

Memory Freeze

by Meg Tuite

When the snow reached the windowsills I was no longer a virgin. Milton Pinkowski writhed and clattered around on top of me while guttural noises ferreted out of various orifices I didn't want to pinpoint. A sharp stick punctured me in the lower regions that had previously been visited by myself, tampons, and one doctor my mom insisted on taking me to who poked around in there like an archaeologist. It was a receptacle for sharp objects, I decided, as I watched the snow piling up in packed inches darkening the already grungy-mold stench, don't-want-to-see-anything-that-surrounds-me basement. Milton sputtered once more, shuddered, slid out of me and then flopped on his back, exhausted and looking confused. There was spittle in the corner of his mouth. I turned away and we both stared at the pipes on the ceiling with our hands crossed on our stomachs. Our pants were still buckling at our ankles. There was nothing to say. It was a momentous moment that would hopefully melt around the slushy mounds of memory like the snow rising outside.

