

Untouched

I look in the mirror and see
My son, a reflection of me
Untouched.

I wonder
How it feels to be denied, neglected, willingly forgotten?
I brushed him aside like sweat off my forehead.

Walking through the mall, getting drunk with friends, I still see his face,
I felt better before I saw his face. Now I know it is me.
What have I done? What will I do? Can I please move on?

Untouched.

I didn't know sex could produce these horrifying emotions
And self hate.
Memories sicken me
Of how I forced her to abort our children, the first three
I want to cry and vomit and vomit some more
But tears don't come
I've kept all of this bottled inside for over a year.
Nobody knew.

My sister
Thinks she's perfect
Found out on her own.
Of course, life could never get her in a situation where acting so
Inhumane could be justified.

Well guess what little sister life ain't so pretty and you need to wake up.

I move through the restaurant, the crowds, my mind
I go to confess to one who may not hate me, but in reality she already knows.

We order food and pretend to be casual
Consumed
I order a cheeseburger and my hands shake uncontrollably

How bad a lashing will I get today?

The grease from the cheeseburger starts to go solid from sitting

Untouched.

For so long.

I can't eat
She brings up the abortions and I go numb.
A place she's never seen me go before.
B L A N K...

She leaves me alone
That's what I've been
And what I want to be

Alone.

Untouched.

Please leave me be, I feel bad
But it's too late for that.
Please love me and believe what I WANT TO BELIEVE
Don't try to talk sense in to me.

She is being nicer now and we leave the conversation
Untouched.

I hug her and she smells like home. Dryer sheets and home cooking.
Two things I miss.

I see her and I see myself. She is pretty. So sensitive and lost in her world of
feeling. I see
in her eyes what she wishes for me.

I see my son.

Untouched.

by Kelly Hurley