



Pharaoh's Ants

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This time, a year ago, my fingers latched dark ink, encrypted into white sheets
Pharaoh ants broke through the thin, mashed wood fibers
Sprawling across blank space as if in death spiral
Lining lists of diagnoses
Paragraphs of circumstances
Words that to others would appear unbelievable,
Words that could never be attached to my psyche

I felt differently, however
Before long, ants burrowed within my chest, digging glass tunnels within my
veins
Imagination of validation, stabilization, authorization
Yet, realization came forth
Bluntly cut, flimsy paper meant nothing regarding the ever-moving waves I
ride month in and month out
I baffled at breathing in and breathing out, because a mere diagnosis would
make true, and therefore absolve me of my cracked brain matter
Verity soon fabricated, neglectful, bitter energy forming bubbles between the
crumpled edges and my tired flesh

If breathing in and out, between the waves that wash in and far out meant
nothing, then what was the point?
The violinists' orchestra built to unknown heights as the Pharaoh's insectoid
bodies climbed high
Collapsing as bland sky turned to graphite and slate fog
Nihilism seeped in far too fast for my feeble mind, rushing to make luxury lofts
from stiff cots, to welcome new thoughts
In the desperate hope that one welcome conception would push away the
unwelcome thousand
If only I knew that my hopeful mental battlefield would make opponents gather
at family reunions