

## The Girl Writes

Alone in a room, a girl writes. The room is empty and bare of furniture. The walls are a faded grey and the paint is cracked and peeling. It is a small room with one door, one window, one chair, one table, and one girl in it. The window lies in front of the girl, its glass is clouded, and the one window no longer opens all the way. It opens just enough to stick an arm or a hand through, not enough to climb out. The light filters through and amplifies the cool grey of the peeling walls. There is a ceiling fan with a light, but the light burnt out a long time ago. The girl sits in the one chair, at the one table, under the one fan with no light, in front of the one window that does not open all the way.

To the girl's left is a brown paneled door. It too is worn, and a brass handle glimmers dully in the cool light. The girl sits at the one table and writes. The girl writes everything by hand with a graphite pencil. The girl has stacks and stacks of paper on that one table. The paper is piled haphazardly, but the girl does not seem to care or notice. The girl is too busy writing; the girl's pencil is always dancing out some new story or poem by which the girl can captivate the world. But what world? The world of the empty room? Who else in this room will read it? There is no one but the girl. The girl writes anyway, knowing that nobody may never read the words.

The girl sits at the table, and the table is overflowing, the papers have begun to fall onto the floor. The girl walks over them, when the girl paces. The girl walks in circles in that room; the girl stands and gazes at the window. The girl opens the window and tries to reach out but cannot. The girl moves back to the one table and picks up her one pencil. The one pencil never disappears no matter how much she writes – it always stays the same length. The girl has never left the room, but the girl wants to leave. The girl stares at the door handle glimmering in the cool, grey light. The handle never turns, because nobody ever comes into that one room. The girl stays alone in that one room, under the one fan, at the one table, and in front of the window.