The Escape

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I never should have married you.
I should have seen the signs.
I was too young.
You were too... you.
I didn’t know me.

when you asked me you didn’t even care
that I was tired and wanted to go home
and the ring was exactly the opposite
of everything I had ever said that I wanted
and it didn’t even fit and you
didn’t even bother to think about me that night.

I should have known when you were having
all those anxiety attacks and
I lost all my respect for you and
I thought you were weak and
I knew that you would never be
able to take care of me and that
I would always be the stronger one but
I always wanted to be taken care of and
it was all backwards.

I should have known when you were mad
that I wouldn’t take you to the hospital AGAIN
because of one of those attacks and
you punched me while I was driving
and the bruise was so big and
it took weeks to heal but
the wedding was paid for and
it was only a month away and
it was too late.

I should have known when you were so lazy
and I had to do everything and even when
the tire in the car blew I had to change it
because you couldn’t loosen the lug nuts
but somehow I could and I knew that
you weren’t trying just like you didn’t
try with anything else.

So I had finally let it go too far, and
Then when you were a little late coming home
I hoped that you had gotten in an accident and
I wished you would die so that I could be
released from my vows and not be at fault.

So I left,
and it was better that way,
because otherwise I would have killed
either you or me
and I was dying
and I needed to live,
and I couldn’t care about
anyone but me anymore
because I was just too fucking tired.