

## Feverish

By Sylbi Bae

every three years i catch the flu. i could recommend a regimen to you. but i fear i might be its only living testimony.

a packet of blue, yellow, and white pills three times a day. a mug under an unforgiving kitchen light. every day or risk starting over.

it seemed several months had passed as i grew indifferent about being indifferent to indifference. awake under anesthesia.

in hopes of escaping hot aches, i found myself strolling along saturated traffic. it led me to the basement of a mountain, a city runway, and a bridge overlooking the Han River.

i lifted my toes and gripped the rust on the railing. *maybe i'll feel something*. i started towards the rips of the sea, but a stagnant impediment interrupted our meet.

*13 thousand suicides*. expired self-diagnoses were entirely derived from self-indulgence. i had to know what was fake to grasp what was real.

as if the pills finally agreed i've had enough, the fever rinsed out and redeemed my soft pink.

i used to push the crinkles around my eyes so no one could peer into the window.

it had to be bitter and relentless and paralyzing. these were the reviving coup's conditions.

when you meet me for the first time, don't mind me. i probably still have numbness in my feet.