I MA OHWHO I AM

a blackness envelopes me
i lay still in the center of my bed
past lovers' heads permanently indented the pillows
my eyes scan the paperback meant to be a distraction
but the whispers of old friends fill the room
my feet drag across the hard surface
paper cuts from years of journal entries
the pain of those pages
now physically represented on my crippling ankles
music quiets the whispers
but the pounding on my bedroom door breaks the silence
i stand idle
waiting
the noise grows louder and faster
but i am stuck
the door swings open
and there i stand on the other end
exasperated
desperate
a hand reached out to me
my back to me
i head back to bed
my bloody ankles staining the blanket
the whispers growing in volume
the indentation progressing onto the mattress
and sink into the sheets

By Ta'Tiyana Bond, student, Suffolk County Community College