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Regifted

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Author Bio

Annika Jensen '18 is an English major with a Writing Concentration and has minors in Civil War Era Studies and Middle East and Islamic Studies. She loves goats, yoga, and destroying the patriarchy. Danny DeVito is her inspiration.

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You left me gifts I couldn't return:
A gray sweater, a stolen street sign,
Silver necklaces engraved with the epitaph to my ancestor virginity,
"Here lies the choices she had no choice to make,"
Gone, but still trying to forget;
A bag of mints.
Broken blood vessels on my thighs where your knees spread their evil empire,
Their hushed
Plague visible only beneath the tissue where muscles writhe before
A cocked gun barrel.
A pumpkin muffin that I threw up after you grabbed my breasts in the line at
Panera and laughed
While my high school teacher's wife stirred her soup in a booth a few feet away
And laughed harder when I told you to stop but you grabbed me again
And laughed again when I smacked your hand away.
You left me prescription notes and doctor's appointments and a gynecologist
That asked,
Could you try to relax a little bit?
You left me inside the model CR-V at the Honda dealership to get myself
Together while you went off
To look for windshield wipers,
Inside your Buick at 4am on a Tuesday because you would not tolerate the
Absence of
"I love you."
Your semen on my chest that you did not have the courtesy to wipe off after you
Forced my loss of innocence, my mockingbird killed,
A quota:
Five more times before next week because you're leaving me,
And of course I said no, but what can my dissent weight against your guilt?
There was never any respect for that word.
You left hollow soliloquies, battlefield gothic too audacious for locker rooms to
Rot between my teeth and slither round my neck until the suffocation felt safer
Than spending time with you.