

Tinsel

by Emily Smith-Miller

1.

It started coming down in flakes. The room was warm and the windows were double insulated, but she was naked and her body was being dressed in snow. He stood over her with the spray can. Maybe you can be the Christmas tree this year. You won't keep me till Christmas she thought, looking at dancing flurries still settling in the air. They stuck to her hair, not melting just clinging their plastic fibers to her sweet sex scented scalp. Then he dropped some silver tinsel over her breasts. Now you're decorated, just for me. She smiled a quaint masochistic smile. And like the trees in the living rooms of all the houses I will dry. My branches will sag and brown, wilting needles on the carpet. Then the garbage man will pick me up one sunny day when the kids are at school, so they don't see my corpse being carried from the front door. My life spent, purpose served and I was so beautiful once, that you hit your knees for me and begged me to stay there forever. My bones are your lawn chips now. My tinsel is dull.

2.

I think we should call it a night. The Dixie cup said to the shineless tinsel, draped across a skeletal limb of someone's past joy. You no longer sparkle and I'm full of dog piss, disintegrating right before your eyes. I know you were lovely once, but now cats swallow you and choke. You're a killer. Let's end this mess. Your time is gone and so is mine. Job well done; distributing tiny pill to pretty girl at the clinic. I guess that makes both of us murderers. At least I'm not still pretending.

