

# Exile

---

Volume 28 | Number 1

Article 17

---

1982

## Want

Roger Butler  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Butler, Roger (1982) "Want," *Exile*: Vol. 28 : No. 1 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol28/iss1/17>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Gordon, who had just regained his feet, looked on the scene with horror. Although his legs felt like lead, he compelled them to move. They pumped furiously as he ran stumbling and shrieking through the woods to the Hathaway's house.

Abel was horrified by the scene before him. Joey lay on the ground, mouth agape as his blood was being soaked up by the thirsty earth and sawdust. Abel was beginning to grasp the seriousness of the situation and thinking quickly, he tore apart Joey's clothes and crammed his workshirt into the smiling wound. Soon it too was soaked through. Abel pressed hard against it, but Joey's eyes already bore the opalescent glaze of death.

Abel stumbled aimlessly out of the woods, hands stained with blood, just as Sheriff Nelson Adams' car pulled over on the side of the road, its siren wailing.

The doors flew open before the car had come to a stop and the sheriff and the deputy, George Eastly, rushed out of the car. The sheriff ran back into the woods, while George contained Abel, who offered no resistance whatsoever. Ms. Perkins who was alerted to the commotion outside, scurried out on the front porch to see Abel, shirtless, bent over the hood of the police car, his hands cuffed behind his back.

"What's going on here?" Evelyn demanded.

"There's been an accident out back. Joey Hathaway may be seriously hurt." George replied. At this moment the sheriff strode quickly, back out of the clearing.

"George, call in an ambulance and wait for it here. Ms. Perkins, you'll come to the station with us."

Nelson seated Abel and Evelyn in the car and walked over with a final word for George. In a brief aside to sheriff Adams, George remarked:

"That lady sure has been dealt a cruel hand in this life."

"Ain't that the truth George. Well keep charge of things here while I attend to business at the station."

Nelson squeezed into the car and drove the two and one-half miles to the police station. The trip seemed to last just seconds and soon the three of them were cramping into the small, bare office space. Then began the tedious process of fingerprinting, filling out forms, signing statements and filing reports. When this had been completed after, what seemed like an eternity, Nelson led Abel over to one of two small cells and locked him in. The lock clicked home with a terrible sense of finality.

"We'll have to keep him here until the arraignment." Nelson explained.

The two walked outside. Just as she was about to walk through the door she looked cautiously backward, just as Orpheus must have, to see Abel with his face turned towards a corner, his forehead supported by his clenched fists.

The two got into the black and white car and drove quickly home. When they got to Evelyn's house, Nelson let her out at the bottom of the driveway.

"Take care Evelyn. I really am sorry," Nelson said in a sincere and solemn tone.

Evelyn stood on the end of the driveway, watching the police car float noiselessly down the road. When it had disappeared over a final rise she felt something inside her snap. She didn't want to be alone. She, of all people, didn't deserve to be alone. She began a slow walk up the driveway. The sky had become considerably darker and the wind whipped the weathercock around in a chaotic fury that showed the disharmony of the fickle wind. As she came nearer to the house she believed that it was overhanging its foundations. When she passed through the huge doorway, it appeared as though the great white house had swallowed her up.

Chad Hussey

## Want

Wearing a chemical straight jacket  
I laugh in a ball,  
My madness radiates against rubber barriers,  
Stark, oppressive,  
I contemplate blank pages, turning them to find nothing,  
Where Good Humor men shovel cocaine  
And white rabbits run in snowstorms,  
The artist paints with invisible ink.  
I dread too late,  
My mind peeled away like a strip of acid.

Roger Butler