



one day i will write a book called "when you  
fell in love with damaged good" and i will  
just print out my entire journal like a ter-  
rible cheap bastard and i might even staple it  
at the corner, and i will wipe fake sweat off  
my face as i hand it to the publisher. of  
course, they will read it and rip it up, but  
that's not the point, the point is that i am  
labeling him as Damaged Good. when the pub-  
lisher rips it up is when i will collapse to  
the floor smiling, my chains broken.

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i made the mistake of saying too much and you  
are not going to let me live it down.

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as the jehovah's witnesses approach our front  
door, my mother is sitting on the couch sip-  
ping her coffee. "shit," she says, "the  
blinds are open and i'm in Plain View." she  
puts down her coffee and before i know it she  
has flung herself onto the floor without mak-  
ing a sound, mission impossible style, and is  
rolling across the carpet. the cat is hissing  
and i am laughing and the jehova's witnesses  
are ringing the bell, pounding on the door.

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you are loving me too late.

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there is fog, or is it smog, outside as i walk  
home and there is a cat who i tell "go home or  
you'll get in trouble" and it chases me for  
two blocks before giving up on a corner houses  
and houses from home. i have kicked mud up  
all over my new skirt, i was always the kid  
with the permanent stains.

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