

Some body's memory
Josie Rushin

legs tangled
within grey bed sheets
slipping to the floor
with each toss.
his face is burrowing
within the softness of your neck.
hands brush,
blood flows,
hardening.
his nose traces a path
down,
lips part.
head settles
between each blossoming peak.

a tightness
in your this
and there
and that.

head infiltrated by fog,
saturated.
lie down.
shrink.

water kisses the end of you,
lapping you up.

he tosses the grey
over your shell.
flinch.

squeeze the lids of your eyes.
wet up here
and between your thighs.
safety in the darkness.

His face appears
mocking.
eyes flash open.
a constant,
branded across brain,
seething.
something sinks further,
muscle memory.

water clogs your throat,
splutter,
cannot hear the sounds
from your throat.
something is really wrong.
your head breaks the surface water,
thankful for a glimpse of relief.
never touch me there again.
he tries to draw the memory out.
He's laughing at me.
hands shake your skull
pleading to dislodge
his face.

the sheets are hungry
salivating
and you're so tired.

to be repeated.

Poetry

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