

Words Meant for a Notecard.

Brenden Kimpe

I. Translucent Bugs.

Translucent bugs crawl beneath my skin.
They make my scalp and armpits itch.
Gorging on the abundance of my worries.
The more they feed, the more they must eat.
They are normal to me. Every day, tiring things.
They never used to be.
Those first moments when they burrowed under my skin,
Into my thoughts,
Never to be forgotten.
I could rid myself of these bugs.
A pill here or a drink there, as they say.
Well then what's the point?
After all,
They worked so hard to get there.
Against all odds these translucent bugs found refuge within me.
They beg me to let them stay,
With their bulging bellies and mewling cries.
I wasn't sad to see them go.

II. Shaky Lines.

My hand glides yet it writes nothing.
The words have no meaning until I assign it.
You can believe in them if you choose,
But I can't make you.
These words meant for a notecard were never meant to be seen.

Only by me, through use as an outlet.
Now by you, something to plug into.
My pen hovers above the page,
Afraid of being misused and abused.
Shaky lines and uneven spaces,
I ask you to judge them,
When they cross your mind.
It's what they are meant for.
These words previously meant for a notecard ring within my head,
Waiting for a listening ear.

Brenden Kimpe is a fourth-year student majoring in English and secondary education with certificates in creative writing and writing, editing, & publishing. Brenden enjoys everything that involves literature and spends lots of his free time reading, writing, and spending time with his cat, Marceline.