

Inside Vs. Out

by Sara Crowley

It is another evening of ordinary sand. The moon worms, all mellow and white, glow shine over the laminated floor. Shay's bladder is full, and protesting with a thump of ache. Shay holds on nervously.

Last time she pissed tiny silver fish that roiled in the froth of her urine. She felt them slip from her as if greased, hundreds teeming, thish thish, into the toilet pan.

Before the fish were the iron filings, heavy and thuddish. They dragged her down to the seat and weighted her there until she was empty.

The rope that uncoiled itself in one thick plait had taken her hours to pass. Thousands of tiny gold bells had prettily jingled on the ceramic sides. Who knew what was inside now, along with the mucous and muck, the blood and the nightmares?

Bronze coins. Jelly tots. Small, milky teeth. Black stitches, safety scissors, a long, thin needle. Shay is afraid but she always looks.

The moon worms jiggle gleam as she fairy steps across to the bathroom. She sits, she releases, feels fur and sharp bite. She passes out.

