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Burnout

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JESSIE KOSAR

caller id

You fell in a heap on the floor and pressed your back to the refrigerator. Black streaks running from your tired eyes to match those wrinkled clothes. The pain had proven to be a stronger force than gravity.

The doctor spoke the words real slow, to be sure everyone understood. C-A-N-C-E-R. Know what that means? It means a thousand tiny demons are cannon-balling in her blood; they smoke Marlboros and write dirty words on the walls for fun. She's not eating, she hasn't in two days. How many Gods are there? Do they speak the same language?

Just stay right there, with your knees pressed to your chest. Keep insisting that you're fine even if you don't buy a single word you say, maybe they will. Flinch once, cringe twice and turn away when your mother tries to comfort you. I'm the one who comforts others, not the other way around. You won't say the same at 4 AM when the ceiling keeps falling and the silence won't stop talking.

In through the nose, out through the mouth.



burnout
photography

Haley Prokaski