Toothless

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College of DuPage

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Toothless
By Sarah Horn

The rain continuously thrashing on the windows,
sky dark as onyx, and we're trapped in school.
All the kids, clad in their jeans and t-shirts, stuffy-noses,
gather round in groups to make the best of the tattered,
ratty old board games and the missing checkers pieces
teachers collect over the years.
A group of three plays chutes and ladders.
I sit watching, wandering away from the game to something
Pestering my mind, beating at me like a drum.
I poke and prod it with my thumb and it wiggles like a barn
door on loose hinges.
The taste of salt appears in my mouth, the tiny drops
just a tease.
I push it more, and the pressure gets greater, waiting for
that instant snap when the dam of the red river breaks and
the great salty taste comes surging in my mouth,
overwhelming my senses.
I don't recollect pain, only pride, pride that I had
Defeated myself, I was a conqueror,
like Cortes over the Aztecs.
I was the victor, I had won the battle. As proof of victory,
I raised my gleaming white trophy.

Happi-
By Tori Telfer

happiness is
running down a narrow hallway crookedly
bouncing off the walls

(and when you fling your head over your shoulder you see your footprints
evaporating quickly like rainbow dust)