

# **New Fiction by Dwight Curtis: Yacht Master**

I'm all alone, floating down the Clark Fork in the middle of the night. I have a pepperoni pizza bungeed to the rear seat and the moon is so bright that my oars cast shadows on the water. The surface of the river is chopped up into white and black. It feels like I'm in a graphic novel. I've never done this before.

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# **New Poetry by Deborah J. Hunter: "March 2003"**

New Poem by Deborah Hunter: March 2003