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### Guantanamo Number 053

Clocks do not exist here. I track time by how long it takes for my arms to go numb and sink as heavy quivering Jell-O does into their sockets as I hang suspended in the air, a graceful dancer, albeit an inverted one.

The blood rushes to my head and I count thresholds of pain each time thinking that I cannot take any more each time feeling my head heavy with blood and light with such close proximity to my own death, my death who lurks behind me yanking the chains around my legs to hoist me higher— my death is the man in camouflage he who spits in my gruel and who sticks tubes into my arms when I will not eat—

My death tries to save my life so that he can save face—

He who smokes Marlboro cigarettes and sometimes when he has nothing better to do he puts those burning stubs out onto my bare feet as I hang from the concrete ceiling speckled with grey air bubbles and flies.

When my head is pushed into great plastic tubs of water I can see endlessly deep there is no bottom and at that point I think I can say anything I can admit to anything I can lie and tell stories and recount fake memories, Mister, please pull my head out and let me breathe Mister please stop kicking me and I will tell you what you want to hear I will obey your ears