

1996

## Sick Girl

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### Recommended Citation

Oroz, Helena (1996) "Sick Girl," *Exile*: Vol. 43 : No. 1 , Article 23.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol43/iss1/23>

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## Sick Girl

### I

You're laughing at me up there, aren't you?  
Beautiful Europe awaits beyond the window  
you flew in, wretch, and here I lie  
for the third day, unable to eat or drink  
and no appetite besides  
without energy except for frequent trips to the W.C. and back

desiring only darkness for sleep,  
a respite from pain and discomfort  
but when I awake. . .  
all in a sweat, one minute ice the next burning as if out in the  
open sun  
and you, drone that you are, stealing my silence  
apathetic to my condition

With so much time to think and think and think some more  
and wonder if I were perhaps entering a state of delirium?  
and you don't help

I look to the ancient lighting fixture, ponder to myself—  
has anyone ever systematically examined the flight patterns of  
house flies?

(and if so, why?)

I stare and stare as you make your rounds about the bulbs  
geometric patterns, shapes my pupils trace:  
triangle, rectangle . . . pentagon?

zig zag track back to the star whirl ocean curl maz

I'm dizzy now

I wish you were.

### II

He flew away. I am glad, yet disappointed.

I am desperate for entertainment.

My head is filling with clouds.

I take in my surroundings from my horizontal position:

foot board

pink walls, white border to the

high white ceiling

heavy gray door, silver-handled knob

chandelier monster, five-armed

four large windows

gray door at my right

older corner stove, large brown pipe behind sucked in by the wall

The longer I stare, the more familiar my locale

My God, I am stuck in a Van Gogh

the one in the bar—red and green, pool table, chairs, Cafe what?

high ceiling . . . dark colors . . . overhanging gloom

I am stuck in a Van Gogh

he is painting this very scene

and he will call it either “Sick Girl” or “Illness”

and I will be abandoned for years in a corner

of a sleazy studio apartment

in the dark heart of the city

considered worthless

until some tasteful gentleman with an eye for beauty and talent

discovers me in tarp takes me home and hangs me above his mantel

for all to appreciate and admire and envy.

My head is filled with clouds

My lids are filled with clouds

I float away from my cafe.

—*Helena Jasna Oroz*