

Ambivalence

by Matt Kang

"You happy now?" Wiping her lips off with the crook of her arm.

"Yes." I've asked her why she doesn't like to kiss. She said it feels wrong. Too wet, she said. I snickered, she smacked.

My lips parted, mouthing syllables, unwillingly pushing air like marbles in my throat. I closed my mouth. Forget it, I thought.

Gazed at her legs. They're thicker than mine. With an outstretched pinky I traced a path on the blue-purple network through the pall of her translucent skin, straight to her feet. There were polka-dot scars in between her toes. I wedged her big toe and her index toe with my own and she recoiled and kicked me in the face, hard. Mounting silence.

"Do you have to do that?" She murmured the words, looking at me with a sidelong eye.

She always hit me hard. She thought that I was a man. I had a five-o'clock shadow with a genuine nick above the left side of my cupid's bow. I did power cleans in my boxers. I took the trash to the refuse room.

I don't say anything, because I think that I'm a man.

