Things I Want to Tell You

Kelly Schwantz*
lately I have noticed how the sound of your voice
utters silly thoughts similar to mine
makes my mouth spill with laughter
fascinates me

my face breaks out in a crimson hue
your thumb across my left hand
long nails shaky fingers so gracious
your kiss

my brown eyes look into your gray and green
soft gentle
warm tugging
a look you on me
magnetic

my mind on skin your face
flawless jawline
angles strong delicate salmon pink lips
my fingertips outline full shape

snakelike tighten
fair powerful hands
slither around my waist
wound in arms

passionate kiss like spiders web
perpetual cling
tongue intimate honey in the mouth

raisin rum lips parting
reveal smooth enamel
your smile always make me

leave with your touch still on my hands
I wish to tell you
lately I have noticed your presence
has become my favorite thing
She turned. "You don't mind if I leave a little early today, do you?"

He reached for the envelope and said nothing. His head burned as he opened the door to his office. He leaned back in his chair and tried to call up her image. All he could get was her talking on the phone. Typing. Making photocopied. He scratched at his Adam's apple and closed his eyes. She was his secretary. She was filing. She was clearing a printer jam. He opened his eyes and stared at her empty desk for a moment. The bear and the troll smiled back at him unaware.

"You're fired," he thought.

L. Anton Dencklau...

is a thin, observant man who will graduate in spring 2001 with his second bachelor's degree in business. He likes to refer to Iowa as a "wasteland with telephone poles inserted into the ground at 84 degree angles, surrounded by the air of impotence and misery." He has never seen the ocean.

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.