

Shrunk with fear of a destiny she cannot comprehend
 She hovers in a corner filled with dirty magazines
 And cobwebs
 Whitewashed walls splattered red and brown
 of new and of old
 The ceiling drips water from god-knows-where
 Stained and peeling
 She stares at a man saddened with youth
 Sees him smile and doesn't understand why
 She hates it so much
 She feels the breath on her eyes As she
 closes them
 To pretend it's a soft breeze off a Jamaican coast
 Warm and constant
 But the smell is wrong
 And the feel of his body pressing her against the
 colored wall
 Is wrong
 This is not of the dream
 she wanted
 Oh she wanted so much
 Too much to wish for
 He takes her strongly into his arms
 Only to throw her down again (to safety?)
 onto a mattress
 Where she sinks lower
 Trying to hide between the thin, worn-out yellow sheets
 They were once pretty, too
 Trying to bury her head beneath the foam pillows
 To drown out the noise of his heaving breath
 His anticipated sigh of dissatisfaction
 She waits

for him to touch her once again
To feel the grasp on her leg
Pulling her away,
 again
He sees her tears running freely from her swollen eyes
He smiles and brushes them away Trying to comfort her in her
fear
He says *I love you*
 And throws her against the wall
She whimpers
 While he strokes her hair And tells her his dreams
Promising she can make them come true

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