

Witness

by Lynn Harrigan

Driving down a country road
elated by the sun's warmth and rolling corn fields
I glimpse an old woman shuffling down a gravel lane
toward the roadside mailbox
a red coat thrown over her housedress

Rising through the dust of distant memory
a little girl dark hair spilling over the shoulders of
her red jacket unbuttoned and flapping
as she flies beneath rifles through Warsaw streets
into a deserted apartment building disappearing beneath a bed

She reappears in a wheelbarrow full of lifeless bodies rag doll twisted

In the careless rush toward burial the red jacket flutters and
this idyllic morning splits wide open



In the Succulent Garden, by Katherine Komorowski