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## Remote Voices: Mad Girl's Delirium

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# Mad Girl's Delirium

I wake up & check my pulse  
to see if I'm still alive. There's  
all this talk about war and disease  
and *suffering*, it's spring now, but  
I feel so cold. I cut my Baba's  
pomegranates, wince as the juice throbs  
in my papercuts, feed the extra seeds to  
my mother's koi. Baba packs his Iranian art  
away into a suitcase, I'll never see it again.  
I drop my sleeping pills in the crack between  
the wall and bed, scrape my fingers against  
the wooden frame. God, I just can't sleep.  
Knee-deep and alone in my mother's pond—  
algae hair burning, the water only a brief relief.  
Too quiet, too still, I fall back and listen the crackle  
of suffocated flames. I dream of arson to my  
childhood home, pretend it's an act of erasure.  
I tug at my little nightgown, the wool heavy  
under the night sky. I don't feel lonely here,  
floating with the koi. Frozen fingers caressing  
the neck, feel the thrum—I'm still alive.