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I Ruined It All for Billy Saddle

Megan Ayers

God is angry at me again for letting Billy touch me. I know this because he made the sun come early this morning, shine right in my eyes, and because he killed Billy's dad. I had only been asleep maybe three hours, 'cause Billy left when his mother called to tell him that his dad had a heart attack and was in the hospital. When the phone rang, I told him not to answer it cause we were almost in the middle of things, the way I like, him on top with me staring at the posters of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin on the wall, who Mom and Dad say play the devil's music; but he had seen that it was his mom, and answered anyway. I was next to him, curled around some pillows and stuffed animals and blankets to cover myself 'cause somehow it feels indecent to sit around naked when someone's talking to their mom on the phone, when he started to cry. He sat on my bed naked, his dick drooping with the sadness of it all, so I stood up and collected his clothes from the floor while he shook, sobbing with his face in his hands. I tossed the clothes on the bed behind him, sat down next to him, and threw an awkward arm around his shoulder. He turned to me, his eyelashes matted and wet, and he kissed me on the mouth, and then on my face and neck and belly and thighs. He cried into my neck and hair, sobbed all over me for a good ten minutes until we finished; and then he rolled off of me, grabbed his clothes, and was out the door before he'd even gotten his shirt over his head. I didn't ask him if he had wanted me to go to the hospital with him 'cause he was gone by the time I could even think of it. Next thing I know, the sun is slitting into my room, and before I can open my eyes, I hear a whisper that Billy's dad is dead, and it's all because of me.

