



**THE SCHOOL
OF MEDIA
ARTS AND
HUMANITIES**

Emily Salamon-Andrew
Our Bathroom
The Art of Short Fiction

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o o o o
o oo o o
o o
o o
o o
o

I don't know how long it's been but I know the bath is full.
I think I've let my body become too settled in its limpness.
I don't trust my legs to lengthen and then put me somewhere.

Where would I go?

I think I'm making noise or saying something,
the white noise makes an enigma of me.

Well...doesn't everything?

I feel the heat of external speech now, from above.
I decipher the words lift and relax

and fly...

Wards

Up

When was I last suspended like this?
letting the air and arms around infantilize me.
She lifted me like this when I refused to rejoin clothes
and the swing of bedtime, my robust legs kicking, desperate
to stay amongst the splashes of adventureland.
“I’m cold” I’d say, legs blurred with movement,
determined to attack each available air
pocket

“Would madame like a towel?”

.....“But I just... mmmmmaa” looser kicks this
time...

...and with a slightly cunning look upwards I’d say
“five more minutes pleeease, you said”

“hmm...I don’t think I did say,” she said slowly, smiling and lowering
me to the ground in gentle triumph.

On the mat I threw myself into prayer, arms extended dramatically.

I slowly retracted this
gesture, squishing myself together in a huddle resembling
a raw chicken, rocking in the realisation that I did want a towel after all.

Not that I would ever have admitted it.

...It always came though, wrapping and lifting simultaneously.

My nose squashed and my
mouth puckered against the nape of her neck, trying to blow raspberries;
failing, but not
caring.....

.....
No urge to touch grips me now in this stale cradle.....I feel
myself being lowered and I feel
no sense of protest.

The water draws a line across my face and my eyelashes grow wet with
steam. I am submerged but the heat fails to sink me. . o o 0 0

This bath sits flat, my body: clear and still.

**The hum of the room buzzes in my chest, rising to my head
like sparkling wine. the wine**

Bubbles o

o o

of

intoxication pulls me forward. My body:

New body: a rag doll made of stone.

**Gravity pulls me backwards—
backwards -**

Gravity pulls me

Wall.

Light.

Ceiling.

o

oo

o

o

oo

oo

ooo

oooo

oo

o o R

o

o

oo

Aooo

W

oo

oo Eo

oo

o

o

o o T

o

o

Paused in a translucent waiting room

—a moment that can never last

ignoring the need for breath.

I need to _____

slowly bursting

Like a balloon

ooooon a red one.

1

2

4

3

0

o

o

o

5 explodes in my head with a **GASP**

0

o

o

oo

0

o

She stares back o

o

hands **clasped** around the

o

small o

o

red bucket o 0 the plastic one : I found at the beach.

lost

L

0

W

E

R

S

it into the bath o

0 o

0 o

water **glides** o in by choice

0 o

0

o

o

ooo

o o

0 o o o o

twists foamed hair into a point
lets it flatten into a point
twists foamed hair it flattens

twists foamed hair into a point
lets it flatten 0
twisted foam pointy hair
now its flat

Twists of foam flattening
to a point
foamed hair flattening

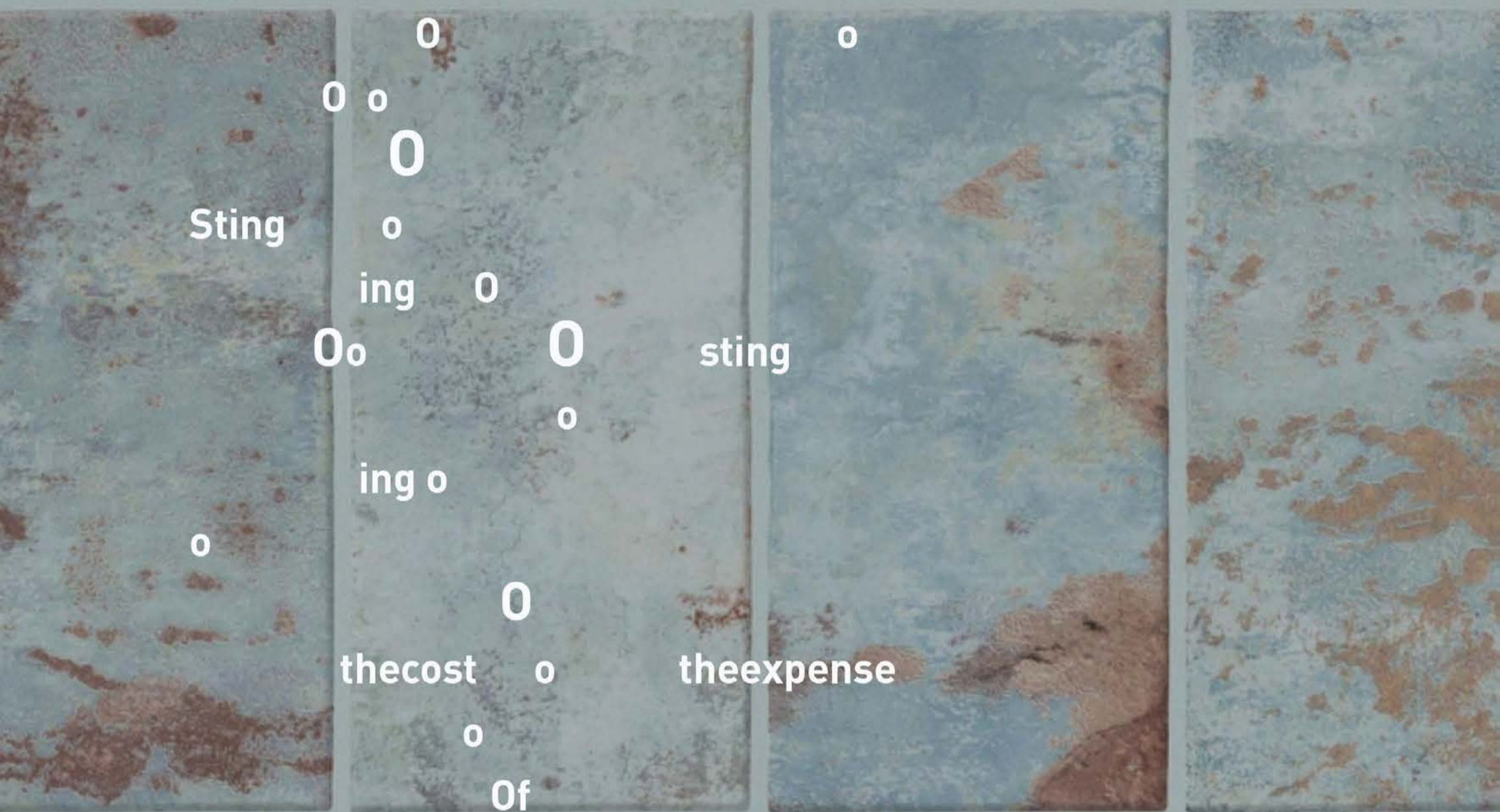
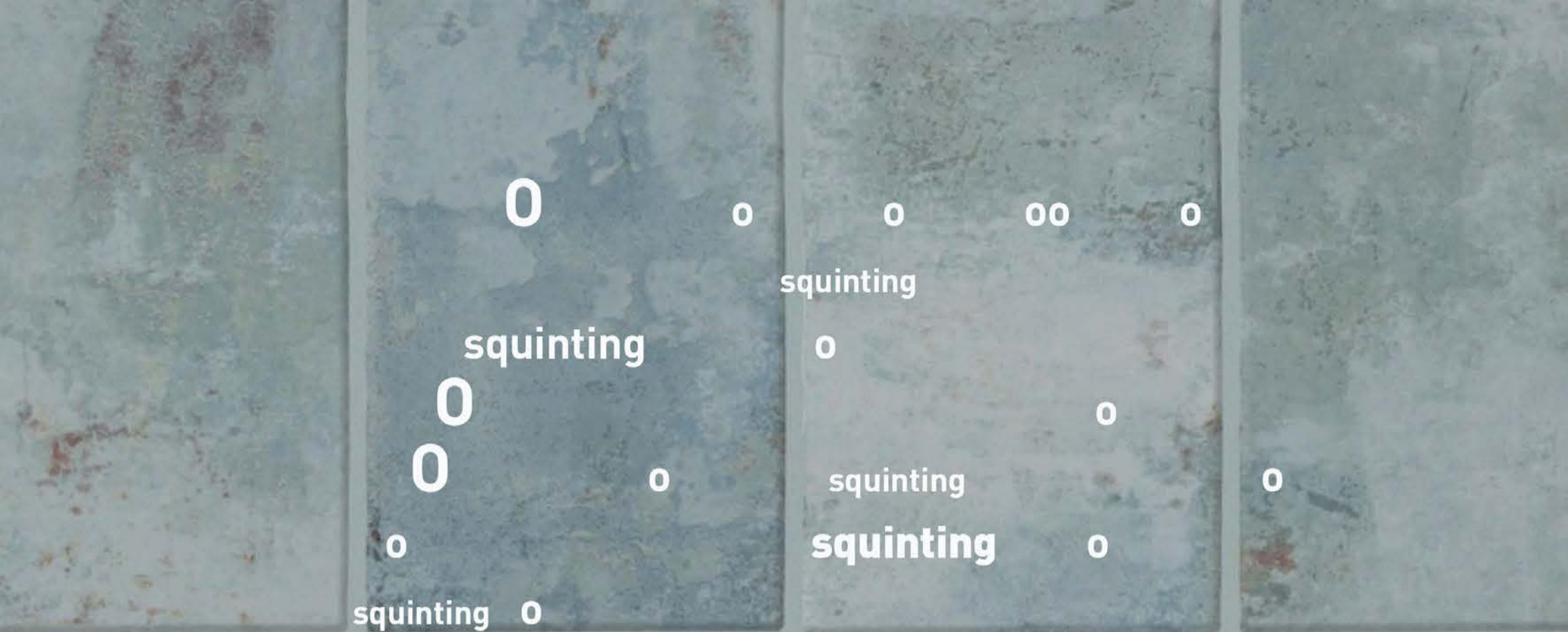
Twists of
to a flattening pointed
foamed hair flat

Twists of flattening pointed

Foamed hair 0
to a flat

Whooa

0



o
o
O
o
o
o

whoaaaaaa

ohhhhhhho

Ohhhh oh

Ohhhh o

whoaaaa

ooooohhhhhhoooooooooooo

Ohhhh oh

Ohhhh oooo

ohh

O

oh

o

o

