



My Existence  
By Sarah (Musto) Cockrell

My existence is like  
Nails scraping against one of those old dark green blackboards  
It is like the needle of a record player  
In my ear  
As my perfectly fitted ear plugs move infinitesimally small movements

My existence is like  
Screaming in my head  
Constant  
Endless  
As the night draws near  
And the two dull notes, "breathe in, breathe out" repeating, every  
second  
Every minute  
Every hour

Of my long, dark, lonely life.