Born Frustrated  
By: Darren Edwards  

“You can do a hell lot more damage in the system than outside of it; that was the final irony I guess.”  
- SLC PUNK  

Bad Religion blared, bursting from wall to wall inside my parents garage where we moshed for hours before Seth sent me flying landing on my ass next to the gas can we used to huff ourselves into dizzy and spinning in circles on my front lawn, feigned rebellion against a society we were too young to understand.

Reclaiming Alleluia  
By: Elizabeth Benson  

Four liquid onyx eyes aim at me as I pass two American Common Crows standing on an India-black granite headstone in Logan Cemetery. One launches into the air, wings unfurling, its tail snapping open like a geisha’s fan. As it curves upward toward an overhanging Douglas fir bough, the sun reveals the subtle blend of black and deepest blue on outstretched wings. The crow disappears from sight, hiding behind drying needles and drooping pinecones. The other crow, left on a granite perch, calls to its companion. Once. Twice. Three times. Met by silence, the abandoned crow inches sideways on leathery talons, beak slightly open. Its wings shrug upwards then fold softly back again, wingtips overlapping in similitude of prayer. A five-cry guttural response, muted by leafy filters, drifts from a neighboring sycamore. Crows, gathered in foliage, on iron fence posts, and sweeping from grave to grave, wear their everyday work clothes, mourning clothes. Outfitted by nature, their presence here in the cemetery feels right, so we forgive them as they mate, shriek and slap the air with ebony wings.