

The Straps and the Electric

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

The winter sun was going down and she watched it out the window.
Light like shards of glass,
time had melted.
It took hold.
She was held down by brown leather straps and she could
remember the smell of incense and little hands and little eyes
of an infant cold on the bed.

She tried to sit up
and the leather straps dug into her wrists.
She wanted to be a psychic.
"The others must be evicted from my body,"
she screamed, "they have come to haunt me."
She could hear their muffled voices,
telling her something.
She could hear a constant banter,
over and over again.
She was an orchid,
a camellia.
She was a banana.
She was a crazy banana;
muffled then loud,
with a rhythm like the waves.

The nurse said,
"Calm down dear, you will make nothing better
this way."

He brought her flowers for Valentine's Day;
red roses and three white ones to represent
the children:

Alice, Jacob, and Sam.

One, two, three,
ring around the roses,

one, two, three,
ring around the roses

so dead,

one, two, three,
ring around the roses,

so dead.

She lay like a lamb.

