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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