Pluto

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Keywords
creative writing, poetry

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Rachel Martinelli is a Theater Arts major and a Writing minor. She is part of the Class of 2015.
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,
ever saw his noose slide around my brittle neck
‘til he pulled the life from my dangling body.