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Thwarted Love

Sarah Dye
Cedarville University

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About the Contributor (Optional)

Sarah Dye graduated from Cedarville in 1995 with a B.A. in English. She now lives in Blowing Rock, North Carolina.

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Thwarted Love

She's never been afraid to reach for food
Or books (or both). Her bosom's very broad;
It serves her as a sort of shelf on which
A plate can rest with ease. The years
Are marked by pounds, and now her eyes are lost
In mounds of flesh (she broke her favorite chair).
She enters Brockville's branch at noon each week,
Where wrinkled ladies, fingers ringless, stamp
Her books with faint distaste. They sniff and stare
And place each romance in a tidy stack,
Until the plywood counter's lined with rows
And rows of lovestruck men and women locked
In passion's fancy, hearts afire. She fills
Her canvas bag with books and shuffles home
Where luscious chocolate waits along with her
New chair (it's custom-built). Her bosom goes before
Her like the herald of an aging queen

-- Sarah Dye