



FICTION | POETRY | ART | CREATIVE NONFICTION

## Logen Cure

*CW: sexual assault, homophobia, and abuse*

### Confession

No one needs to know a secret

to sense its weight. Who knew

what sort of girl I was, anyway?

I couldn't answer

the most basic questions: *Do you know*

*where you'll go when you die?*

*Do you know who saved you?*

David figured I wouldn't tell a soul,

pinned me to the couch in my father's den,

pressed my hand against

his insistent threat—

I did that sort of thing,

right?

He was Sarah's on-again/off-again;

she thought she knew him.

Easy to buy that country-boy routine:

the drawl, the manners, his perfect

attendance at Sunday school.

Crying over calculus homework,

my solutions blurred as I tried

to tell her, *Don't be alone with him*

*ever again, please, please.*

As my throat tightened,

her eyes narrowed. She knew

any heathen will lie;

some women

only ruin a man.

I remembered the framed photo

in her bedroom: his sleepy smile,

his arm around her shoulder.

*I'll pray for you, she said.*

# Lily

I couldn't have known.

She had perfect

teeth, a four-post bed

with a dreamy canopy,

she showed me

photos from around the world,

that model smile with so many

postcard backdrops,

her father's name

on a building downtown.

She talked to me on the phone

late at night, slipped into French

as she drifted off.

The obnoxious quarterback

called me *faggot* in the parking lot

and she dared him, *Come closer*

*and say that again.*

The first time she hurt me,  
I thought *accident*. I leaned  
into my bathroom mirror,  
counted her perfect teeth in the deep  
bruise on my collarbone.  
I hid it.

The first time she threatened me  
was in a love letter, a full paragraph  
for how she would hunt me,  
beat me, bleed me if I ever left,  
slipped between passages  
of fevered praise, *I adore you*  
*you're beautiful*  
*come closer.*

The first time I dared  
to leave, she turned up  
everywhere. I rounded  
the corner in the bookstore  
and there she was with that smile.  
I flashed back to how calm

she seemed as her hands  
tightened around my neck,  
how I tried to look her in the eye  
as everything went still, my vision  
narrowing into blackness,  
the throbbing in my ears growing  
distant. I steadied myself against a bookcase,  
scanned the store for someone I knew;  
no luck.

At school, the assistant principal glared at me,  
said, *You hug your friends*  
*a bit too long*; one day some boys  
followed me home, fired a pellet gun  
through my open window at a stoplight,  
call me *dyke* as every pop  
stung my cheeks; the way my father  
said *queer* tasted like blood in my mouth;  
my mother said, *Those people*  
*should never have children*. I spent  
weeks finding pellets rolling  
in my floorboard. Lily said,  
*No one else*

*will ever love you.*

**Logen Cure** is the author of three poetry chapbooks: *Still*, *Letters to Petrarch*, and *In Keeping*. She's an editor for *Voicemail Poems*. She curates Inner Moonlight, a monthly reading series at The Wild Detectives in Dallas. She serves as an English faculty member at Tarrant County College and earned her MFA in Creative Writing from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She lives in Texas with her wife and daughter. Learn more at [www.logencure.com](http://www.logencure.com).

## 1 Comment

---

Pingback: [March 2019 – Crab Fat Magazine](#)

---

---

---

Crab Fat Magazine est. 2014