Exile

Volume 70 | Number 1

Article 20

2023

Mechanism

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Recommended Citation

Baum, Emma (2023) "Mechanism," Exile: Vol. 70: No. 1, Article 20. Available at: https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol70/iss1/20

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Mechanism Emma Baum

The numbness has been creeping for a month now, budding from the ragged edges of my fingernails, unbidden. I can feel it encroaching on my throat, my larynx growing heavy and useless, a dammed river dried. I reach into my pocket for myself and come up empty handed; there's a hole in the stitches and I have fallen through.

Beneath aorta and ventricle, purpling melancholy sweet-talks me into sleep, and I don't have time, my cat naps last nine lives and I have lessons to learn and people to become, but there's a blade in the bedside table drawer and it could be worse.

Submerged, I dream of a house by the sea with pale yellow wallpaper and thin linen curtains that fan in brief bursts of breeze to the beat of my deep-water breaths.