This is what we do when it all comes back

Michael Gebelein

all it takes is a flash in the mirror of an old face to set me back over 5,000 hours to a moment when all of that agony was still fresh.
the papers were still crumpled and left sliding across the floor from the wind coming in through the open doorway—hours of unopened letters and sideways glances across the hall and maybe it will get easier when I can tear this madness away but for now it just clings to me like a shirt three sizes too small, constricting all the flow of blood to my head until greasy yellow and green spots stray across my vision and I beg for my hand on a brown leg and no more nights silently driving around town with static on the radio because I’m not a saint either.