shells

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The empty shells litter the streets we could drive with our eyes closed
crunching beneath the unprotected tissue of our rolling bodies,
we, unfamiliar with the soft flesh, so raw and sincere, are apologetic.
Sunlight sears the backs of our hands, as we create shadows for ourselves
hoping in the darkness and silent static that we can be secure again,
letting our armor harden amongst our shrouded weaknesses,
in the shade of a lynching tree hidden from the blinding delights of high noon.
Judgment comes without reason or justice, screaming daydreams
rending away our expensive tailored self-image into hand-me-downs,
memories left in family albums to fill with dust, the sharpness dulled
down to could and should, family remedies and tasteless jokes
to masque the softened skin, fattened and silken, the chronic throbbing.
A corner pricked by the tacks of affection, we ignore the faces, the smiles,
staring into the tiny bits of infinite, the emptiness that fills us too
in hair wrenching paradox that we can only be far too aware of.
Taboo and shame become things of beauty, longing for a wrong turn,
the other side of a one way street as we drive with our eyes closed.