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Person

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Person

Micah Beukelman

Yesterday,
she wasn't real
Nothing but a disembodied head
floating, illusive corporeal mist trapped
in a suit of bones and gristle
Fine downy hair and tender veins
Cartilage and fatty tissue
underneath it all
Thoughts racing
around an empty room,
bouncing back and forth and
echoing in the halls of an
abandoned mansion
trapped within her skeleton
Blank eyes roll back to
stare at the inside of her skull
Empty irises try to grasp phantom
thoughts that slip through her
fingers like smoke
A body lies near her head
but it is useless, worthless.
Heavy and concrete, uncooperative,
thick, viscous blood oozing through
her veins like cold syrup
Fingers twitch and little else moves
the only real signs of life are the rise
of a chest for breath and the
tha-thump-tha-thump-tha-thump of a
heart in a cavernous cage of ribs
pulse ripples in her jugular
Splintered and jagged fissures
of dreams, spiraling fractals
of abstract hopes.

~

A distant cry snaps her back,
something within screaming life,
requiring sustenance

Blank eyes roll back and she is real.

Blue irises fade to life, pupils dilate,

Syrup blood warms and flows more easily.

Breath shudders back into her body with deep gasps.

Heart beats faster again as she leaves the catatonic state of non-existence.

Cream colored paint fills her vision, sighs, blinks.

Fingers twitch and limbs begin to move.

A body reconnected to a severed head with surgical precision. Life breathes back into her nerves. Body rushes with warmth and vigor. Thoughts quiet down, shards reconnect and are made whole. Eyes capture singular thoughts and hold onto them for a few moments before letting go and moving to the next.

Yesterday,
she wasn't real

Today,
she is