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It's Funny

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It's Funny

Author Bio

Breanna is from Jacksonville, FL, and has had a passion for connecting the sciences and humanities from a young age. She draws inspiration for her work from societal issues like mental illness and domestic violence, using her writing to bring awareness to uncomfortable topics that may be avoided.

IT'S FUNNY



BREANNA BRADY

It's funny. Reservation bears no relevance in the presence of him. Anything short of a flashing red light is ambiguous and couldn't be recognized in the broad of day; what festers from no laughing matter faces him as a jest. The slow smirk creeping onto his face makes my stomach turn and my eyes swell. It's funny, really.

I shiver at the sight of his hand while I watch him grab the door to let himself out.

The door.

The door.

He grabbed the door.

If he grabbed the door then why do I feel his clutch on my knee? I'm not crazy. I felt it. I feel it. I can still feel it now. How could I describe a sensation if I had never felt it? I can't make this up. I see the mold of his fingers in a violet tint on my flesh. I wince at the sight of the once closed door that he left open to leave me exposed.

It's funny, truly. It is common courtesy to ask someone if they would like the door to be left open or closed. He didn't ask me. Seems like a silly thing to obsess over. Silly to fixate on something out of my hands. He should have asked. Funny that he didn't.

I see him everywhere I go.

*he is the collection of stares I get outside as I wonder whether people are
looking through me or through every layer of myself I have piled on to
redeem the integrity of myself or at least attempt to force these sharded
fragments to come together close enough to pass as myself
or at this rate
even a version of myself
will suffice*

The creak of the hinge snaps me back. It's funny how something so familiar can be so startling. I recoil in response to the strokes of plum creating a path up my body. I saw his hand grasp the door.

The door.

It was the door.

right?

I feel the weight in my chest as the tight clench of my thoughts grip my throat. I can't move. All that moves are the tears streaming down my face. I am in a state of cataplexy as I watch another version melt away and leave me at the mercy of the spiritual euthanasia he administers to me. It's funny how he didn't notice the creaks of the door as it followed his stride.

Maybe I should have mentioned that I was not ready for company.

It's funny, truthfully, how the closed door wasn't enough. I suppose he may leave his open. It's funny though. Everyone knows how doors work. Right?

My shower runs red then clear but never clean. I wipe away the water but am faced with a reflection that I don't recognize. I see myself imprisoned in a flesh punching bag. My eyes call out to him and are met with contempt.

My loss is his gain. As I watched myself slip away I also watched him carry my virtue through the door. The grip on my throat loosens enough for me to finally start sucking in air. The weight travels throughout my body and weighs me down further.

I hear it again.

The door.

I can't move. My periphery watches his hand pull the door to a close and I sit in isolation.

It's funny how he didn't ask me whether I wanted the door left open. At this moment, I would do anything for company. He won't acknowledge the violet imprint on my soul. I saw it. I felt it. I still feel it.

At this moment, I would give almost anything to reopen that door for myself.

almost anything.

almost.

for myself.

What I had left, at least.

It's funny, really, how even a breath makes me worry that the tetris of my identity will come to an unbearable crash. I can't move or breathe or open the door.

I can't do much of anything now.

It's funny.

Author Statement

"'It's Funny' was written to bring attention to domestic violence. As a Resident Assistant (RA), Breanna has used campus resources and RA training to familiarize others with signs of domestic violence and aid those affected in getting the help they need. As someone in a healthy relationship with her partner, Breanna hopes that those who may resonate with her piece, 'It's Funny' will reassess their situation and seek out help."