

# WARM

BY ISABELLA SAVORITO

# WATER



I sat bare against the shower's tile floor as the water canceled out my tears. I loved hot showers, how the warm water forced me to feel. Even though lately I fought to feel anything at all. I clawed at my skin to get the dirt off. I was now a contradiction in my vulnerability as I sat naked still covering my breasts with my hands. Even alone, I didn't allow myself comfort. But in the water I felt safe. I glanced down at my arms, staring vacantly at the horizontal patterns that ran down my pale skin. I reached for the silver handle to stop the water. As I got up from my little haven, I was confronted with a cold draft that exposed the blond baby hairs lacing my forearms. I looked into the mirror, my nakedness reflected as I wiped away the streaks of mascara that stuck to my cheeks. I grabbed a white cotton towel that hung lazily on the rack, knocking over my pills as the towel brushed against the sink top. My stability was reliant on a little blue and red lined capsule. Water settled into my ear and I fervently shook my head towards the towel in an effort to be free. But it was no use. It was if my state of mind had begun to mimic itself into the most mundane occurrences in my life. I grabbed a single pill from the sink. I had nothing to lose except a false sense of self reliance. As the water began to drain in the tub I placed the pill in mouth and swallowed.

It was nearing winter break and the late nights mixed with gin pushed me to my lowest point. I went out every weekend, thinking that alcohol could supply me with an escape. But it only made it worse. I was like porcelain doll with a slivered crack running down its spine. On the verge. My legs felt weighed down as if someone had attached weights to them in my sleep.

My thoughts deteriorated to the point I stopped thinking in order to prevent myself from being aware. I just wanted to sleep. But on the outside I carried on with my life, as if the tears I shed in my shower were imagined. But each time I spoke I got this pit in the bottom of my stomach. Then finally I stopped talking, thinking nobody would notice. The phone calls to my parents became shorter and my showers longer. As my only escape became the warm water. It was the middle of December and the pain I felt numbed me. When I looked my mom in the eyes all I could see was pain, this pain she felt at not being able to take away my own. I was paralyzed with the burden of feeling nothing and almost too much at once. My teal blue comforter enveloped me, as I nestled myself deeper into my makeshift cocoon. I spent a week in my cocoon until I was awakened by my mom's embrace. I finally got up.

I switched the faucet on and let the water cascade over me as I crouched on the floor. The sound of the water mixed with Sigur Ros facilitated my tears. I turned it up louder hoping no one could hear me cry. I walked downstairs as if I had miraculously revived myself, grabbing an orange from the basket on my kitchen table. “Are you ready for your appointment? It’s tomorrow.” My mom’s words frightened me. I wasn’t ready to face the fact that I couldn’t fix it myself. Fix me myself. I told her “yes, of course,” but I lied. Just like I lied to myself when I said I was doing better. I sat down with apprehension as one of the doctor’s fish tanks caught my gaze. I could swear he was looking at me as his little gray body undulated through the water. I wonder if he felt like I did in the water, free and suspended in time. The pale gray fish swam through the underwater Lego world and launched itself into the plant adjacent to the tank. I knew how it felt, shocked by the cold air as it entered reality. For the first time in months, I genuinely smiled, just like I assume the fish did as he escaped his tiny glass cell. I couldn’t believe my mom sent me here to get better. The therapist herself seemed insane, her office a madhouse. The doctor walked in and her outward appearance matched the condition of her office. She had clip in bow that fastened a flower to her bangs, bright yellow pants and a pink shirt that looked like it came straight from a Barbie catalog. I laughed.