
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.