

Hush, or We All Cope Differently

A tender voice echoes out of her roommate's speaker — something fondly remembered, Grandpa, childhood. She draws the memories closer. Alone, dazed, she sprawls over the couch: she considers herself. There comes a familiar deadening. She can't feel: her feet. her gums. the constant oblong tug of regret at her neck. Her gaze finds the kitchen; she does not do the dishes. Her blanket glows warm hues. Home's sunset is painted in the waning candlelight. A hush settles over her like the lapse between words of prayer. The music plays on; in another time, there is a man who loves you very much.