

Things Unspoken

by Michael Downing

There's something about the way he touches me every time that makes my heart skip a beat and pushes the air from my throat. I shiver under his hot breath while he whispers softly and pulls himself closer, letting his fingers glide along the curves of my skin. Later he will say what he thinks makes the hurt disappear and tell me again how everything will be all right if I give him not only my body, but my trust as well. But when he's done, nothing that is said really matters that much. No matter how hard he tries explaining it in simple terms he thinks I can understand, I know that words don't have the power to make you feel better — actions and intent cause pain and nothing changes that or takes away what is left. I think about his words sometimes at night once he's left my room, and wonder what he says to my mother when he slips back in their bed after leaving mine.

