

The Me and The She

By: Adrienne LaValley

I'm a little blue today. Not the Ceylon sapphire blue I'd love to be enveloped in. Royal blue, cerulean blue, turquoise like the ocean or any other variety of azure. The blue that leaves me confused, unsure, and downright loathing of anyone able to plaster a smile on their face. Fuck them. That kind of blue. I think it's a combination of a few things. Turning thirty six, probably never having kids because I'm old and decrepit, not being successful, the world coming to an end, literal evil winning somehow even though it feels like thirteen million New Yorkers should have enough gumption to chew up that evil and spit it back out, disappointing myself on an hourly basis- basically every time I look in the mirror, being jealous of almost everyone, including my own husband, drinking too much, convincing myself eating all the cake was the best idea, feeling the world spin out of control and staring at it on my Facebook feed, watching my dog puke in the backyard and wondering if she's ok, knowing if she was horribly sick I'd probably not be able to afford a hospital stay clearly making me an unfit dog mom, staying home by myself way too much, constantly making plans I can't seem to stick with, starting projects I can't ever seem to finish in a timely manner, if at all, being totally disappointed at who I've become, seeing pictures of myself and being utterly grossed out, knowing I'm too old to go back to auditioning for what I used to audition for, disappointing other people, being sad, missing my dad, disappointing him, feeling groggy, failing at my meditations on a daily basis, acquiring more things I can't afford and never throwing out the old stuff, being too sensitive, not being sensitive enough, failing my garden this year, failing my copywriting program, failing the launch of literally anything of any substance or importance, gossiping too much, eating too much, murdering families of rats in my backyard even though I'm a vegetarian- knowing I'm going straight to hell, disappointing my husband due to being someone completely different than who he married merely a year ago, disappointing myself and certainly my family. Being terrified of staying here and even more terrified of leaving here, missing out on everything, being invited to nothing, being invited to everything, skipping out on everything, frustrating new friends, not picking up the piano fast enough, being positive my husband will cheat on me, or leave me, or both or I will, never escaping the way I want to, being stuck somewhere, watching everyone else's dreams come to fruition all around me, talking over people, not being a good listener, being selfish, narcissistic, being able to sleep for twelve hours a night and not feeling at all rested, not committing to or finishing anything, hating myself, feeling like a twenty year old stuck in an old lady's body, not being attractive enough to anyone really except gross stalkers on Facebook, not understanding that talent and persistence hold so much more weight than anything else, being so boring and

watching other people around me do better and desperately trying to be happy for them, failing at learning another language, failing miserably at my career, feeling grossly depressed- watching myself just waste away, having pissed away the last fifteen years of my life. I guess that's about it. Just those few things.

Should I even bother trying for the good stuff? This is the part where I'm supposed to reverse all that, right? Tell myself I am actually successful. Tell myself I am actually on 'the right path'?

It just doesn't come naturally at all. It hides somewhere in the recesses of my brain and stows itself away for fear of being bullied yet again back to its dark, safe place. It clings onto and desperately protects anything positive it has, which right now looks something like an inexplicable knowledge that she's meant to do something more. Something great. That her brain and her heart will trudge its way out of this. That if she ever needs to be called on she can steel herself for the battle of a lifetime. No problem. That she'd die for goodness. To spread some love to someone else. That she's ready, willing, able and stronger than all of the bullies combined. That she's backed by love and real altruism. Not that fake shit permafrozen on politician's faces. That she wants every kid to know someone loves them. They fucking matter. That she knows exactly what she's doing and to just trust her. That she's biding her time for the perfect moment to save everyone. That she knows what she's worth. That she feels strong in her heart ... somewhere. That she feels beautiful, even with all the lines on her face and the rolls on her body. That beautiful means something entirely different than she was told it did. That someone lied. That she knows how smart she is, she has ideas constantly. That she knows how many people think she's amazing. That she knows her smile makes everything better for some people, the right people. That she knows her dad is with her and cheering her on. He's on her side. That nothing was a mistake, nothing is too late, it's just the perfect time. That bullies never actually win. That her heart is gearing itself up to find the height of its own creativity, it's just been refueling and only now is feeling like it may be safe to peek its head out. That she knew it all along. That if only she could be patient and trust herself that she'd never let her be lonely, frustrated or lost or feel bad about herself for too long. That if she only could bide her time, she would emerge older and stronger like a dragon. That she is her. And she is a warrior. That she will win at the game of life and that she... is the best version of herself anyone could ever want to be. That she is me. That I am her. And that today I'll trust her a little more than I did yesterday. And tomorrow... maybe she'll peek her neck out.