Clearance Find

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"Clearance Find"

He sidled up next to me
With his battered blues
(I could say jeans...
    they were ratted, tatted too)
But I speak of his eyes
(Those beautiful blue eyes-
    broken, saddened)
He told me I make him smile.

He held my hand
Small, smooth fingers laced
In his-large and rough
(The ones I loved to feel
    brush against my skin)
Then he’d bring my hand to his chest
(Pledge of allegiance style)
Pledge, “My heart is yours.”

He played footsie with my sandaled feet
(My toenails painted brightly to match the
    light in my eyes, the spark in my life)
He in those “great find” shoes
(You know...
    the clearance kind)
The ones you buy just because they are your size
And I can’t help but think that I am a
Clearance find
(Perfect fit for now,
    ’til the next sale comes along)

Stephanie Adams is a freshman in psychology from Sioux City, Iowa. Her favorite things, in no particular order, are: her fiancé, friends, the sound of an acoustic guitar, éclairs, inside jokes, good books, movies (especially if they are scary), vacations, Italian food, mountains, pretty much all kinds of music, flowers, poetry, rollercoasters, and beaches.

On right:
Kelly Schwantz wishes to decline from revealing herself. Though, she will say that she lives in a basement with her most loyal admirer and roommate, Forrest. She would like to add this message is compliant for the hearing impaired.