Expended

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**Expended**

*Karissa Cooke*

Cursive letters on the page  
Arms and legs entangled in sheets  
No end to you or to me  
Every word is read  
Yet you fail to see the tears  
Running down my cheeks.  
You're the writer of our story  
I'm the pen  
You decide when I write,  
What I write  
I have no say in spelling,  
Sentence structure, or plot  
I like writing for you  
But I've lost my cap  
And I'm running out of ink.

**Nameless**

*Peggy Wood*

I don't recognize the face before me. The taunt ashen skin that faintly outlines the bones of this stranger's face. The half-dazed eyes that express an unwritten pain, and that flat hair... How can this person be me? What happened to the lively eyes I see in pictures? When did my skin become so sickly, sagging in places as if I were a Halloween decoration rather than a living human being?  
Did it happen when I lost all sense of self?  
When talking became just words, and feelings grew numb?  
Or was it when I began pretending everything was "all right" after he hit me for saying a simple two-letter word? Maybe it was when I was laid on that stark bed, blacked out from the drugs slipped into my drink. Maybe it was when I stopped caring about what happened to my body in their care... Leaving it up to their rough hands that turned kind under the influence of that little needle when it pierced my arm.  
The stranger in the mirror mocks me. It smirks as the tears fall. "When did your life become scorned?" The stranger asks. I look down into my palm; I take note of the multicolored candies. Some are for pain, and some are for pleasure. Some are to make you sleep, and some have effects I don't know yet... If I swallow them, I wonder, which one will work first?  
I should get it over with quickly, and though this isn't the fastest way these pills mean no mess. I won't cut myself like last time. Cutting stopped bringing those lovely natural painkillers and last time was a little too deep. Not enough to end it though I tried.  
Besides, too much blood. The bath left evidence long after I tried scrubbing it clean. Honestly, I just want to go home, but I don't have a home here, and I don't have anyone else here either. Friends? Gone. Family? ...  
My hands shake as I bring the handful to my mouth. My reflexes gag as I try to force them down dry, but a little water fixes that. Now I just have to wait. The world tips and right before I become eye level with the floor everything goes black.