

# **BROKEN BOTTLE**

**TAYLOR WIESTLING**

I apply my ruby red lipstick  
“Who are you trying to look good for?”  
I put all four movie tickets in my purse  
“How many of those are for boys?”  
The sweet scent of cherry blossom  
from a glass bottle  
kisses my wrist  
that he grips  
too tight when he’s angry  
“No one should be getting close enough to smell that on you”  
It takes me 27 minutes to return a text  
“What were you doing? Something I wouldn’t like?”  
I get home to the “whore” “bitch” and “slut”  
slowly moving through my mind and my body, consuming me

He clenches the bottle that contains the sweet scent  
The only thing that makes me feel like I can still be okay  
and with the same look his eyes hold when my throat is held in his fist  
he squeezes until the sound of breaking glass overpowers everything  
else.  
What was once a whole, and beautiful thing is now jagged and broken  
pieces ready to cut the next person to touch them  
And I choke on the thought I know I shouldn’t have  
I hope that bottle knows to be grateful

Because if he didn’t care he wouldn’t squeeze and if he didn’t love he  
wouldn’t break and the pain is how you know it’s real  
And I’m so lucky that I get to feel one even with the other.