

# I cannot write this softly.

BY CONYER CLAYTON

I was 16 when I was raped. I cannot write this softly.

Was I raped when I was 16? I cannot write this confidently.

Cancun. Mother's leash too long. I drank, or rather, had drinks poured into me. I told two men I was nineteen. It wasn't true, and they knew it. They were older, and indie, and my type. So I danced with them.

Another shot down my throat. I kissed them too.

This much I remember.

When I woke up in their hotel room, Man #1 was finishing on top of me. I said nothing. Had my eyes been open? Surely. Surely they wouldn't. Surely no one would. Surely no one would. Surely no one would. Surely no one would. Surely no one would. They seemed so nice. Nice Canadian boys. (MENMENMEN)

But I did wake up.

If you wake you must be sleeping.

I said

nothing, hardly moving.

Man #2 began. I said

nothing, hardly moving,

thinking little

thinking

I'm not a virgin anymore

thinking

nothing, hardly moving.

I let him writhe on top of me. It didn't matter. It was already happening. Man #2 came on my stomach, rolled over, slept. I was.

hardly moving.

I said

nothing.

Man #1 walked over and sat on the edge of the bed. He asked me if I knew where my hotel was. I did.

We rode on the bus as the sun came up. Light touched the water gently. He gave me a hug and said, "Nice to meet you," as the bus doors shut behind me.