

# TAR DARK

## BY EVE DUMONT



A silver bedspread  
one milky white, one tar dark  
a bright pool of blood.

He overwhelmed me with his presence.

His shape and scent surrounded me, and I offered myself up and Bah!  
Bah! Bah! He bled me like a pig, and didn't care at all. I didn't squeal, I  
didn't even moan, it happened so quick.

A bright pool of blood between my thighs,  
spreading like the sun, on a silver bedspread.

I watched in shock, a beast at play, a wild untameable being.  
Breathtakingly brutal. Brute sex like gang sex, trafficked girls and boy's  
sex, dark alley basement sex, retribution sex, bloodsport.

And there was nothing of my pleasure in it.

I didn't register the shock as I removed the bloody bedspread I didn't  
register the pain, as I gently, wiped his bloody dick off, with a warm  
cloth.

And we cuddled after, in his spent embrace.

In the morning light, the ugly truth, appeared so bright.

Did he mean to hurt me?

By neglect, default or unconscious rage?

Was it my own selfish desire, for pleasure, that over rode  
my natural defense against violent occupation?

Was it my own need to be an understanding soul,  
capable of handling dark emotions, that lead me here?

I spoke my truth! I asked the right questions.

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He laughed it off. Apologized with chocolate.  
Somehow my shape, responsible for his action.  
And like a bee, moving from flower to flower,  
he plowed ahead, pink hole to pink hole.  
With no queen and no honey, in sight.  
And no thought, for the bloody mess left behind.  
I am not this body! I only inhabit it for a while.  
Darkness may overcome all my sweet emotions,  
and I give it free reign, until it's poison is spent.  
But I, I always choose the light!  
The lightest, sweetest emotions.  
That chases the darkness, out of these shadowy domains.