

Simulacrum and Escape

I am on a warm, tropical beach.

I feel the smooth sand fall between my toes as I resonate with the earth, finding the cool layer beneath that exposed to the sun.

I smell the moist, salt water air as the ocean spits up its unadulterated mist.

I hear seagulls squawk, and other birds sing their lovely songs as liquid life crashes upon weathered rock, completing the mise en scène.

I open my eyes.

I pace the floor of the poorly decorated room,

the walls are sterile--white--except for the few handwritten posters spelling terms of interdisciplinary jargon shared between members of study.

I stare at the uninspired grey, corporate carpeting as it looks back with judgment and pity.

I look up--the room fills--one-by-one with faceless faces.

One person glares disapprovingly at my pacing.

My mind is clouded,

my chest tightens,

my hands shake.

I can't do this.

My shrink tells me to cope,
to repeat the process of illusion.

I close my eyes,

I am on a warm, tropical beach.