

## Going on Out

The air is so damp, so unhurriedly cool that you feel yourself in a oxygen tent. But each breath sticks, coating your lungs in numbed, constricting damnation. It is dark, but your eyes don't know. They send kaleidoscope grey and black splotches to your brain. Is that a worm that you feel burying its way along? No it is your feet, so far away.

You could sleep here; condemn yourself to an anethisptized death. But what is outside? Where are you? How do you compliment the greater whole?

So you grab the pit, and peel it into sharp shards. Your fingers bleed. The blood goes out, the juice in. You pack down hard with your feet and push off with both legs. You scream and nobody can hear you. Ligaments rip; you push against an undulating mass – slowly gaining rhythm and distance. Finally, you break through and see a hazy light. You stop and are still for five minutes and more. Should you stay here, content with the murky vision of freedom? You think and decide to continue. You push out, head first, your body a submarine, exploding to the surface.

You break more of its skin and your nose and chest are free. Then your arm and drained legs. You sleep, drunk on triumph, coated in pulp.

You wake and focus on the surroundings. You are on a seemingly infinite pile of oranges: somewhere on the side, neither top nor bottom. Just middle. You see others. But you can't reach each other. You are too small to climb up or down to get them. You can't talk. The distance is too great. You cry and return to your orange. And breathe death.