

Emily
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Our Path

The Art of
Short Fiction



THE SCHOOL
OF MEDICAL
ARTS AND
HUMANITIES

Our Bathroom

The room's apathy is clearer than any other. The rain oscillates in my ear and I've been watching the water rise since the rain stopped. I was sitting on my knees, other every 30 seconds I've been staring at the fan top, thinking I should turn it off and let the water dry. I watch from the tiles. My face has become malleable like a sheet in the wind and so I float about, without moving at all.

A shadow fogs my right eye. I hear a sound as though
I was running. My present has become a stained,
old coat pocket. My head is
being sup- with something

I don't look to see what it is, what it is that covers me, it's just there. My eyes are on the inside of my body and the one with gnirs on it. I decide never to clean it.

I don't know how long it's been since I saw the last of them.



I don't trust my legs, I don't trust my eyes.
Where would I go? I think I'm making noise or saying something,
the white noise makes an enigma of me.

Well, I can't even mind feel the heat of external speech now.

from when I decipher the words "sit, lift, and relax" and unwords "fly". When was I last suspended like



like this when I refused to

Swing of Medicine

THE PRESIDENT

splashes of adventure land

"I'm cold" I'd say, but I'd been punched with movement, not words. I'd
attack each available air pocket.

"Wouldn't it be like a hot water bottle?"

"But I just... mmmmmaa" loser kicks this time and with a
slightly cunning look upwards I'd say "five more
minutes please, you said" "hmm, I think I did say," she said smiling,
smiling and lowering me to the ground in a triumphant

On the mat I throw myself into a puddle of water.

I slowly retracted this gesture, squashing myself together in a huddle
resembling a raw chicken, rocking in the realisation that I did want
a towel after all. Not that I would ever have admitted it. It always

came though, with flapping and lifting simultaneously. My

neck squashed and my

puckered against the nape of my neck, trying to blow

myself back, failing.

No urge to touch grips me now in the

I feel myself being lowered with no sense

of protest. The water draws a line across my face and my

eyelashes grow wet with steam. I am

heat fails to sink me. I look down at my chest and

nothingness I feel about the lifelessness there.

You have to care to feel self-conscious and you can't care if you've
forgotten how to do it. I can see that feeling, but I

hold of it, the utter urgency to diffuse someone's image of you to
which you are denied access. I pretend to know it; guiding the water
over my right breast. I can almost see the form of a cheap bubble bath,

tactically poured to drown out the swells of my new body.

I'd watch her in this wrapping, my childhood soaked in a strident stroke
of eyeliner would come hand in hand with a faintly lit of her

wine rested against the mirror and a



be a long way from the air to the ground, way of the birds

In this state,

That he can't see the end of it.

The hum of the

air, the hum of the air, the hum of the air.

The hum of the air, the hum of the air.

The hum of the air, the hum of the air.

I wait in the air, the hum of the air.

ignoring the air.

I know, but

1 2 3 4

explodes

I sta

back, hands clasped

around the air.

the air

the air, the hum of the air, the hum of the air.

the air, the hum of the air, the hum of the air.

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point and then lets it flatten
humming a song
I close my eyes thinking
warmth trickle down my neck and behind my ears.

I could stay here for
as possible
You're taking me from the
but the star begins to tremble
that can never find cause.

She impresses
June 12, 2011

the one who
The ritual begins and the warmth of her leg
I rock and fling my head back, my liveliness
rewarded with a kiss and my

for the first time
the weight of my

I fling my head back expecting
but only the
stage, back to back, colliding

It squirms in my hand
I hold the top and then release it and it

reflects her

way hall of mirrors. In

him, she finds a total knot. Even when

she says, "I'm not really a virgin," it's a virgin's first time.

And she says she'd say,

"I'm not really a

virgin."

And she says she'd say,

"I'm not really a

virgin."

I did. I did.

I did. I did.

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