

hollow viscus injury
saffron

There is a rotten spike driven through your lower abdomen. You may die, though you may not.

I would recommend breathing. Slowly, and calmly, even as you feel the wobble of spilt intestine shift and shudder for each breath in and out, drowning nervous system in damnation.

There is reason to believe it gets better. You remember those days when you were free of this. Nail that to your wall, suffer silent war, and it will one way or some other, be over.

Say, do you remember Sister Marie? How she limped home, trailing blood and fat from flensed quadricep, sword hand missing altogether? How despite this, she now spends summer afternoons picking harvestbells and larkspur, teaching her daughter how to read, pressed flowers as bookmarks, crowns of them for her daughter's head?

Brother, you can be happy again. Just breathe.