

Grateful

by Ann Bogle

Grateful, schmateful. To require use of the word gratitude in a cult environment is to place someone under gun pressure in one's medical-consultancy or village, so forgive me if I have failed during holiday memes to itemize it. The word grateful reminds me of graves and grave disorders. Before Francis was Pope, clinicians had long listed love as a primary illness. And they will be forgotten for their profits and ties to facetious yet actual insurance companies. I am grateful to have experienced excellent Protestant religion in childhood. I am grateful not to have become or even to have met any Harvard-based D.S.M. and Big Pharma public population suppressors. What I had liked about Harvard before it showed itself in psychocareerist TV appearances and lid-down disingenuous printed psychotopical drills for maintaining crass privilege was the description online of its linguistics department. I am grateful not to have to miss having once attended Harvard. I am grateful to Harvard for this phrase, "Love means never having to say you're sorry," because I remember it and not because it's true. I felt aghast to have reminded someone of Mrs. Robinson at the age of twenty-eight, so much so that I received a shove into the decorative below-ground swimming pool at the first school party. I am not a witness to the sale: when a man moves to marry and not merely to ask for and lean toward it. I am grateful that the word grateful occurred naturally to me about a week ago while I pulled open the refrigerator. I can't remember what caused me to haul it up or the occasion, but it was the right word for whatever it was, something minor, as it used to be and will be again.

