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The Witch's Defense

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Those little hooligans ate my house.
I never saw it coming.
I sat reading the paper in my chair
And first they attacked the plumbing.
Those little demons gnawed little holes
in all my licorice pipes
Next thing I know through the roof falls
a scrawny little boy in stripes.
When he hit the floor I knew there would be trouble
His face was covered in frosting.
His sister jumped in after him
eating so much apparently was exhausting.
I stood for a second to catch my breath
Then I reached for the phone.
I dialed the only three digit number I knew
And listened to the recording's drone.
I didn't know what number to pick
There was no children eating my house choice.
So I slammed down the receiver
and began to raise my voice.
"You hooligans stop this very second.
Leave the gingerbread where it sits.
get back to where you came from
or I will fetch my oven mitts.
I gave them warning,
I gave them time
But they were breaking and entering
they were committing a crime
When they continued to gorge themselves
On my chocolate kitchen table
I ran to preheat the oven
as fast as I was able.
The dinger buzzed
Chimney nearly gone
So I grabbed the criminals by the hair
And threw some seasonings on
I tossed them in the oven
for the crime they committed
once they were just barely crisp
in my mind they were acquitted.

Observation on an Affair
Bethany Quesnell

I watched him sit at the table with the largest cup of coffee
I had ever seen and look impatiently around the crowded café. He
looked tired, like he hadn’t slept in a day or two. The deep purple
smudges under his eyes looked like storm clouds and his t-shirt and
jeans were wrinkled. He checked his watch and his left heel started
bouncing beneath the table, impatient.

When she walked in I knew why he’d been so antsy. His leg
stilled when he saw her and his eyes followed as she walked past.
I knew she had come to meet him there, though she didn’t look
around. She strode purposefully through the door and up to the
counter to order a sophisticated espresso and classy-looking pastry.
Then, food and steaming beverage in hand, she pivoted on her heel
and strolled to his table. He nodded and she sat.

No words were spoken for ages. They simply sat, he with his
jumbo cup of Joe and she with her snack, sipping silently together.
His once-sleepy eyes seemed to brighten as the moments passed and
her lips curved into a small smile. When she finished her food she
asked, “Peanut butter chicken wings?”
He considered this, tilting his head to the right. His left heel
resumed its bounce. “Sounds good.”
“I was thinking of that night we went to that party with the
horrible food…”
“The one with the suspicious looking fish and the fat guy who
was telling those awful jokes?”
“Yeah.”
“And we went to that park afterword.”
“Mhmm. But we were both so hungry that we left before you
could really see the city lights.”
“I remember.”
“Well, I was thinking we could go to that park and have those
wings... like a picnic.”
The bouncing stopped. “Are you going to be able to get away
tonight?”