

Extremities

Marjorie

On What Charge ?

There was no rape. Prove it. You can't. So they let him go and he said he'd come back to get me. So it's him or me. Him or me. Choose. Him or me. You try and run. He catches you by the hair. Smothers you off and on till you're too weak to move. And then he toys with you. Makes you beg for a breath. Makes you undo his belt. Makes you touch him. All over. His mouth. His neck. Between his legs.... Terry, if it happened to you, I'd say, Terry, Tell me what to do. Be with me. Help me make him disappear. We don't need Pat, we only need the shovel. To dig a hole in the garden. And that's the end of it. Him or us. Choose. Say him and I open the cage and let him go. But if he gets you, don't blame me because you chose him. So decide now. Him or us. Decide! Say it. Him or us.

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Police. Charges. Arraignment. Lawyers. Money. Time. Judge. Jury. Proof. His word against mine. Defendant's attorney - a three-piece button down summa cum laude fresh from Harvard fuck-off: Did my client rape you? No. Assault you? Yes. How? With a pillow. Did you resist? Yes. Evidence? None. Witnesses? None. Did you tie him up? Beat him? Lock him in a fireplace? Six months for me, that animal goes free. And if I survive being locked up, then what do I do? Come home and lock myself up? Chainlock, boltlock, deadlock. And wait for him. Hear him in every creak of wood, every mouse in the wall, every twig tapping on the window. Start from sleep, 4 A.M. see something in the dark at the foot of my bed. He's not there. This time. So then what do I do? Wait for him? Or move three thousand miles, change my name, unlist my phone, get a dog. I don't want to taste my vomit everytime the doorbell rings. I don't want to flinch when a man touches me. I won't wear a goddamn whistle. I want to live my life. He's never leaving this house.