

Tiny

Gillian Suhre

A space with everything she would
ever need. Soft and warm, cozy
some may say. Everything has its place
usually. But today is an off
day. The plates, pans, pots, spoons, bowls,
knives, are towering out of the sink, threatening
to tip over the edge onto
the soft grain wood floors like a wave
crashing over the shoreline. Just beyond them,
she lays curled, gasping for
air in the small space
seemingly consumed by the turret
of disarray. She can't handle it today