

The Things That Danny Said

by Mark Cecil Stevens

Danny said that you like him now. He smiled like it was the best news that he could give me, but his eyes dared me.

Danny said that you wear cherry lip gloss. He licked his own lips when he told me, and then he asked if you wore it before. When I didn't answer he giggled, a shrill triumph.

Danny said that you like him because he's strong. He twisted his arm to coax a rise from a stringy bicep and told me to squeeze. When I didn't, he made as if to hit me. I flinched. He nodded.

Danny said that you'd do anything he wanted. Then he winked at me. He called me a crybaby, but I didn't cry. My eyes were just wet. Nothing came out.

Danny said that it doesn't smell like fish. He thrust his finger under my nose. I held my breath.

Danny said that you go down. When I didn't know what it meant he made a motion with his mouth that made me feel like throwing up.

But Danny says a lot of things about a lot of girls. That's why I had to tell you what he said. And I had to tell you that I know it's not true.

Now you tell me it's a lie.

