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Nameless

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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.

I awake in a cold sweat. A damp towel drops from my forehead, forcing me to see beside me the person I never expected to see again. It's been years since I've seen my sister. I had forgotten that she was my emergency contact. She looks so much older now, with dark circles under her eyes, and slightly puffy cheeks that make it seem like she's been crying. The last time I saw her was at our parents' funeral. It was the same day she accused me of driving them to the airport while drunk. We were hit from the side. The last day she spoke to me willingly. Looking around I can see that the screen is pulled shut around us.

The beeps are coming from the machine to my left. Its wires are coming out, attaching to little patches adorning my chest. Unnamed liquids flow into my arm from hanging packets through little tubes. They remind me of daisies popping up from a grave. I can't feel it right now, but I can see a small bruise around the needle that is a nasty sort of purple. My sister stirs for a moment and I hold my breath. I don't want her to see me like this, half-dead but still breathing—but I don't have a choice.

She startles awake, and looks at me with wide eyes full of shock and growing tears. For a moment, I expect her to walk out, or yell, or get angry... but instead, I'm enveloped in a hug. She's warmer than my own body and her warmth reaches into my core.

"It's okay now," she whispers, stroking my hair and squeezing me delicately. My breathing becomes rough and strained, tears form and fall slowly at first then increase. I shake involuntarily, as I lift my arms to hug her. The touch from my own fingertips proves that this isn't a dream.

"I'm here for you," and "I'm sorry" slip from our mouths in blurs as I take in that gentle touch. The one that doesn't scar and burn, but leaves a loved feeling in its place. Finally, I can go home.

Somtimes This Life...

Logan Fjelstad

The world can make you fall into despair,
So your spirit is hyperventilating, desperate for air.
Asphyxiation like you're in the gas chamber,
Suffocating, dying at the hands of a stranger.

Life causes you to get wrapped up in the things that don't matter,
And makes the entire world seem like it's yours on a platter,
When in reality this legion of doom, can lead us to a region of tombs,
Like we're trapped in a demon's womb, looking for breathing room.

As God breathes life into my soul, animating my body with oxygen,
I'm locking in, the spirits from the box within.

Instantly an infinite lifting,
Into a world where Satan pushes righteousness into the distance,
That has me in a destination for total upheaval, but I look to the light.

I turn to the book for the fight,
In fact, I flip to the back for his might.

When I flip to the end, God conquers sin, and the free breathe again.

My words are trapped in my brain, locked in my cells,
And dwell in a mental prison called Hell, even though I shall prevail.

This world gets harder and harder as a young Christian male.
I'll never sell my soul to the Devil, and be demon possessed,
I'd rather stay blessed by the Most High, put my soul to rest.

I must confess, I battle fallen angels from different angles,
I rock the pad and with pen I strangle confliction.

My mission is never impossible, as a colossal hip-hop apostle,
I'm a philosophical believer going full throttle.

My words create friction;
I leave people spazzed out and more crooked than politicians.