

May 2016

Fifteen

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Recommended Citation

Bernard, Eenie (2016) "Fifteen," *Inklings Magazine*: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 17.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/inklings/vol2/iss1/17>

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FIFTEEN

eenie bernard

I.

I dream about wearing his jackets in
the winter, walking to the bookstore.
I shiver in the hot water of
the shower, don't look at the
mangled shadows, the blooming
thunderclouds that ripple across
my ribs when I lift my arms.
I cannot run from this.

II.

I hit him, I say. I repeat it to my mother.
I hit him; he wouldn't get off me.
I try not to think of the crack
his head made against the wall, the
shouting, finding my clothes in the dark.
She tries to breathe for the both of us.

III.

I cannot sleep without hating myself.
He has a new girlfriend.
We don't talk anymore.
I am distorted light bursting fluorescent
but I still fear all the times
I woke up counting the seconds
it took to remember,
Jesus Christ, I thought I killed him.