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ETERNITY ISN'T AS LONG AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

by Allison Flory

I flipped a rusted quarter, so worn
you couldn't make out the profile of George Washington
as he floated in mid air, bated breath
before finally making up his mind, falling and
falling and final.

I don't like the way I look undressed.
Not naked but utterly alone,
raw and bleeding skin turned inside out.
Decomposed, unearthed.
Scraped knee caps and torn skin.

After the wolves have ripped into my rib cage,
leaving nothing behind but hollow eyes.

My father was the missing person
on the billboard. I could see his face
outside my window
and every time I washed my hands.

I think I love the taste of vicodin.
I stand outside of my body,
tug on my arms and pull on my legs.
There are roots that grew overnight, lead bricks
where my arms should be.
I still haven't figured out what to do with my hands.

