

Clarissa's Rotten Apples

Clarissa died twice. I killed off people frequently. In NY it had become something of a bad habit I'd picked up. It usually happened after I'd hang out with someone too long. That period of sharing space for a couple days straight, when most people wind up saying the same things over and over again. "You have to hear this song! Oh I'm best friends with the drummer!" The songs alright Clarissa, but this is the third time I've heard of Chaz the drummer you're fucking. I'm not gonna claim most people are one dimensional in character, but most are not quite three.

Clarissa and I had met a few years back. We'd gone out to Gatsby's a couple times when he'd lived off the, Lorimer stop, before she'd started only hanging out with 6 ft tall dudes and tattooing her arms whole. We'd laughed about his closet full of only monochrome colors and she'd seemed pretty cool. We hooked up a few times after that, but one weekend I saw a bit too many of her insecurities. I stopped responding to her texts, feeding into her void indefinitely.

When I saw her last week I'd thought it a happy coincidence. It'd been a few years and her thin eyes and sharp face seemed soft and plushy. Like one of those rabbit dolls with a black button nose. Sleep and less snort work can do wonders. We were both watching the new Wes Anderson movie at the quiet theatre on 23rd street. We'd bumped into my old creative writing teacher at the theatre. He was watching some French film with his partner. Clarissa had been in the class too. "How weird is that!" Clarissa kept saying. "The universe must be saying something!" Clarissa asked me about my writing. I said it was all pretty silly. She asked where I was staying these days. She was out in Bushwick. I was crashing with my ex over in Gramercy. My ex was out of town on business. It was fall in NYC, a nice night to just relax and catch up. The kind of night where you go on a last date with someone you thought you could fall in love with, but know it'll probably be the last time you sleep with them.

When we got back to my place we smoked and drank the last of my favorite wine, Chianti Classico. I liked to drink a bottle late at night and get somber and play the piano. We drank it and Clarissa got talky talky, I got a bit somber. She convinced me to let her read one of my short stories. She thought of herself as quite the editor and thoughtful literary critic. She read through it in a couple minutes and said it was great. She compared me to Kafka. I didn't think Clarissa knew much about Kafka though cause she pulled up a picture of Nikola Tesla on her phone. "See! You look like him and write like him! How crazy is that!"

I laughed, mostly at Clarissa's wild eyes and grabby hands. "You need to learn how to take a compliment better!" Clarissa's hand crawling along my leg, making a path from my knee. "I mean, SERIOUSLY, you're, like, really good!" I finished my wine, and let the grey fog settle in. I looked around my ex's studio. I felt Clarissa's fingers, tinkling along my my bodies piano keys and I heard Erik Satie in my head, slow and reminiscing. I was reminded why I hated this city so much. All the people with stone brains and cold feelers and misconceptions of who all the truly great people are; calling millionaires prophets and wandering bums vermin. So I killed her again, wrote her out of my mind, and told her I was going to bed. I wouldn't let Clarissa live a third time.