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Donna

Randy Psenicka
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DONNA*Randy Psenicka*

You could be so mad almost every drop of blood (it seemed) was in, or on its way to, your head. Your face felt like it was on fire. Your eyes were tight slits. Your temples would bulge. She would look at you, her understanding so complete it seemed you were looking into a mirror at your better half. She wouldn't say anything, or even motion with her head "I understand." She didn't need to. Just looking at her, you could see she knew it all. She had felt the exact same thing — the exact same way — under the same circumstances. She would allow you to feel that anger for a few minutes until she thought you had dealt with the feelings long enough. Then she would cock her head a little to the left and let her blond hair hang loosely over her shoulder. She would be looking at you with those deep green eyes. She would reach over across the table and put her hand on top of your hands, still clenched tightly. The softness in that hand was so intense it would make the average person numb from head to toe, but you could barely feel it, getting caught up in the greenness of those eyes. Then, she would raise her curvacious eyebrows slightly and part her full pink lips into a bright, loving smile — I swear to God if someone had asked me what I was mad about, or even my name, I couldn't have possibly responded. Every anxiety in my body seemed to leak through my pores. All the anger, the hate, everything dirty, melted away, forgotten. I was left completely cleansed. I have never felt so intoxicated, never felt such warmth, and have never felt so utterly helpless as when Donna smiled.

I would stand there in front of the library as soon as English let out and pretend to be caught up in some engaging conversation with a few classmates. I would keep my eyes fixed on the familiar faces coming down the hall until I caught hers. Most of the time, she would walk with her friends. They all wore pretty much the same thing, but I only noticed her — her loose jean jacket, her worn Nike tennis shoes, and her tight, tight Chic jeans. As she got closer, I would actually stare at her, hoping she would feel my presence and look back at me. (Knox, my older brother, told me it was absolutely imperative to make some kind of eye contact with her if I ever hoped, at some point in time, to exchange bodily fluids. Then he laughed hysterically, seeing the wonderment in my eyes. He was such a jerk about her.) The few times she did look back at me, I stood there absolutely stunned, almost catatonic. Then I would snap back to reality and find myself lowering my eyes to her legs. I would watch those Chic jeans tighten around her thighs with each step she took until she was almost on top of me. My heart would burn. My limbs would fall limp, and all the words I was dying to say would lump in my throat, choking the breath from me with their incoherency.

This was it. She was just standing there with her arms laced around the small of his back. All he felt was the dull, anxious thump of his heart. His face was hot, his mouth wet. His stomach fluttered with tiny creatures that seemed to catch fire, one after the other.