

When My Rapist Tried to Friend Me on Facebook
by Terri Muuss
Poetry

It's not as though I'd forgotten think he was
out there somewhere.

*(creak in floorboard,
toe to stone
floor—entryway
to guest bedroom)*

Social media has a place

*(pause—sharp
intake —dripping sink)*

for everyone but,
profile to
profile with
him, I

paused.

*(pounce, lion
on jackal, on me—he turned head
naked—legs pinned, I—)*

Thought, well, how
should I
respond?

*(carry ladders in pocket—
form stones
around ankles, drowning—
inconceivable how far
a shoulder can rotate.)*

After reading his request,

*(be quiet —void it— , blinds
down, brain blown out
electric impulses—a body's betrayal—
begin—
beg: Please leave
my socks on)*

my first impulse

*(why don't you— bubbling up hole
above—scream, you—the right
scream to do is
why)*

was to shut down
my account and run
to where
a memory can't
find you.

*(raw—all calling another ruin.
smearing—
fish scales at thighs, balcony of bees, who
is bleeding
leg? who crumpled sheets? Who
hand
this—)*

It was like an out-of-

*(sedimentation, the fact of choices—
supermarkets in their natural
habitat of panic, dog-chewed rubber
couch, the flip-
flop- flop flop flop dead fish
beach ride back, sand in suit
bottom, itch—burn
burning, need to wash,
to wash, to wa—)*

body
experience. I held
my breath—

felt paralyzed.

*(whiskery dot—popping
zits on his forehead in my mind
mind I mind You could
at least act like you
like it)*

He acted

like it had been a date.

*(focused laser of broad
sun-spotted neck, fore
arm, eye lid, inside lid of
looking inside
you practically
begged me
in in in—)*

I couldn't help
but look
at his request, because, I mean,
it's
weird
to think a person

*(non—being form person me
cold weight propane tank, dumb—)*

can go on
existing when
you've worked

*(working over body fragment
still—white ass pumping—
not—)*

so hard to make him stop
existing

*(non-arm non-thought—
you bury dead limbs)*

in my brain. I thought
I had

made
him

disappear