

# Cracks

*Lara Coley*

you slept on the floor  
and held the wall around you  
even in your sleep  
I cannot get close  
but I understand  
because we are not the people  
who let people stand close enough  
to see the cracks in the paint



# Untitled

*Samantha Scharf*

i wish i could cross  
my fallopian tubes  
in the same  
superstitious-wish-on-a-star-hold-my-  
breath  
sort of way i cross my  
fingers  
no baby no baby no baby  
damn this  
synthetically induced  
afternoon after  
where the nurses don't comprehend  
a seventeen-year-old woman's  
capacity  
to make love  
and  
not  
get fucked