Panic

It goes like this: the mistake—left instead of right—trips the wires in my brain. No one knows because the detonation is internal. No one knows because they are all in their tiny worlds, Very Busy, under

A Lot of Stress. Next, the rabid howling,

whose middle names I don’t know witness this carving out

I say it is a carving— a re-interpretation of the violence

in the wall that my mother tried for years to fill and sand down and fill and sand down and

back in the stairwell the truth admits itself—

I am not human and now everyone knows.

The spectators are afraid so they call in reinforcements. I lie to the police officer when he asks my name because he is a man with a gun. I say the right words, the ones fear taught me at a young age, words like yes and thank you. I re-embbody my limbs and become trustworthy again, not like the kind of girl you’d find hanging in a closet, un-pretty and blue.

and prove you right.
Exceptionally

psycho. Exceptionally

tragic. Watch me win

gold medal. Go ahead,
	ry to revive me

howling,

mad.

the Trauma Olympics
And swallow the

in this absurd position.
Asphyxiated,