

Spring 5-1-1996

Reply

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Recommended Citation

Hitt, Jeff (1996) "Reply," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 16 : No. 2 , Article 41.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol16/iss2/41>

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Reply

"Please."

That was all I could say...

"Please."

There she was the woman who fit every aspect of the blueprint in my mind and all I could say was...

"Please."

Now my whole self was ablaze in thought, in suave, flattering, endearing quips and comments, but my command voice quacked...

"Please."

Oh how pitiful I must of looked standing there leaning against her car, my eyes refusing to focus on anything, examining everything around us as if ashamed that they wished to gaze upon her gentle frame, they too said...

"Please."

We had been talking of nothings and somethings, but I knew neither as I was transfixed by the way she seemed both to be intrinsically connected to beauty of the life around us and that she seemed to transcend it. It was hers and she belonged to it. The air we breathed cried...

"Please."

Then softly, sweetly her hands reached out with calm assurance that was belied by the anticipation in her face. And talking my dumb, senseless hands into her own she forced my eyes to look at her, to acknowledge her. Not her face or her hair or her shape, rather the woman beneath the pretense of the body and its time-tied identity. When this woman knew that she was seen she tightened her grip and loosened her tongue and spoke...

"Can you love me?"

And all I said was...

"Please."

-Jeff Hitt