

5-1-2014

Untitled

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Recommended Citation

Bonchick, Alyssa (2014) "Untitled," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 20 , Article 17.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol20/iss1/17

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Untitled

GIULIA DI STRAVOLA

PHOTO: ALYSSA BONCHICK

“Welcome to the Machine” accompanied me as my legs involuntarily began to move forward towards the mound of shadows. My body began to melt as I stretched my legs and felt the suede texture hold me. My racing heart caused me to take deeper breaths, and so I closed my eyes. I began to feel a storm underneath my skin roaring as his body innocently lay there beside mine. It was painted vividly: the calm seas colored by a turbulent storm. I don’t think my legs would’ve been able to leave him, even if I wanted to. I placed my body upon this chair. My heart was now in my head and every pulse was felt, throbbing and puncturing my every inch. It was the aftermath of a party; I was able to find this dark room stuffed with these big, comforting chairs that would smoothly recline with a press of a button. The Rolling Stones were now playing in the background as this magnificent chair held me while his pungent odor embraced me with every involuntary jolt. I began to fall under a spell of my ticking heart, I began to match my breathing to his, and my body suddenly began to follow the rhythm of the calming seas. A sharp light illuminated a slice of the room. “Let’s leave.”