Sometimes This Life...

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I awake in a cold sweat. A damp towel drops from my forehead, forcing me to see beside me the person I never expected to see again. It's been years since I've seen my sister. I had forgotten that she was my emergency contact. She looks so much older now, with dark circles under her eyes, and slightly puffy cheeks that make it seem like she's been crying. The last time I saw her was at our parents' funeral. It was the same day she accused me of driving them to the airport while drunk. We were hit from the side. The last day she spoke to me willingly. Looking around I can see that the screen is pulled shut around us.

The beeps are coming from the machine to my left. Its wires are coming out, attaching to little patches adorning my chest. Unnamed liquids flow into my arm from hanging packets through little tubes. They remind me of daisies popping up from a grave. I can't feel it right now, but I can see a small bruise around the needle that is a nasty sort of purple. My sister stirs for a moment and I hold my breath. I don't want her to see me like this, half-dead but still breathing—but I don't have a choice.

She startles awake, and looks at me with wide eyes full of shock and growing tears. For a moment, I expect her to walk out, or yell, or get angry... but instead, I'm enveloped in a hug. She's warmer than my own body and her warmth reaches into my core.

"It's okay now," she whispers, stroking my hair and squeezing me delicately. My breathing becomes rough and strained, tears form and fall slowly at first then increase. I shake involuntarily, as I lift my arms to hug her. The touch from my own fingertips proves that this isn't a dream.

"I'm here for you," and "I'm sorry" slip from our mouths in blurs as I take in that gentle touch. The one that doesn't scar and burn, but leaves a loved feeling in its place. Finally, I can go home.

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The world can make you fall into despair,  
So your spirit is hyperventilating, desperate for air.  
Asphyxiation like you're in the gas chamber,  
Suffocating, dying at the hands of a stranger.  
Your life is flashing past, taking your last gasp, in a vacuum with nothing to grasp.  
Life causes you to get wrapped up in the things that don't matter,  
And makes the entire world seem like it's yours on a platter,  
When in reality this legion of doom, can lead us to a region of tombs,  
Like we're trapped in a demon's womb, looking for breathing room.  
As God breathes life into my soul, animating my body with oxygen,  
I'm locking in, the spirits from the box within.  
Instantly an infinite lifting,  
Into a world where Satan pushes righteousness into the distance,  
I'm in desperation for respiration,  
That has me in a destination for total upheaval, but I look to the light.  
I turn to the book for the fight,  
In fact, I flip to the back for his might.  
When I flip to the end, God conquers sin, and the free breathe again.  
My words are trapped in my brain, locked in my cells,  
And dwell in a mental prison called Hell, even though I shall prevail,  
This world gets harder and harder as a young Christian male.  
I'll never sell my soul to the Devil, and be demon possessed,  
I'd rather stay blessed by the Most High, put my soul to rest.  
I must confess, I battle fallen angels from different angles,  
I rock the pad and with pen I strangle confliction.  
My mission is never impossible, as a colossal hip-hop apostle,  
I'm a philosophical believer going full throttle.  
My words create friction;  
I leave people spazzed out and more crooked than politicians.
But then again, this is the life that we live in. 
So I guess the message that I'm trying to say, 
Is to the people who think “what's the point” ev-er-y-day, 
Is that even though you're having trouble maintaining your respiration, 
Air is thin like a matter of higher elevation, 
When you're short of breath, and feel like you got nothing left, 
Listen to me and realize that it's not your chest heaving, that's your soul breathing. 
You can fall into last place in a race. 
You can't participate, 
Or you can treat the pain like smoke and let it dissipate.
Giving your heart a battery it can depend upon, 
Charging you up so you can carry on a marathon. 
Now you're catching your second wind, learning to breathe again, 
This is the beginning and the end, where my words end with AMEN!

Eyelids

Anonymous

That dark December night, 
negatively charged magnetic eyelids forced open by a vibrating assiduous humming brain 
machine.

An untidy bed left warm, within the smoking, choking exhaust fumes. An early morning engine roars. 
I find that towering rock in eastern jagged-grin ridgeline. 
Peering up from yawning limbs hung from red toothpicks, 
frail clouds skirt that dark jutting face as stiff muscle tendon battles mud rock gravity staircase. 
All alone, in echoey sloping vastness.

Lunge forward from tree line, sink down, old snow, 
hunched old man drinks coffee says something... 
Away from that wretched voice! I scramble upward through white flakes, black boulders. 
Wool gloves hinder grip, boots shove rogue rocks to space, hand slips, 
smash thumb, 
eight now seven rocks until summit.

White washed walls of wild winter. 
Silence.

In utero of a universe.

Four thousand feet above. 
Fire.