Tiny

Gillian Suhre*
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A space with everything she would ever need. Soft and warm, cozy some may say. Everything has its place usually. But today is an off day. The plates, pans, pots, spoons, bowls, knives, are towering out of the sink, threatening to tip over the edge onto the soft grain wood floors like a wave crashing over the shoreline. Just beyond them, she lays curled, gasping for air in the small space seemingly consumed by the turret of disarray. She can’t handle it today