

Deren Pulley
UCSF-Berkeley

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On Using the Bathroom:

The bathroom quickly became the most familiar space – the most intimate room. Bowel movements blended into one another. I must have tried, but I did not move. I wrote in the bathroom. When I couldn't sleep, sometimes I dozed off in the bathroom. It paradoxically came to embody both the most acute pain and refuge from the public eye. I often cried. The bathroom was a place to ecstatically expose gripping sorrow and wild ambivalence about colitis to myself. It was sequestered and intensely private. I wanted to leave, but instead, I stared for what felt like hours in the mirror.

There was a tremor at the beginning of the universe. Everything shuddered for a split second. Then the darkness contorted like a body possessed, letting out everything that was and everything that could be imagined in a wretched cascade. In a single moment, infinity splattered all over the emptiness. Stars splashed the sky like tiny droplets. Space looks so calm until it's seen right up under the lids. From here, it's possible to realize that the stars burn so violently. I cannot usually see the stars from my vantage. I haven't really been outside in weeks. I wish there were skylights in my bathroom. My stars are flecked brown and red. My sky is filled with black holes, slowly enveloping the eggshell bowl. The laws of nature seem inverted from where I'm looking. My sky is bright. My stars are dark. I must look down into a messy pool in order to imagine what could be up above.