

Command Voice

by Lori Lou Freshwater

Go to your room. Children are meant to be seen not heard.
Please let me stay with you.
Negatory.
But I love you, Daddy.
I'm not your Daddy. I married your mother.
But you are the only chance I'll ever have.
Can I stay here with you?
About Face, Baby Mac.
I love you.
March.
Love me.
Don't make me say it again.
I am desperate for you to love me.
You are retarded.
But I will be famous someday.
You are not going to amount to shit.
I will not remember my bruised kidney, my brain will spare me from that.
But I will remember this.
You are never going to do anything besides wait tables at Sambos.
I am only laughing because I think that will make you love me.
You are a moron.
I will survive this. I will survive you.
I don't give a shit.
I know.
You are worthless.
I am dressed for the Christmas Parade.
I have my red sequins on, my hair in pigtails, my tiny baton twirls.
I said shut up. You are fucking retarded.
I will never walk into a room without feeling this.
Don't ever speak in my house again.

