

## They're Singing Again

### Charlotte Hatch

*Charlotte Hatch is a senior at UND majoring in Commercial Aviation, hoping to get hired as a certified flight instructor this summer. Originally from Central Pennsylvania, she enjoys this spring weather. She spends her free time painting, weaving, playing drums, and biking.*

The windchimes are singing again.  
Flashing their silver smiles at me, clanking in sharp February air;  
Metallic music consumes all of my oxygen. I choke on nothing.  
Their leaden songs poison you to self-inflicted violence.  
'Sane,' you'll find, will leave your mind, and they'll still smile silver all the same.

The sun had waved goodbye weeks ago, and the grey will never leave.  
Just as last November began, sawdust snow clings to my bleeding heels,  
Toes rigid in the ice, cracking the bones as easily as the crumbling concrete curb.  
I forgot my shoes on purpose, my soles are strong enough to bear the cold.  
Pink plastic Gillette shards litter sticky tile floors, gleaming scales sleep in my drawer,  
I don't want to die anymore

Fresh ripples accompany old waves on flesh; ice skates shred once smooth ice.  
Little lines run up and down, tiny silk ribbons that crack and cry,  
I don't want to die I don't want to die

While striped sleeves may be failing, pointed teeth saturate my melancholy skin.  
The marks won't go, but then again, I want them to stay.  
Will I get out of bed today?  
The windchimes are singing again.