

The Lady Who Knows It Isn't Getting Better
Y York

You screw it up you don't get a second chance. Nobody trusts you. Doesn't matter what you say, you say, "Listen, I'm not going to do it again." You say. "Listen. I'm not. Going to do it. Again." You can say, "No, no. My life is really worth living; I'd never do it again." That is if you can say that without gagging. Doesn't matter. They don't trust you. They say they do, but suddenly, you're never alone. Used to be people went out to dinner together. Now they go separately, and one of them comes and stays with you. Forget the bathroom. "Shave your legs? Over my dead body." They used to knock at a door, but now they just stick their head in to "see how you are." They think a head doesn't count, not like walking in with a whole body. For a whole body, they'll knock, but a head they'll send along unannounced. Count. You can reach four sentences in any conversation before the other person brings it up, "I'm really sorry about unintelligible mumble." And if they don't, you do it yourself, out of some perverse guilt. "Yes, I'm the one, yes, it was razor blades on the wrist. Gillette. Yeah they still make them. It's actually more ecological than using disposable blades. Yes, it did hurt. So badly that it made me really want to live." Letmeoutletmeoutletmeoutletmeout. Everybody wants to talk about it. Fine, let em, but what they mean is they want me to talk about it. In a group. Go over and over it, and every other flawed detail of my over-long existence. And I must listen to others. Failed in life and failed in death. A cry for help? Yes, in some cases, yes. A big cry of "look at me, I'm in pain." That is so optimistic. "Look at me, I'm in pain, and I think it will go away if I only take the right pill, meet the right person, get the right job, win lotto." I don't think for a second it will get better, I just screwed up, I screwed it up, everybody was supposed to be away for the weekend but there was a bomb scare and they all came back to our place to have a party. I screwed up the party too. They were so surprised; nobody was expecting it, nobody knew. And that's the problem, they think because they didn't know that anything was wrong then, why should they think that something isn't wrong now. So, here I sit, practicing until I get it right, or they get bored; "Listen. I'm not going to do it again. I'm not, I'm not. I'm really not."