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Totally Motionless

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Mom told me I couldn’t do it all.

Doctors told me to slow down.

I’ve slowed down—
for now.

I’m out of my head.
I’m in a new reality.

How did you see yourself when you were young?
How did you see the world?

My world was vast and blue and green.
a marble that makes miniature miracles.
I didn’t know of all the different ways to die.

I wasn’t afraid of the things I could see.
I was told monsters lived in the dark under the bed.

But that wasn’t true, was it?

Monsters live inside of us,
in the cover creases where it’s warm.
Under the blankets is no longer safe.

With the lights out, shapes blur and soften.
A shadow shrugs into corners
while a dream drifts down the hall.

I feel safe with the lights out.

I can say that I’ve lived here,
that my feet touched this pavement.

But I’ve left no trace,
or purpose, or point.

What was the point?
There was something I wanted to say.

There was supposed to be a point to this.

*Monica Vanstone*