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## Structure of Innocence

Megan J. Kettelkamp

*Olivet Nazarene University*, [mjkettelkamp@olivet.edu](mailto:mjkettelkamp@olivet.edu)

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*Structure of Innocence* | Meg Kettelkamp | Mixed Media

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# A Game of Life

elisa klaassen

I sit in my little plastic car—  
its red paint as vibrant as a maraschino cherry.  
A cherry I will never taste.

Giant hands reach down for me—  
bad cuticles, dirty fingernails, and all—  
crude  
    clumsy  
            careless  
                    creator.

I think  
he tortures me.

Subsumed by the winds of fate,  
I'm swept off my feet again.

You see,  
I'm a plastic piece in the game of Life.

I brace myself in the cruel caresses of his hands  
waiting for a rough landing.  
He spins a wheel beside me.  
I watch with  
masked horror  
as the wheel  
lands on a fate that will

crush me.

I'll collide with a new life event—  
the winds of my destiny nearly suffocating me as  
I'm rushed across the road that  
I  
must  
take.



For a second,  
I'm flying.  
But then I crash hard.

"Tornado hits house,"  
my new tile says.  
I helplessly survey the damage.  
Looking up at the hands that control me,  
I try to shake my own fists.  
I  
am  
immutable.

At the end of my long road,  
those familiar hands present me with  
a monetary award and  
a happy retirement.

My  
    painted  
        pained  
            plastic  
                perpetual  
                    smile

glares up at those hands hotly.  
My coffin closes  
again  
as those rough hands place the lid  
over my box  
and  
tuck me away in the closet.

A happy retirement.  
A happy retirement.  
A happy retirement.

Is this the meaning of my Life?