

One morning, I wake from troubled dreams, and I find myself transformed into a bottle of barbitol. My lid is unscrewed and out of reach and I see that I'm contained on four sides by these amber walls but my delicate surface above is open to the atmosphere and I can see from my vantage point on my nightstand and through the tinted glass the details of my familiar room, its interior vertical surfaces obscured by chaotically arranged posters and the horizontal surfaces with unwashed clothes. I wonder how I'm going to get to school in my current state, all limbless and inanimate and, like, liquid. I hear the familiar call that mother makes every morning I sleep through my alarm clock which is still sounding right now because I can't seem to reach the button to turn it off. I can hear through the door now her berating me in a voice that gets louder and louder to the beat of the staircase's distinctive THUMP, THUMP, THUMP that creates neat little interference patterns on my watery surface until it transitions to the lighter thump, thump, thump of the hardwood on the landing until the door swings open just as the alarm finally gives up and

and for a moment there's a disquieting silence

silence that lingers and swirls forming little spirally tendrils that tickle my brain through my non-existent sinuses. But mother's nose detects nothing, this innocent open vial of odourless barbitol sitting so still on the nightstand. Eyes wide for God knows why, she stares straight into my transparent soul and I can see her irises that look so much like my own begin to quiver and diffract as tears well up and reach a fever pitch of restrained commotion until the surface tension breaks and it races down her cheek. I want to ask her what's wrong, tell her that everything's alright, I'm just going to be late for school is all. But I see that I'm powerless to do anything but wobble around in my little vial. So I give her a little encouraging wobble. At this, she bursts wide open and screams at the ceiling about why did I do this and how could I do this and

What did I do wrong?

I'm sorry I

Oh God I'm sorry

Why didn't you tell me anything?

You were all I had and I still couldn't treat you right. I know I'm sorry I kept getting distracted by work and your father and I never thought I had enough time for you but really that was all just a sorry excuse for the fact that I never knew, never could know, what to say to you. But please, please listen to what I'm saying now, now that it's too late, know that you meant the world to me and I would give anything just to see you smile again. But that I haven't seen you smile since you were so little that I had to bend down and you had to stand on your tippy-toes to kiss me, and we would stay like that, staring at our reflections in each other's eyes.

What happened to those days?

And with that, she stared into me so close that I could see myself in her eye's reflection. I was taller than her now, looking down and smiling warmly. But all she saw was this cold glass vial and she was horrified by what it contained. And so, she clutched my neck and drank me up.