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Waterlogged

Laura Hillen
She'd told me it was okay to cry, but the suction of her fingertips could not be trusted. Their ridges red and shining, matching perfectly with the streaks upon my cheek—their last known resting place. She would carry them in a glass vial, befitting for an alien specimen, and hold them to sparkling lights to catch and throw rays of deceit like prisms. Screams always echo like the worst tone of an alarm clock and I could click my heels all I want and still never move for I have no home and never will; my heart beats out truth instead of heartbeats.

No release, no waterfalls in this unspoken taboo. I went to France and gained ten pounds, for every drop of persistent rain got trapped inside my porous head and made themselves a home. They must not mind the clutter. I will always be the greatest punchline.

But life, can’t be a joke.