

East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

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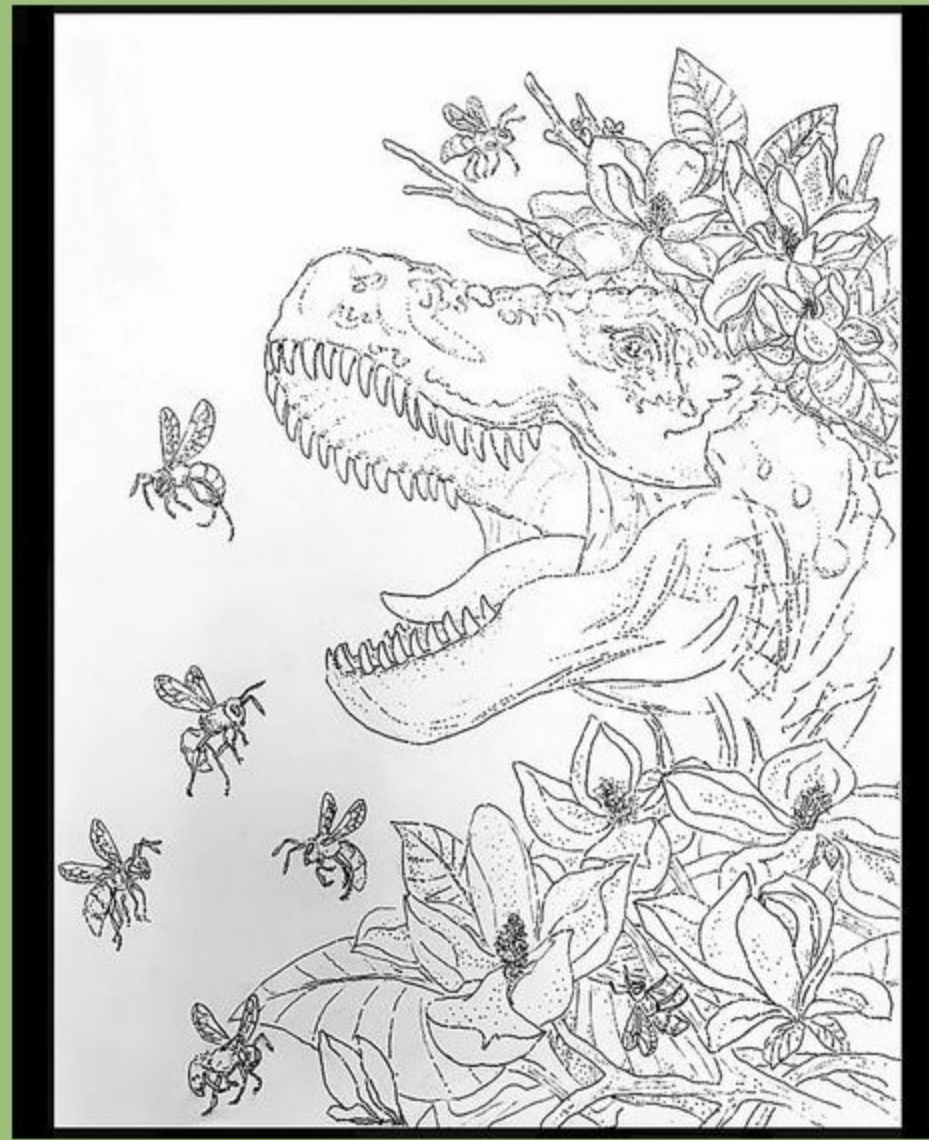
Editors Choice

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Every semester, East Fork's editorial staff holds a contest where one visual art submission and one creative writing or multimedia submission are chosen as the "Editor's Choice". Each of the two submissions chosen will receive a \$25 Amazon gift card. The Issue 18 winners are below.

Editors Choice in Visual Art

Tyrannosaurus Hates Bees by Sam Nski



Editors Choice in Creative Writing/Multimedia

Pinot Noir by Rivers Lewis

Blood trickles down my thighs slowly,
The dark red fluid reminds me of the wine I drank earlier
It was pinot noir, I remember.
He said it was his favorite, and it would be mine, too.
I just smile and take the glass and sip it eagerly,
It's bitter. The acid hits my tongue and I hate it, but I drink anyway.
It'll make him happy.
My heart beats slowly, almost like I am dying.
Thoughts race through my mind and escape me.
I am hot and cannot breathe.
Maybe I am dying.
I close my eyes, just for a moment – to see if I am really dying,
and then I wake up.
He's on top of me, all over me, inside of me.
I close my eyes again and hope that I am dying.
I cannot see, but I can hear.
His voice. His grunts and moans. The bed squeaking.
I can smell him, too. Cigars and coffee and wine and cologne.
I keep waiting for Death to come, but He never comes to take me
Instead, He finishes and rolls off of me.
It is over and my eyes open. Maybe I am dead because this has to be Hell.
Go clean yourself up, you're getting it all over the bed!
And without hesitation, I get up.
In the bathroom I see myself. My hair is mussed up.
My lipstick is spread over my mouth and red splotches mark my neck like little
popped cherries.
And blood trickles down my thighs.
Dark and red just like pinot noir.

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