

[Untitled: A Work in Progress]

By Cydney Garbino

I

Torn

Wet

Red

Blood, that's blood

She's been cut

Stabbed

Invaded

He entered her with his fingers

his dirty diseased prick

his knife

his evil intentions

and sick desire to be inside her...

Deep.

Her screams and pleas

a song of anguish and fear

music to his ears

which envelops him

and nearly makes him come

that soft voice turning shrill and broken

begging please stop

stop

please stop

just let me go

I wanna go home

I won't tell anyone

I promise

I swear to God please

just let me go

over and over

less and less conviction with each repetition

growing tired and weak

he kept going and eventually it hurt less

Numb.

Silent.

He didn't like her quiet

her response was the whole point

Frustrated he draws his knife

Blade glimmering in the moonlight...

sick sick sick shit

that fucking sick

motherfucker

cruel

bastard

sick

fuck!

Sam

I can't think straight

She's on my mind

Always

It bothered me not seeing her in our 10 am lecture
someone who's usually so punctual and put together
so perfect

but, I guess she has seemed different lately...

she comes in tardy once in awhile

never more than 5 minutes

mildly flustered

disoriented

Her presence is warm and comforting

she has this pastel aura

silken hair

delicate lips

sad eyes...

she always smells like flowers

not in that artificial perfume way

Real flowers, a different kind every day

Roses

Lilies

Carnations

Peonies

It's like a game:

which flower will she be today?

Sometimes I feel like I should bring her flowers

one of those fancy arrangements they have at the market

those remind me of her

so delicate and pretty

not overwhelmingly drop-dead gorgeous

Just pretty

but not *just* pretty

she's a simple kind of beautiful

and so much more, underneath it all.

Doreen

My little girl, the sunshine of my life
or at least she was...
Brilliant and beautiful.
To think that I had created her
how wonderful it is to have made something
so tangible, soft
She was so kind, my angel
and how devastating it was to watch her fall from grace
witnessing her fire slowly fizzle out
get snuffed out and suffocated by this damn town
become caught up in the darkness of back alleys and house parties
She was a good girl once, and she still could have been.
Not that she always showed it, she had a heart of gold.
I just wish she would have had the chance
to make a change.

Jackie

We were at the Tavern on Tuesday night
a sleazy, near pitch black joint
where cigarettes and cedar fill the air
packed to the gills with this town's finest
bikers, criminals, poseurs, bar hags
women who were young and pretty once upon a time
and on this night, the two of us
we didn't quite fit in
stood out, even.
I gulp my warm flat no-name "beer"
You get what you pay for, I suppose.
Billiard balls crack like thunder
Some old classic rock tune plays on the jukebox
He slides his hand around my waist
like he knows me
like he owns me
breathes down my neck
all I can smell are the cigarettes on his breath
his cold yellowed fingers don't seem to know that this body belongs to no one
I'm pissed alright
but I'm frozen where I stand
and as usual, she's too preoccupied to rescue me.
Little did I know, she was the one who needed saving.

Tim

She was always a pretty girl

too pretty for this dump

belly of the beast

I knew Her and so I knew She didn't belong

She was an angel, but sure as shit not a saint either

what was she doing so far from heaven that night?

my stomach churned as I watched the room

their hungry eyes explored every inch

from Her flowing hair

flawless face

they groped Her delicate petite frame that once belonged to me

all the while She wore a kind, gentle smile

I could see the discomfort in her glimmering doe eyes

She knew she didn't belong

what was it that made Her stay?

definitely not for the piss they called beer.

Jackie

I remember when we were kids she'd say
Your secret's safe with me
she promised with wild glowing eyes
and a wide grin that would make the Cheshire Cat's jaw ache
She wanted to know it all even if i insisted she didn't
he was like that, though
Persistent
She was always good at getting what she wanted
that's why we were friends
the second she had me in her clutches
it was just her and I
Ride or Die
and we wouldn't have had it any other way...
But I couldn't always be there
she wasn't always there
and so she slipped into the void
just another statistic
no one knew who she was
no one knew her face
not the way I did
I visualize her face every single day
with intention and diligence
so that I never forget.

II

Sam

Back in the sandbox days she'd call me names

Freak!

Bug eyes!

Loser!

But my favorite by far was Slimy Sam

I liked the way she said my name

Though it came from shitty little kid hate

It had a ring to it that almost resonated like love

I wanted to hate her, I really did

I wanted to put spiders in her hair and tie her shoes together when she wasn't paying attention

But I couldn't bring myself to hate something so beautiful

So I let her be mean

She'd laugh and call me all her favorite names

Push me in the lunch line and knock the books and papers out of my hands at the bus stop

Once she even bit the head off my most prized Batman action figure

Spat it back in my face and threw his decapitated corpse at my feet.

And as much as I wanted to cry

Every time she hurt me

As much as I wanted to hurt her back

I just shrugged and walked away without a word.

To my amazement

Eventually she stopped being so mean

In fact she'd even smile at me

Say hi in the hallways

And even let me go down the slide first a couple times.

One summer we split an ice cream sandwich after I pushed her on the swing

And I've loved her ever since

Despite Tim, despite everything

If only she knew...

Doreen

That girl loved her drugs
I wish she'd learned to love something
Anything at all
As much as she loved her drugs
Anything at all
She spent days
Hunting
Hungry
Then wasted
Which I always knew
A mother knows these things
But it's hard to tell your baby No
When you can hardly kick your own habits
When it was you who taught her
Going without even just a little buzz
Might as well have been the apocalypse
It meant certain death certainly
But i guess that doesn't really matter in hindsight
When The End finally comes for you
It comes and it comes hard
No matter the circumstances that bring it on.
One more drink
Makes it just a little less scary...

Jackie

Shady side eye twitch glitch
Switch stop take a left up here
Take the wheel
And we were fucking flying
Sky high
It was my first time
But she had been at it for a while
She showed me all the ins and outs
Tricks and back flips
We played hopscotch in the clouds
I was soft to the core
Like a stick of butter that's been left out
From the moment that first wave hit
The reverberations of *oh fuck yes* traveled straight through my skull
I melted
I was one
I was all
We were the universe and in that moment I got it
I understood just for that moment
Why she never wanted to stop
And for that same reason, I knew I couldn't start.

Tim

We had our own little aesthetic
We made the world around us our own
Bent it to our every whim
We were sweaters and no pants
Cigarettes inside with an ice cold IPA in one hand, her hand in the other
Her youthful silken skin under my rough hands
The hands of a working man
She said it was a nice contrast
We were yin and yang
I was the bad boy, she was the good girl
I'd shotgun her gentle hits of bud, that way it didn't count
She'd seal the deal with a long wet kiss.
Our love was the very definition of love itself.
Chaos and order
The balance in between.

Sam

Hopes of one day telling her how I feel
flutter around in my skull
like butterflies
delicately dancing in my head
their wings tickle my brain in all the right places
transmit signals down to my stomach
back up through my heart
then to the back of my throat

Though words have yet to escape past my tongue,
I can tell she knows what's trying to break free.
I can see it in her eyes.
Most people wouldn't quite catch on,
but she seems to see right through me
with x-ray vision.
or could it be she feels this way too?

I'm anticipating the day I finally let it slip
behind a fit of giggles
I could sing it
I could scream it!

But it will probably escape quietly
like a secret
through nervously clenched teeth
and taugth jaws.
Maybe between kisses in the middle of a hot summer night
I'll tuck the message just behind her ear
with clear and gentle purpose...

But not now.
When it comes, she'll feel it
It'll be unmistakably perfect timing
when it will truly mean something and come so strong that it lasts a lifetime.

