

Scar

by Deborah Oster Pannell

The scar on his eyelid made me want to fuck him. Made me think, he probably has great endurance. "What a coincidence, I'm from Long Island, too..." If he doesn't bite, I'm out of here. I have manicured my desire into this one small package, a spurt of want. My heart is too bleached to care one way or another. We do it or we don't. Makes no matter to me.

