

I Saw My Body Lying in My Bathtub This Morning

It was content and bloodless.
Translucent; not even skin and bones. Had I not inspected my body closer, I would have assumed my towel had fallen from the shower curtain rod.

Last week, my bathtub began growing an oblong lump. It started as a cantaloupe-shaped bulge underneath the tub's fiberglass frame. Four days had passed, and the surface area of the tub's floorspace became consumed by the growth. The showerhead leaked droplets of water that fell off the sides of the lump like ants evacuating a flooded anthill.

The lump was gone when I went to shower yesterday morning. The drain's plug was wrapped around the tub faucet. The shower water insisted on staying. First a puddle, then a pool. It had grown cloudy with dead skin cells and diluted shampoo droppings, barely reflecting my naked body.

I Saw You Staring at Me in My Bathtub This Morning

There was an overwhelming sense of calm in my head. I could not move. My skin was wet paper. I heard thumping. But not from my head this time. The door squealed open. Light poured in. I saw you.

My metamorphosis had begun when I gained consciousness and felt you stepping on my skull. It was always while you were singing, and the shower was running. You were always singing flat. My body was a growing plant, and my arms and legs had begun to sprout. I continued my progression into your eventuality inside my hidden bathtub cocoon.

I had almost become full after four days. I knew I just had to wait. I knew I would be back soon. But you did not. The contents of your shower kept me begrudgingly nourished. It was sickening. You were a pig. I wished I could have vomited your horrific water back at you.

I kneeled; the water was up to my chest. I plunged my arm beneath the murky liquid and started to pull hair out of the drain. The shower kept going, and I kept pulling. The spray of showerhead liquid onto my back from the felt like an assault of hail. Miles of hair, tied to form a continuous rope kept pouring out as I tugged. I was surrounded by damp hair. The slimy veneer that coated it, lassoed the hair-rope around my limbs. The water level of the tub had fallen.

This morning, I saw my body in my tub. Pale and transparent skin, bones almost visible. I looked at it. Its eyes met mine. I didn't know what to do. I got so scared when it reached out for me. It grabbed my shower curtain, and the rod fell on its head. I didn't mean to hurt it. I didn't mean to bash its head in. I didn't mean to kill it.

I scrambled to do something, anything, but I know I couldn't have gotten rid of it in my home. I had to wait.

I was awoken by the feeling of pulling. It was you pulling. Then I started gagging. The contents of my stomach began an unplanned pilgrimage. You kept pulling and pulling on the hair in my tummy, ripping it all out. I tried to sever the cord of hair being extracted from my throat, but I could not. I kept gagging and gagging until I had been emptied. I was met with a torrential downpour of your disgusting bathwater draining into my unsuspecting mouth.

I saw your glazed, absent, eyes, staring at me with nothing but fear. I saw you think about what to grab. I saw you tear down the curtain rod. I felt every single bludgeon you delivered to my skull. I could hear your heartbeat increase. I felt your adrenaline rising. You never once hesitated. You looked so calm after I had played dead.

The analog clock your mother gave you clicked on and on. It began to make my head hurt.

It was not until nightfall that I felt confident enough to bring the body out to my car.

Its bones rattled in my trunk like maracas in its skin bag whenever the back wheels of my car came over a bump in the road.

The drive to the bridge that overlooked the river always made me carsick.

The potholes were deep and common. It felt as if they would tear my wheels off whenever I would drive over one.

I pulled over near the bridge. I opened the trunk.

It looked back at me from inside, alive.

A grin was writhing on its face. It moved unlike anything, and its strength was inhuman.

It choked me above the river; it pressed my neck into the metal bars of the bridge. I wasn't strong enough.

You struggled so much with moving me from the tub. It almost made me laugh, but I could not let you know I was still here.

The air thinned out in my synthetic fiber oubliette, and my body slammed against the roof of the trunk over everything you drove on.

My side had begun to hurt, but it did not dissuade me. Nothing could have. You were in such a rush for no reason.

I think that we both knew how things would turn out. The bumping and slamming had stopped.

I heard you exit and walk towards me.

I could not help for myself any longer. Not a second more.

We both saw me smiling at you. I wish you could have seen it when your face drained of color.

I wish you could have felt your convulsions or seen the expressions of distress your face contorted onto itself.

I made such a satisfying splash when
my body hit the surface of the river.

You made such a satisfying splash
when your body hit the surface of the river.