

Fleet Street

“Oh Mama, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry! You know I never meant to hurt you, but you don’t understand, the situation that I put myself in, Mama, you don’t understand! And I can’t speak it because what’s unnecessarily painful should not be spoken. I’ve done bad things Mama, bad things, and I believe I should and will be punished for them, yes, yes I do. I could say and think and fool myself into feeling like it was all a surprise to me, but it wasn’t, I knew, I wanted it, and I got it, and when I did I realized what a dangerous game I was playing and no I don’t want it anymore. You had me slain. Oh Mama, I betrayed you, I betrayed everyone, I betrayed myself. Regardless of what you might think, it’s impossible to really know someone. Turn your back; what’s going on behind your back? I’ve got a knot in my stomach that can’t be untied, an ulcer that gives me pain, pain, just when I’m starting to feel good, and I got nothing to fight it, except to reach my hands in the air and say ‘I’m sorry! I’m so sorry! I never meant for it to be this way! I never wanted to become what I’ve become!’ Leave yourself unchecked for a while, forget to reverse the roles, just see what happens. You end up on the top of a tall building, on the peak of a mountain, covered in clouds, blind in all directions, and you’re reaching and you’re groping and you’re hoping for something good, you’ve created a fantasy life, an idealized version of who you are and where you are and where you want to be. You tell yourself you don’t care about the people you actually do care about, you tell yourself that you don’t want or need them around, because they’re always around. This is your privilege. My arms were open and I was ready to fall, but no wait a minute, I’m not ready to fall, go back, I’ve got to go back, this isn’t right, cut the cord, go, run!”

Say hello to time. A broken sword hangs over the mantle. Why is that bird flying alone?