i’m never believing in god

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i still remember what it felt like to swing beneath you,
noose tight at the base of my jaw, pale blue
lungs empty except for rasping excuses of your repercussions of the flesh
my flesh.
i never questioned why all i clung to was the breathing,
crippled toes wound tight on the mattress
white cinder block, the bubbled paint
anywhere but his eyes in their sockets, my sunken expression
grossly reshaping: why i tend to fuck with my eyes closed
because i had outgrown ‘afraid’ by not looking,
resigned myself to the dips of the ceiling, its silent cracks;
tiles don’t need, they can’t pucker
there are no elbows in plaster zigzags, their creases don’t form shoulders
one stucco wall can become an obsession
when your legs gradually begin to stop kicking
i don’t remember days or tremors or sounds, only the muffled cough of it snowing,
the mint green of the sink basin, the dull of my sores
i can’t remember the ‘no’s or his last words but i remember the smells
a blank face, my grim body
some nights when the shower bled onto the bathroom rug, i could still feel it gushing:
the sting, the panicked heaves erupting from my sides
the pound of the overhead fan, its violent throb beating into my arms
as i shrank down to where the waves of the drain could hit my back,
tight corners balled into a fist, spitting tears and gagging,
trying not to know what i may never remember
pain was never in the school books with brown paper covers,
their captions cradled with strangers, how to keep a drink in your hands
what they didn’t tell me about was the bricks, the hate in every day noises
you trace a finger and it’s there again: the bite at my collar,