

I Didn't Say No

Hindsight wears glasses and calls
herself smarter, calls herself grown,
calls

out to me. I hear her in past
tense. Tense. I am a stone jaw, clenched
into a fist, curled into white-hot bone.
She likes origami, folding my brain into
shapes of time.

Remember this shape?
The shape of 2015, when he pressed
against my stiff/stunned body,
rubbed himself inside of me? Rubbed
me red/raw?

I read wrong the signs.
Remember the shape of 2016? Another
he, another press and rub I didn't ask
for. This time, the throat. This time,
he said I was his only best friend.
This time,

like the last, petrified
silence of my hollow mouth. Hindsight
is a butcher. She bits and pieces
my scattered brain, says my guilt
is in my stillness.

I'll blame and blame
until my teeth grind down to the gum.