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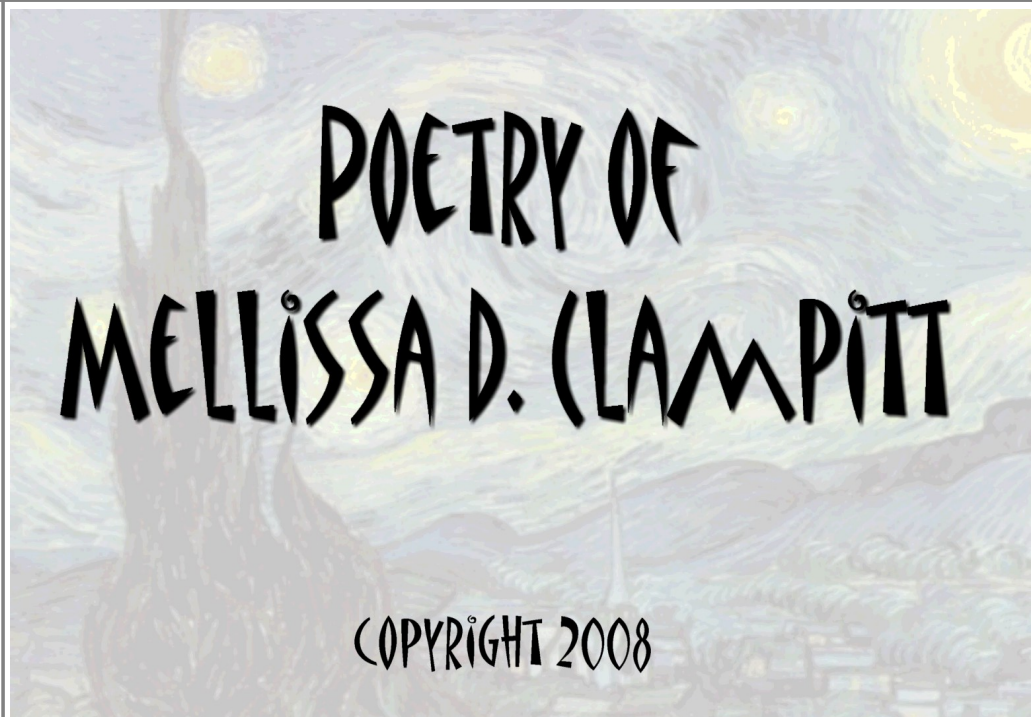
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Remembering Audrey Mae

78 weeks taken for granted.

Trapped
in the Intensive Care
Unit, flowing
with tubes and life supporters,
75 years of her life
wastes away before flooded
eyes.

Hot dogs sizzling
on an open grill, laughter,
her soft, wrinkled skin
smells of Vanilla Fields,
a haze of Benson & Hedges cigarettes
floats in the air.

546 days taken for granted.

The monitor beeps,
jagged lines of life,
no more than
ragged breath,
shut eyes.

13,104 hours taken for granted.

Mourners touch
thin itchy blankets,
small pillows, blue plaid chairs,
a phone commanded to stay silent,
sweating that call.

The hunting of colorful eggs:
1...2...3...4...
Yellow Peeps,
chased by ice cold Pepsi.
Pale pink and blue
baskets filled with new
outfits and Crayola utensils.

786,240 minutes taken for granted.

The monitor stops,
the lines run flat,
no more than
silence,
shut eyes.

47,174,400 seconds taken for granted.

One Way

Stepping
into the white
formica tub,
clothes scattered
on the floor,
thrown aside
like discarded mail,
I slide
into the clear
luke warm
water. My glittering
utensils,
are arranged neatly on the edge
of the tub,
clean,
disinfected, sharp.

I gently caress
the thin razor blade,
removed earlier
from my disposable
Schick razor.
I can see my reflection
in it as I turn
it from side to side,
contemplating.

Miss D. Clampitt is an writing student currently studying English and Creative Writing at Longwood University. She prefers Creative Non-Fiction, but also dabbles in poetry.