Dressed to Kill in Small Town, Utah
by Susan Posti-Strobel

I’m putting on that little black dress.
walk down Main Street every hairline wrinkle
showing in my cleavage endless like time.
That little dress sleeveless backless
tight like armor. Oh, how the ruffles flirt
and veil my weathered knees! And yes
every strand of hair shaved to a stump
a showstopper for sure just look at
the green wave from north to south
no one no crossing can stop me. Blank greeting cards
sigh and wave from the Hallmark shop window the ones
never sent to me and I don’t care.

By the sports goods store prime bicycles
sparkle in a chorus line front wheels turn
to follow my little black march and I’ll keep
walking even if
this is my last stretch
under stealthy looks shot
from idle eyes hooked in family vans
eyes my spike heels might just gouge out
eyes starved for steamy sidewalk dreams
modest shorts aching
to drop behind the butcher shop
where I order tongue and tenderloin.
And how that blue-eyed butcher longs to wrap me
in cracking sheets of paper
hairs standing to attention on his beefy forearm.

I might just die and be buried in this little black dress.

And the band will play on
and we will all paddle to this other world
across a sizzling Styx of coffee. Black. No cream. No suc

In the Attic of My Brain
by Audrey Fowler

Two mismatched dressers hold childhood memories,
Neatly folded and crumbling into forgetfulness.
The parasol I always wanted but never had
Leans in a corner next to
The princess shoes with the diamonds on the toes
That I wore even when they pinched my feet.
In a trunk to one side are jumbled a large amount of algebraic formulas—
I should have sorted them long ago in case I ever needed them again.
Scraps of poems I’ve picked up along the way hang from the ceiling,
Rustling in a non-existent wind and whispering to themselves.
And every book I’ve ever read lies about on chairs and in stacks in corners,
Punctuated by trivial knick-knacks and glass paperweights.
And sometimes, if I listen really close, I can hear the girl I used to be
Giggling as she slips through faded photographs and dances by herself.