

Apology for a Dissociative State of Mind

Eliza Surdzial

It's wide-eyed sleepwalking. Cotton ball
brain. A drunk walk home stone-cold
sober. Dust collecting on a spinning
ceiling fan. You're a robot wearing
human skin, clouded eyes and
automated dances. A puppeteer pulling
their own strings. Pressing the big
red button.

(Where did it even come from?)

You're hammering at a blacked-out
window, hearing voices on
the other side. A one-way
mirror. High-pitched ringing singing
a lullaby. Elevator music looping from the phone
hanging unanswered
by its cord.

(Who's even calling?)

It's floating suspended
under water. I Know The End's guttural
scream fallen silent on silly straw ears. The clicks
of a clock still ticking without batteries.

(How is time still moving?)

You're a house fire— the home,
the lit match, and
the witness watching it.
Inhale the ash— your own exhale—
and blow out clouds,
covering the sky in a foggy blanket.