

The Lofty Air

by: Victoria Hood

There is something to be said about living in an apartment. You have neighbors to hear you if you are on the verge of being murdered. There are downsides as well. Like the way in which I can hear everyone having more fun than me. Like the way in which I know one of them must be hiding in my bathtub no matter how many times I check. There is always a moment when I turn my back to the hallways of doors that people will be slipping from one to another. When I want to sleep at night it takes at least three of us to thoroughly check and double-check and triple-check with a cherry on top, but within this apartment there are only two and a cat who only has her own interest in mind.

There is something to be said about tall ceilings. At least the tall man that I live with does not have to crouch or crawl through our home. However there is too much air in this dumb place. There is too much white white walling that suffocates me with its brightness. When night comes it feels like there is too much space, like the sky is filling the apartment is filling my home with air and air and air. If there is an opposite of claustrophobia, that is what this is. A fear of the open air of my own home that could house too many things in the corners of its ceilings.

I attempt to decorate my home to make it feel at one with itself, but somehow the walls only grow wider. The more pictures I place the more the walls feel barren and dead. There is a puzzle on the wall of the time I had an anxiety attack and ran away to my home in another state. It stands on my wall, framed in time telling me that it will live on. I don't know who put it there.

I cannot help but think that my neighbors must have walls that look better than mine. Their walls must be why they have so much fun. Their music blaring on Tuesday mornings and their friends cheering "Fuck yeah man your walls are so cool". At least that is what I hear. There must be a way for me to crawl through these vents and hide in their homes to slowly become one of them. I could hang myself on their walls and become a fixture of a home with less air, less wall, more fun. Then I could be at ease.