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A New Monster by Mark Rudolph

My mother can't rise up, a deflated balloon of skin. Her plastic tether sucks oxygen from the air. Goggled eyes. Ochre nails. Frizzed hair. She is nothing like herself vet she fills the room with herself: her hospital bed, her toothless combs. her wash basin, her hydrocodone. Bleached and spittled, remote control in her fist. she giggles, and I wonder, where will she land today? as if today were a city sliding across a map of the world still greasy from her breakfast.

(It would be easy to lie to her, easy to ignore her: to drop the trapdoor and listen for a scrape, a rattle, a shriek.)

Her thank-yous, her help-mes her I-love-yous, her you-hate-mes skitter like rabid kittens at my ankles. Doctor bills expecting a piece of the host perch on the TV and

12 Harpur Published by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB), 2022 glare from their cellophane windows. I feed them a pellicle of skin thin as toilet tissue, razored away, painless as the drugs will allow. I've become an expert at tearing away the gauze while holding back the urge to prick the baby with the pin, just to hear it scream.

(Skills like these are profitable. Skills like these are marketable. Skills like these are inhuman.)

I've been rebuilt on the slabs of her pain into something lead-shoed and green-skinned thundering through the house, and now my howl can slice through a villager's sleep like a laser through steel or a saw through bone.