



Night

by Helen Cooney

Graceful sweeps of stardust fly

Brushing gold throughout

The bruised-black sky

The world's silently sleeping

I feel guilty from all my creeping

The light I see is a car

Ready to take me so very far

I can't leave right now, not tonight

Though my heart is willing

To take flight

I adore the unsolved night



The Subway

by Andra Riegler

It was a cold winter morning in New York City. At 10 am Terra was on her way to the airport for a 3 pm flight. She had given herself plenty of time, but the traffic was horrendous. She knew it would take many hours to reach the airport in a cab. So even though her worst nightmare in the world was to ride the subway, she knew she had no other choice.

As she approached the stairs in the dark, moist hallway, she trembled with fear. She put her foot down on the first stair and almost slipped on the half frozen puddle. She completed the never-ending stairway wondering what on earth she was doing at the subway station. Yet slowly but surely she walked. While thinking of all the terrible possible conclusions to this subway ride, she heard, "Excuse me....that'll be \$4.50 ma'am." She quickly jumped back to reality. Digging through her knockoff Coach bag she felt a cold, folded bill in the bottom, pulling it out she realized it was a five and handed it to the clerk. In return she accepted two overused tokens.

In the distance sat a subway car that looked as if it had once been silver. A sign stated "To Airport." Terra glanced at her watch. It was 12:35. She sprinted toward the subway car as if she were running from a burglar, but the doors closed in her face. "Uhh," she sighed, "must be bad karma!"

Before she knew it, forty-five minutes had gone by and she could no longer make it to the airport at the suggested two hour early time. Terra was always extremely responsible when it came to arriving at the airport two hours early. Minutes kept passing and passing. "What is going on?" she kept asking herself. It slowly approached 2 pm. No train had come. It dreadfully became quarter till 3, and still no train. She walked back to the rude lady who had sold her her ticket and asked what was wrong. The lady replied, "The trains are just running late today." Terra depressingly stood up from her rusty, metal bench and walked down the dark hallway headed for home. The roar of the train sounded behind her, but it was too late. She decided it was no use. At that very moment her trip to Hawaii came to a sudden end. Terra reached the top of the stairs and was blown by the frigid wind of New York City.

