Apology (Drafts)

W. Vandoren Wheeler

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Apology (Drafts)

APOLOGY, DRAFT #1

I apologize. The poisoned seeds I spread across your lawn were supposed to spell out, in dead sparrows: MY HURT GROWS

At least the mess is expressive, yes?

I planned to fling a Molotov Cocktail made of your forgotten “panties” stuffed down the mouth of a bottle of our favorite tequila, then fling it at the Mexican embassy in protest for our now worthless honeymoon,

but I, as you well know, am a coward.

Instead, I walked through the two-story house our imaginations sketched together, slogging a gallon of gasoline behind me. I flicked one of your disgusting cigarettes at it.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #2

I regret that I broke into your apartment to leave plans, apparently scratched out by your cats, to disfigure you in your sleep.
But the expense
of creating a fake newspaper
with an obituary of my suicide
(noting an undisclosed
woman’s name carved
into my chest)
was worth it.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #3

Your heart
is a cunt.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #4

I am ashamed of the erection
that distracted me as I knelt
on your sidewalk to draw
those chalk outlines
in sexual positions.

I felt ready to move on when
I sent you that skin magazine
with my photo pasted
over all the male faces.
APOLOGY, DRAFT #5

The mornings I put on my wedding ring,
I pretended it was you I was entering.

Our children, unborn ghosts
bearing features from each of us—
they refused to stop following me.

I couldn’t keep from seeing them
as I walked, swallowing sobs,
across the parking lot.

I held their heads
down in a bathtub
filled with nothing
until they finally
stopped kicking.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #8

Yup, I hand-painted
your blue azaleas black.
APOLOGY, DRAFT #9

I owe you one champagne glass.

I am sorry I can still feel its wispy stem, feel the way my fingernail fits into the etched curve of the J of your name. Those pretentious cups of specked light we raised to each other’s lips just as that ripe sunset wiped blood oranges and pomegranate across the sky the day we married…

Did you know if you smash two glasses together, only one will shatter?

-W. Vandoren Wheeler
Portland, OR