

5-2019

Did I Consent?

Taylor VanZant

California State University, Monterey Bay

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/ords>

Recommended Citation

VanZant, Taylor (2019) "Did I Consent?" *In the Ords: CSUMB Literary Arts Journal*: Vol. 3 : Iss. 1 , Article 20.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/ords/vol3/iss1/20>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Journals at Digital Commons @ CSUMB. It has been accepted for inclusion in In the Ords: CSUMB Literary Arts Journal by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ CSUMB. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@csumb.edu.

Taylor VanZant

According to the National Sexual Violence Resource Center,
27% of college women have experienced some form of unwanted sexual contact.

Did I Consent?

I do not consent if I do not say yes.

I do not consent when I agree to go out for a drink or two.

I do not consent when I get in your car with you.

I do not consent when you drive me around for a few.

The bars are closed and there's nothing to do.

You drive around recklessly.

You tell me about you.

"A D.U.I. you say?"

You drive around anyway

"I'm getting tired."

But you say it's only 2

"Maybe you should take me back to my car."

It's as if I'm not here at all.

Please let me leave.

You ignore me as if I'm invisible.

Butterflies flutter in my stomach.

I open up my mouth to let them out but they feel safer inside.

At the end of every song

"Please take me to my car."

At the end of every conversation

"I really want to go home now."

I can feel your temper rising

"It's so late."

But

Still no consideration for deliberation.

Just an invitation for acceleration.

The motor roars louder and louder.

The butterflies

turn to birds.

Is he trying to scare me?

My eyes search for savior in the time.

You will have to let me go by the time the sun rises.

We're back to where we left my car.

What a relief.

I get to leave.

And then you ask me where I live

“My roommate is home.”

She isn't.

You just want to drive me home

“I can drive myself, thank you.”

You want to spend more time with me

“It's 3.”

You keep grabbing my face and kissing me

“Please stop.”

You squeeze my cheek so hard I feel them touch inside my mouth.

Maybe he's just being sweet.

Your thumbs as big as my cheek.

I can feel my heart beating in my feet.

Or is that just the feeling to flee?

I laugh and try to leave.

You stop me.

You get on top of me.

You put your hand down my pants.

You ask me if I like it

“I really just want to go home.”

You don't like that I don't like it.

“I'm really tired.”

You pull on my underwear.

You don't ask me again.

I search the windows avoiding your gaze.

Please, anyone, walk by.

I search my mind for other thoughts.

Butterflies and birds in valleys of wild flowers instead of bouncing in my belly.

Maybe if I give him what he wants he'll let me leave.

Your large,

hairy,

heavy

body takes my breath away

takes my voice away.

He doesn't care if I don't want to.

It's just sex.

It's just sex.

“I will not have sex without a condom.”

Don't ask again.

Don't pull my pants down.

Oh but you don't have any?

“Good, I'll just go home then.”

But no.

That's not an option.

You sigh like an impatient child.

You get off of me.

And the birds begin to sing inside of me!

Finally!

I'm free!

I thought.

But the door is still locked.

You go 100 down the 10

You don't look when you change lanes.

Why are you doing this?

*Why **must** we have sex?*

You stop at three gas stations.

Am I not being clear enough?

Why am I scared to say no?

Do I really think he wouldn't let me go?

I do.

Your creepy carcass crushes me again.

Your hairy hands caress me again.

Maybe I want this.

Your fleshy folds are kissing me again.

I have sex all the time.

You are choking me again.

This is my fault anyway.

I made him think I wanted this.

I talked to him in the first place.

I guess, that

was my consent.