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But I Won't

Bianca Pittman

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"I'm sorry," he stammered. "For not looking where I was going, and for—" this time he stopped short. He cleared his throat and stared down at the frozen dinners, suddenly shy in a way he hadn't been since a teenager standing in front of the nuns at Our Lady of Eternal Suffering Catholic School for Boys.

But I Won't

Bianca Pittman

Folded,
complex and intricate,
like a mysterious
creature of origami,

your arms melt around me.

With a lack of discretion
that is laughable at times,
sometimes your overt squeezes
are just mad sexy,

oddly fashionable.
(like strutting runway
with heart-shaped
Louis Vuitton sleeves-

strings of Calvin Klein kisses
- suspended -
from a curve of shoulder
to the small of my back)

Even in subtle productions, you
move me to wear your colors
boldly (out of season),
permanently on display
for each corner of the world to see.

"Apology accepted," the redhead announced.

He met her eyes in time to see a lopsided smile slowly materialize on her face and right then he knew she had made up her mind about him. He loosened his grip on the sweating entrees; she pulled them from him slowly, and he felt the cool slick cardboard slide across the palms of his hands. "Got a name?" she asked.

"Did you get the juice?" a familiar voice interrupted. And just like that he could feel himself shrinking, melting, like the witch in the Wizard of Oz. He wondered if he could possibly slip away unnoticed, leaving nothing but a puddle of clothing in his place. Associate to aisle nine with a mop, please.

The redhead's green cat-eyes blinked twice in rapid succession and her mouth made that little oh expression. Her gaze dropped to his hand and the gold band that had been hiding beneath her chicken-ala-king.

"Ryan?" his wife asked as she stepped into the space that a minute ago had belonged only to him, this redheaded stranger, and two frozen dinners. Becca had her dark hair pulled through the back of a baseball cap and she had on the same baggy T-shirt she wore yesterday. In her arms she carried a package of tampons the size of their first apartment. He looked from the redhead to his wife and then to the bulky, glossy package promising that four out of five women prefer their gentle-glide applicator to the leading competitor's. "Ryan. Juice."

Ryan nodded perfunctorily. The redhead had gone from looking embarrassed about the situation to looking embarrassed about his situation. She pointed across the aisle to the freezer case directly parallel to the