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## They Said It Was Inevitable

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## Den Boer: They Said It Was Inevitable

### THEY SAID IT WAS INEVITABLE

Sarah J. Den Boer

Her escape to the ocean usually told the story.

The view from the hallway was similar.

A storm of arms and skin. Sheets ripped

and twisted on the floor. Veins on her legs

spreading like shredded blue yarn, her skin

slowly drooping like the creep of water

across a slanted floor. It wasn't always like this. Riding

her tricycle down the driveway, pulling up

carrots from the garden, greens dangling.

Overalls with patches on the knees. But eventually

it's all lyrics of the thigh, soft and dimpled. Eating

deviled eggs in the bathroom, hiding behind

the shower curtain. The yellow light of early morning

not so giving, even when a waxwing

looks on. On days like this, she feels

her tonsils swell in her throat, sacks of blood vessels

growing plump. She imagines disappearing up

the inside of a chimney. Crawling, using only

her fingernails. Coals at the bottom. Legs pulled up

into herself, offensive as a splash of mustard smeared

on an open book. Tick tock. And the ending

can be like the beginning, if only she could remember.

If everything wasn't tilted like italics. Now, shifting

like a mound of cherry pits in the belly.