

Spring 6-7-1982

Too Bad You Couldn't Make It

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Recommended Citation

McClellan, Kathleen (1982) "Too Bad You Couldn't Make It," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 1 : No. 3 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss3/13>

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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.

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Paul Adams Dunk

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.*

Copyright 1981

Paul Adams Dunk

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.*

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Paul Adams Dunk

Honorable Mention

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

Too Bad You Couldn't Make It

<i>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 i c kli ng down your fingers tracing paths between my breasts as the steam rising wisps each caress envelope me in your embrace</i>	<i>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</i>
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Kathleen McClellan