The Daily Planet

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Third Place

NOW!
i close to nervous breakdown
need rest relaxation; need a drink
saw her again last week.
god knows how many times in dreams.
my hand’s shaking — can’t find the keys
left the password in Mercury beneath frozen snow
too cold to know
saw her again last week.
the smile still shakes me, catches my breath
i need her more than she could know
and we pass in broiling hallways
say something nothing: hello
the brain cannot thrive on nonsense
must not overload
MUST NOT OVERLOAD.
she’s lurking in some vapid hallway.

Significance

My friend,
Or so I call you,
Though at times I manipulate you,
As if you were but an object,
Put here to do my bidding.
Your only purpose to fit my expectations
In order that your actions
Will fulfill my every need.
Someone to mold into a replica of myself,
So I won’t feel so alone,
In a world devoid of meaning.

My lover,
Or so I’d like to treat you,
Even when I’m using you
Merely as an instrument to obtain climax.
When you become fingers and a tongue
To stimulate my desire.
Then a soothing voice and gentle hands
In the wake of the trembling aftermath.
Any body with arms to enfold me,
When the faceless crowd threatens
To overwhelm me.

My self,
Or so I would have you be.
Support for my every contradictory idea.
Total compassion, unconditional acceptance.
Always believing.
Knowing my every need
And therefore it’s resolution.
Being what I am,
You could feel and do all these things.
And serve as a reflection
When I look in your eyes,
of my own much sought after significance.

Kathleen McClellan

The Daily Planet

Caroline
every time I see you
i see you sand fills my mouth
words drool out of my eyes
in you’re one with eyes that shine like sparkle
stars engulf the moon; i am earth
FACE FULLA DESERT FACE FULLA OCEAN
Caroline
every time I see you
i say nothing... you echo.

It Began A Whisper

It’s a cheeseburger Friday
i am sitting here with catsup on my face
napkins on the floor
don’t care no more.

Everyday’s a cheeseburger Friday
i am belching dehydrated onions constantly
even while i sleep.
Who cares who keeps the count of days?
i don’t, but i seem endless...
just end me in my sleep some cheeseburger night.

Honorable Mention

Too Bad You Couldn’t Make It

I thought of you today
as the water
seemed to
fondle me
in my bath
subtle pressure
gently swelling
against
my thighs
your calloused
hands
warm streams
tr
ir
ic
ki
ty
ng
down
your fingers
tracing paths
between
my breasts
as the steam
rising wisps
each
care
envelop me
in your embrace
lapping rivulets
of wetness
like your tongue
against my skin
in a time
not long ago
when the hours
seemed to
slow
then
fade away
each soft touch
a smile
turning
just in time to catch
a sigh
then round again
trembling with
the heat
that seemed to
chill
then quiet
as a whisper
peace descends
Yes, I thought of you today
and for once there wasn’t
any pain

Kathleen McClellan