

Killing Noise

by Christian Bell

I gave a speech about how I wanted to sit down with people of different cultures, how we would talk and dine, sing and dance, knowing it's impossible. I burned up in the atmosphere, my body plunging from orbit, becoming consumed by flame as it fell through different layers of atmosphere. I wrote on my arms the names of prophets, my own philosophy, the violence that is every eye blink. I walked the walk of the walkers. I ate a novel. I digested a film reel. I vomited poetry. I bound myself in tape, becoming a clear mummy, still alive, my brain and organs still housed in their appropriate cavities. I called your name, wanting more. I screamed your name, my voice the blast of Krakatoa, full of selfish killing noise. I wrote an essay on how the world is broken people. I cut my flesh into geographies so everyone would see my version of the world. I cried for everyone who died before they should have. I righted all wrongs yet still everything was wrong. I walked through your front door even though you didn't invite me. I was dead beyond dead. I listened to the music of broken shells. I let the ocean wash over me, scrub me clean with its abrasives. I found that book in the infinite library, the one you thought could never be written. I rewrote my role, moving from shadows to spotlight to shadows once more. I erased myself, again and again.

