



## **I'm going to tell you something, because nobody else will**

by Teodora Vamvu

tell you it can happen anytime, at any day and any hour, and first it feels as if you pissed yourself, but then it starts to hurt so, so, so much, like bad period cramps but tenfold, and the blood is vivid red like in a Rothko painting, and the wails that escape you reverberate through the room like a dissonant orchestra of out of tune instruments, and the blue and red lights of the ambulance make the cul-de-sac glow like it's Christmastime, and bring forth to their front lawns curious, sleepy-eyed neighbors dressed in their bathrobes, and at the emergency hospital nurses are barely impressed by the sight of you, by your ugly crying and sharp screams, as if this occurs often and perhaps it does but nobody told you, so their practiced empathy falls flat in the economy of your whole world collapsing, and nobody tells you that you return home the next day feeling emptier than ever, to a house expecting more and completely unprepared for loss, and for the longest time you think you won't survive but then, somehow, you eventually do.