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Recycling Identity

The music is on max distracting me, and my thoughts are turned away from the personalities in my mind. Remains from the past, they muddle around without direction, around an over-sized tea table named Alice. Yet, she remains from further back in my consciousness, from a time I was young enough to forget. Alice's thick body and plump legs make her size clumsy, and of no consequence to these muffled squatters, crawling across her scraped up backside; greedy for that last piece of toast, and a refill of tea. Only Alice can feel their heavy weight, and only she sustains the stains of inability to disagree with their crude behaviors. Alice goes along with their mockery of life, and ignores time; ignores her pain, and weakening bones, until impermanence uses its winking axe to separate her soul for its next life, and new identities to service to.