

Music That Tastes Like Blood

by Brianne Fidgety

There are songs that make my blood evaporate as it runs through my pulmonary artery for a fresh supply of oxygen from my lungs, but they have collapsed because the air has been gasped out of them; the blood, then, condenses in the back of my throat. It tastes like that day last summer when you hit me for waking you up, as it played on a forgotten radio somewhere. It's your favourite song. The floorboards creaked as I fell into them. You were too drunk to remember.

It is your music that makes me want to crack open my ribcage and rip out my heart as it still beats, to cauterize my carotids, and shove the mechanical insides of a clock into my thoracic cavity. From all outward appearances, my chest will rise and fall, it will tick and move; but I will remain cold and ageless and uncaring. Your music cannot harm steel.

