

Burnt Toast

Her hair hung over her cheeks. The smell of cigarettes and blood intoxicated the air. The air was still and the water stains dripped down to the gray carpet. She was stiff, almost like a still life in sea blue serenity. The gray carpet did her beauty no justice. She sat with her legs crossed Indian style staring at the black screen on the T.V. Yesterday plates and cigarette buds lie on the carpet as she took her fingers and moved her hair out of her face. She was utterly beautiful.

I stood there smoking, waiting for the toast to pop out that I put in two minutes ago. I couldn't stand waiting for anything, because nothing ever waited for me. I stared at her harder wondering what she was thinking about, I couldn't take not knowing what was going on in her head. Finally the toast popped out and I walked over handing the plate to her.

"I can't see you're eyes." I sat the toast down next to her and watched the butter melt slowly onto the black crust.

"Ashley here" She refuses to get up. I grab her forcefully by the arm, her arm so small I probably bruised it.

I whispered into her ear." I said.get.up." and slap that pretty face right across her Carmel cheek and I hear the thump on the floor. The smell of blood quickly returns as she spits out a tooth. I kneeled down and hugged her; I just loved her so much.

"Get of me Neal."

I hear her whisper "Please." I hug her tighter, I wouldn't let go I couldn't. Her deep red wine hair and wooden eyes were a perfect image of my mother. Who slipped away in front of my midnight cry.

I was ten years old and the sun shined through out the house.

"Neal where's your mother?" I was playing with my favorite action figure Captain America.

"I don't know daddy. I think she's in the shower. He passed right by and knocked captain America over.

He dragged her out of the shower and all I heard was her screams. The screams that wake me up during the night, and make me want to hold Ashley as tight as I can. Letting her body guide me through the night so I can find her neck. I always hear her cry softly.

"I love you Neal." She shutters and I just hold her, holding her so tight sometimes she can't breathe. And right when I think I'm about to lose her I let go. I let her go so I have control, unlike my father who had no control.

He then kicked her so hard in the head; she began to have a seizure, and finally she answered whispering to me, reaching out with her hand

"Come to me Neal. Come to me bab-."

And she passed away.

Ashley got up eight, nine, ten at the eleventh step she enters our bedroom, she even walks like her. Her right shoulder only an inch higher because of the swollen knot. She had a limp, it was like the limp my mother had, only my mother's was by a lunatic. The glare in the television made me cringe as I saw the lunatic for a brief moment, staring back. I rushed toward the television and punched it as hard as I could. Blood flew everywhere as a sharp pain shot up my spine and back to my hand.

"Neal." She was gorgeous, like a diamond shimmering in the sea at the bottom of the ocean, waiting just waiting for someone to pick it up.

"You're bleeding." The dirty water stains danced around her as she picked up a bag and headed towards the door.

"Ashley." I whispered. I couldn't take how much she reminded me of her, her arched nose and perfectly aligned eyes made me shutter when I looked into them so hard. All I was trying to do was bring my mother back.

"Bring my mother back!" I yelled punching the blood stained carpet.

Bring those warm arms that wrapped around me and shielded me when my father hit me too hard, or when he cut me a little too deep with the knife. All I wanted was her. And that's when I heard the door creak.

My head shot up as I saw her stand there, she must have thought I was crazy because her grip around the door tightened when she saw my blood shot eyes.

"You need help Neal. "

"I need you baby, Come here, come to me bab-."

And she dropped to the floor, the sound of her duffle bag hitting the ground made my chest wheeze.

I crawled over to her and began to bawl.

And we sat there until dawn, thought contemplating thought.

While another piece of burnt toast popped out.