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Deathtrap

Blake Traylor
Augustana College, Rock Island Illinois

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Deathtrap

Are you one of those people who stands
right in front of the door, always assuming
the elevator will be empty for you? I have
become one of those who reads
the certificate of inspection
framed on the wall so I know
who to haunt when the cables finally
snap—But this is a hydraulic elevator,
my friend, the physics major, told me.
He isn't here, in this tiny jostling room. It's just
me and some stranger whose face resembles
a stress ball. As I think this to myself, all that
anchors me is the firmness
of an orange clutched in my
pocket. Things have been up
in the air lately, and I'm only 5'7", after all,
and I just can't understand that there are
people who live as though the world isn't
falling down,
whose eyes
aren't ready
to melt from their heads, whose brains
aren't as dense as cherubized angelfood
cake, whose last memory won't be as sad
as wondering what it would mean to be as loved as somebody's
colorless half-eaten sandwich left to melt on its own
little tarnished snowbank, an artifact
of someone's discarded
struggle to
care.
But
the doors
open, and now I can see
you answering my question.