

MARIA SCENES

MARIA #1

In the far distance,
Seemingly in the far distance,
I hear the click of camera phones and a Shakira ringtone.
Click, Click Click.
Click click
Click click click.
The sounds come closer, become clearer,
And then I start to feel,
Pressure,
Clawing through a dense mist of beer and pills,
Then the monstrous pounding that I hear inside of me before I feel it.
At first, it sounds, like
Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick
But then it melts into, searing pain, and sounds bleed into one another,
Chants and clicks and spilled beer and slaps on my ass.
The pain, ripping, I know I'm dead. I'm dying. I just wish I'd die faster.
Party music.
Vomit.
Slaps base line laughter.
Chants.
Moans of pain, coming from inside of me, living inside of me, only to die inside me?
Moans smeared across one another.
My head out a window.
There was a toilet and a tub.
But the window was first.
The sounds of praying to die.
And I'm here.
In America.
Where student safety is priority one.
And when they are done, they just walk away.
Like anywhere else in the world.
Except now, it's seen. Sometimes you want to be invisible, and they won't even allow you that.
Click click. We're here.
Click click. We're done.
Click click. I hate that fucking sound.

MARIA #2

She's 17. It's child pornography.
Child. Porn. All the way, son. Aren't you about to graduate?
You can go ahead and tear that up right now.
Rip. Rip. Rip. Rip.
Those rich boys already lawyered up and got sprung.
The prosecutor says-
The prosecutor is getting shit from the community. And you know he wants to run for office again. So he needs to show that he's "tough on crime," and you are the guy who streamed the video of the child porn – maybe rape – maybe not rape – from your frat house.

Too bad you didn't get any action kid because you're gonna pay for it anyway.