5-1-2011

Unrelenting

Jeriann Watkins
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol19/iss2/5

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
I am the biting wind. 

I bear not the comfort 
or subtleties of a summer breeze. 
I will not flirt and flit about, 
or be gently pushed away when you tire of me.

You may try to move on 
but I am not easily escaped. 

I lie and wait those frigid nights outside your door, 
lunging as soon as you emerge. 
I spring for your vulnerabilities.

Feel my breath upon your neck, 
your exposed ears, cheeks, nose. 

I attack without mercy, 
begging your acknowledgement 
but you continue briskly until you reach your destination. 

Though you ignore me, you feel my presence, 
a deep chill aching in your bones.

A single glance through a window, 
at the leaf-less trees, 
with frozen squirrel corpses beneath them will make you recall my icy touch.

I will not be forgotten. 

---

I didn't mean to kill him. 
I never thought that I'd be the abusive partner in a relationship. I would normally be classified as the pushover, the one who would bend over backwards to make sure that anyone and everyone was pleased with my performance. But my relationship—the introduction, the beginning, the middle, and The End—with Alejandro was unlike anything I had ever experienced. Or ever will.

Looking back at our time together, I can see that I had been the cold, heartless villain from the very beginning. He offered everything he had, everything he was, to me. And my only response was a snide rejection. I said he wasn’t good enough. I said he was too old and too worn down. Damaged goods. I was waiting for someone younger, someone better looking. Someone shinier.

I had seen him with the last girl he was going out with. We had actually known each other for a few years before the idea of Us was ever even mentioned. He always reeked of cigarette smoke and apple cinnamon. He tried using Febreze to cover up the overpowering cloud of nicotine that floated around him. Instead he smelled like a sweet, rotting, red apple that had a bad habit of smoking two packs a day. Sexy.

The two would always go off together, disappearing for long hours of the night that would stretch into the orange and blue light of sunrise. Never really admitting where they went and where they planned on going. They were experts in evasion tactics when questioned directly. I wouldn’t have been surprised if they were doing something illegal: partners in crime. I didn’t bother to hide my disgust at their relationship. She used and abused him. Almost every time they came back from their mysterious escapades he would be broken in some new way. He was a little bit sadder each time they returned home and she left him standing there. Scratches here, burns there, gold skin...