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it has been two years

Anonymous

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it has been two years

Anonymous

It has been two years since the night
she stepped into a friend's apartment
with a smile on her face
and left two hours later
with purpling wrists
and blood between her legs.

It has been two years and things are better now.
But this week has been hard.

On Monday at the supermarket someone looks like him.
On Tuesday the smell of spearmint sends her two years back in
time.

On Wednesday she wakes up gasping for breath, still trapped
under the weight of his body.

She thinks that by Thursday she'll be herself again
But by Friday she can't even look in the mirror without feeling his
fingerprints on every inch of her skin.

But things are better now and none of this should matter.
She comes home every day to a man who knows every twist and
turn of her past
and still looks at her like she's shiny and new.

As he kisses her forehead and gently squeezes her arms,
she feels sunshine flowing from his body into her hollow veins.

Her shoulders fall from their tensed position near her ears
warmth races from her face to her fingertips and dances down her
back.

When she gets in bed at night he smiles sleepily from his pillow
and pulls her to his chest.

He wraps one arm around her like a seatbelt; keeping her safe
without holding her down.

This week has been hard but things should be better now.
So when his touch does not fill her with warm rays of light
but sends a shiver down her spine,
she pushes the feeling to the back of her mind
and tries to remind herself that these hands are not the ones that
hurt her.

He slides his hand between her thighs the way he knows she likes,
but her stomach turns and tightens as she fights the urge to
squirm away.
He could never hurt me, I'm fine, she repeats in her mind
as she relives the night that tore her life in two.

Hot tears sting her eyelids as the back of his hand
collides with the right side of her face,
rattling her teeth as his knuckles meet her cheekbone.

She closes her eyes and tilts her chin up,
disguising her panic as pleasure.

He clamps one hand around both of her wrists
holding her arms like a child clutching a lollipop.

His body moves against hers with soft, loving intention,
but she is somewhere else entirely.

Cracked, unfeeling lips crash down on her own
the stale taste of cigarettes and spearmint
creeps down her throat and into her lungs.

Anonymous: it has been two years

This is not the first time this has happened
So it does not take long for him to realize
that something isn't right.

But things should be better now
and she insists that everything is fine.

Everything is fine, she tells herself.
Everything is fine.