

2016

## Apology (Drafts)

W. Vandoren Wheeler

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio\\_one](http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one)



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Wheeler, W. Vandoren (2016) "Apology (Drafts)," *Studio One*: Vol. 41.

Available at: [http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio\\_one/vol41/iss1/21](http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol41/iss1/21)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Studio One by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@CSB/SJU. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@csbsju.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@csbsju.edu).

## 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