

I have an irrational fear.

I am standing in the checkout line at some unnamed grocery store. I notice the person ahead of me. On a black backpack there are pins and buttons and patches and clips and it is more accessory than fabric shell. On the person there is disheveled hair and jewelry and downtrodden shoulders and when I can catch their face, dark eyeliner framing a pair of tired, tired, tired eyes.

i am reminded of the tollund man and suddenly i feel claustrophobic