Fall

Sitting on a folding chair

at a folding table

with my boyfriend, at the time,

sitting to my left.

pencil smoothly moving

deftly ‘cross the page.

As I work.

On.

Math.

Is this it?

Is life just

class and work

over and over again?

I break.

I shatter.

Air too thin.

Lungs too heavy.

Too thick.

hospitals are rarely quiet.