

Selection

By Michelle Miller

There's the fishbowl
Filling, not with water and flies
But, with numbers to decide
the next two years of our lives

Energy is cracking as people move in
There is no line,
just a mesh of bodies,
people who have to vie

Yet no pushing
As though we're all resigned to this fate
Waiting to be the next to pick
Then sign our name and wait

There are a few that do not participate
Faces smug with grins
But hidden is the grief
At possibly losing friends

We wait in our seats
Numbers are announced
No one hovers
Some even pounced

Names are filling the slots
Did they turn up the heat?
I go in for the last spot
And as I am returning to my seat

A friend makes a comment
That was their heart's desire
Choices are fluttering in my head
As my palms are getting drier

How this will affect me
How this will benefit his
Is there a right thing to do?
There is.

This is just a practice
For in two years
There will be the match
A much larger fishbowl, and much more tears



Jane Doe A Life Sized Barbie

By Amanda Grondin

I quickly examined the young woman
Lying naked on the cool ER table
I noticed the pink nail polish
Partially scraped away,
Her limbs molded
As I bent them,
Her eyes fixed
As if painted on

This Barbie had lived
The scrapes
The blood
As evidence
But now she lay
Motionless
Breathless

I watched
As life
Slipped away from
Jane Doe