

Everything Else is Set Aside

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The sun falls heavy on the dashboard where her toes are perched like tiny birds, topped with light red lacquer. Black lines segment olive skin as the light posts block the sun, breathing a cool breath from the sun's humid one. Breaking silence, her breath draws in sharp and quickly, like she was holding it for the past few minutes. Not inhaling, just exhaling. Just to keep quiet. Thick fingers sprinkled with blonde hairs land on her shin as he moves his thumb in a motion she can only call "comfort." Unfocused eyes wander from unkempt finger nails to rough elbows. Elbows that propped themselves up in bed late at night while he examined her pure composition. Elbows that held her hand close to his body while she speculated her flaws. Elbows that she would put lotion on like a mother puts a bandage on her child's wound, because she felt the extra care was necessary to make up for her lack of perfection. Focus comes to her eyes as his mouth opens, speaking rehearsed words that he knows helps with the comfort. He speaks these words in the obscurity of darkness when her convulsing sobs wake him, and during the midday when she has spent hours laying in an empty bathtub, yet each time it is like a potion. Dainty drops of salty liquids pass over Tuscan rose cheeks and directly into his thumb's path of comfort. Rubbing her sadness into the elegance of her legs his concerns becomes deeper and wrinkles form above his eyes, for he knows she cannot be fixed. And broken she must live. The two will decide they can work on piecing the tattered shards of her existence and drive away from the park, but she will never allow herself to be whole. And he will learn to love her that way, a broken piece of a woman.