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The Talent Show

Jessica DiSalvatore

John Carroll University, jdisalvatore20@jcu.edu

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The Talent Show

By: Jessica DiSalvatore

She stands poised as a fresh bouquet,
while underneath her turquoise dress,
the bones of her body quake
and her insides move and squish
like congealing jello.

She smiles though her breath
blows through her chattering teeth
like autumn wind through leaves
on tree branches.

She can't feel the hot trickling blood
blooming from her chewed tongue
as she takes the stage.

Handsonthemicrophone
shake like October rushing into November
in the few seconds she waits
for the teacher to play the CD.

The seconds turn into a
minute,

then two

then three

four.

Her body chills into December
as if her body was curled
into a snowball.

She swallows and all she tastes
is cold iron.

The only parts of her body that start to melt
are her eyes
as the silence in the auditorium swells.
She trembles in the wind,
feeling stamped on.
And so she wilts
and hasn't bloomed since.