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Please Understand

Kylee F. Schexnider
University of New Orleans

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Please Understand

Kylee F. Schexnider

How do I describe this feeling to you? I'm not quite sure, but please just try to understand. To describe this in the best way, think of Dr. Lucille Krunklehorn-Robinson with caffeine patches on her arm.

My body twitches as if I'm the crackhead that you can't help but make eye contact with at the gas station. Only it is not crack cocaine that I crave, but change. Perhaps a change in the length of my hair. I would say a change in hair color; however, my damaged mane has tasted every color in the rainbow. A change in music taste maybe?

Maybe this time my room needs to be changed. I cannot do much in a dorm room, but my bed moves. The nights when Trent Reznor screams into my ears about how he feels sanctified inside of a mystery woman are the nights I feel invincible.

These nights I lay in bed and stare at the ceiling, and I wish you were laying next to me. I long for those deep and long kisses from my forehead to my thighs. Dare I say it, I yearn to be sexualized by you. I'll take pictures in your favorite red lace, and send them to you. I'll get a notification "--- took a screenshot." I'll smile because my ego has an insatiable appetite on these nights.

How do I describe this feeling to you? I'm not quite sure, but please just try to understand. The day after I send those pictures is the day I always tried to avoid. Not a shred of light can be found in my room. I'm sweating from being under a thick comforter, but I will not move. I'll lay there, and stare at the wall. If I move, the fleeting question of what my wrist would look like slit end to end might be answered.

I'll sweat through yesterday's deodorant, but I won't dare go outside of my hot, sweaty, dark room. This is what I deserve, this is where I belong.

My bladder will fill to the top, one wrong move and I will spill onto my sweat-soaked sheets. Sometimes I make that one move, and I still do not find the strength to move. I'll lay there in my own piss. This is what I deserve, this is where I belong.

Ellipsis

How do I describe this feeling to you? I'm not quite sure, but please try to understand. I yearn for those endless nights of kisses, but I do not wish to be touched. Those kisses tell me that I'm pretty. Those slight touches tell me I'm broken.

I despise when you tickle me, and it makes me want to cry. This is not because I do not trust you. This is because when I was six, I trusted someone else. I lost that tickle fight. The weekend after he won the tickle fight, he offered a cup of red Kool-Aid while I was watching Dora the Explorer. I'd wake up on his floor and find sweat and other secretions that did not belong to me. Yet, The pink Hello Kitty pajama pants that did belong to me were nowhere to be found. My biggest question at the time was "Did Dora ever find her map?" I asked that same question every weekend. Every weekend until my mother, who brought this man into my life, found someone more fun than myself.

How do I describe this feeling to you? I'm not quite sure, but please just understand. My stomach clenches when I hear a door slam. I still listen for angry footsteps although I now live millions of footsteps from home.

That door slam tells me he's accused her of something she did not do. I know they will be screaming for the rest of the night. That door slam tells me to have 911 ready just in case one of them goes too far. I know she is going to take it out on me tomorrow when he leaves for work.

Those angry footsteps tell me I'll need to find my concealer. I will be told I'm worthless. Those angry footsteps tell me to get ready to cover those bruises up for the next two weeks. I will have to lie to my friends when they ask "Why do you have bite marks on your arms?" Those angry footsteps tell me to be strong because that is the only way I made it out of that hell I call home.

I flinch when you go to hug me because I still do not trust her. Several times after a day's worth of beating she would hug me. My body could not help but tremble; the guilt she felt made her angry. I would always get one last slap, kick, punch, hair pull, choke, scratch, after that hug.

How do I describe these feelings to you? I'm not quite sure, but please I need you to understand. I am not bored. I am manic. I am not antisocial. I am depressed. I trust you. I shouldn't have trusted him. I am not scared of you. I have been living in fear for so long I don't know how else to live.

Please understand.