

# virginity

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

sixteen. wanting a story to tell. one that would fulfill her ultimate fantasy. so she snuck out. ran out the back door. 1:00am. cold. cheap lingerie under a band tee. driving the empty highway. shaking. scared. then she was in his arms. smiling. laughing. wanting him to undress her. and he did.

thirty-nine. wanting a young girl to take advantage of. wanting his needs met. he undressed her. ran his hands along her body. pressing against her. kissing her. are you sure? he asked.

sixteen. thinking of what he said. how he was dying. and only had a short amount of time. and he loves her, right? why else would he fuck her? why else would he choose her to spend his limited time with? she's pretty. but he loves her. i'm sure, she says.

and so she let him take advantage of her... for hours.

sixteen. wearing his t-shirt. hugging him. their bodies sweaty. i can love you, but you can't love me, he says. but she *did* love him.

thirty-nine. holding a young, beautiful girl. her virginity now in his hands. he knows she has feelings. he knows she's attached.

sixteen. she thought he was terminally ill. she thought she was doing him a favor. she thought he loved her. she thought he wanted her, and only her. she thought this was just a story to tell.

thirty-nine. he knew he wasn't dying. he knew how to capture this young girl's vulnerable heart. he knew that he had her. had her wrapped around his finger, to use anytime he wanted.

sixteen. thirty-nine. this wasn't just a story to tell.

