Diamond Line Undergraduate Literary Magazine

Volume 1 | Issue 5

Article 10

May 2022

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Recommended Citation

Barrnett, Grace (2022) "A Dream for Abreaction," *Diamond Line Undergraduate Literary Magazine*: Vol. 1: Iss. 5, Article 10. Available at: https://scholarworks.uark.edu/diamondlinelitmag/vol1/iss5/10

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A Dream for Abreaction

by Grace Barnett

Eyes bore holes into themselves, trying to collect enough courage. They grip my nose like a handrail that guides them downward and slightly to the left. There,

eyes latch onto fatty tissue, deflated, sagging, stained where indents and hand-oils incite old memories of sharp fingernails near-piercing tissue.

Pulling, twisting, stretching my cheeks as far as they go before snapping back the sickly skin-sacks still stuck on an unwelcoming face.

Pop rocks start popping in my chest while bees panic in my fingers, something spreads, shooting and red to lungs left unable to expand enough, bees begin capturing control of my hands and sugary acids travel from my chest to my face and there's a shredding digging ripping peeling shedding, then black.

When color comes back, it's just red, with gaping glowering gashes on either side of my mouth, flaunting teeth and gums.

A smile spreads, (the best it can). Eyes crinkling, I laugh an abnormally airy laugh as liberating tears stream freely down my face

and salt enters the wounds. I wince a little, and remember sharp fingernails. Nails, who also have cheeks. Cheeks, who are still on a face.

I start cleaning the bathroom.