

Tales of the Urban Jungle

Megan Danaher

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9/18/97

i wake up to find the room in shambles. what happened last night...? cocaine lays on the coffee table, sprinkled like the autumn snow. a buzzing fills my hollow head as i look out of the open window, and i get knocked back with cosmic force. this day, is going to be hell. -A.G. 9/18/97

9/19/97

pounding beats of ancient drums fills my head, and the nausea thrums against my throat. the lights of the fluorescence are the signs from the gods, that i am not well. with a swift, deft movement i duck out of the bustle of the crowd and throw myself into the blackness. silence. girls bathroom. 2nd floor. the meth head's bathroom. the silence is infinite, except for the flick and sizzle of getting lit up. i have to get out. -A.G. 9/19/97

9/19/97

im getting shot up. all i can hear is Nirvana's *Heart Shaped Box*, and two people moaning. moaning in pleasure & pain. my veins burn, & soon, it feels like my eyes, ears, & soul had been tuned to a new, unexplored frequency. with this new super power pulsing in my veins, i have no inhibitions. no fears, no cares. my consciousness dissipates & i slip into a beautiful oblivion. cinnamon. i only smell cinnamon... 9/19/97 -A.G.

9/20/97

i wake up to the fading light, & feel my body move in a lazy but purposeful rhythm. there is something in my vagina... but in my weakness, i couldn't & wouldn't fight this. i was being raped... but i liked it. like a ship in a wayward sea, rocked up against the man's groin, pulling it further within me.

my mind? reeling. my head? swimming. my body? white trash. -A.G 9/20/1997

10/8/97

my mother found the positive pregnancy test. found the cocaine. found the meth. found my shame. found my dignity in the trash out back. as her hand went across my face, i felt the blood of family relations leave me. who was i? who the fuck had i become? i felt the tears run down my dead fleshy cheeks as the hands of a foreigner, who had once been of my kin, slap, hit, scream... scream blood upon me. and in that moment, as i picked myself up on bruised palms, leather suitcase in hand, i felt myself crawling from my dead skin. reborn in the icy rain of october. -A.G. 10/8/97

10/14/97

as youth, we all had dreams. right? thoughts of becoming a singer, or a dancer, or a writer. but as we grew older, our limbs beginning to weigh us down, and as the shit of the world was beginning to be unveiled to us, we began to realize; do i even have a purpose? do my dreams even carry weight? ... i went to ryans house, my rapist ex boyfriend, and i told him the situation. told him i wanted an abortion. told him, that i need cash. that i need the drugs. he stood on the other side of the doorframe with mocked surprise as his mother called for him inside. he said nothing, but the silence wrote a novel. before he shut the door, and called to his mother that it was no one, he threw me a fifty dollar bill and whispered; good luck, bitch. -A.G. 10/10/97

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12/13/97

i can feel my lungs. brain pulsing against the thin shell of my thoughts. i can feel the lack of my existence the...the... skin pulled taut against the framework of my soul, blood lines being visible to all around, but no one saw, no one cared. the skin crawls, feeling the