

Samantha Coerbell
“The Romanticization”

Aloud: Voices from the Nuyorican Poets Café. Eds Miguel Algarín and Bob Holman. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1994. 52-56.

And when he said to me
“Honey, you will be my only one”
I thought of God, country and
apple pie
All the things I’d been taught
to believe in
so I believed
He would take me in his arms
holding me too tight
“There’s a lot of bad out there,
Baby”
a protector of my frail
little body frail
brittle fawn
all doe eyed and
gushing affection we’d
gurgle and coo and promise
each other
“If we do it, it will be
a bond of our LOVE”
“It’ll be forever, like
world class lovers”

Water caressed the shore
dawn met a gentle drizzly fog
off in the distance
a trio of blindfolded violinists
played

He “TOOK” me there on the shore
with a kiss
gentle and wet (not too wet)
soft ever lasting
rolling in the sand
we made love for hours
no sweat (really not a drop)
my lover lifted me
my limp frail brittle little
spent
body carried off into the
morn, up to the house
bathing me in scented water
sponging my skin
apologizing for making me
his
his by the flesh
not the ring
When he said “I’m sorry, Sweetheart,
I love you”
I believed

It’s always like that
when I remember
blocked shoved back
are the fuzzy green dice
over the rear view mirror

the glimpse of some kids
faces peeping in to see
the car rocking
a seatbelt clasp
wedged up in my shoulder blade
diving deeper into my flesh
each time you dove

I’ve even forgotten how
“Things just got a little out of hand”
a kiss hard and wet
(all my chin was wet)
a tongue made its way down my throat
without first meeting mine
wherever my top was
as you sucked my nipples raw
telling me I “loved it like this”
I’d lost track of your other hand
the one I could see
muffled my screams with your
flesh between my teeth
until I heard the lock clank
heard the gates open
heard the flesh tear
how it burned just the finger
then your dick
ugly gangly looking
not invisible and
spiritually fulfilling
the glow
the movies promised
not slick long hard
like in porno flicks
ugly mean poking in
missing the hole you dug
instead you pushed harder
like to make a new
fucking hole
pulling out 8 inches
when you only put 5 in
blind gruff bone dry
you kept on
because you were
“almost there, yeah baby, I’m
almost there, you’re gonna
fucking take me there with
this tight pussy of yours,
only a tighttight pussy does it
for me”
such high praise
cumming inside me
spilling all over the cracked
vinyl interior of your daddy’s
Chevy Impala
parked in the parking lot
by Beach 43rd St.

Sweat dropped off of your skin
into my eyes
it didn't matter
I was already crying
my sweaty stomach
only excited you more
I sweat even though I "wasn't
giving, just taking" from you
my sweat made you mad
crazy mad
horny mad
you were "gonna show me"
"give me a fuck I'd never
remember, it'd be that . . ."
"Good," I thought,
"good, now you'll have to stop"
you couldn't hurt me again
if your, as you said
"little soldier wouldn't salute"
that was too quaint for the scene
too little boy
too dirty old man
not a 5'8", fair-skinned male,
aged 17, last seen wearing a gray sweatshirt,
blue jeans bunched around his
ankles

Pushing me "get up and fix
yourself, bitch"
apologizing for not making me
his by the flesh
'cause I "ain't seen nothing yet"
the only ringing
was in my ears
When he said
"Whore, I should kill you"
I believed

Morning came with hesitance
memories are counted in
days months years
for morning to come is to
accept what really has passed

His hugs were always too tight.