The TV

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

The absence sits on the window sill It looks like the tree growing in front of it limbs long and crooked wretched clock time passes like torn silk She sits at the mirror looking past things Her TV blasts the news confront the question Covid -19 The vaccination Trump is this Trump is that She stares at her own wrist The veins are blue and purple curved like road map She is thin skinned and her colors are Autumn It is like a highway traveling up a mountain jagged blue and purple hills and pine trees Her heart will not stop until she asks it to Instead it beats thump.. thump Her heart will not stop until she asks it to She fumbles for A clean box cutter Her mother is cooking dinner but she does not care

who is expecting her A cut is like a poem when it is carved deep into the arm The TV beats the vaccination the vaccination needles the needles in the arm Her heart will not stop until she asks it to instead it beats Thump... Thump She turns the TV off to watch the tree in front of the window-A stitch of green The TV stops.