

Pointing Fingers.

by Amanda Proscia

She burns

her wrists with menthols; she says
it's too much effort to cut
them. Besides, it's
more fun. Her parents become
suspicious with her frequent visits to the city. She rolls
her shallow and cold eyes and tells
them that her life is
none of their business and drives
away.
She blames them.

She finds

what she can and puts
it in a line situated on the cover of her Aladdin dvd case; she
grabs
a pen cap on the nightstand, the same pen from when she used
to write...from when she was
inspired.
She blames him.

Her friend sits

on the bed, desperate to help
her; helpless in helping her.
She knows what happened. She recognizes
her cold stare. She knows
why the pen that previously streamed
genius works is now just a tool to get
high and an instrument to
forget.
She blames herself.

Those moments mean
more to her than the first snow of winter.
For those few fleeting
minutes, disappearing
more hastily than ever, nothing else matters
to her. She does not seem
to remember
what happened. She does not
care.
She does not blame anyone.

