

1992

Jailbait

Ellison J. Stind
Denison University

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Jailbait

It was the night we lingered
way past the appropriate time to punch
my time card.
We had been cleaning the yogurt machines
and mopping up disrespectful gummi bears.
I noticed whenever I looked your way
our eyes would get caught.
You led me back to your desk
and tried to put your arms around me.
I said this wasn't the kind of overtime
I was accustomed to and broke away
from your needy embrace.
I made the mistake earlier of telling you
my stupid problems.
Jon's rejection, senior year.
You laughed at how immature they sounded
to your adult ears.
I revealed too many insecurities while
yours were hidden under a distorted and
aloof mask.
You believed my naivety and your authority
meant more than just my wages as
you once again reached for me and held
me against your foreign chest.
You kissed my cheek and smoothed my hair
telling me life was not that bad.
I wanted to trust you and cry on your
shoulder.
But you were older,
with older intentions.

-Ellison J. Stind '95