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Rogue Wave

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ROGUE WAVE

Maura Sands

The waiting room is as steady as the breath of the old man next to me. But the beat in my heart matches my brain. The secretary clacks on her keyboard scheduling the next appointment I'll most likely be absent to. There is no element of surprise, no game, no strategy. They'll come and call my name. A sinking weight in my stomach. The smell of insulin filling my head, matching the supply that flows through my veins. They take the measurements and scales, while I weigh the difference between living and dying. Sacrifice. I can spend my days and night watching and monitoring my measurements, making sure that I fall into order in their filing cabinets. Or, I can forget that I don't function the same, forget that I'm diseased. The negative effects on my body would creep up on me, the giant wave on the sea. The doctors chant their chorus of "A1C" "Neglecting" and "Diabetes." The sterile surfaces I pass are spoiled by my persistent freedom. Hypocrisy? Because maybe I don't see that drowning is not how you live. But they only want to heal, to help, to save me. From myself. For now, I sit in the protesting leather seat, with a throbbing in my throat, waiting for them to call me.