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The Vernal Pool

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

BRIJEANE FOSTER
TWO POEMS



THE VERNAL POOL

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I Want Out

Get me out of here.
Humid air against my skin,
I wish I had never stumbled in there.
Empty garage with peeling walls.
Memories very faint to me now.

Grungy red rug across the floor,
where mice had run before.
Webs sitting up high above my head.

He laid me down and nothing was said.
A friend of the family.
A neighbor, the boy from next door.

The ceiling lit with dangling lights,
shining down on everything.
A dryer roaring by the back wall
as he stood over me mighty and tall.
Get me out of here.

Piles of clothes and junk everywhere
and my Barbie cars on the floor.

There was nothing I could do
but look at the wide open room.
Get me out of here.

Something Happened Here

Something happened here.
Now only I can tell the tale of
what went down.

A ladder knotted with wood in between.
Up in this mysterious fortress,
one I had never been to before.
Shiny thick floor boards.
Shining from the bit of light that beamed its way in.

Outside, leaves of all shades and colors
restless on the ground, since Fall had arrived.
Red and purple beanbag chairs
sitting side by side.
I must say I was nervous.

My heart nearly jumped out my chest,
as she leaned in closer to me.
The wind made the structure sway here and there.
We sat inside thinking of what to say.

I thought to myself, how could this be,
as she got closer to me.
Why is there no space inbetween.

One soft hand on my cheek
and the other on my thigh.

I kept wondering why I never liked boys.

Here we are in this treehouse full of old toys.
Now her lips are against mine.