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Tiny Details

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The Room That Raised Me

Rachel Foree

I come home from a long day at work and walk into my childhood bedroom. It feels different since I've been away. Almost 10 months of living on my own before a tragic fire forced me to leave my apartment nearly a month ago. I sit down on the twin size bed that used to be mine. The room feels colder than it used to, even though the summer heat still lingers. The gray walls that I had painted during my senior year of high school were once covered in posters and my tapestry, and now they stare back blank and empty. My step-dad's office desk sits where my mirror and shoe rack used to be. The dresser and armoire remain in their places, as they didn't fit in the little studio I had moved to. The room fills with the rich scent of burnt vanilla as I light an incense stick and blow out the flame. I can hear my family in the other room complaining about the incense and how the smell has now filled the entire house, so I put my headphones in to drown them out. Music has always been my escape, and the memories of what feels like a past life play back with the gentle melody of my comfort song, "Space Song" by Beach House. The metallic flavor of pennies and a sharp sting alerts me that my pinkie is bleeding; a result of my anxious habit of biting my cuticles. My cat, Mouse, senses my anxiety and moves closer with a soft chirp. Her soft fur sticks to my tear streaked face and tickles my nose, and I can't help but laugh at her clumsy attempt to cheer me up. I stand up and see my reflection in the mirror, the bare walls in the background threatening to swallow me into their abyss of nostalgia. If these walls could talk they would scold me for not loving them more when they were mine, and my only wish is that they could have told me that back then.



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