

WORDS FROM THE STREET

Sunday June 26, 2016

Nadine Carpenter 1st prize

A thousand broken shards

You hid the rope one day just in case. You thought you'd hidden it well. The rope that was used for pleasure. The rope you had used for fun.

The day before you had pulled him back by the collar from in front of a bus, just in time. Not a blink from him. How were you to know what he was planning? You thought he was just stoned.

It was New Year's Eve and you were both broke, cold, hungry. You used the oven to heat the place. The wind blew through the cracks in the windows.

That day you had pushed him away and told him you needed to nap. You slept with earplugs, to block out the three stooges he had blasting on the tv. How could you know?

Waking up from your nap, there was a sour smell. Then you saw. You did not understand what you were seeing. His blue tongue was drooping, his dead eyes were staring you down. A trail of blood dried under his nose. His feet, inches from the ground, his head was at a strange angle. Your screams brought your neighbor's running. He was so heavy, you both fell when you cut the rope.

911. All too late, questions, questions, questions, but, no, you never found a note. You never found a reason. Suddenly there was people all over the place. You could not stop crying. The cops stood around his body, as you wept, they cracked jokes.

You kept pulling at the orange sheet, he was too tall for it to cover him completely. You pulled it over his feet, then back over his head, back over his feet, until the cops got you to stop. You held him until he was cold.

You both fell when you cut the rope. You both fell into a thousand broken shards.