

# *Confessions I*

by Jianna Jihyun Park

---

---



One.

“Beyond the abyss lies the light”

I’m walking up the limestone stairs, no, I’m climbing, hardly catching breath. No, I don’t want you to chase after me, my blue dream tentacles. The world is flooded as always in my swollen sleep. The water is rising and I’m tired of breathing. I’m tired of this growing heat, my lungs perspire and I’m already drowning in me. Purge me. Every step stares back at me as if asking where I’m going. These stairs are slowly eroding. I wish I knew. Calcite bubbles pull my ankles with their tiny hands.

Two.

Night falls like wine stain. Clouds cover clotted blood. Underneath the tranquil lake hides a flutter of memories, drifting flashlights.

Three.

“Beyond the abyss—”

Our apartment drowned. Our nine years old Maltese drowned. My thoughts of you drowned as your soft singing voice drowned. You might as well have been sobbing. The only thing that didn't drown is a pair of sneakers I left on the bridge. I guess they wanted to stay. You're safe to walk away in them. But I forgot to unclog our shower drain and now you don't know what to do. I'm sorry I couldn't wait.

Four.

Laver hair drips black water

drip

drip

drip

drip

drip

Five.

“...lies the light”

And we are drawn to it. You said drowning was the way to go. You didn't say it stings like jellyfish, poisonous voltage. Brain gasping, eyes dilated, eardrums bursting kaleidoscopes, I waited for the last relief.

I—electrified—waited.

Six.

Blue jellyfish breathes in; water gravitates toward the marred heart  
She breathes out, and lets out a black hairball  
Collapsing bridge slow dives into the abyss