

Virginity

by Sydney Kilgore

I was seeking punishment so I put my lips around a bright green persimmon and bit down, the bitterness of its flesh overcame me and tears erupted from the corners of my eyes and my face that was swollen and sticky and pink from crying was uncomfortable in the sweaty, mosquito infested air of the last week of summer and I searched for the next branch that could hold my weight and the fading light of the sun only reminded me of those words "the world is a dangerous place," he said, "especially for girls" it pissed me off no measurable amount and I ended up here thinking "it's dangerous to climb trees, too, but apparently it wouldn't break my heart or use me up" but I descended the tree finally after wiping my face on my shirt and did not hurry back to the house where my brother was not expected to be.

