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Stutter

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Stutter

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Author Bio

Karen Hendershot is a senior and a double major in English and Political Science. She was born and raised in the neighborhood of Bayside in Queens, NYC. She is still looking for a job, but hopes to work for a political advocacy group or work abroad after she graduates. Karen's favorite poets include John Keats, Sylvia Plath, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Enough

she was bipolar in a bottle
who liked to count the hard grains of sand
as they slipped through her fingers

he was intoxication
who introduced himself as maurice,
the space cowboy

they'd get tipsy on spontaneity
and submerge themselves in sunsets
sprawled out above them

they'd bottle the crayola colored scene
like children catching summer fireflies
in those old jam jars

but even all the breathing holes
couldn't make the scene last till morning;
she's bound to awaken in darkness

that's the thing about potential
it never leaves you feeling full.

KAREN HENDERSHOT

Stutter

look at my f-f-face
do I look f-f-funny to you?
could you t-tell by my mouth?
mmmaybe it's the look in my eyes.

Look of fear.

fffear of people laughing at me,
of teachers that repeat que-que-questions
of s-s-sisters who f-finish my sentences for me,
of waiters who t-t-tap their f-feet for me to finish my order.

Spit it out!

The s-s-stall worsens with nerves

Struggle, Stammer, Stutter.
Until they give up on me,
Assume my words are wo-wo-worthless,

Assume that I am worthless.

ANDREW YOUNG

Masticate

Sitting like a petit Victorian goddess,
the blonde raises ripe, red apple
to lush lips, opens, closes, chews.
Quaint jaw muscles grind,
trained to move ever so slowly
as the fair lady nods to fellow queen
recounting disposed male attendants
of bygone debauches. Staring secretly
I pine for soft skin, blue eyes, blonde hair
flowing around amble breasts
and stunning body. The pair cackles
at tales of deceitful love,
while the beauty sinks teeth into juicy
flesh. Chomping, gnawing, squashing
lips move up and down, methodically
devouring morsels of men
that the serpent continuously consumes
with deadly eyes and pointed face,
forever sings her hellish ode, luring
heroes toward ferocious jaws that
lead, tempt, covet, kill.