The Prairie Light Review

Volume 36 Number 2

Article 35

Spring 5-1-2014

Seat Hunt

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Recommended Citation

Kiehn, Nathan (2014) "Seat Hunt," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 36: No. 2, Article 35. Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol36/iss2/35

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My mind was in some savanna maybe, where mango groves thrived over gum trees. Peeling back its tender sunset skin in the middle of 3rd hour biology, my nails swathed in stickiness, my fists drenched in its sweet juices, I chomped the mango sharply, as a lion clenches its jaw into a gazelle's hide. I may have made growling noises: a guttural, throated, low baying of the feral. I was too far gone in the supple orange fruit. But you can ask my classmates and professor: It was all silence, save for the satisfied licking of chops and the dribbling of juice on desk.

SEAT HUNT

Nathan Kiehn

Buses, stadiums, concert halls People move like billiard balls Looking for a certain seat to take And don't you hate it when you find one claimed? "That's for my friend, cousin, brother" Now we have to go and find another There's five of us, but only two there We won't separate, won't even dare. There's a bunch, in the middle of the row Past legs and bodies, away we go "Excuse me, sorry, can I get past?" Like fighting a river that's flowing fast. Alone, on the bus, no seats remain But I keep an eye out just in case "Stop requested" are magic words To start the struggle through the herds. You see their eyes, the predators Looking, waiting for their turn To find the seat they think is best To sit down, smile, finally rest. Every day, a new hunt dawns for some To find that seat when legs are numb To rest the body, let it lie lished by Digital Commons the show the ride, the drive.