

Dancing in the night

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It was a long, frigid night. The air was crisp and there was fog building up on the windows, as she sat and waited in the car for the night to end and daybreak to arrive. She had been fighting with her boyfriend of several years. As always, the fight ended with a loud WHACK... Her face red with shame and damp with tears she shed. She did not know why she shed them more for the pain or for the embarrassment.

She sat in the car, her cries for pain dancing in the cold air, her breath becoming shorter on the intake. She wanted to break free. She wanted to break the chains over this abuse! Oh how she wanted to drive, drive anywhere and start her life over again. But again, as always, she had an excuse. She had reasoning for this crazy life, this notion of love. Thoughts swirling in her head. And then her breathing would dance in the frigid air once again.

It was two o'clock in the morning. She had little clothing on to keep her warm. The only protection from the cold, besides the thin sheath of a jacket on her arms and an old scarf, was the array of goose pimples. She cupped her icy hands over her mouth and withdrew a hearty, deep breath. That still was not enough. She ran the scenario through her mind, trying to figure out where she went wrong, where she wronged the man whom she loved so dearly. All she could think of was how the thrashing of their bodies collided together, the pain she felt everytime he wanted to. She would tell him to stop, but he would stop at nothing. He always got what he wanted. These thoughts running through her mind were making her cry uncontrollably. She brought her hands to her face, gently cupping her rosy, tear stricken face.

Pondering once again about her life, she could not understand one thing. She could not understand how this man, the man whom she has been with for so long, could be such an ass at times. He would man handle her, like she was one of the guys, when in reality she was frail, weak, a porcelain doll. He treated her in such a way that a savage young boy would do to a quaint dollhouse with glass dolls inside. She wiped a tear from her frozen left cheek. Rubbing her nose with the sleeve of the sheath, she gently blew. All of this crying left her nose terribly stuffed up, like traffic on a freeway during rush hour. He had broad shoulders with bulging veins, high cheekbones, a strong trunk, chiseled legs. Why would he force her? Why would he strike her? She could not think. She was almost frozen.

Shaking once again from the cold night, she decided to try and get the heater to go on in her old Oldsmobile. Turning the key clockwise, pumping the break... A loud croak and moan spoke from within the car. Her luck- the car was dead. She knew nothing about cars. She was miles from home and from civilization.

Her life was very complicated. This man spoke words of poetry about getting married and starting a family. Why would he strike her? He did not mean to though. He always bought her tulips after their fights. Pink and red ones. She loved the tulips he bought. They brought her back to her childhood. Her father was the same way. That is why she loved him so much.

They are so much alike. She always fixed the same drink when they came home from a long day- Jack on the rocks. Then they would ask her to sit on their knee. Sometimes she would. When she would not, they would grab her

pencil-like arm and force her down on their knee. They would never ask though. They would never ask if they could. They would just throw her frail body on the bed and pin her down. She would fight back, but after exuding so much energy, she would give in. And then the pain would begin. She never liked it. She never wanted her daddy to do this, her boyfriend to use that. After it was all over, she would sit and cry in the bathroom, blood oozing from her. Thinking about this made her flush once again and the heavens flowed from her angelic eyes.

Six o'clock. Almost time for the rooster to crow. She made her way from the broken car to the side of the road. She saw some truckers pass by this secluded road during the night. She wondered if any of them had heat. What she would do for warmth right about now... Then she spotted it- a large tractor-trailer coming her way. She withdrew her chaffed thumb from her pocket, shaking violently from the rough night of tears and lack of warmth. She still managed to shake her hip and open one more button on her jacket. She slightly exposed her sequin top from work the day before. She hid her tips in the hole of the right sleeve. All she needed was warmth and a place to lay her head.

The tractor-trailer slowly grooved its way to a stop, like a train stopping on the tracks. The window disappeared into the door and the rough smile of this man was comforting to her. She opened up one more button and managed to say amidst the shaking, " Could ya give me a ride to the motel a few miles up? I seem to be havin' some car trouble. In return, I could give you some company- and anything else you might need, want, hafta have..." A half smile crept on her face. The driver had a sly smirk, as provocative thoughts

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ran through his head. He agreed to give her the ride. She agreed to his wishes. After all, that is how she met her boyfriend nearly three years earlier, running away from her daddy.