

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

‘37.8136° S by 144.9631° E’

by Mari Syrad Grieves

2015: the glass smashes.

2016: the shards are swallowed by the never to be bride and groom; all work is stopped; psychosis begins with taking responsibility for airstrikes in Syria.

2017: the crushed glass gets caught in my eyes and I go blind; it is tipped into my ears, pressed deep into the canal and I go deaf. I open my mouth to speak but only worthless blood diamonds fall out. I do not leave the house.

2018: the glass is now ground down to sand that pours from my tear ducts, irritating and agitating my skin; as though every grain from St Kilda beach is caught between my fingers, chafing them with every tremble. By now I am angry; sick and tired of being buried by the desert; I rise not once but twice from the sharp-edged grave.

2019: the atoms of glass left have formed an iniquitous dust that coats even these better days. I inhale it with every breath. If you cut me open, you would find only ashy grey remains with a hidden heartbeat. But listen and you will hear the determination of that heartbeat; look closer and you will see that through the blanket of blood and dust, flowers are starting to grow. One planted for every day that I pulled myself through the shards and the diamonds and the sand and the dust from the glass that smashed 1,638 days ago.

2020: 54 days and counting. Your sentence: chewing glass for every meal for 6 to 13 years. I lie in wait and wonder: if you counted up the number of scars that fit on the

stretched-out skin of my body and connected each keloid top to toe laying them neatly across the ocean, would they reach all the way from here to the southern hemisphere? Yes, I know where you are. 37.8136° S by 144.9631° E.

02/03/2020: The wait is over. Your number is up.