

## Admiral Blue

Tabitha Lee

It was *admiral blue*, my dress to that frat formal,  
It was my first time drinking so much with so many,  
I ate with your best friends of so many years,  
And I wore pitch black stilettos, that by the end of the night,  
I couldn't walk in properly, so I stayed at that frat.

I would say that would be the night I died.  
Two years of so slowly and so painfully dying—  
Died like I did at 16,  
Died at 15,

14,  
13,  
12,  
11,  
10

I feel *admiral blue* because I was reawakened from death itself,  
Seeing the light now, away from the maggots that burrow in my flesh.  
I climb out of my grave, craving to be out of this rotted coffin  
That was built to stiffen my flesh and tendons over time.  
I can't walk properly now, so I limp.

I would say I died that night—  
Died in a self-made suicide,

Given away to the maggots.

But tonight?

*I shall live once more with holes in my skin, without you.*

**Tabitha Lee** is a twenty-one-year-old genderfluid individual pursuing their bachelor's in English with certificates in creative writing and in writing, editing, and publishing. He enjoys spending time with their cat and writing, enjoying time with their wonderful fiancé, and snuggling up with a good book.