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## Jack LeZizi

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## Jack LeZizi

Sylvie woke confused and disorientated in a bed that was not her own. The pillow smelt of sweat and spittle, and it crackled under the weight of her head. Repulsed, she thought of her own immaculate bed linen and her martinet devotion to its upkeep. Barbarian, she wondered and then she felt his arm, a hairy, sticky weight, pinning her across her stomach. With a rush her sense blew away the cloud of yesterday's wine to feel the dried blood and semen on her thighs.

This was not how it was supposed to happen. She had felt she was safe with Jack. He always was the gentleman, a knight errant who treated women with dignity and respect.

She shouldn't have come to this party alone but he politely insisted that she would have fun and there would be people there that she knew. He was so nice.

Now his limb held her like an old cast, causing her belly to itch. Escape she must before he woke, before he opened his spider black eyes. But his arm, that hideous appendage, held her.

Determined, she took a deep breath, collapsing her stomach, and with limbo dancer deftness slipped from under his arm leaving upon her stomach a smear of sweat.

She glanced at him still sleeping with his boyish smile and tossed black hair. She suppressed an urge to vomit and silently slipped into her sweater. She awkwardly searched for her jeans, wishing she could shower to cleanse the filth before dressing.

There, the jeans draped on a chair under his. She grabbed for them, disrupting his, which fell, spilling the contents of the pockets across the carpeted floor. As she zipped up she spied his wallet and bent down to remove the cash. She clutched three hundred dollars while her eyes bore her hatred into his sleeping form. She began to put the money in her pocket, but disgusted by the implication of her act, threw the bills to ground instead. That's when she saw the stiletto switch blade Jack always carried.

She snapped the blade open and stared at her reflection in its steel. Puffed brown eyes caked with mucus and mascara. Matted hair, drooping lips, a snuffle hanging from her nose. Repulsed, she looked away at a beam of sun that cracked through the curtain and fell upon his chest, casting centipede like shadows among the hair.

She moved to his side to watch his heart beating. It rose and fell like a huge erection, sending ripples across the hairs on his chest. She began to shake but steadied herself to the rhythm of his pounding blood.

Quickly she struck, opening a cut across his eyebrow and onto his forehead. Instantly blood sprang from it. Her nausea subsided as she watched the blood pour into the depression of his closed eye, filling it. The bloody pond soon crested, then spilled out onto the bedsheets. Calmly, she carefully cleaned the knife on a quilt, placed it on his chest and left.

By: David Banasiak

