

I Took Part in 5 Orgies, Which I Liked, and Got Pounded into Shit

by Smiley McGrouchpants

"Oh, I left my core of self in some dude's car who I sang 'Gigantic' and 'Headstrong' in a band on New Year's Eve with . . . but . . . *whatever*, right? If you haven't heard of a Bennington-[or Middleburys — ed.]-like school in Boston . . . called (giggling) Thor-*eau* . . . (waves hand) Naw, I'm just kidding . . . (rolls eyes; looks up, seems to be calculating something in her head, then:) It wasn't [screech on the first syllable, not unlike a microphone — ed.] *just* an art school . . . it was (tosses hair, like she's getting down to business [like she knows what *that* is; it's portable anyplace — ed.] kinda (makes "so-so" gesture with left hand) early 90's til '94 wish I was Bret Easton Ellis *read* Joan Didion so I could *write* The Rules of Attraction [and "The Bennington Sex Scandal," *Rolling Stone* Oct. 1990 — ed.] instead of being stretched so thin I snapped visited by a boy who would've done anything for me including faking being Oliver Sacks 'cause he took the only salaried job he could before his resume hole swallowed him up but I was gone, past gone, living in a halfway house *running* 4 hr.s a day 7 days a week I'm 74 lbs default anorexic by exertion *Why am I doing this?* years pass and I met age 30 when it had been transited gracefully by few you'd know personally by *working as a maid part-time in a hotel* when I'm not sending him unholy emails like "You give me homicidal and suicidal feelings, sorry" and "I've never known someone who's friend's suitemate committed suicide — *whoa* dude, how tragic!" and living as acuity inverted as I am now *dangerous* very *dangerous* I'll apologize for stuff I needn't, couldn't, *shouldn't* like a Ms. Pac-Man eating up dots I'll beeline others unawares 'I'm just trying to be

friendly!' and talk about 'life *lessons!*' even though I'm missing layers of self you couldn't imagine *gone* — "

THE END

