



choosing to ignore what i found under water

Erin Morrisey

there is this face i see underwater, shrinking away, the cheeks hollowing themselves. she's gnawing at her own flesh. *you're looming funny*, she calls, her words gurgles in the water, *is something the matter?* she takes a bit of her flesh, chews it, then spits it in front of her to admire. *no, no*, i call back as she chews another choice cut. *you look divine*, and i take a spoon. and i feed her another piece. and i turn my back. and i watch her in my gilded mirror.