

i went.

the night was young,
the lights of the houses up the road turning off,
my family just had said their “good nights”,
you text me,
you are outside,
it’s warm and humid,
it tastes like summer,
not long after i am there with you,
riding in your car windows down,
rolled in a ball hoping that no one i know sees me out this late at night,
my heart rate up,
you call my fear and shaking thighs as you push them down, “cute”,
you being unfazed by my fear was only one of many red flags,
one of many moments i asked myself why is he touching you,
why are you letting him touch you,
i told myself i wouldn’t do anything,
yet somehow my jaw is sore and my knees are bruised,
and i am missing something i can’t get back,
i would push your hand away,
it always came back,
back up my shirt,
back holding my throat,
i kissed you to distract you,
it didn’t work.
your tongue down my throat making me feel sicker than i already felt,
your hands grabbing as much as me as you could,
yet i kept going for no other reason than to not upset you,
i don’t know if you would take no as an answer,
but i didn’t say no,
you didn’t know i wanted to stop,
i wanted it to end,
i wanted to go back to my bed where i should have been,
i wanted to go back to my phone and say i couldn’t go,
i wanted to go back to the class and tell myself not to talk to you,
you came,
i walked home.