

pinstripe sheets

Daisy Wright

I remember striped sheets. Pinstripes, not those thicker stripes, and they were white with a pretty blue (blue is my favorite color). His eyes had blue too; blue, green, brown. I knew them well, I loved them. I remember the glass on the dresser, almost empty but not quite, and that for a moment I felt almost annoyed by it. Why not finish it? What was I thinking about again?

Oh yes. I remember the light shining through the crack in the curtains and creating a perfect spotlight on that slip of paper, the pink one with the feminine handwriting on it. Why did I hate that slip of paper? I remember a broken fingernail. I think it hurt. It was on my right hand, holding those white and blue pinstripe sheets in a strange, tight grip. Something was wrong. What was I thinking about again?

Oh yes. Hands. His hands were holding me. His lips were by my ear but what was he saying again? Oh yes. He loved me. I was his. I could never leave. Why did I think I could leave? I was his forever. I belonged to him. That didn't seem right.

I remember that those hands holding me tightened whenever I tried to move. I remember that I said no, but he didn't listen. I remember that I gave up because I'd been drinking, so I knew that it would never matter to anyone. I remember. I remember looking for something to hold on to as I suffered through it. I remember going numb and trying to forget before it was even over. I remember that he cried after. I didn't.

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