Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 8 | Issue 2 Article 12

5-1-2020

I have heard You calling in the night

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Recommended Citation

Johnson, Kat (2020) "I have heard You calling in the night," Gandy Dancer Archives: Vol. 8: Iss. 2, Article 12.

Available at: https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol8/iss2/12

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I have heard You calling in the night

the cheap rusting razor blades & sucked in stomach plump with ribs and scar tissue begging for nourishment, for peace the pink glittery knockoff sneakers & the way the frogs kept her awake she blamed the noise at least

the darkness of 4:34 a.m., oranges & ten-pound eyelids questions, caffeine the bikini size on the scratchy plastic tag not reading the right letter the way she hated mirrors

the ripping phone charger & wired earbuds the weight of the rain against cracked glass an aching head pressed against the cold schoolbus window, looking at the blur of cars and lives speeding past hers, wondering what must it feel like having somewhere to go metal braces catching on warm cheeks & the strange familiarity of the copper taste of blood and the color on her wet fingertips scratched knees against church pews blurry eyes with tunnel vision on a crucifixion of her own