

Sanguine

by Hazem Tagiuri

Gripping the sink, head bowed, I let the blood gather on the rim of my nose, pooling for a moment, before its fleeting journey towards the basin. My gaze escorted each plump, crimson tear during the free fall, until they split on the concave surface, mingling with kin, and reluctantly seeping into the plughole. I made no attempt to stem the flow — the rhythmic patter was almost comforting, like gentle rain during the dawn, slowly easing you back into tentative sleep.

