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The Glass Girl

cara triebold

There once was a girl made of glass. She was translucent. Almost invisible. You would barely notice if she passed you in the hall. But if you listened closely, you could hear the crystal strands of her hair clink together as she walked.

She was a living ghost. She sat in class quietly filling a notebook with doodles. Her teachers had to blink twice during roll call.

She ate sound. She left behind rooms filled with silence. She drank feelings like a kind of tea. Curiosity in the cold mornings, envy in the afternoon, melancholy at night.

No one wanted to get too close to her. They were afraid they would accidentally brush her the wrong way and she would shatter.

One day, after her morning cup of curiosity, she found herself forcing her way toward the center of the crowd. She slipped through tight spaces on purpose. In a reckless move, she ran headlong into someone who was looking right through her. For a moment, nothing happened. The boy was a little stunned, but gradually recovered. The glass girl teetered for a moment. Crevices grew across her skin. Slowly, she watched parts of her body crack and shatter. Glass shards littered the grass at his feet. She reached for a piece of her own body and let it bite into the boy's skin. Bright red, hot blood dripped onto the grass. She was not invisible. She was not soft.

She was a girl made of glass.

Female Icon | K. Hope Tarleton | Gouache on Paper

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