



sagface by Kitty Cheung

Within The Walls of My Room

Emma Best

I told myself I would stop making rash decisions like this in the middle of the night, but my bed has been in the far-right corner of my room for two weeks now and I'm sick of it.

It's just a mattress on a box spring, deep in the corner to the right of my window, but tonight I've decided that it would look way better in the open corner to the left of said window. In the last nine months of being stuck in my box of a bedroom, I've moved my bed against every wall and corner of this room. Corners, I've discovered, work best for my minimal space. It opens up the center of the room, leaving space for spontaneous solo dance parties or yoga if I ever decide to pull out the mat I bought at the beginning of all this.

Bending my knees to brace for the weight of the mattress, I lift it up and lean it against the wall, allowing me to easily glide the box spring across the floor. As I slide the box spring to the opposite side of the room, I see a polaroid I hastily taped next to my calendar fall off the wall. The flimsy piece of film floats down to my floor, landing face up on the dark grey carpet. Leaning over to pick it up, I look down to see three smiling faces looking back— it's me and my two friends, Alex and Jude, scrunched close together to try and fit in the frame. Dammit, I think to myself, I miss my friends. Pushing those emotions behind me, I stick the photo

Is it a bitch move to say your heart is an autoclave?
May I be angry? May I spit at the phone screen and be disgusted with how
distant you are from me? Can you please like me in a way I understand?

[myusernamehere: _____ reacted (emoji) to your Instagram Story]

(I'M SORRY! CURRENTLY, I AM TOASTED! I JUST NEED
TO DO SOME BREATHING EXERCISES AND PRACTICE
MINDFULNESS TECHNIQUES.)

[_____ started a video chat]
[myusername: joined]

Hey girl — yeah, I'm fine. Ah, yes yes, your video is showing and I can see you
and your cat and your boyfriend clearly. May I read you this poem I'm writing?
“have_you_checked...”

Is this what healing is? LOL.

I haven't felt a rush like this since I was in high school theatre.

bamboo buffoon
by Kitty Cheung



