

The Oval

Volume 6
Issue 2 *Staff Issue*

Article 6

2013

Margin of Error

Eileen West

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

West, Eileen (2013) "Margin of Error," *The Oval*: Vol. 6 : Iss. 2 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol6/iss2/6>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

Margin of Error

Alright, you win. It's known to me now that no one can know
you. That no one can
Breach your borders and liberate the infidels. And that's
alright. So I'll
Clear out. I promise. I'll go home and sit by the window,
Doodling a heart in the margin of
Error. Essentially ending everything. And
Forgetting.
Forgetting.

But I can't help
Getting stuck, as I think about the turning point; when you
dragged me into your personal pit of doubts. That cliché
fox-
Hole, where you strung me up in the roots of your family tree,
like one of your pretty painted pets. You stood there
Watching me struggle. Until
i broke free and stumbled forward, almost invisible, and
pretended to be someone's long lost imaginary friend. I
should have told you to stop then. To
Just stop. Even you didn't think you were really trying, as you
Kept all the words in your brain filed away, locked in a jewel
encased cardboard box.

So now I sit here, watching my own brain waves
 Lap at your feet, overlapping in time and space. They're no
 longer
 Mine, but neither are they yours. Why do you try so hard to
 insert that
 Needle? To thread it into my brain, and
 Open up my skull? To cut out a
 Portion, and dissect it in front of me?

What are you looking for? There was never a
 Question I wouldn't have answered for you. So I'm telling you
 now, it's me that should lead this
 Raid, ripping apart order, and
 Sinking my teeth into reason. But you just laugh, and tell me
 that I am "slightly springy." Too pathetic for my
 own good. But I'm not sure what
 That means, because you tighten the tourniquet on my "raison
 d'être." I can no longer
 Understand anything. I lash out, and you frown, claiming that
 it's unusual for the procedure to have such a
 Visceral effect. I manage to explain to you that
 "We all have
 "Xenophobic tendencies, afraid of those we can't quite
 understand or control."
 (You are taking this too far). Before I
 Zone out. But it doesn't matter. You can't hear me anyways.