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## Inhale Ex-Hell

Felicia Chisholm

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# The Anthology 2019 Staff

Prose Editor

**Felicia Chisholm**

Felicia Chisholm is a native of Chester, South Carolina and graduated from Winthrop in 2017 with a Bachelor's in English. She is currently interning at Nation Ford High School in Fort Mill, South Carolina, and she will be receiving her Master's in Teaching this May. Her poem, "Slow Death," was published in the anthology, *South Carolina's Best Emerging Poets*, and in her words, she is "thoroughly astonished and grateful!" She enjoys music, kickboxing, travel (especially after studying abroad in Italy), trying new recipes, reading, yoga, and writing poetry--just to name a few. She is most passionate about social justice issues and promoting inquiry-based learning in high school students. In a nutshell, she describes her interactions with other human beings thusly: "Because there's always so much to say, I often say nothing at all."



longing for the presence of Spirit  
 while the landscape of my sacred space is ICU terror.  
 the stench of years of stale tears  
 within this old mattress stabs my nostrils.

his love burned me to the core

my mind set on Thee  
 so in perfect peace  
 You are to keep me,  
 but my daily companion  
 is anguish.  
 “why won’t You extract this pain,  
 this infernal chokehold in my lungs?  
 can’t You see that the more I breathe  
 the more he breathes hot within me?”

his voice pollutes the essence of my being

I am sick and psycho-sore,  
 paralyzed with reminders of  
 life-long-taught thoughts  
 about You being omnipresent—  
 even some sort of Sovereign resident encapsulated  
 in this disgusting flesh-vessel.  
*I don't feel you!*  
 so I'm livid.  
*You are estranged!*  
 so I'm empty.

yet,  
 somehow You stand  
 between me  
 and damnation?  
 but if You are estranged  
 then what is the state of my soul?  
 will there be paradise or am I lost?  
 fists clenched  
 I fight,  
 no one suffering blows but me.

his odor incinerates my gut

still breathing, facing my truth:  
 I am the chosen host for parasites of pain—an archetype—  
 exiled from my origin in heavens unknown,  
 transported through unexplored dimensions  
 by human womb to this place of persecution and beautiful demons,  
 my bosom a receptacle for serpentine suitors.  
 surely this is mortal perdition.

trauma-toiling,  
 how much longer, Sir?  
 seeking            craving            aching to  
 lick the tetanus knife of earth extermination.