Lately

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Recommended Citation
Rinta, McKenna (2014) "Lately," The Promethean: Vol. 22 : Iss. 1 , Article 24.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol22/iss1/24

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Lately

McKenna Rinta

I want to crack open my skull
And let the blue jays fly out
I want daisies to sprout from my eye sockets
And stretch their petals towards the sun
I want to take an axe to my ankles
Permanently dislodging my feet
I won't hold them back anymore
Let them walk where they want
I'll stay behind
Looking at my ankles
And counting the rings
For the years I've been asleep

A Bientôt

Kayla Suvak

“She is fading fast! She is too weak to live!”

The pity in the nurses' eyes screamed that the end was near.
Their lips moved making sound that I could not hear. I was too
focused on the delicate flower in front of me. The moment I locked
onto her rosy cheeks and button nose I loved her. She was perfect.
Her eyes were squinted shut, but I knew they were a more brilliant
blue than had ever been seen in this world before.

“My dear, her heart is faltering too severely. She will not last
the next few minutes. The lack of nutrients and the earliness of her
arrival, not to mention the amount of blood loss you both sustained,
well, there is nothing we can do. I am sorry.” The seriousness in the
doctor’s voice emulated the voice of a captain telling his crew that
there was no hope. Their precious ship was sinking.

“I know, but let me hold her. Please. I want to hold her just
this once.”

“I am not sure that I can recommend that.”

One of the nurses fixed Doctor Roberts with a piercing eagle-
like stare; the anger in her eyes was unfathomable. I had never seen a
woman so enraged outside of a television show. She was a legitimate
momma grizzly bear in full on attack mode.

“You have GOT to be kidding me! Daniel, let the girl hold
her. She is never going to get another chance and you want to take
that away from her. Jesus Christ, man! Where is your humanity?”

Sheepishly, Dr. Roberts left the room, muttering something
about “not wanting to get in the way of women’s hormones.” The
nurses looked at me with glimmers of success in their eyes; all we had
going for us now were the small victories.

As they delicately placed her in my withering arms, I looked
at our reflection in the hospital window. The sheen of sweat on my
forehead glittered in the light. I looked as though I had died or
was about to. My eyes were no longer their sparkling blue, but a
faded, silvery gray. I had failed her. I had given into a darkness that
destroyed my one chance at happiness. I was nothing more than a

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