

Small Spaces by Caramae Totten, Tazewell High School

I hate small spaces. I hate small spaces. I hate small spaces.

The words keep repeating in my head, a constant melody that I am still unsure I want to hear.

I hate small spaces.

I never believed it to be as true as I do now - alone, in the dark, waiting for rapture. I am so, completely, alone in a space that I can barely lay in comfortably.

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It's been three months (I think) since I saw any sign of life. Three days ago, I saw my mother's crying face and felt my girlfriend's lips one last time. Today, I am confined, no food, no water - waiting for rapture.

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I believe I lived a good life - I was a devoted Christian, as was my girlfriend. We never missed a church service, unless we were hospitalized. Numerous times we showed up with a mask on that the doctors gave us to keep from spreading whatever sickness we had contracted to the congregation. We did community service every Wednesday night - helping the local art therapy kids.

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I keep telling myself that if I had worked harder, if I had been nicer, something, I wouldn't be in this situation. I wouldn't be trapped in a prison in a suit and tie waiting for rapture.

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At any moment, I know the bugs will crawl into my tiny box and take the last pieces of me away. The box isn't a nice one - they couldn't afford it - and is still easily permeable if a bug bites just right. They've been gnawing on it for several weeks now - is it possible for termites to be underground?

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Will God still take me if I have holes in my skin? If the maggots crawl into my confinement, over my body, and take scraps? I can already feel it - their teeth chewing through my Sunday best, then coming for me. I can almost imagine the sensation of a hundred tiny legs crawling over my skin, their teeth beginning to chew on flesh I can no longer feel. I am scared.

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I don't know why God hasn't come for me yet, and I grow impatient. Though, I don't see why I grow impatient - the rapture will come when it is ready to come; I must wait. But it's so hard because I hate small spaces. I hate small spaces. I hate small spaces.