

## “The Wooden Table on the Second Floor”

The bony extremities growing from the shape  
once resembling human feverishly scramble  
across each key in a sea of sentiment.

The frame pauses when the cerebrum empties  
its interconnection with a contorted spine,  
seeming to inquire the vexing query:

*“Well, what next?”*

She becomes this creature when gold shifts  
to silvery blue. Like clockwork, the monster  
holds a stance and prepares for battle  
with the soldier of time.

Low, guttural sounds bubble from a thin line  
concealing clenched jaws. Will it be fight  
Or flight? Just before the system crashes  
a weapon unfolds. Pressure from a lone hand on her stiff frame.

Though a simple gesture, it thunders  
a thousand alleviations without uttering a word.  
This creature is reminded once more that she,  
the amalgamation of fingers, brain, and spine

is, indeed, human.

What a relief.