

Happy to Be Alive

[Rebecca Coupe Franks](#)

There's a point, it's a step between falling and breaking and laying flat
broken in pieces. There's a note you can hold that sounds (but doesn't feel)
like you're happy to be alive. She holds in it like we hold it in until we're
too full to take in a breath. A translucent body that retracts when you reach
for it, pained at the touch and indifferent to love, lays asleep to us all,
awake to her sadness. Why does she seem so cruel? How can they be so cruel?
If I could only stay alive long enough to stop feeling this way.

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