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The Confession

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Cover Page Footnote

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CARRIE ANN NICCHI

BLUE BOY

The boy with the blue hair
Blew bubbles at the sound
Of the Turtle and the Hare
I spoke with cleverness in my voice
As he played with the spoke
In his wheel
Where are we going? The boy asked
To see the elephants?
No, I replied
To the sea
We continued to walk
As the little blue boy
Weaved his way
Into my heart.

KAREN CAWLEY

THE CONFESSION

my mouth open with words to shed,
i thought of a dove with wings spread.
but it was a fish
that emerged from my lips
and dropped to the floor instead.

looking at you, my face grew red.
my open heart filled with dread.
i watched the thing twitch,
then I nudged the fish,
to find it was already dead.