



WOO HOO

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shock  
and  
consequence

a zine

# RESOURCES

IF YOU ARE TRIGGERED, BUT NOT IN  
EMERGENCY MODE, call a friend,  
Loved one, parent, therapist, etc.

*both related and unrelated to this zin.*

## HOTLINES: (people you can talk to RIGHT NOW)

National Hotline Network: 1-800-SUICIDE

(if you or someone you know is at risk for

suicide)

National Domestic Violence Hotline  
1-800-799-SAFE

National Sexual Assault Hotline  
1-800-656-HOPE

S.A.F.E. - self injury help  
1-800-DONTCUT  
LGBTQ Hotline  
1-888-843-4564

Rape, Abuse, and Incest Network  
www.rainn.org

## FINDING COUNSELING:

mentalhealth.samhsa.gov - mental health  
services locator

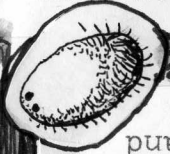
findtreatment.samhsa.gov - substance abuse  
treatment locator

National Eating Disorders Association  
www.nationaleatingdisorders.org

Teen Support  
www.teenhelp.org

Radical Mental Health  
www.theincarnusproject.net

There is this thing that scares me.  
it is words. the fact that they are concrete  
and permanent, while my mind is fluid and  
ever changing.



the fact that i'm tied to words long after they  
are set down on paper.

the fact that they extract experience and  
translate it into symbols, but there are  
gaps, symbols are tokens, something not my  
own.

its the fact that words cannot fully translate  
intensity.

the fact that as i'm hunting for the comma on  
the typewriter, i lose the words i was thinking  
and print down substitutions.

the fact that words are concrete and ambiguous  
at once, but you aren't sure where.



the fact that i'm afraid to leave imprints of  
myself on the page.



the fact that experience cannot be quantified  
or qualified by words. experience exists  
outside of words, to me.

Please read with care.

5. going home can be completely scary, the idea of leaving the safe place you are in might freak ~~xxxx~~ out. you should talk about your fears to your dr. the staff and FOLLOW UP!! go to groups they recommend, partial hospital, etc.

6. stand up for yourself. you have rights. tell your doctors exactly what you are concerned about, ask to see flyers on medications before you go on them, talk about all your treatment options.

hopefully you won't find yourself in this situation, but if you do, remember that they are there to help you.

## REMEMBER:

this guide is a resource based on experiences. **IT IS NOT A SUBSTITUTE FOR PROFESSIONAL HELP.**

none of this information is intended to work for everyone, it is just stuff that has worked for me in the past. please do not take this as the cold, hard, truth - everyone is different.

**IF YOU ARE IN CRISIS RIGHT NOW:**

PLEASE go to a professional, call a hotline, or go to your nearest emergency room!!!!

IMPORTANT

# ABOUT THIS ZINE

was hard to write and

this zine is about

life sex losing it  
friends mental illness hope  
people support creativity  
experience time  
emotions love places

told through experiences



some of it might be triggering, so have friends around and get comfy when you read.

Feel free to reproduce, just leave my email somewhere on here, I like feedback.

shockandconsequence@gmail.com  
also, email me/give me feedback at:

-xxxxxx

enjoy it.

Welcome to my ~~xx~~ zine. I hope you and gluing and tearing and thinking.

Welcome to something that consumed me for two days, writing and typing and

and come down.

Welcome to shitxx thats come up

the world of symbols.

Welcome to constructed things

I wont.

difficult, for ~~xx~~ how can you explain yourself in a page

xxxxx introductions are

putting this out there.

I'm nervous.  
afraid of judgment.

Let me tell you,

hello. !!!! !!! !!! !!!



4. don't lie. this is the most important thing. it will help you get better. tell them exactly what is going on, it will help your treatment immensely.

3. don't stress about the outside world. you have a social worker to help you take care of that. I know it is incredibly hard to not be stressed and have cabin fever and feel claustrophobic and wonder when you're going to get out, but you will.

2. go to group. As stupid as it sounds or as basic as you think it might be, parts are helpful.

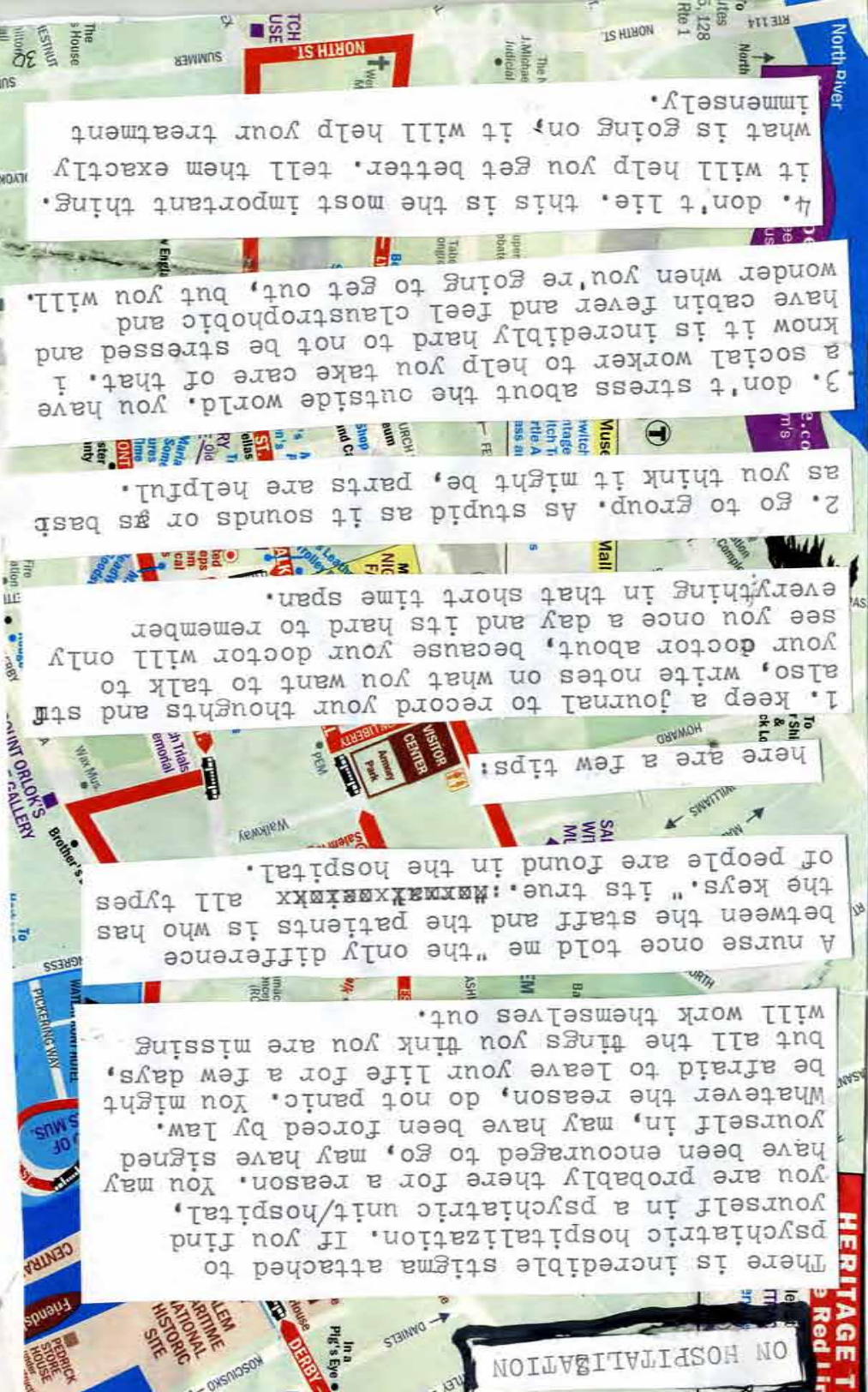
1. keep a journal to record your thoughts and stuff also, write notes on what you want to talk to your doctor about, because your doctor will only see you once a day and its hard to remember everything in that short time span.

here are a few tips:

A nurse once told me "the only difference between the staff and the patients is who has the keys." its true. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ all types of people are found in the hospital.

There is incredible stigma attached to psychiatric hospitalization. If you find yourself in a psychiatric unit/hospital, you are probably there for a reason. You may have been encouraged to go, may have signed yourself in, may have been forced by law. Whatever the reason, do not panic. You might be afraid to leave your life for a few days, but all the things you think you are missing will work themselves out.

ON HOSPITALIZATION



# HEAL

MENTALLY,

PHYSICALLY

## TALK:

therapists, parents, family, your journal, friends. talk about what triggers you, how you can deal, how you got to where you are, how they can help. this is hard stuff and will take time and is not going to be easy, but at some point you will have to do it, so start if you can. support systems are SO SO important, they save you when you go into crisis mode.

## CREATE

you can use your intense energy on art, writing, poetry, music. get it out. release things you've been holding on to through being creative.

## PREPARE

CRISIS is gonna happen at some point. make yourself self a safety plan, telling you what you can do to help yourself. places to go, music to soothe you,

etcetera. also tell your friends, give them copies then they will know what to do and how they can help when shit gets bad.

## SCAR CARE TIPS:

-time. you just have to let yourself heal.

-sunscreen. always.

-i've heard that aloe is good. in my experience the best thing for shrinking scars is a silicone gel sheeting. put it on right after the injury has started to heal, and keep it covered tight.

this girl said, about nonfiction  
"i'm not going to write about how shitty my life is this time."

this isn't about shitty or good or bad or wonderful or futile.

it is about validation.

## the beginning

room

yellow, crisp green

victorian mirror gone headboard, etched and damaged and strewn with old flowers, found by the window.

cardboard painted bugbeings

golden slippers, a couch, a bed.

the feeble crawling of these arms  
over a keyboard - sluggish ants with no aim

life is plans-cancelled these days,  
sun, english muffins,

content in  
black

we are all tangled, webbing a knot  
that cannot be undone

i didn't realize  
how quickly we'd  
unwind

A NOTE ON STITCHES

the idea of getting stitches is scary, but if you suspect you need them, go to the ER or clinic.

they aren't going to commit you to the psych unit unless something really severe is going on. you will probably go in, wait a long time, get stitched up, and talk to a psychiatrist about what you will do after you leave the hospital. security will probably hang around don't worry about that, its protocol. REMEMBER: if they want to give your info (medical, etc) to outside sources, you can request that they don't. it is your right to keep your

medical records private, if you need this means you can tell them not to notify the school, etc. if you are underage, you will probably have to talk to your parents and/or find some other support.

NOTE ON COLLEGE: it is wise to not go to the school

medical center because colleges often see students w/ SI problems as liabilities, meaning they might try to make you take a leave of absence or something. in a lot of cases, this may be a good idea, but in my experience, it is better to go to a public hospital, get the stitches, and then figure out what you want to do about school and whether or not you want to tell them or not.

FINALLY, don't lie to the doctors about what happened, they need to know all the info to give you the care you need. you can say something along the lines of "I am a cutter/SI'er" if you don't know what to say. remember, it is their job to help you and be non-judgmental.

Remember. Your most important ally is a SUPPORT SYSTEM.

therapy/friends/family/etc. use it to prevent this from happening/improving again.

ALSO. THIS IN NO WAY ENDORSES OR SUPPORTS CUTTING, AND THERE ARE RESOURCES FOR YOU IN THE BACK. I JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU THE INFO YOU MAY NEED AND QUEL YOUR

hospital fears in case this ever happens to you or a friend.

Johnny are you queer

the idioy of rubber bands and my messy room and impending guilt and making the shopping list and unable to contain the trash that lives here

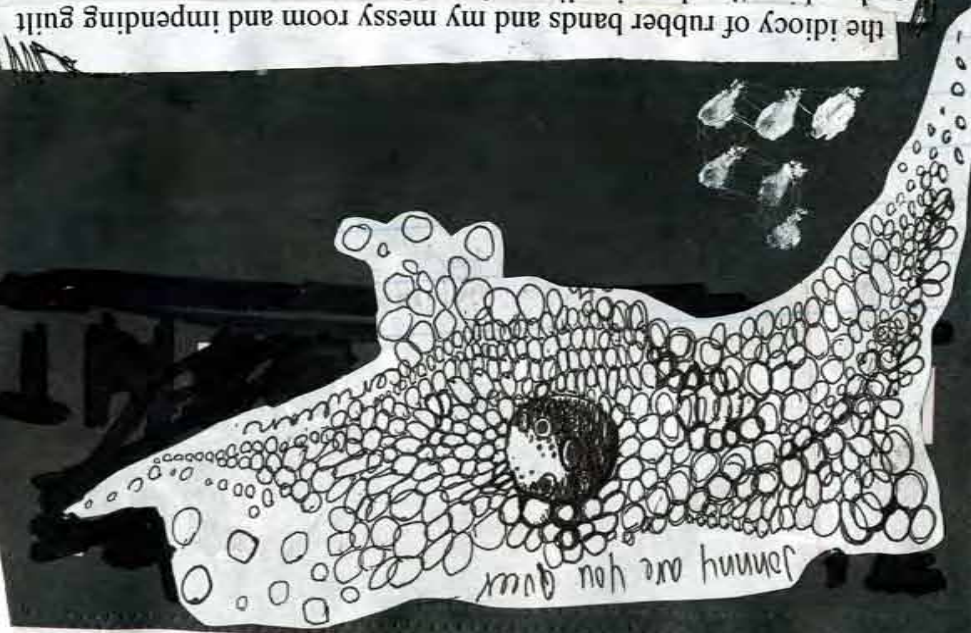
white, stained radiator, the fetus on the wall that irritating turkish accent, not the accent but the speakers moods bitter towards something i cannot rationalize; being close

is false, everlasting is false, relationships are false, we absorb all that is around us rewrite it to speak to us or speak from us

rewired to the self narcissist looking to fulfill desire to fill emptiness

to stand-in for someone that will stand-in for a space continually emptied and filled bunk existence, it's a sham we orient to inconstructable ideas these words, false, wine soothes.

to stand-in for someone that will stand-in



# things you can do

1. chew on ice
2. wash your hands with veryh hot or very cold water (not scalding)
- 3.. take a shower with the hot or cold water
4. color hard (crayons)
5. go into a different room

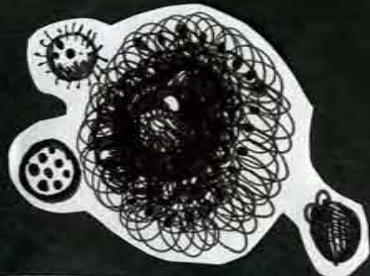
then wait fifteen minutes.  
see if you still want to.  
if you do, try another technique.

7. punch a pillow

8. rip paper apart

9. draw

10. write in your journal



without cutting

# To feel better

# CIGARETTES

cigarettes can smell fresh when smoked by the right person. the time we sat in your room, smoking synthesized opium, falling into deep stupor.

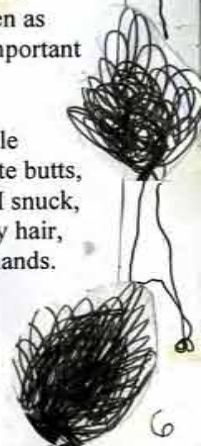


"You reek of cigarettes," she said. Now, back in my room, I understand. That old-paper sort of smell that clings to anything with texture - battered jacket, grey jeans, fur sweatshirt, scarf. The staples of (and practically only items in) my wardrobe. Quickly, I undress, scarf-to-floor, jacket-to-bed, sweatshirt-to-couch, pants-to-ankles. My eyes meander the linoleum, looking for clothing - anything - clean. Jeans and an ugly sweater. Fine. I scan for Febreze. There - light blue nozzle, hidden behind stacked paper. Jacket in one hand, I attack: spray after spray of sickeningly clean chemicals. I sniff the jacket - worse. The juxtaposition of smells - clean and dirty, soft and hard, delightful and violent. It feels like a bad disguise. A poorly done paint-job. A shoddy cover up.

My mind reels back to his room. His bed, made of sleeping bags, quilts and sheets. The glass table (you have any snow? let's break it in). Silver polished bicycle, ukelele, Coors light beer cans, and some mail. The only constant was smoke, everywhere. It's dark, patchy, scruffy, smell. Clinging to sheets, bed, floor, hair.

I don't mind the taste of cigarettes on someone else but I mind it on me. I open the window and stuff my pants and jacket as close to the screen as possible. It's 30 degrees and I don't care - faked "hygeine" is more important than comfort.

The room was in shadow. He lay there like a child, hair and half-smile peeking out from the smoky, quilty-haze. The ashtray, full of cigarette butts, the windows, wrapped tightly by tapestries. All there was was dark. I snuck, naked, to the bathroom. Navigated my face - smeared mascara, frizzy hair, red, chapped lips, strange, wild, sex-crazed eyes. Urinated, washed hands. Back, through the kitchen, and then the smoke. Crawled in.



My room is getting cold. I shut the window, and shake empty my jacket pockets - keys, wallet, cellphone, little foil condom packets. Place everything on my desk. The smell lingers.

I woke again much later. Still, the light was thin. Unwrapped myself from his body. Found my pants under cans of beer. Bra beneath his pillow. Socks in the crack between the wall. Stroked his hair. I need to go, I said briskly. He nodded. I shut the door softly, walked through the kitchen and down the stairs.

I smell my arm. Cigarettes. My hair. Cigarettes. My breath - most likely cigarettes.

Cigarettes. Their hard, scratchy smell. What all of this boils down to.

All of it. All of us. His alcoholism, psychotic breaks, needs. My void, sensitivity, the foolish hope that things can get better. They can't and they won't and the reason I know this is because of the cigarettes. The lingering smell of those cigarettes. A smell that I cannot wash out or get rid of or easily cover. A smell I cannot scrub clean. A smell I can't adopt because it isn't mine, and a boy I cannot save because he isn't yet himself.

I lay the jacket on my desk, gently. Reopen the window, gently. Light incense, let my smoke mingle with his. And then, all of it, out the window, into the cold, spinning and dissipating and devolving into clear air.

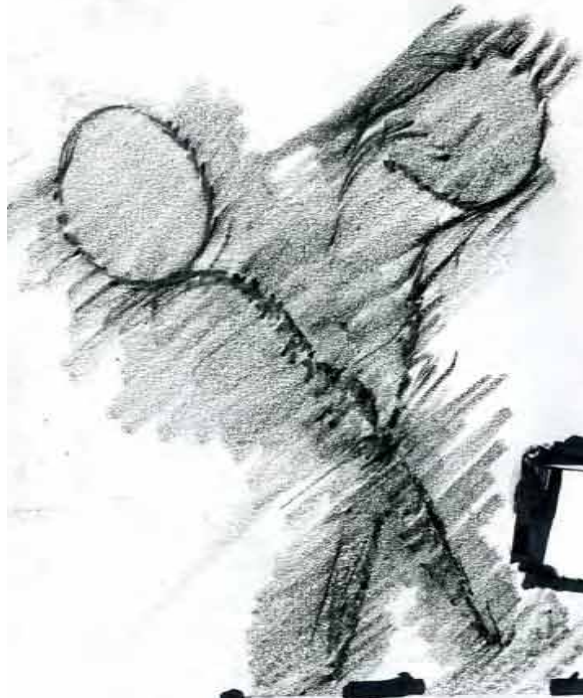


what follows is  
a small resource guide on cutting.

and self injury  
in general.

it isn't exhaustive and everyone  
is different, but these are small  
things that have helped me, maybe  
they can help you too.

there is also a bit  
on mental illness.





i am cast of receipts  
pizza, tampons, felt-tip pens  
pinned to the wall for write-off  
grey print fading

cut one, cut two, cut three  
(small laceration, 11 sutures)  
silvery marks printed to skin  
proof of pain

receipts gone missing (invoice four through nine)  
2 beers, 3 mixed drinks, a cramped room.  
the slippery fog, shivering as  
you stich, hidden, into me

shredding my  
receipts, my  
self, i've gone  
cold shimmers  
an aural nature.

you

are

lighter

than

down on

wings

(i learned to speak  
when i stopped  
apologizing)

everything, everyone, all  
has been up and down lately. the mirror is  
stabilizing, though. there was this moment.

when i sucked into myself and forgot all of my  
memory.

this moment is

taps types stops goes stays no's.

sometimes i think about the way this city has  
shrouded itself in words, the "creative capital"  
providence, etc. what i see:

alcohol and bars. beers and boys. riding your  
bike down the sidewalk and jeers, hot hard cement  
when the seasons change. i see gum on the sidewalk,  
the cement has kept me company from day one, a  
slight breeze flickers through the window and i'm  
reminded of the outdoors.

in providence, i sleep with people twice my age  
and tend to those years younger.

inprovidence, i watch dysfunctional relationships  
turn sour, renew, i see people moving in circles  
as they turn down the same bridge, the same road,  
the same thursday of every week.

in providence, the air never seems clean but it  
never seems dirty, i'm at an in-between here.

this is the place of holding, the place where i've  
stood stagnant, with others.

i'm moving soon and it scares me. i've finally  
nested into this

workplace too  
and i'm leaving too soon.

provi  
dence

TAKE 1 TABLET BY MOUTH TWICE A DAY

I couldn't cry so I threw more things. I looked in the mirror. Saw the pathetic, fucked up thing I had become. Looked into the eyes and tried to gauge whether they were mine. Hated every inch of that thing goopy sploicy beige thing in the mirror, whatever it was. Punched it, the glass didn't really crack. Punched again, red spots swam to my knuckles. Once more, there - a small crack, gave up, ripped the mirror off the door and threw it onto the ground. It lay, destroyed, on the floor. Physical proof of my inabilities.

Stomped on it. Tried to cry, couldn't. Everything was racing and I couldn't deal with it. Snatched for pieces, and, little tug after little

tug, sliced my arm all the way down. Neat little parallel lines. Next to the various burn marks and scars, old and new. The blood welled like my stomach and dropped out, I didn't care but did, so so much.

I sat on the bed, quiet. Channeled energy from my body into the world around me: into the blood that stained my bedsheets, the shards of mirror that littered the floor, the depressing music on repeat, the air, which felt heavy. I was as still as possible. Perhaps I could disappear. The moment where everything I had done and did and people had done to me came out in a big surge of emptiness, like the static on a television: uncomfortable, awful, full of nothing. I stayed there for a while, still, invisible, I'm not sure how long.

He came home and saw what I had done and wrapped up my arms and cleaned up the mirror and turned off the music and put me to bed and lay next to me, quiet, not talking, just being as close as possible and I was be wrapped in him, tucked tightly, his chin was soft and nestled in my shoulder nook and it was awful but he somehow made it okay.

bodies are politicized as fuck.

where did your body lie last night

they ask, sneakily

an object too big too small perfect, disproportionate a lie that I see in the mirror bodies are made of goop on the inside, sometimes they feel like goop on the outside, mucous membranes are the strangest things.



Keep Out of Reach of Children For faster relief, phone in 24 hours

# ASTORY

The green and white capsules still leave a bitter taste in my throat.

There was a lot of time - long, uninterrupted time. Sleep was in hiding, I was exiled to reality twenty four hours a day. I would lay there, in the cool room, folded into his limbs, tossing. Redoing the structure that we were, always - in movement, in thought. I'd feel every turn or twitch, his breath on my cheek, that moment when his arms would relax and he'd breathe regularly. Often, they wouldn't. He would clutch at me like something about to be blown away, even when his eyelids were smooth and his breath was heavy and I could see the sun coming up. I always wondered whether his closed eyes were lies.

At the time, I was fragile. Unpredictably fragile. I decided to go to a party. To socialize without drinking. To, in their words "have fun." Minutes there, and I almost cried. I couldn't do it: this, bright lights, people speaking to me, slapping on a smile and hearing people laugh. I couldn't do: it, life, anything. I left for home, the cement was firm under my feet. I trusted the cement - it was solid, stable, textured, and would always bruise me when I fell. I heard my feet, saw the dull, yellow streetlights, choked in air. I concentrated on blocking everything out but the cement.

Are you okay? He had asked.

Yeah, I'm just going home, I nodded, fear welling up in my stomach.

Home, my feet carried me to the green door. The keys, out and open, a click, my insides felt like they were going to spill out and I didn't care. Eyes, seared into the position of self-hate. I went to the stash. Chugged vodka. Climbed the stairs to my room. Sat on the bed. Felt static. Turned on "Climbing up the walls" by radiohead. Lay down. Attempted to sleep. Couldn't. Stopped caring. Sat up, grabbed a glass, threw it across the room. It cracked in half, I threw the plate it had stood on.



how sweet the way you drape it cover it hold it

how awful the way you tear at it, wound it,  
leave it out to dry



F\*cked Like That

we throb in tempered shivers  
I, pintucked,  
a tidy ball of limbs.  
these closing gasps  
what is within us?  
your thighs are pale  
your hat, white and striped  
a laundry list to nowhere.

on me for days that slow relaxed feeling  
and knowing that you aren't  
going to go away and each time  
you asked "is this okay?" no matter  
how obvious it was, people like you  
are thrilling and wonderful  
and good.

that are good times too like that time you wrapped  
me up in warmth and that place up near where the fence  
met plywood and red and orange and old walls  
surrounding we gasped and once shored next to  
the iron posts on the bedframe that were brisces  
on me for days that slow relaxed feeling

ps: you were choking me the entire time  
we were doing these things.

a rubber band that snapped your neck from his  
words called you back the glass screen  
reflects my face each way



sometimes everything is  
clear and fresh, the clean air  
of my eyes.  
I wish moments like  
this one  
happened more often.

H  
A  
E

THE THING IS

i woke without memory that morning. it lasted a brief second. it was glorious.

to be nothing and know nothing about myself but memories of last night teased its way into me

"why did you put your pants back on you stupid bitch."

the music that i now despise echoing, there is this weird shock that occurs as it all hits but it doesn't, the thing i don't understand is how you weren't the last.

they call it frozen bunny syndrome, or at least she does, when you wait there, lying as still as possible, barely breathing, waiting for it to be over, you can't say yes or no or anything you just wait, it is something that happens more often than i'd like it to. but when it happens it isn't happening because i'm not, like the moment without memory, but this time without body.

i'm always afraid once people leave. playing guys off like jokes, "oh, yeah, slept with another one, : stupid sarcasm.

turning into a self-named slut because you can't handle the thought of being violated.

THE AMBIGUOUS ONES

- the one who strangled the girl in the meantime
- the one who left that one time she said no
- the one who she remembers coming on her stomach but thats all she remembers.
- the one who she tried to stop but he jerked off on her anyway.
- the ones she didn't give a shit about but was too afraid to do anything to stop it.
- the ones who didn't understand the stillness and the lack of noise and the fear in her eyes
- the ones she couldn't quantify or qualify because she couldn't figure out what happened or why or what her role was because she wasn't really in her body anyway.
- and then, the ones who were gentle and kind but still wouldn't stop with that wide eyed, it's natural look.

the ones overpower the good ones, and confuse everything about all of it.

i am just trying to live with ambiguity.

HIGH SCHOOL  
(no pun intended)

the deal is this.

they were my best, we were three stumbling down the streets, we were delinquents of the highest degree.

every day after track she'd give me a ride home in the blue car, the little car that couldn't go over 60 on freeways, or anywhere for that matter. when i wasn't getting a ride from her, we were walking.

or taking group naps. group naps were the staple of us, our people, our crew complete with highs, smoking pot out of apples, always. once we got high and went to play mudslide rugby, it was sort of scary because stoned rugby is the worst because as

someone is coming towards your ankles to wrap and tackle you you can't tell space or distance or time, so we all just tackled joel and rubbed him and everyone else with mud, walking home was hard that day, all wet and high and everything was sticking to my legs. later we had a keg on the mountaintop and all told me i looked like a little mexican girl, and that we were moving the earth as we walked like a treadmill i loved those girls, always driving after the treadmill we made a list in the middle of the field and

burned it. it was a list of people places and things that we needed to get the fuck

over.



SHIT GOT BAD  
SOME JOURNAL SHIT FROM  
YEARS PAST  
For a very long time.

5/30:  
anger, tired-everything-is-buzzing right now.  
sleepy enough not to write, too much to say not  
to write. The wench inside my head is starting  
to provide incessant commentary. It's getting  
worse - she's started to articulate before I even  
begin to write. And then she pokes fun at herself,  
hating herself for her thoughts. And then feels  
holdenpaulfield esque but phony. Then more annoyat  
and anger and loathing. And then I realize that  
the wench is, in fact, me, and I am, in fact a  
tangled ball of self-hate.

8/1  
oh I can't think now I am basically frozen  
my eyes feel like they are falling off it  
is hard to move I just do not want to  
I don't even feel terrible or anything at  
all really.  
well except for terrible I guess  
the pixies are good though I have a sore  
throat way I do want to die  
but not in the intense way  
just in the lets die since we have nothing  
aren't well anyway  
better to do and

8/32  
my hands I cannot rubbing them or whatever my mind  
isn't fucked up yet but is on the verge colors are  
fucked up people are either reddish or greenish,  
this happened at dinner I scratch myself to stay  
same I laid on the field by myself I'm afraid to be  
around people because I feel like I'm about to start  
tripping on shrooms even though I'm not I can't eat  
because the colors of food are wierd and I dont want  
to put them in my mouth my stomach, also tastes are  
wierd and my jaw is clenching

I.  
The snaps of your teeth  
wire my neck, razor,  
the child's momentum,  
Clicking placidly, you're fulfilled  
those easy victories spark my taps

II.  
When you glanced up  
sharply, your  
eye seared an edge  
to my vision.

III.  
Once, in your bed  
the latch broke.  
I slept, a shivering  
mound of blankets.

IV.  
Our crumbling.  
Beating sunlight  
flattens us to paper.  
Good morning, hair screams.  
You shake drunkenly.

V.  
The ropes are soaked  
and fragile,  
my key breaks locks,  
you chloroform the gags.  
We've splintered these  
useless frames.

(For a while,  
I just wanted  
to be saved)

P  
A  
R  
T  
N  
E  
R  
S

# SEX

has good and bad parts is with  
good and bad people is nebulous.

sometimes you lie there waiting  
for it to be over sometimes you  
are excited sometimes you are  
not there at all

has fucked me up but made me  
grow, experiences are our own  
so keep yours close



some ways we are similar



Stop licking yourself  
into my wounds.

i am plate  
slab of bone -  
porcelain, spread  
waiting the shatter.

You smear my thighs.  
I think your saliva  
has knotted my fingers,  
bleached my breasts.

You're deficient  
in understanding.  
Razorwire.  
Burning string.  
Nostril Breath.

what i do like:

to be sleepily entangled.  
soft flesh on flesh  
soft breath on chest  
hip bones smooth yet jutting  
kneading in.

we are packed bread-dough  
warm and rising with the steady fall  
of breath.

i like to be folded, wracked by  
warmth, wrapped by human versus fabric  
burrowing into the pocket beneath your  
chin feeling my back pull inward  
a knot of bodies and drifting into drowsiness

11/7

i feel absolutely motherfucking  
terrible. i hate myself, you which  
is me which is you is such a p.o.s.  
you should fucking ~~die~~ and i know  
that.

11/30

welcome to my chronic existential  
crisis! welcome to a stomach what  
will never shut up! whattheFUCK!  
whattheFUCK! rising INFLECTIN! rising  
INFLECTION!

YEAR NEXT.

2/27

ohmygodi'msotrapped

3/14

i hate fulfilling my prophecies.

currently:

i depress, by the time i figure out that the  
mind wars have started ~~xxx~~ all over again and  
they wont let me get help. i isolate and lose it.  
but i like them because i like to have my full  
faculties of being, but really i just lose the  
external world and am more in my head than  
anywhere else.

this is why i was contemplating the little blue  
veins earlier.

this is what i am. this is what i consider  
to be my most me.  
oh god.  
holy fucke

11/17

i need this shit to go away.  
falling asleep everywhere/thinking of death/  
wanting so badly to cut.  
i am sad. sad sad sad.  
my stomach is fucked up, my body is fucked up,  
its cold out.

I had met you that day and I never saw you again.

you put your pants back on, you stupid bitch

Your words echoed everywhere and the anger on your face, we were alone in the house, the others had left, you tried, I stopped you, you got more angry and brought me out to your car and tried to kiss me heavily to that stupid music I just followed your directions because of what I had seen in your eyes, I wouldn't laugh or cry or do anything, I was a body in the car, under you, in the shitty music, whatever is behind me was somewhere else.

You popped a beer, gave me one, I was thankful for a drink, we hadn't been drinking and I wanted escape, you brought me back upstairs, I followed, I thought we were going to go to sleep but instead you had other plans, I was very upset, you became more angry and went downstairs and played videogames for the rest of the night

I lay there by myself, trying to sleep. "what happened," they asked when they came home.

"he didn't rape me" were the first words out of my mouth, they had tried to call, but my phone was on silent, they tried to tell me about the party, I was in a haze, the next night we all got wasted and I grabbed someone random and made out with him in the bathroom and my friends were scared because they saw wild in my eyes, and then I drank and drank and drank and we all laid in Joe's bed and cried and they hated him too, and then I remembered the part when I asked him why he did what he did and he said "Jesus can fix my mistakes," and how I knew he had done it before and how we lied and how the moonlight was the only thing that meant something to me and that was all.

my body hurt for days

but what you really stung was my mind.

m e n t a l i l l n e s s

THERE WAS A LOT OF SHIT  
medicines hospitals doctors nurses friends  
family, trying to get rid of the shit in my head.

"you are at a borderline  
you've crossed a borderline  
you ARE officially a  
borderline"

Life continues on when you are depressed when you are manic, when you are a certified alcohol and drug abuser when institutions put everything about you into perspective and it is no longer you, it is now us,

DIAGNOSIS: xxx,xxx,xxxx,xxx

Filling in blanks is stupid, I think, blanks change, words change, we move on. Life is all motion, the sunlight dips each second through the window, reflecting into and onto your face ever changing.

people's faces change rapidly even when you're not "mentally ill"

It's easy to get into it, and hard to get out when people won't stop telling you to keep on talking about yourself and thinking about yourself and analyzing yourself, the place that was meant to get you out of your head pulled you further and further into it.

I'd like to take this opportunity to get out of my self-absorbed, nearly narcissistic brain and thank you.

you know who you are, you are the people who have supported me, who have propped me up, who have validated me, who have inspired me who have cared.



## THE THING IS

the thing is i remember the moonlight most of all. shining onto our bodies, pale as light on water. movement happened i followed your lead then you were telling me that we should.

"but we talked about it earlier" i whined. our talk, about god and religion and sex and how i wasn't sure i believed in god but knew i believed in wait-for-the-right person. "when i'm in love," i stupidly told you. you said you would wait for the altar, because you were christian.

i went upstairs holding your hand, your tooth was chipped i thought it was hot. ~~wax~~ i went to use the bathroom, then we went to your room, the big, blue bed.

"i want to make you come" i said, head bobbing. "you're going to have to do more than that," and then you were telling me we should. but you said you would wait til the altar.

so why were we here?  
and why were you insisting?  
and why could i feel you going places, and why was it so sudden and why did i give in and why was i so scared?

i let you, i regret that. the thousand nos meant nothing to you, but that meek-gone-scared-gone-strong-feeling yes did.

the moonlight was very very bright on our bodies then i told you to stop that i was in a lot of pain, you didn't care, really. you didn't

believe that i was hurting until you saw blood in the white creases. i told you to stop, you tried to start again, i said no. you got mad and went downstairs for a while, when you came back up i had put my pants back on, "why did

later you called me a slut  
(but i thought this was all your idea.)

a lot of the time  
i wonder how things got

to be this way.

it doesn't  
really matter

they are what  
they are, i've

lost friends,  
become doped up  
on pills, have  
scars, but  
everyone has  
their story and

we all survive.

I'm thinking about  
how wonderful people i have met are, and how  
so many adventures have been had, stories told  
lives passed through, shedding knowledge on the  
way. being human is hard, and i love you for it.  
your eyes will be dim and bright and everchanging  
and i can't wait to see you when you are clear.

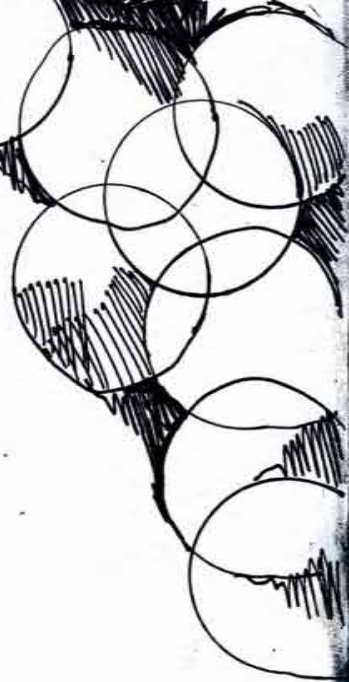
humans are flawed and wonderful and we can't

forget that.

SHIT MIGHT  
GET HEAVY BUT  
KEEP ON KEEPING  
ON.



MON



THIS IS THE PART WHERE THE LITTLE GIRL grows up.