

Blood and Glass (*Excerpt*)

Glass and blood. The memory of it was becoming clearer. Days' old wounds burned beneath the surface as they healed. I stared at the doctor. The lights in the exam room glared off the metal rim of her glasses. I could see the reflection of my bandages in her lenses.

"Do you remember your name?" she asked, handing me a small plastic cup.

I smiled. "Maysona." I took a sip. The warm water swayed against my tongue. I swallowed but my throat felt dry, sticky.

"Do you know why you're here?" The repetitive click of her pen seemed to ricochet against the hospital's white walls. She wrote a note I couldn't see.

"Yes." Cocking her head to the side, her eyes rose to meet mine. Was that kindness I saw in her face? Or caution?

"Can you tell me what happened Maysona?" She leaned forward ever so slightly. Definitely caution.

I killed her, I thought.

I was happy. I lived a comfortable life in a comfortable home. I slept in a comfortable bed. Keimys and I had lived together for years now. I was comfortable with her. Everything about my existence was...comfortable.

I could feel the empty space to my left. I hated that only half the bed had been slept in again. Either her side was strewn about or mine. "For once I wish I'd see both sides tussled," I said, rubbing the ache out of my cheeks.

"Me too baby," Keimys would've said if she were in. We were never able to be together unless it was in-between our lives. She worked. I worked. Only rarely did our time overlap. Always tomorrow's song.