

# Hysteria

*by* Danica Colic

I was younger but not much. I kept notebooks of the symptoms  
and hid them. I knew it was common and embarrassing. I tried all  
the  
    cures—  
self-tanning creams, many pairs of shoes, worrying my naked body  
in a mirror every night with the hope of finding the lure. Because I  
    believed  
the answer was in another. If I was not scanning the crowd for the  
face  
of the other, I was imagining our meeting. But it was not all sex; sex  
was only a way towards it. It was the union that would draw out the  
    poison.  
The poison was a hive of bees inside my gut that made the world  
a cup of brightness in which I drowned. I am not asking for pity;  
the time for that has passed, banality does not deserve pity, etc. I  
was so  
    common  
and foolish. I spent all my money on clothes. I was ruled by the  
weather.  
Sun on my skin pained me, fallen branches after storms pained me,  
common birds  
and children, etc. My posture left me breathless and exhausted. At  
night  
    I felt  
the hive grow larger than myself and rail against my ribs. I thought  
it  
    was part  
of my humanity. It was that which I learned to control. I cannot find

the notebooks. The other did not arrive. I gritted my teeth against  
the  
sun  
and did not attack each day with my beauty. The world was a cup of  
brightness  
until I learned to make it less so. I hardly ever now feel trapped  
inside  
this body.

