## MiKayla Marazzi

## Coping



Crunch fingers Rip keratin from nail bed Chew to round edges into perfect half-moon circles Taste salience of rose polish painted to prevent this—

Brain emptied, absent of nothing but the drip, drip, drip Of gone, gone, gone. Eyes hallowed like laser beams searing two holes into the adjacent wall. Head stilled as straight as a milk carton flattened by a semi-truck skidding across a state road. It was not his fault that the road was a skating rink but I hate him every day for what he stole.

"I have been robbed" yells an itchy voice reverberating off the wooden planks of my bunk bed ceiling. I do not recognize the voice; it sounds removed, unfamiliar. But I claim it as my own when I realize I am alone in this room.

The solution is to slide eyelids like garage doors to conceal sight. And allow consciousness to absorb into an argyle pillow case. And hope everything will be different in the morning.

See the attempt to unfeel needles jabbed into the chest. To unstitch fabric covering bruised hipbones. To unwind time dancing agony around the clock. Only to wake up and re-feel and re-stitch and rewind all over again.

Watch how something folds into nothing and unfurls into something all over again.