

College

Even though the sign on the door
reads Studying: Please Do Not Disturb,
I was asleep
and she knocked loudly anyway.
Even after she saw she had woken me,
she sits at my desk chair
facing my bed and starts
telling me about her day
(even though it is only 9:30 in the morning)
as I lay, covered head to toe in blankets,
my eyes growing heavy every time I blink.
I'll let you get back to bed
she says as she stands, glancing
in the mirror above my desk
and smiling.
But one more thing.
She continues to glance at the reflection
and I secretly plan to cover the glass
with magazine photos, quotes, colorful
drawings
so that the only thing I will see
of myself is my eyes when sitting
and my mouth when standing.
She finishes, leaves, and closes the door
as I close my eyes to sleep
but I can't get comfortable
and after twenty minutes of tossing,
throwing sheets off, on, off again,
I get up and go to work.

Later, when I am actually studying

and realizing that I won't be done in time for
class,
she walks through the office door,
whispering because that's not interrupting me so
much.

How's the studying coming?

Rather slowly...

And she proceeds about her day again.

But I'll let you get back to reading

'cause I'm going to lunch.

She glances around the office

but only white walls stare back.

*But I have to tell you a really funny story
first.*

My sister calls an hour and
seventy pages until class.

Guess what concert I'm going to tonight.

Only my favorite band,
on their last leg of their tour.

Outside, it rains heavily
and doesn't subside when class-time arrives.

So I don't get my pre-class cigarette,
but that's okay
because I'm a bit nauseous as it is.

I've been thinking of dropping a class
since yesterday afternoon,
when I broke down on the benches
outside of the library.

Taking off my glasses, I sobbed openly,
trying to recall the last time I was happy,
and coming up short.

I saw her that night.

How was work?

Fine, I say, not letting myself tell her
of my afternoon.

If she really cares, she'll ask.

Now, less than an hour later,
she is openly ignoring me
as a joke because she's hyper
(and she does that when she's on a sugar
high)

and probably thinks I am, too.

I turn up my music,

even though I know some people are in bed,
and play with my new free pocketknife.

Too dull to cut anything stronger than paper,
the miniature blade doesn't gleam
or twinkle.

I look at my forearm and run
the dull blade over my protruding purple
veins,

over and over again –

no dents or scratches, only numbness.

Even though the sign on the door
reads Go Away Bitch

(and I know she'll think I'm only joking
around)

she knocks loudly,

over the rain pouring outside my open
window,

as I continue to numb myself,

trying to ignore the wetness on my cheeks.

-Anonymous