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Pluto

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Class of 2015

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Pluto

Rachel Martinelli

But my disease grew upon me – for what disease is like Alcohol! Even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill temper.

The Black Cat, by Edgar Allen Poe

It was his eyes that captured my devotion.
Cobalt blue and flecked with tenderness, they
caressed my body with translucent ribbons and
tied sinewy, silk bows around my pulsating heart.

We loved in whispers: in whispers and kisses and
those tranquil nights when he would run his fingers
through my obsidian hair and whisper, “My God, Pluto,”
while my throbbing chest vibrated with pleasure.

For years I followed him, a faithful beast hungry for
his affection, addicted to those blue pills that spread
warm deceits through my veins, unaware that my growing
dependency paralleled his swelling intemperance.

I watched gold liquid slosh behind his eyes, watched
them turn a dull, sickly green, felt their malice
slice my body with accusations and tear at my peace of
mind ‘til one day I turned away from their scorn.

I did not see the perverse rage my rejection caused until his
bitter knife left me with only one eye to view its savage appetite.
The viscous rust that flowed down my face drained the
gold swamps from his sockets and filled them with horror.

He wailed and begged for my forgiveness, so I gave it.
But my pale bones were stained crimson with dread, and cold
eyes would blaze anew each time I recoiled from their touch.
Yet, I still loved him, my mind blinded by misplaced nostalgia.

I never saw the gallows rise from our bed’s frame,

never saw his wretched, hangman's hands,
never saw his noose slide around my brittle neck
'til he pulled the life from my dangling body.