

Inside Out

In my family's home, there lies an unimposing cobalt blue study room on the second floor
The space was quaint, but much of my childhood existed behind that white composite door
A torn-leather, swivel chair was modestly tucked under the large mahogany desk
The worn out material speaks to the years of user rest.

Across the room sat a small jet-black cabinet
Something about the maple wood served as a sort of junk magnet
Its shelves were crammed with an odd combination of Disney DVDs and old PS2 discs
The possibility that this precious junk would spill out was always a risk.

When I reflect on memories of this space, I recall with great clarity
In the middle of the room, was the most peculiar rarity
There was an ugly, mangled, empty patch in the beige polyester carpet
The type that your eyes glue onto and sinks you in like a bottomless tarpit.

The kind of ugly that you can't help but stop and stare
The kind of ugly that turns a neutral disposition into a glare
The kind of ugly that demands acknowledgement in its divine uglitude
The kind of ugly that's very existence seems uniquely rude.

Now, it may shock you that this ugliness was of my own creation
For every effect, good or bad has an origin and causation.

It was birthed by the same curiosity that dropped an apple onto a young scientist's head
For knowledge is the only thing an insatiable learner can be fed
This was hardly a project in futility or senselessness
Now, class, let's carefully explore the ugly's pathogenesis.

To fully grasp why I did what was done
You must understand the type of gears in my head that were spun
It started with a simple question, or a series rather.
There was information that I knew I needed to gather.

What existed in that liminal space between the first and second floor
What were the progenitor cells in which the room had bore
Who was the titan holding up my world? I had to find out.
A humble screwdriver was to be the first scout.

After much contemplation, I dug my tool into the skin of the carpet in the middle of the room
Then a simultaneous tendinous rip and pop erupted in the air, like an ominous echo of doom
I was not prepared for the experience that would ensue
I hardly knew I had dug into the carpet's sinew.

Hmmm...seemed like a job best suited for scissors.
I pulled back the flesh of the carpet and methodically incised fissures

Eyes scoured, as I went to work
Wonder crept upon my face as I began to smirk.

The ripping of carpet gave way to these tightly packed bundles of pink microfibers
Now, a bit of carpentry knowledge this explanation requires
For this was the dreaded fiberglass insulation.
But I knew this was all part of my plan for materialistic liberation.

I couldn't help but start to think if something akin to this was inside of me or inside of us
My curiosity was strong, but not stronger than my fear of contact dermatitis.

I carefully used the scissors to remove chunks of this itchy cotton candy to resolve the issue
The packed pink gave way to fluffy yellow, which gave me the impression of adipose tissue
After a series of well-placed and heedful cuts around the fat
I was met with a structure that took me aback.

After excision, I noticed something flat, brown, and grainy at the bottom of the hole
I flipped the screwdriver in my hand, eager to carefully examine its role
I flicked my wrist and knocked the head of the driver against the material
Knock, knock.
Eek. I hardly expected to hear something so ethereal

The knock almost sounded familiar to me,
As the sound resembled the knock of my front yard's Sweet Gum tree
I had to be sure, so I removed the nearby debris
I struck it again and it seemed to resonate at just a slightly different frequency.

For a while, I sat there cross-legged, staring into the hole mesmerized
Underneath the artificial skin, sinew, and fat, the outside world had materialized.

Someone must have taken a tree and flattened it down
And took it and built all the structures around
I wondered what else inside our house was made out of the outside
And what other of nature's rules did my own body abide by?

Fascination transformed into fear as I heard the mechanical rumble of the garage floor below.
If only I knew then now what I know
I would have simply thrown a few needle stitches and closed the wound
Alas, I remember when my dad called me into the offending room.

The bass I knew in his voice all too well
The verbal lashing came flying out like a bat out of hell
After the tirade was delivered, my ears and ego were surely worn
But it was worth it, because it is not every day an inquisitive doctor is born.