

Untethered

By Shanna Dodd

Suddenly, it grabbed me,  
abrupt and shocking.

A monstrous hand,

calloused,

ragged nails snatching

my heart, my lungs

into its meaty fist

and squeezing, squeezing

till my tender flesh puffed

out

between its pudgy fingers.

My knees gave

out

and I tried to cry

out.

The hand released me.

I began to fall

for minutes, for hours

for days and nights that

blended and reeled

in dizzying circles

until I hit the wintered ground

in an instant.

My eyes rolled in my head.

I tried to focus

on the Rorschach clouds that hung

in a brilliant and deep turquoise sea

bare limbed trees gathered round rootless

pointing and whispering,

“What do you see now? What do you see?”

In silence I drifted

upward, supine and suspended

in a world of reflection.

The good earth gone as though it had never been.

The shadows of birds escorted me

as porpoises would a sailing ship.

I smiled, delighted and wondered if I'd died

or simply become

Untethered.