

She and I and You

I am an unreliable narrator you say.
I never know what's happening.
You are too put together to bother with her.

She forgets, she falls apart,
She looks at things from the wrong angles.
You feel nothing about her.
I can't stop feeling things.
Life is a firehose I am fighting all the time
I don't know how to function without a fight
And you are maddeningly unscathed.

She is unplugged, malformed, unstuck from time,
She is struggling and crying and screaming
And I am just trying to hold you together
Just trying to get you through this
Just trying to find a light in the distance to point out:
We just need to make it that far.
You go through motions.
Sometimes you forget to breathe.

She can't feel her face right.
I don't know how to save her.
There are no walls between us.
You feel the pit in your stomach, the creeping dread.
You are where you are.
Nothing is right.
Her legs aren't real,
Her body creaks like an old house.

She only speaks in metaphor, only lives as metaphor.
I write and write and people say what beautiful fiction
And you do not see that this is just reality from another side,
That there is no skill here no beauty no trickery no smoke or mirrors
Just what I am splayed out what she is
Pinned to the wall where you were and will be
And you are walking through like a dream
Following a script you never wrote.

She is chasing butterflies in a field
Because that's what dreamy girls are supposed to do.
She isn't supposed to be there yet.
You know what you're supposed to do but you keep forgetting.
Everything is out of order.
Floodgates rusted shut a torrent behind.
Flat affect. Lips. Sealed. Tight.
Against anything that would give away the game.

She wanted to be something but nothing worked out,
Biology got in the way
The narrative of her life got in the way
You can explain it all
You can make it sound so rational and nobody questions a thing.
Of course she's like that. It's nothing to be ashamed of.
I'm not lazy I'm not selfish I'm not manipulating you
This is inevitable. I am not in control.

She is staring at the hair tie on her wrist,
She cannot look them in the eye.
I have depression she is trying to scream it but nothing comes out
The face doesn't move
You can't deal with it right now
You aren't going to deal with it
Nobody can make you
It's not enough
It's too late
She can't open her mouth
She can't be in the same place twice.

And you evaluate your steps
Did you drink water, did you eat food, did you sleep?
Like sleep could make a dent in this thing
That she is
That you are
Like there's a chicken soup
A cure for crazy
You're not crazy
You are
She is
I am.

