

A Life Sedimentary
Milly Winston-Jacques

Oversleep only when this physical self yearns to be left behind, but if you struggle with shitting out consciousness just imagine body becoming stone.

Start with tiny toes going to market 'til the avalanche comes and knocks them out one by one.

Fields of skin now tilled shale, bones metamorphic in all colours - not just off-white - hollow where the marrow crawls up to pelvis petrified finally sealed silent, rigid and closed – slippery lips bricked all filled and gone.

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What type of rock do you reckon you'd be?

If granite then too independent for this endeavour, so don't call us we'll call you anything as long as it is indicative of your purpose.

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Is sleeping all you do? Be honest now, what would your alarm clock say? What of mother?

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But if pumice stone - all consolidated froth - well then! You're a real team player, the only one of that floating kind:

A something subsumed through pours over limbs that only know how to take on water.

Bloated. Bubbling. Down.

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Congratulations! You are now detached.

Hope that organic vulnerable lump lies somewhere safe, remember you only pretended meat turned true solid

grey dead

alive in a different way

personhood akin to proximity measure in temperature your new life,

where weather becomes you - a harsh wind raking skin to sand.

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And I can't I can't move whether statue or trapped now, realising we exist below abrasive flesh, to the squishy stuff inside shatterable bone - never deeper within I than now.

Lost in the self-sunken, wrapped whisps exhaled and caught -

Be grateful for enforced staying, she can't be protected unless you're inside her -

Revise that:

She can't be protected regardless, but stay anyway: even rocks need a friend.

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You said you were a team player, right?

We certainly did.

Poetry

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