

POETRY

WE MEET IN THE WOODS

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Her

The first time he saw me, summer rain sat heavy on my t-shirt.

Clinging to my curves; the bus ripe with bodies,

he won the last seat—

right across from me.

The rain warm, the sky grey,

his eyes were dark pools of tar

bellowing like banshees.

As I wandered through their parallel pitch-black tunnels,

an iron gate sealing me in,

he had me

and refused to let me go.

Once I was off the bus, my fingers lacked skin.

The deep August night fell silent

with the smell of stale cigarettes

and my suffocating lungs—

the only thing to be heard was his rapid breath

and my beating heart.

Calloused lips drew hearts on my collarbone,

the creak of my bed frame,
the whistle of the wind,
the sound of his voice as
he softly whispered, "You are love."
I am hate.
I am nothing at all.

He took me to the woods,
where cedar trees touch the sky;
their feathery fingers scraping my limbs.
The moon waiting patient on the lake's surface,
the trees stirring softly.
"This is where I go to be alone,
but it will no longer be lonely, now that I have you."
His lips rest upon my forehead,
"No one can ever replace you.
No one can ever be you. I'll forever miss you.
I'll forever love you. I'll forever search for you."
The dirt and debris of the forest floor
nestled my fingers and toes so tightly—
it was home.

Him

When I first saw her,
the last seat on the bus was the only thing I'd ever won.
"Sit here," it sang, "you won't regret it"
and I didn't.

Her rain-soaked clothes caressed her curves,
round breasts, supple hips,
then I saw her face and wondered how it would be mine.
Her nails clawed and stripped the skin off her fingers,
when she stood from her seat and stalked to the door.
I knew I had to have her.
I knew I'd never love until I did.

That night in her room
she stole everything I once knew of love—
threw it away like lies,
but she was so much better.
She smelled like peaches and cream and tasted like innocence,
my fingertips craved her skin every time they left
so, I never let them leave
I tasted
her neck
her lips

her fear,
I was scared,
she made me better.
Her collarbones cut my lips
as I kissed every inch.
The way our bodies became one that night,
will be the memory that gets me
through the sleepless nights.
With her in my memories—
I'm always dreaming.
I took her to the lake where I fished with my father,
my safe space made safer by her.
“This is where I go to be alone,
but it will no longer feel lonely, now that I have you.”
Our spot: a small clearing surrounded by cedar trees
you can see the lake from there
mirroring the universe on its surface,
a beautiful sight,
but nothing was better than her.
Nothing.

Sometimes I meet her at our spot,
tell her everything wrong and everything right.
“You are the only thing right,” I say, so silently

no one should be able to hear; but I know she does.
Nothing feels right without her. Nothing is ok.
Nothing will ever be right again.
Until I can once again know
how her body feels under me.
I wonder if she longs for me
as much as I long for her.
In our spot she doesn't speak,
she can't say anything I don't already know.
The way our bodies collide,
a ship on the stormy sea
the violence, the affection, the beauty.
Now I search, and search
I can't find her.

I can't feel the way she made me feel,
I want nothing more than to feel her delicate hands touch my face,
have her tell me she loves me, i know she does,
she always will.
Because it would be impossible not to
given everything.
Every girl on the bus is flawed, unlike her—
no one can ever compare, but I have to keep trying.
She is not here,

I am not there.

But sometimes I can feel her breath on my cheek as she whispers,
“Please.”

And I know she is forever mine.