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What Goes On Inside My Head

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What Goes On Inside My Head // Claire Powell

This world is simultaneously the most beautiful place I know and also the ugliest demon I have ever met— a simple yet puzzling dichotomy that consumes me slowly, eating away at my identity. My soul, fleshy and wretched, is touched by a million rays of light and then drowned suddenly by

a tidal wave that

falls from my

crazed cerulean eyes.

I travel at a million miles per hour, searching for someone or something I'll never find, and then collapse, exhausted and near death.

I often look out over the lake and fall in love with the most incredible sky, the only sky I will ever know. There is no place I feel more at home than standing above the murky-blue waves, especially at night, when it is dark, when no one can see me. I am strong, invisible, finite. In this miniscule slice of the world, my life somehow appears understandable. No one can find me here, I can't find anyone else.

I live in the waves, so much so that sometimes I believe I have become one.

What would happen if

my bones and cartilage and skin

turned to driftwood and kelp and zebra shells?

One foot on the gnarled metal, one dangling above the abyss, I dare to let myself fall. Become a wave again. Looking down at my feet, standing on the very edge of the jetty, I realize how quickly it could all swallow me whole. This lover, this monster, my keeper, is also my killer. Or at least it could be.

One night I just want to jump. I want to free fall into the water, savor the fraction of a second I'll spend suspended above the oscillations, below the moon.

It should be a full moon,

a blazing white inferno in the sky,

Staring down at me,

holding all my secrets,

and all the words I'll never utter

to another human being.

And when I hit the frigid water, I want the tiny molecules to freeze my bones, preserving this moment for eternity. I never want to come back up for air, just become another wave, one that will wash over the shore, carrying coarse sand and seashells and colored glass away from the rest of the world.