

What You've Done

By Angelica Rowell

You made her a statistic as I stood idly by playing out some sick fantasy of mine. If only your body wanted me as much as it wanted her. Instead of the afterthought—the addendum, I would have been the main event.

Instead of her tears and accusations, our bodies meeting would have been everything I thought I wanted. And while the aftermath would have created an emotional purgatory for me, for you it would just be an occurrence you'd recount as your memory permitted: flashes of your body pressed against mine resurfacing in such a fashion that you'd be unsure of what was fact and what was fiction.

If you had just loved me as much as I love you, we could walk down the street without feeling guilty, we could smile at each other, and touch one another without fear of burning our best friend.

You listened to me when I told you to let her go, but did you hear her pleas before I? Were you playing out some sick fantasy of your own, where I watched as you made my friend a statistic.

Stripped her of humanity,
penetrated her with shame,
and then told me to bend
over.

I would bend over backward, forward, twist my spine and crack my skull to protect you, but not from this. Not from the decisions you made with a cloudy mind and a clear heart.

You've ruptured the seam of secrets stitched on each of our skin and created a scar much bigger and darker and deeper. The wounds you've inflicted will last a lifetime, for you can remove the knife, but even after years of healing the phantom pains can still be felt and we will know exactly where hilt met flesh.

With one action you made yourself a murderer of trust and I, your unknowing accomplice. Both my friend and myself victims of your lust. Each of our damage irreparable, but for different reasons.