when I dance on my hands
Jenny Forslund

who are you,
what do you sing,
soft and foreign?
what woman, whose angel
are you?

your song floats me
from rooftops landing
on downstream flows,
I know the hum
of the water
is you.

I'm leaves and buds
that quiver
with each note
from you and
your tiny hands
reach inside me
take everything out
shine it up
put it back
and make me whole.

the world and I
are in stillness
in your womb
when you sing.

The Bee
Lawrence R. Heibel

Fired.

Cruising seventy down the two­south. Going back to his apartment man, happiest travelling the Michigan.

“God, now what?” he yelled as he
steering wheel.

He was forty years old and out of
trying to find new jobs. Even with
panies were looking for college de
graduated high school.

“Now what? Unemployment? To
 aloud.

Drawing a cigarette from the pa
into the rear view mirror.

“Oh, shit.”

Sticking the cigarette in his mouth
He didn't have to glance down to j
popped, he grabbed it, lit his cig, a
remained fixed on the mirror with
sure he was on the road.

“Shit,” Tom breathed as a small b
window. “I hate bees.”

With both hands clenching the
gas and kept a close watch on the
window. There wasn't much of a shou
the cloudy sky made the night dar

“First rest stop and I'll let you ou
Lights flashed. Tom looked for
the yellow line into his own lane a
with its horn blaring.

Looking back to the mirror, the
“Oh, shit.”

Tom held his breath. If he didn't
where was it? First on his back, th
neck, felt the prickle of something
were the bee or his imagination. I
Somehow.