Mariah
by Britlynn Hansen-Girod

Mariah spins and spins, a black whirl circling the shadow of my head, skipping over cracks in the sidewalk.

I pull on the string, tightening the noose around my middle finger and watch as it turns red, then purple as it swells and fills with the itching throb of my pulse.

soon she slows, wobbling before she tips over and rolls until she’s still.

when I let go of the string the color and girth of my finger return to normal but the itch lingers and I worry that things will never be the same.