

Humm

by Jenni Faulker-Jones

Her ears buzzed and her ears, they rang. Filled with the vibrating sounds of knowledge & newness & indifference & her own Lilliputian status. She was vapor & she was skin. She was stitched together with metal strapping and 2mm plastic tubing. Dissected & reassembled. She was designed to support major pharmaceutical special interests: rDna. Levothyroxine. A bottle of half decent merlot & interstitial rubbish. Literally continuously monitored. The walking talking version of Obamacare 3.3. She was almost bionic. The globe of her casing has an equator & it has a prime meridian marked by surgical sutures and scope marks. Constellations of scars mapped out in a way Crete himself could never have read, let alone traversed properly. *Had Calypso been given the chance, perhaps.* But here she stands, swaying back & forth listening to music that begs me to believe her body is something more. I look at her naked form. I study her woundshadows & her softnesses. I look for implications that she used to be something different than she is now. I am blind to that past. Then somewhere I find a familiar sway, to really good jazz & a long slow gasp sucked in through parted lips when the piano stops it's ranting. It's like the crease that develops above her right eyebrow, when she stares at one blank white page. We meet in the mirror that separates us & we are free.