

Two Poems

Brenden Kimpe

An Upward Trend

Across the classroom with short, cropped hair and warm brown eyes.
Stolen glances are not so sly, something flutters.
Gliding down a path meant for walking.
Stifled laughter with mouthfuls of cheeseburgers.
Late nights, early mornings, returning home with a smile.

The ultimate summer trip: camping, visiting the zoo, sharing love.
A sweaty tire change in the mid-July heat, totally worth it.
Traipsing along the beach, searching like ravens for precious stones.
Scratching mosquito bites with sticky marshmallow fingers.
Drunk upon fruity liqueur and tipsy from love.

Crisp autumn air flows over our goose bumped skin.
A quick stop at the gas station; treats and drinks galore.
Settling down in a half-full theater, whispering into the air.
A late-night drive home, settling in, cozy and warm.
Drifting off with full arms, how sweet life is.

Scrabble

A silent scrabble game chokes me, we are not
thinking of words to play on the board anymore.
I felt so embarrassed. Too lost in my dreams to see
reality directly in front of me, waving its hands.
Time is the best healer and the most skillful assassin.
My throat is slit and sewn shut twice a week.
It's a surprise every time, even if I anticipate it.
I was sculpted and crushed by your hands.
Hands that I bit as they fed me everything I needed.
A bandage cannot cover those faded markings.
An apology cannot fix those missed opportunities.

Brenden Kimpe is a senior double majoring in English and secondary education. He enjoys colorful sunsets, reading until his eyes burn, and napping with his cat, Marceline.