

5-1-2014

Untitled

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Recommended Citation

Bowling, Gabriella (2014) "Untitled," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 20 , Article 9.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol20/iss1/9

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Photo: Gabriella Bowling



The Body and the Blood

EUGENE WOOD

I sit, prone, and listen to my own shallow breathing.

I open my eyes and I'm in a barn. Two doors pan out in front of me, and I'm struck by the absolute blood-red quality of the chipping paint. Moments pass and I realize that the paint is blue, that the red was something different.

I close my eyes to oblivion. It lasts only an instant, and then I'm opening my eyes to heaven. The angels' light streams down from above me; it flows through me until I've drank my fill, then I am forsaken; my vision clears, and I see I'm still in the barn. A man stands before me, and I follow the line of his billowing robes up to his leering face, then past it, to the man hanging above the barn doors, his legs close together, his arms stretched wide.

"I'm glad you're with us," the man before me says, his smile growing ever wider. "We're all glad."

From far above, Christ heaves a raking gasp. I can see the tension in his arms even from this far below, the unnatural tightness in his shoulders. His chest heaves up, then down every other second, but only by the smallest fraction. It's hard to say though with his head drooping down like that. From down below it looks like twitching.