This is Loss

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I.

She sleeps with it every night. Her bear. Mr. B. Ratty, legs torn. Bleeding stuffing from his side. Stains from sloppy dinners. It never leaves her side. Short fat fingers clutching to the one thing smaller than herself."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss3/9
I.

She sleeps with it every night. Her bear, Mr. B. Ratty, legs torn. Bleeding stuffing from his side. Stains from sloppy dinners. It never leaves her side. Short fat fingers clutching to the one thing smaller than herself.


II.

The sky matches her black dress. The black clouds billow like her veil. Over fields of polished stones. Engraved crescents rising over fertile grass. Over hills, she marches. A short procession of one, two, three. Siblings. Two brothers dressed in suits. She remembers when they used to refuse to dress up for church. Today their mother did not force them into ties and shiny shoes. She couldn’t, she was not there.

III.

She sleeps with lights on. Since he left. Screaming into pillows that still smell like his hair. Dented plaster above her bed. Residue of bitter nights alone. She found one of his razors in the shower. Slumped, staring for hours before rising from freezing water. To throw it away. It’s not you, it’s me, he said. But now every night she asks her mirror what the hell is wrong with her.