

Synthetic Terror

by kate gillespie

When I wake up, I am almost drowning in a sea of styrofoam.

My mouth is full of the taste of plastic awfulness.

All I can see is the ceiling.

The rustling of my own treading.

I try to remember where I am, if there was an accident, or if this is punishment.

Maybe I am the recipient of a cruel joke.

**After spitting and clearing my throat, I take a few strokes.
Palms out.**

There is an easy giving way of the chips, I can move.

Deep breath, diving down toward what I hope is the floor. The space between the packing material allows for shallow breathing.

Be calm; be calm, be calm. Unseen objects brush against me. A table, a lamp? Nothing else seems to be moving.

My seeking hands find a doorknob.

I pull, then push away the white crinkling wave

