

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 46
Number 1 *Fall 2023*

Article 63

Fall 12-1-2023

Paper Fingernails Imprisoning My Body

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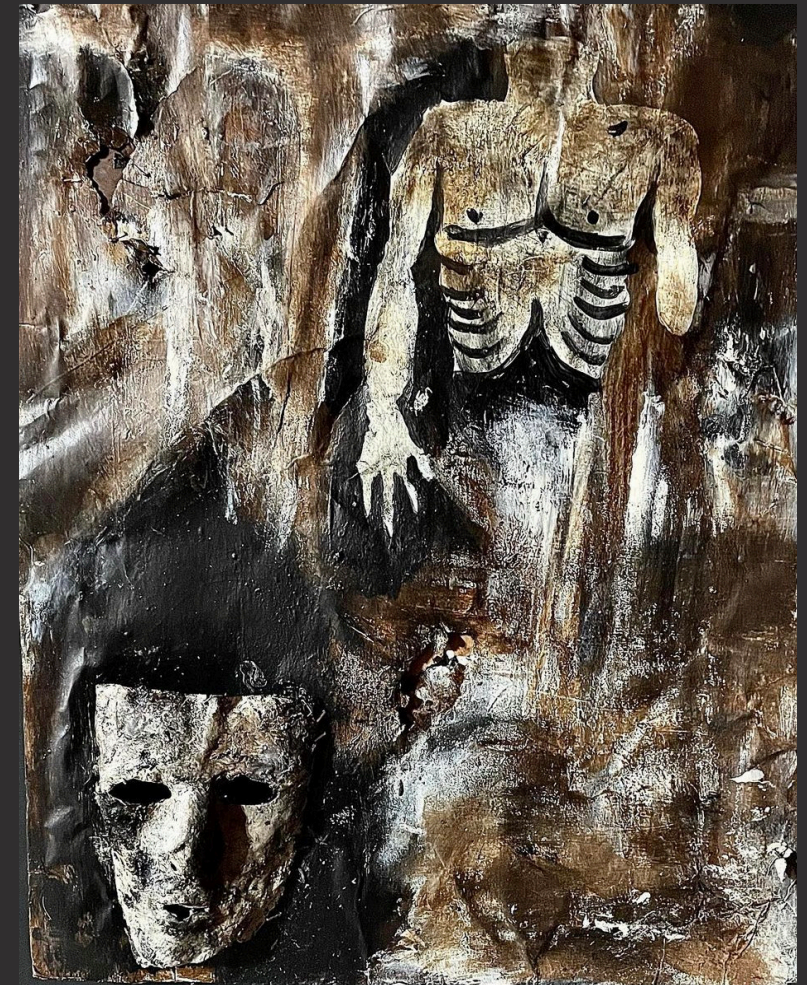
Recommended Citation

Sana, Adam (2023) "Paper Fingernails Imprisoning My Body," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 46: No. 1, Article 63.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol46/iss1/63>

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From under my skin those intrusive thoughts fester, tentacles gnawing on my arteries, blood, the source of power.	So tired, my heart beating slowly pausing only for the important moments. Lampshades too bright for my dusty new eyes the light so fond when praised by the darkness. Little cold stars shimmer into the night, dangling above my hanging head they sleep.
Darker, deadlier those envious eyes, alluding, my mouth drinking from the cup of tiresome tragedies.	A shadow looming over the wooden surface, casting a deadly spell, a binding curse over me.
There is a reluctant burden, behind every delicate beauty, behind every smiling mask.	Living in a lie, a miniscule world, while feeling emotions so immense, while mourning inside this house of horrors.
Eardrums bursting from the shriek- ing, torture of my beloved angels, sickening.	With fingernails so utterly long they curl around my appendages, so encapsulating, a keratin prison unbreakable, unable to live freely.
The bells tolling, for I cannot hear you, my love blinded by my somber thoughts with tape entombing me to the table, weary, as my shriveled dark mind is lost.	With luminous eyes no longer dusty, those scissors become so fearsome when they trim my paper-thin figure leaving holes where my sight used to be.
Eating further and further in where my lungs have dried up.	



Unlucky Child _Adam Sana

How long is the process of regression? Crawling, you cry to be heard, but from my perception of utter discretion, lying, you're the killer of the word.	Amongst these destinies you have drowned, through the delicacy of the hypnotic door mundane melodies camping under the ground that escape lingers without a soul's core.
Searching, your crying to be cured with not a whisper to be found, eyes, watery teardrops only blurred such somber succulence to be crowned.	With luckier fingertips to win the war golden statues bow to you with a question, every corpse becomes dust across the floor. How long is the process of regression?