melting earth
seeking feasts below and light above
from which they weave green hats
to cover their roots.

Rays grasp each stem and pull at tug-of-war
until stalks sweat flowers on their brows,
each petal splashing to the ground
to make room for berries.

Fire again climbs the weeds, which spread
their ash through the air while butter-flowers disappear in a wish
and a puff of smoke.
Spit and Shake
by Kyle Nunes

Each time you ring me,
I give the Devil another
pound of my flesh.

Because I bet
that once you had
returned to your
spirited village, with the others,
my Love would be forgotten.

Please,
write a letter instead.
It is hard to speak on the phone
without hands,
or an upper lip.


**Names**
by Leah Vendl

Lander went swimming in the new pool.
I said,
*mon petit poisson*
into the white sink
while waiting for the water to warm.

Tucking me into petals
of sheets yelling yellow
you said,
*ma petite jonquille*
into the prayer-pressed pillow.

Fingers in a mane streaked
whip wind into holy whispers,
you said,
*mon petit cheval*
and kissed the nose’s bone bridge.

I watched him, a Liliputian
grasping handhold moles.
Lander was climbing,
small on my computer screen.
*Ma petite rainette,*
I said
through pixel-filtered proximity.
Socks
by Colin Wallace

This is my horizontal day.
I’m awake somewhere in these lazy limbs and flesh
swaddled in Sears cotton sheets
this Sunday morning
noon
afternoon.

I won’t dance on the ceiling
above the heady fog,
bump my head on my desk
coming out of pirouettes.

And I’m hungry and sad
alive and missing time

just, stuck
in morning.