

She Was

Michelle Garcia

I sat by the coat rack while everyone continued to pile up by the fireplace. Guess they all longed for the cheesy, passionate kiss in front of burning wood (pun intended). It had snowed for the past two days. My feet would sink into the white fluff as I walked to the convenience store blocks down, and my bones had never felt so fragile, until I found her sitting near the window. Her every breath fogged up the blue edged window, and her fingers tore gashes in the fog, allowing sunlight to enter the room and suffuse her pale cheeks. I couldn't feel my fingers, nor any part of my body except my throat, which closed up, almost choking me. What I felt was purely an instinct, a desire, a need, animalistic. I walked up to the window and placed my hand on it, the heat from my nervous hands turning her breath into water. We watched it ripple down.

She took my hand and I followed her into a room in the back. I held her close, kissed her neck. I was in med school at the time; my knowledge of the human body filled my head as I held her tighter and felt her external and internal jugular veins fill up with her pulse. I imagined her subclavian vein, subclavian artery, axillary artery, inferior thyroid artery, even her goddamn facial veins pumping blood everywhere because of me. I kissed her orbicularis oris and tasted her, tasted those red, red lips.



Emilene, Elizabeth Gonzalez, Oil on Canvas