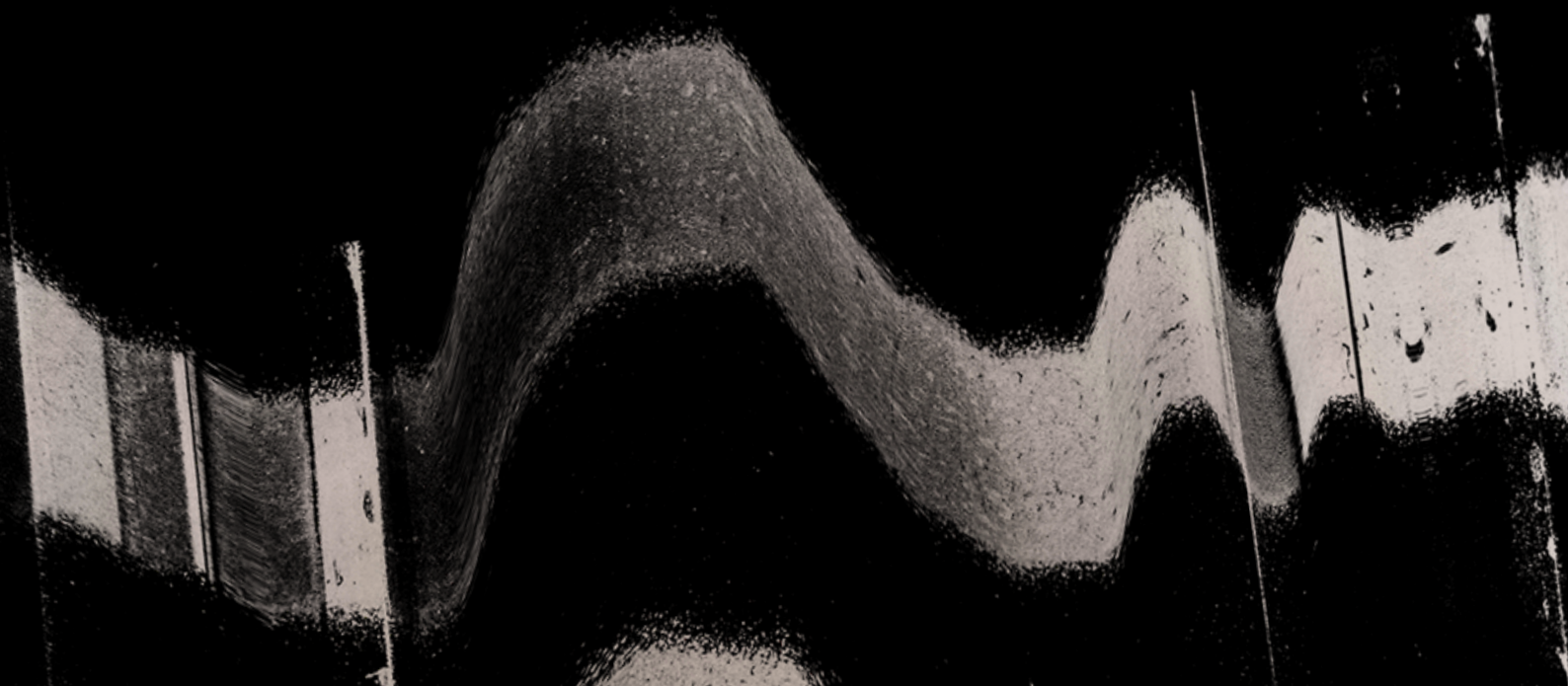




the receptionist stares at me with glassy eyes,
and I can't help but wonder if she hears the cries
that are coming from inside my mind,
those faint bellows that are wrapped up in gloom and dark ice,
sounds that pair pleasantly with
the coldness of this waiting room,
this pale hallway littered with blurred faces and
clear-as-day posters that hang in high and low places,
urging to "save your sanity" by consulting with Dr Matinee.
if you had met me months ago,
not long after my first iteration,
I would've laughed at the idea of
saving something so inconsequential,
something that would have naturally eroded over time.
but it wouldn't have been long thereafter that my actions
would lead to it fading away faster,
and for weeks on end
I only knew myself as being a natural at disaster.



so here I am,
partaking in acts of wellness,
waiting to share with someone who I hope cares
to listen to my chronological breakdown.
before I can take another frosted breath,
glassy eyes calls my name.

I pass her by as I make my way down the hallway,
and spot her wearing a necklace with a “J”
and a pile of ashes on her desk.

I pay it no mind and turn left,
past other acts and some who look a little too lax for vessels
who may be moments away from termination;
of their current selves, that is.

I arrive at his office,
compose my wiring,
and knock twice.