Childhood

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Casey Kerns

I sit on the table
my dad fashioned—my old bedroom door
soaking in still silence of the back pasture.
Remembering youthful days.

Red and blue paint
covers green house siding
hammered to tree trunks
A makeshift paintball course.

Empty cans hang from branches
by bright orange twine
secretly cut from hay bales.

Childhood laughter haunts the clearing
where we built our saloon.
Old milk jugs filled with water,
nails driven through lids
form water-taps.

We trade monopoly money
for Safeway bags of pinecones:
ammunition for the coming war.
We crawl through mud, Camo-clad, armed with BB guns
Preparing for battle.

The crackling of burning needles awakens me.
I hear my dad call out.
The last of my memories is thrown
onto the trailer and driven
to the burn pile.
The childhood that I once knew,
slowly turns to ash.

My Body

Anonymous

Ross and Nordstrom have two attributes that are very different, their shoppers. Walking into Nordstrom I was immediately aware of my faded, baggy ten-dollar jeans, gray high school sweatshirt, mud stained Payless shoes, and high messy bun. Maybe it was that sexy Vince Camuto dress or those Gucci pumps that drew me into the world of high fashion. The employees didn’t even bother with talking to me, one look at the pull string backpack I converted into my purse and they knew I wouldn’t be buying anything. I would never spend over two hundred dollars on an article of clothing, much less two thousand on a pair of shoes. At any rate I have some weight to lose before I buy any overpriced sexy dresses!

My legs are too fat. There in Nordstrom I decided to stop being a waste of space among my glamorous dreams and start working on my body. I am in no way fat; I want to be fit and not have huge hips! I did think I was fat in middle school. But that is where a lot of my idiosyncrasies come from. As I push myself to be able to do a pull-up my mind wonders if I will ever completely rid myself of my fear of popular girls or at least fit in with them. They are that small group of the prettiest girls that wouldn’t be caught wearing anything but a brand name, never have bad hair days, and daintily carry their Coach purses. I of course have never been in this tight group. Most of my life I wore hand-me-downs or anything that was on a “50% off” rack. Even if I managed to find something slightly trendy, my hair was a disaster. Normal people can brush their hair and it will turn out at least presentable. If I do, my small head could be three times as wide and my hair would still cover it.

Sometimes I wonder why I work so hard to fit in. Then I remember I have one main goal, to be the best! I am not sure if that is a good goal or not. I simply have to be good at something or why would anyone like me or want to be my friend? Though I can’t afford expensive clothes, I am always on the lookout for a good deal. There are two other girls on the ellipticals. One wearing lime green Under Armor workout shorts, a matching top, and custom made Nike Frees. Her friend shows off her toned legs with yoga pants, a pink juicy