



## Crossing the international date line with only a half-smile By: Jerry Vanleperen

I wait inside  
drops drum wild on the roof  
nothing on the radio  
nothing called sun anymore

drops drum wild on the roof  
rain shadow names itself thunder  
this grey echoes lonesome light  
we cannot wait for the moon  
to reflect our lives in puddles

this grey echoes lonesome light  
for ten years we had no floods  
to reflect our lives in puddles  
how many trees drown in the morning

for ten years we had no floods  
nothing on the radio  
how many trees drown  
in the morning I'll hide inside

## To Swim By: Adrianna Jorgensen

1.  
Staring at blue tiles  
I slice water  
with my hands-  
anticipate the stroke  
I can turn my head  
to lit windows  
and breath.

2.  
You drowned me  
a year ago.  
Beautiful hands  
shoved my shoulders  
beneath,  
refused to let go.  
I didn't even fight.

3.  
I stood on toes  
until they were raw  
clinging to the edge  
venturing  
no further than  
my little girl arm.  
Mom kept  
yelling to let go;  
she said I knew how.