

ADAMANT

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1. The words are adamant. They refuse to leave me. Present they are in all activities, lurking, ready to pounce back inside. I am adamant though, denying them admission. They follow still, stalking. I try to run, but they are faster. Catch me they do. I am helpless. "I don't want you anymore. I quit," I scream. But, they still proceed to infest me. Full I become with them, trapped.

2. I run adamantly. My body cries. The pain is all over, everywhere. Faster I go. The stress builds. Screaming every muscle is, yes screaming. They grasp desperately for air. Suffocating I am in all the worry. Must run, more must be done. The world is so frantic with me in it.

I reach a hill. My body pleads. I still continue. My brain joins in on the choir. "Please stop, you will end up killing us." I will not listen. My bounds are stronger, the hill is mine. Power I have obtained over myself. Triumphant I feel. Longer I go. Then I crash, tripping over myself, falling, falling. I hit the ground so hard that I cannot get up.

3. My eyes fill, but no pity comes. He stands there unmoved. His forearms cross and brace his chest. He's heart has closed. "Please," I mouth. Nothing can break the stone around him. The "please" comes again from my mouth. He hears nothing. My betrayal is too great. My arms go out reaching, "Please," once again I say. He shakes his head. The forgiveness I yearn for never appears. He is adamant.

4. I strain, forcing the dress up. My mass fills it and overflows. Tight, so tight it is, my friend of many years. I am too large for it now; however, I will not admit this to myself. Finally on it is. The next task is to zip. My fingers linger by its, apprehensive. Our reunion is delayed. My fingers suddenly flee. They never do take a hold because they know they won't succeed.

5. The gate wouldn't budge. We push hard, throwing all our weight against it. But, it will not give in to us. I plead with it as I lunge myself. I grow tired and fall against it. The tears come. Then he suggests, "Why don't we climb over?"

6. Adamant I am. Determined to stick to this word. I go for my love, my dictionary. I know what word means, but I desperately look for reassurance. I finger through the pages. As I do I think how tough the old Webster is. His cover half-off and his pages curled and yellow. The shape he's in is not the best; however he doesn't seem to mind. He's strong and not ready to see his death just yet. He faces time, unyielding because he knows the words inside still mean something.

7. The words are adamant. They refuse to leave me. I have attempted there murder so many times, but apparently will never succeed. I thought I had killed them for good once, burying them with her, never to be erected again. I was mistaken though because

here they stand before me, a ghost they are coming back to haunt. They invade my mind, filling, reproducing, banding together. The space in my brain is so completely full that I find myself crazed. The words have come back now. Vengeance is what they seek. The war between us is done. I surrender. "I give in to you," I say. The white flag is waved. I write this now because I have accepted that they are not finished with me. The words are adamant, not ready to go just yet.