

She looks to her mother and feels something growing in the pit of her stomach, something that feels like longing, but she's forgotten what for. Her eyes are crystal balls, reflecting a time before being, before The Separation. She was forced from the womb with the umbilical cord wrapped around her neck. Some days she's swears it's still there. The longing deepens for something... a person? A place? Perhaps people are a place, perhaps people are the only places and everything else is just space, between. She thinks about people and places a lot. How often she finds herself in the wrong place at the right time for some one else. Pulled towards the purpose of others, almost magnetic in her attraction. And every time giving so much away that she loses a little part of her self. What gets bigger the more you take away from it? A hole. Shit joke but something to think about. Her mum sees her looking and tells her to unload her shoulders, the weight of the world is an awful burden to carry. She smiles a half smile in response yet she can't help but think her shoulders were built for carrying such a weight. Women carry a lot of things; handbags, babies, purses, other people's problems. The latter being one she is particularly fond of. The woman as vessel! She thinks more of a pyrex dish than a ship. She wonders why. And what happens when the vessel is so full up she begins to overflow? She probably disappears, this world has no need for vessels that can't hold their load. Peter said that women were the weaker vessel, but she wasn't so sure. She couldn't think of a load to bear more sacred and heavy than a child. And what the fuck did the Bible know about women anyway. It was only interested in impossible virgin mothers and nuns. *Immaculate* conception; a sexless mother, the Christian ideal. Mary Magdalene gets a decent review in the Good Book, but masculinity can be fragile and with a few twisted interpretations she is transformed into a prostitute intent on luring Jesus into sin, when I'm pretty sure all she ever did was wipe his brow. I bet she listened to all his problems as well. And then there's Eve, original temptress, creator of sin, made from Adam's bent rib - of course she would be defective. If you ever wonder why there's cancer or death or the Tories, Brexit and Donald Trump for that matter, just look back and remember its all because Eve couldn't resist the luring appeal of that shiny red apple. We could have lived in the Garden of Eden, but the Devil bent her ear and this is what we got instead.

In her bedroom she looks at her bed and resists temptation to crawl so far under her duvet she suffocates. Instead she gets ready. She was never really sure what she was getting ready for. She takes one last look in the mirror before she pulls on her skin so her insides don't fall out, or - heaven forbid - anyone actually see them. She wonders; if people look far enough into your eyes do they see your soul? Or just the back of your head. She supposes it would depend what kind of day they're having. Or what kind of day you're having. A fine line between nihilism and God. The metallic pink glistens in the light. She wonders what it would be like to go outside without this; she could if she wanted to, she says to herself. But its not very convincing, even in her own head.