

The John Carroll Review

Volume 74 | Issue 1

Article 51

December 2019

Young Things

Nora McKee

John Carroll University, nmckee23@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

McKee, Nora (2019) "Young Things," *The John Carroll Review*. Vol. 74: Iss. 1, Article 51.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol74/iss1/51>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact mchercourt@jcu.edu.

Young Things

Nora McKee

The gas station parking lot knew us well,
But now it's just me and the pavement.

Pimple cream and all you came after me.
You always knew how to persuade,
Forcing me to look towards the sun.

Crying was never a one-man job when delegated to us
It felt like needles and pins to weep alongside you.

But somehow, somehow,
You could take my pain and sculpt it
Into a glimpse of the innocence we once knew well.

You repeated yourself.
He was never good enough anyway.
He couldn't love
Like we both wanted him to.

We shared the bed like little kids.
You made me laugh until he was gone for good.
Your high-pitched joy and rapid thoughts kept everyone busy.

That night seemed long
And as all young things do,
We lived in a spell.

But just as all of my other attempts,
this spell couldn't last either.