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Knuckles

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KNUCKLES

Devyn Springer

I remember the first time he hit me—
It was his ruby red lips
Against the pumping veins
Underneath my warm neck,
Sloppy and pulsing with innocence.

And then the next time
It was much more of a hit.
(His Knuckles carved his name into my ribs
And his hands told my heart
That they owned me).

His words dripped poison onto my spine
And it crippled me into believing
I deserved all that he had to give me,
And I made the mistake of thinking his Knuckles
Were the gods I deserved to worship.