

come back with me—out to the barn. There—  
 There's this kid—and well, found him crouched  
 behind the rabbit feed, mumbling something about  
 "don't find me." He—He won't talk to me.  
 Weather's too bad to take him to town, besides the  
 phone lines are down. Can't call anybody. He  
 won't leave the barn. Did get one thing out of him,  
 though—says his name is Kevin."

### Sunbathers

wet slabs of meat  
 laid out to dry  
 with bleached hair  
 carefully arranged  
*inside the pink bikini body bags*  
*Don't you find it strange?*  
*Greased like pork*  
 worshipping the sun  
 like shrivelled bacon pagans.

--Kimberly Gustin

### Violated

Pinned  
 Against a wall

Violated  
 by this stranger

A man  
 i don't know  
 who doesn't  
 know me

Caresses me  
 Touches me  
 Talks to me

Scream!

Help!

Slap!

*No one hears*  
*No one helps*

*So...*

*The stranger*  
*pins me to the wall*  
 Violates me

While others  
 unknowingly  
 continue their fun  
 on the other side  
 of the  
 door

--Tawnee Shallenberger