



You surround me like bricks,  
which are my arms and legs.  
My tongue drinks your blood,  
my eyes scream your name,  
my ears search for escape.  
My nose flares in hatred,  
my hands tear your sodden skin.

I memorized Maple road,  
until it became another bone.  
Only we were on Wheeler Drive.  
I picture who I would've been  
if you hadn't caught me.  
Sitting on roofs refusing roofies,  
cause I was in love but not stupid.  
And listened to the gibberish of children below,  
the rough tile of youth.  
My smile would've beamed headlights.  
I would've been flying between clouds.

Tomorrow handed me clothed concrete  
buried in the seeds of my skin.  
I'll memorize your eyes so I can't sleep  
or forget the way you tore at me.  
The stars will testify for you.  
While dirt roads proclaim MY innocence.

—*Charity Turner*