

I Was in Hell, Carmella...

by Rabbit Angstrom

You have to play the part and be somebody else at all cost, do this from the time you wake up drink your milk first contact, mom I wish I were someone else, tell me, tell me there must be a way through the center of the doughnut hole, direct opposite of a crucifixion. Kicking back on a silent shimmering breeze, I am someone else, it is so loud I can barely think and in my twilight tunes behind twin halos intercepting chaos, bring me back, return me to my proper place. Taste me under all that load of flesh, give in to me, pretend you find me beautiful pretend you love anything about me tell me you'll stay and when you leave give me the chance to tackle your carcass and take large bites out of your back, drink in the luscious blood waves.

I am possessed by the holy one. I ache in the holiest of pits, the beloved in me my beautiful once sacred heart of hearts, I felt in tune to the Catholic faith of my grandparents who knew poverty like best friends knew each other's inner secrets they swore they'd take to the grave; I knew love. I was filled with the holy spirit. I would hold Nana's hand, feel the light of the lord, very tiny golden things that exist between hands brought together in prayer, wishes, my chest expanded, making music making movement in the smallest ways as I observed her looking at me.

I am wonderful I am good the limbs hanging from my body sway with the inertia I am willing to my body. I have no idea who I am. People can always tell your hand, I try to secure myself like envelopes and hold it close to the vest, I am tidy, I am harried, I am taller than 4 feet. I can climb things, I can reach to the stars, I am hell, I am hell on ice, I am fierce, I can kill and I can be killed by others who hate me, I really feel good inside, I really am ok. Like trying to balance a paper clip from the edge of an off-kilter domino.

I have found my best friend to be a cannibal. I eat myself over and over in the oven I go with my varmint flesh akin to that of a rat. They serve me dishes with selections of what makes me dysfunctional, stuffing me to the gills with it, leftovers and drab bits of rendered

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bacon. You are a soiled rag at home in a garbage can somewhere. If I restrict myself to absolutes or indefinite negatives then I will sentence myself to certain peril and subsequent death. This chapter of my life may be done for.

...but I surge on!

...Most of my meandering thoughts come from this dark well whose waters overbear what I find to be an aching hurt.

...But other thoughts shoot out into the conscious expanse of vague glimmers of insight. My insecurities come from this hunger that knows infinity.

