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clumsY

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Author Bio

Caitlin Clarke was born and spent her first 18 years in Barnegat, New Jersey. She has worked as a counselor at a Boy Scout camp, endured the South African PLTU, and has conquered both Mount Katahdin and Mount Fuji. Caitlin is a Biology major with a neglected interest in languages. She seeks to travel the world after graduating from Gettysburg College, and someday own an inn.

we'd been hiking in the woods together, devoid of cliques.

His jersey is all that's left of him for me to see. His number on both jerseys is white. It's a number four, like the tattoo Sam carved into himself on the fifth day after he died.

Sometimes I wish life was like a good movie or a book. I wish everything could make sense. I wish everything could be coherent and spelled out clearly for me. I wish I could grasp a sense of order and put it in my pockets to carry around like a trusty paperback. I sigh and give in to the fact that sometimes life doesn't make sense. That some things just don't add up. That life is confusing and disorienting.

The night is cold and the air is quiet. I can see my breath, can't feel my hands. I trudge through the snow, forging a path towards the road. The snow bank is still there, rising up out of the road like a tiny mountain of white ash. I take a deep breath and look at the stars. The moon hangs lazily above the clock-tower watching over the college in town. I am overwhelmed and I lie down on the snow, my hands behind my head. It is freezing, I can feel the snow against my bare back. I stick the bouquet of flowers into the snow. They sit alone in the cold air, trembling.

CAITLIN CLARKE

clumsY

clumsy I'm
clumsy with my hands and
often with my feet but
I'm worst with my words
clumsiest, clumsier
with explanations articulations
definitions descriptions
and worstly most recently
cumbersome and under some
horrid heaviness when I
speculate on -
gosh how to say this
- my
 feelings.