

Learning to Unfurl

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Every time she breathes
the muscle hisses, a sharpness
of tissue refusing its shape. No
position is comfortable, all
hold the weight pressing
her shoulder onto
the bed. Still
she lies there, counting
on her breath to draw her
into the present, fluttering up
to the ceiling then down
as thoughts float past
unattached. Or so
the theory goes. But she
likes theory, can carry
it with her on the bus, use it
to close her mind's anxious eye
against the crowd and feel her toes.