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## La Cloche

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# La Cloche

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**Author Bio**

Sabrina Marinelli is a junior Biology major who enjoys writing as a hobby. Her family and friends inspire her creativity, and she wants to thank them in supporting her in all her writing endeavors.

# LA CLOCHE

SABRINA MARINELLI

I hear the ring ting of the bell outside,  
of the time passing on out there, where no one  
can hear me. I pull the little string of thread to hear  
the musical wonder. The thread is braided like a little girl's hair  
and is too tiny and likely to break. I stop with the pulling, it's enough,  
someone must have heard the bell,  
someone has to be on their way to save me.

The box I am in will not last forever, but  
it will last longer than me. In my box I lay on top  
of a sweet blanket of silk. But why does it have to feel  
like the surface of untouched water?  
Why does it seem so pleasant?  
When, in this box, there is supposed to be no one to comfort.

If I sit up I will strike my head on the ceiling,  
so my thoughts must lie on this faux pillow,  
which is expected to cradle my head in eternal sleep.  
I can feel the lace around its edges teasing the back of my neck,  
whispering sweet nothings that are no more.

My lungs are starting to revolt against me, closing up tightly  
making my chest ache. I start to claw at the too close ceiling,  
and I feel multiple fingernails snap back.  
They submit, defeated by my box.

My fingers, drenched in blood, are sore.  
I, one by one, soothe them with my tongue,  
and taste the sweet saltiness of life.

One last time before it's too late,  
I pull the little braided thread

And hear the ring ting of life leaving me to die.