

The Booth

I called you from an old payphone on the esplanade.

It was dark and the ocean was roaring.

I propped myself up against the glass walls and sighed into the phone.

Your voice was the most comforting sound. You hung up.

I pushed the door of the booth only to realise I was stuck inside. I hit hard on the glass. It was early morning and nobody was around. I took a deep breath and laughed to myself as

I searched for my escape. I looked up at the glass roof that had been scratched. I wondered why. The doors were dirty. Stuck—I wanted to call you back but I ran out of money. I sat in disbelief. This was undoubtedly a metaphor for my life. I could see everything I wanted and where I wanted to go. I was trapped. I looked at the ocean foam rolling up along the shores. I pictured all of the jellyfish that wash up this time of year.

Helpless... like me. My mind raced. I wondered if this was a sign from God.

I wondered if I had to critically assess

my entire life up until this point and figure out my true purpose in order to escape the booth. I thought about you—where I wanted to live, whether or not I was truly happy. Tears filled my eyes. Overthinking, I pushed and pushed.

Finally, I pulled the door open—
laughing.

The sun was rising.

My freedom really was that simple.



By Elizabeth Tirkalas