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Manners

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College of DuPage

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Manners

By Jennifer Trucksa

The twitch in my nose
screamed silently for release
but instead buried itself
deeper and deeper inside
my nasal cavity
in fear of being lost or
ignored.

The bastard child of a head cold
threw his tantrum
and pounded his tiny fists
on my brain.

He clung to right nostril
when a herd of wildebeest came stampeding
down,
tearing through with an avalanche of
germs green with malice,
colliding into the soft curves
of my palm
just before I shook your hand.

Cinderella's Happily Ever After by Jennifer Trucksa

You come in
galloping with your white
Fruit of the Looms, carrying your gut
over the threshold of the bedroom door
and plopped down next to me
in flannel sheets
"Common baybee and fuck me" you slurred
rolling over the edge of your last
marriage onto the floor
falling asleep because your penis
is shorter than your attention span.