

FLASHBACK

Tight. Tighter. Legs folded under me, knees drawn to my chest. Face buried in a pillow. Clutching the softness, I mold it to my head and press it against my ears. Praying silently: "Oh God, please make me disappear." Hidden legs, rounded back but no protective shell. Closer and closer he comes, reaching the opening where I wish a tail would appear. Anything to stop him; to prevent his probing, the groping. I bite into the pillow fiercely, inwardly screaming. With all of my might, I pull myself together and try to inch forward, out of reach. My hair brushes the headboard -- no escape. His touch penetrates my pajamas; my skin burns with his brands. There is no stopping him. He has reached inside of me and through me, poisoning. His fingers miss nothing as I remain powerless. I barely turn my head to choke in nighttime air. My eyes widen into a blank stare. Darkness. I see nothing, feel nothing, as I separate -- my only escape.

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