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MacKenzie Martin
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At my old job the girls would lean heavily over the counter pressing their sweaty hands hard into the sticky surface, and open their nostrils wide like tunnels flaring in the scent of a business major’s cologne.

My roommate Kaytie watches a TV show where attractive people rebuild tragic homes and redecorate the family. As their three legged dog jolts around the screen I wonder if they’ll get it a prosthetic and highlights.

At night in the apartment the noises have become familiar. Though our bulimic sink still surprises me when it releases its sickening full, glunk, glunk, glunk.

The carpet is the color of wet sand and needs to be vacuumed especially in my room where it doubles as a cutting table. I stepped on a pin last week the thin metal body jammed in at an awkward angle and its green plastic head stuck out insulting me.

Nobody else seems bothered by the stray hairs that border our bathroom floor. The kitchen is worse, I hate the grit of crumbs and broken pasta shells on the pads of my toes.

It is clear, but sharp and cold outside. The taste of battery acid, a result of my tautly stretched nerves, is fading from my throat. Though the only thing I want to eat is precut cookie dough with printed pumpkin faces. I have six lumps of dough left, out of twenty four.