

# This Story

*by* Roberta

This story has happened three hundred and ninety three times before. This story is going backwards. There is no such thing as backwards in this story. This story is opening out like an unfurling fist. This story is crying, fighting, blaspheming. This story is lighting a cigarette. This story is climbing back inside its mother. This story is stacked in an endless domino hallway of stories. This story is dusty. This story's eyeballs are shimmering reflections off its wide-brimmed wine glass. This story began when a slippery ripe chromosome opened up, oozed and slid in a languid swim towards its free-floating family. This story has always existed. This story is failing biology. This story is a poem. This story has a s-speech impediment which is why you might not fully understand it. This story has self-referential tendencies and narcissistic proclivities. This story is falling head-first into a mud-puddle. This story is almost drowning. This story is coughing up a placenta. This story is tied to all the other stories in the world via fallopian tubing. This story is choking. This story likes choking. This story died to save Jesus' sins. This story observes Lent bi-yearly. This story rises like a phoenix. This story drags like a heavy foot. This story receives a black box of rose truffles tied with a cream silk ribbon. This story dives like a comma into sparkling Perrier pools. This story is happy sad elated despondent apathetic engaged unmoved lighting a cigarette. This story is premature, too mature, co-dependent, independent, malcontented, pixelated. This story surges from a glass walled slow-breath incubator. This story is the incubator of your thoughts. This story is climbing back inside its mother. This story dies and is climbed inside of. This story fits like a calfskin glove. This story is probably your story.

