

It Might Hurt

In the dark dank under our house, my father kept a room of tools. Ceiling plastered with newspapers from before, deadened headlines of a war or two, comic strips with cheer bled out. I mean, this is what time will do. The room wasn't off limits, exactly, but still disallowed in that way I should have known better. Pleasure in the breach. I'd pull the thin string for light, close my eyes as I waited for creatures to disperse: spiders and such. Cobwebs left yawning from gallows after the head slips out. Everything all metal and male but with closed eyes it smelled like blood. Pricking my finger on the circle saw's sharp teeth. How else to draw out the Prince? Sometimes I'd lick the hammer's head. Pull the tongue of the measuring tape from room's end to end. Unlock it. The slap as it recoiled back into my palm. As if I could know the distance between desire and its reply.

