

## **Screams: Robert Costa**

It's the screams in your head, you know. The screams never stop. They scratch at you as the blood is syphoned from your right arm to an infernal ticking machine keeping you alive.

And you lie there motionless; you're afraid of moving. You haven't tried.

You feel a surgical knife blade slowly running down the left arm as the blood trickles down onto the bed sheets, but there's no one there.

You feel like you are somewhere, and you fear nothing is there. Your memories fade to white with no detail; everything's white. Your eyes squint open to a white ceiling, white walls, white curtains, white doctors, and blue nurses.

You remember the vomit. You do remember the vomit. But you don't remember the smell. You don't remember the colour or the shape.

You remember not remembering. You remember only a feeling. You can't remember the colour of your hands or the shape of your face. You can't remember the shape of your head. You can't remember your clothes. You can't feel. You can't touch. You think you can, but you can't.

*They had to break into the house. They had to fetch me from the bedroom on the floor, bleeding from the scratches on my back from rubbing on the sharp edges of the brick wall, tearing a vertical line down my right side. A river of dried blood was the only evidence. My face, firmly planted in the carpet with my phone I used to call them. I remembered the phone.*

The constant, incessant loud bang bang bang of the MRI machine jabbing my brain inside the claustrophobic cocoon and mesh mask as I screamed in my head, but I was afraid of moving and that no one would hear me.

'Just lie still,' you hear.  
'...how are you feeling?'  
'...lie still; this won't hurt...'

I feel the prick of a needle. I don't answer. There's no need; I just stare at the walls.  
I feel a faint warmth spread through my veins. I close my eyes, letting the darkness consume me as I drift away to sleep.

I don't remember dreaming. It's supposed to be that chaotic moment of reflection where your brain makes stuff up...what's dreaming anyway? It's just that cheap thin cling film coating your memory but not wanting to stick to the sides.

I wanted to dream. I wanted to pretend to remember.  
I remembered I died that day.