
Mediocrity

White circular tablet—like the societal illusion of purity covering up the vicious cycles. I don't like this neat compact shape, so I think I'll grind it up and snort it. Like cocaine. False pretenses. I'm up to five of these in one swallow now—water helps them travel, helps them dissolve into my system. My system is not the social system, so they say. Mediocrity is all the same to me—I don't want to be the same. Yeah so I'll grind them up and snort them—I won't take them the normal way. Virgin white— isn't everyone a virgin? Circular just like a wedding band—yes, my marriage to normalcy except there's no hole for my finger—no hole through which to breathe. I guess if I have to be understood I don't have to do it the normal way. All my pills are just the same.

- Catherine Nading