

ZEFYR LISOWSKI

## Untitled (from *Ghostdaughter*)

The process of becoming sick may be familiar to you, or it may not. First, I had unexpected pain. This is not to be confused with previous unexpected pains. Actually, the unexpected pains had continued back for as long as I can remember.

This is how it happened: I was dating an Aries at the time. Her body was covered in vast mappings of tattoos, and I'd trace my tongue across them. I'd bury my nose in the musky center of her scent. My father had died a summer ago.

Once, on my way back from her house, I felt sharpness in my wrist. I thought it was an issue with my bike. I thought my handlebars were improperly adjusted.

I felt this as I biked through the deep park between her place and mine. This was what I did to calm myself down in periods of more profound agitation, when my grief suddenly built itself up. I would get on my bike and bike through the park. I would look at the moon.

This was the summer I lost all my work. It tumbled out of my canvas bag that I toted my jobs around in and suddenly I had no money. I thought of our bodies twining together like branches in assembly.

Overwhelmed with time, I took a day off to rest, then extended it to a week. Then a month. The Aries moved back to Massachusetts at the end of the summer, and we would text our little jokes back and forth.

My body, it takes the things that are given to it.

In the park, I dreamt of a phantom self, moving through walls without pause or pain. I dreamt of a me with all the freeness that I had become accustomed to. I spent all night there, but it still entered my dreams as well.

This is how it happened: first, my wrists felt ill. Then, my legs. Then, everything.