Schizophrenic Hallucinations
Liz Anastasiadis

Each time she woke, my mother dressed to laugh at the woodpeckers. They scurried behind her in the house, buzzed past her knees like an ever-sounding heartbeat, their rhythm forcing hands closed over eardrums. She stepped over the threshold, their hum-chatters woven into her blood. She stumbled in-between the carved-out trees, the woodpeckers, waterfalls, and wit.

Now she slams the alarm shrilling, shreds off her covers, sloshes mouth with mint; swallows water with two, three, four capsules shoved down esophagus. Elbows on shins, she taps her bare foot on kitchen tile until her head knocks relentlessly back.