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Playground

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Cover Page Footnote
"James Austin?"
"Yes. Who is this?"
"My name is Brian Torry. I’m from the Owego Emergency squad. Your wife and son have been in an automobile accident."
"Oh, my God! Are they alright?"
"You better come down to Wilson Memorial."
"Are they alright?"
"Please come quickly."
"Poor bastard! Losing his family that way. Just across the cube, too."
"Burke! He’s got a flat line!"
"Give me the plates! Clear!"
"Hello, Jimmy."
"Nothing! Again! Clear!"
"Hello, Jim."
"Damn! We’re losing him! Once more! Clear!"
"It didn’t work, Burke. I’m sorry."
"Hello, Daddy."

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**Playground**

by

**susan montague**

During the glitter years me and the Yo Yo man would create winds while kicking the sun. Bold and Brave we pumped harder and harder gliding higher and higher, never afraid to melt with the sun. We found ourselves lost in the air connected to the ground, connected to limbo land.

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**Air Separation**

by

**Sharilynn Paolotto**

I’m sitting in a room with four doors Each one is open Waiting for the world to enter I’ve sent out invitations So when it comes The world will see me at my best Each time I hear something That may be a knock I jump up And my heart beats faster But each time is a false alarm A wrong number Or a person who has had second thoughts

I’m sitting in a room with no walls On a chair made of dreams Waiting for a friend To come But no one ever does

The door opens a crack I see your face Like it was the last time I saw you An image so real I believe that it’s you But when I reach out to take your hand The illusion disappears And I am left holding on to a memory In an empty room with no walls