

*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.

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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.