

Santia Rene

She Loved Him

The crisp November air carried the scent of barbeque and pine-needles.  
As she took a last drag from her cigarette,  
Before letting it drop to the floor,  
A small smile played on her lips.  
This was the first time in years that she truly felt free.  
She tilted her head up as the fire crackled,  
Closing her eyes she lingering in the moment,  
Just for a second.

She loved him.  
They had dated for over a year before she moved in.  
He was her world,  
He use to make her breakfast in bed,  
Mouth watering homemade pancakes,  
He showered her with gifts,  
From a trip to Paris to the diamond necklace she always wore.

She loved him.  
That's why it stung her the most.  
The first hit left her ear ringing for minutes,  
She didn't remember the night before her first hospital stay,  
She pleaded when the cops tried to take him away.  
She loved him,  
And it was only a slip that happened when he was drunk,  
It was her fault.  
He didn't mean to hurt her.  
He loved her, she knew.  
He didn't know that his fists fist like concrete when he knocked her down.  
He didn't know.

She loved him.  
Yet,  
Three miscarriages,  
Being beat down and degraded,  
This was the end.  
After eight years of marriage,  
She was doing this for both of them.  
She knew he would want this if he wasn't so drugged up.  
He would understand.

She loved him.  
She understood when he stomped on her three month belly.  
She understood when the doctor explained that she had too many scarring to become pregnant again.

She finally wrapped her fingers around his windpipe,  
As his gimlet-eyes slowly dulled down.  
That had been the best part about him.  
His gray eyes were like the brewing storm,  
They were cloudy and wild.  
When passionate,  
Or drunk,  
His eyes became alive and intelligent.

That's why she bought her spoon.  
She had loved the way those eyes looked at her,  
Using the dessert spoon he use to serve her cookies and cream gelato,  
She slowly popped his eyes open wide,  
And gauge the spoon behind his eye socket,  
He quit struggling as she spooned his eye and jolted it from the socket,  
Then proceeded with the other one.  
She loved him.

She sat back on her heels and admired her work.  
He was quiet.  
She slowly allowed her fingers to travel down.  
Her fingers trailed down his hard chest,  
They went down to his member.  
Her green eyes grew cold and angry as she put down her spoon.  
She set the spoon down on the cold ground,  
And set her wonderful stormy grey eyes into the solution water.  
She picked up the sharp knife,  
It was the sharpest one she could find in her kitchen.  
She tried to be neat while handling his members,  
She loved him.  
The words of the doctor repeated in her mind.  
Her cutting became sloppy,  
As tears plopped out of her eyes.  
Blood gushed out and squirted everywhere.  
It was as much blood as he had produced from her during his last beating.  
Suddenly,  
His scream of agony filled the air,  
That's why she had chosen the solitude of the deep woods.

His screams died down as he passed out,  
Just to start over again.

"Please. Please."

He begged.

She paused what she was doing,  
as her laughter crackled and filled the air.

"Like I begged you many times?"

She plunged the knife at his abdomen three times.

The air had started to taste metallic,

Her fingers now soaked in blood.

She set the knife down,

Leaning down,

She gave him one last kiss.

She loved him.

She set the knife down by the spoon and her new eyes.

She reached over and picked up the gallon of gasoline.

As she sat back,

She drenched his clothes,

Letting the scent of gasoline overtake the forest.

Her fingers traveling down to his throat,

Her fingers locked in.

She squeezed and squeezed.

Until he had taken his last breath.

She loved him.

Raising herself,

She stood up and stepped back.

Sighing,

She reached for her lighter,

Stripped out of her red dripping shirt,

And lit it on fire.

A single tear fell from her eye as she dropped the shirt,

Picked up her jar that contained a pair of stormy grey eyes,

And stepped away from the scene.

The crisp November air did not affect her in her pink lace bra,

As she set down the jar and took out a cigarette.

The fire caught fast,

As she lit her cigarette.

The fire crackled and cried,

As she took her first drag.