

Supernova

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I am me:

Flesh. The sound of flesh ripping echoes throughout me. The sound of my screams bounce off the walls within me. I continue to dive my arms into my body. Gut myself out. Rip out my mind and soul. I rip into my thighs. My arms. My torso. Disassembling myself. Trying to put myself back together as if I was a child with a jigsaw puzzle.

Who am I? If not a supernova exploding and disintegrating? Am I not the stars falling rapidly from the sky and burning the second they reach the ground? What am I? If not full of rage and such sadness I cannot feel anything. Yet I feel everything.

Femininity. Womanhood. What is my purpose other than objectification? To be ogled at? I am not a person. I am energy that has long been burned out. I do not recognize myself, am I a person anymore? What can I do but rip myself into pieces and flush it down the toilet?

I blink. Flashes of memories of a little girl running and laughing. That little girl is me. She is happy. I realize right there, my body in shambles, that I do not need to listen. I tear the list of expectations into pieces and drown it. I become the moon. The sun. I shine like the Aurora Borealis. The sky meets the sea as I stare into the mirror. There I am. There is no more blood. I have a body. My body is my own. I am whole.