

## Nothing is Forever, but Forever

“She was an ashtray of feeling,” his smile a curse, tapping his cigarette against the rim of her hard black mouth. The red hot ember cooling, stifled gray. His unstifled tongue wagging about his love for the dark-haired girl. Her round ass, the way she cooed, moved. Her tongue wagging like his tongue wagging in my mouth, begging to be cut out, sealed in a Ziploc bag, shoved back with the orange dream popsicles, the forgotten meat loaf, the freezer burn.

It’s the best way to keep him still in the dark shadows of his car, where he shows me the cold ocean, puts his icy hand on my knee, as if I was her. My cobra-eyes seeing all his black in the dark.

“She was an ashtray of feeling. She’d take anything, the slut. All of my evil deeds. Her shame, a turn-on, a song,” his dimples vortexes, worm holes, windows into little girls’ souls. Pink and glitter and boy band posters. A sigh off a sinister album in a black-lit bedroom, where he is soft-cheeked, dry-humping for an audience of teddy bears, smiling glass dolls. Their blank beads for eyes ogling his fragile blank soul. He tells me she had written on him. Worse than a “eye heart” tattoo — and then he whispers, “I want to be inside of you too.”

It’s the best way to keep him still. His fresh flesh cold in the dark shadows of his arms, where I am as warm as a tip of his lit cigarette. His frozen hand smoking on my thigh, as if i was her. An ashtray of feeling, a vessel for all of his evil deeds, biting my lip, to muffle my screams.

“And this is all there is,” his voice wet and sick, “This feeling is forever,” his breath on my neck, a bone-chilling breeze. And I close my cobra-eyes, try my best to appease.

I hum to myself to muffle his screams,  
“But nothing is forever, but forever.  
Nothing is forever, but forever.”

