

*The Bath*

It is from another story. From another century. When everything was painful. It is in another language. It is in museums where other things are wax. She suspects it will make her suffer. Behind her back they must speak of it. They say they will use the new one.

The old one, they say, is moked. They consider anesthesia. The molecules of gas. There are the showers with no water. She wants what has been taken. They rob her of her hair. There is a slit through which to watch it. Most of it is horizontal. You cannot see the man at the controls.

It is harder than he wants. Softer, they say, than she can take. They turn it up a notch. She seems to be moving forward. It is hard to see. They change the timing. The walls are getting hot. She appears to reach for it. You cannot tell if she is awake.

The windows open inward. It reeks of debris. She seeks another exit. They say it is like blood. They are ready for the finish. The outside lines form again.

You cannot read what's on the walls.

It is in another language. It is, they say, in museums. They say it is another story.

They open a matchbox. There is the smell of liquid flame. The rows of yellow candles.

You can make it out at dusk. Q