UNSPECIFIEN FURITY

IT HAPPENED SOMEWHERE BETWEEN the road to Columbus and the road to Marion; somewhere between my concern for Adrian and my scorn of another relationship; somewhere beyond time, beyond place, breaking away from extremes into gradients – light condensing onto my pupils in the shape of headlights coming directly at me.

A new year yielded a new coat for you, cloaking your eternal youth from the spoil of your age Twenty-nine brimming over, bottled up and stowed away

Tucked neatly between the sheets of whomever you would sleep with tonight –

You do not know and you do not care – all you desire is the taste of lust upon your lips in the morning; I'm mourning who you know you are and everything you would like to be. You're drowning in a bottle, sitting on the shelf in your room.

You steal the words "let us drink now for tomorrow we die" from the Bible and claim them to be your own, repeating my humorous drones unsuccessfully because you aren't me – resentful that you don't know who you are.

You've lost your identity at Larry's on High – you want to go back until you find it again Trying to pay for it one sip at a time, guzzling down the poison that will rob you of the pain your reality brings.

How does it feel to be Petra-Pan – the girl who never grows up – eternally twelve, enabled by the only man who ever loved you the way you demand to be loved – even though you insist that you break his heart every breath of your existence?

How does it feel to have no responsibility save drinking yourself into a stupor – using your friends for a ride and a personality?

Digress a little more into an infantile coma, refuse to feel, to hear of responsibility, to admit you have wronged a friend;

paint a vivid landscape with a scapegoat and a "woe is me" platitude – no need to speak of anything serious.

"In the name of fun" you say such snide remarks to all the people you supposedly care about the people who are taking you home tonight to make sure that you are safe and sound—the people who care about you.

Morgan Pugh

