

When I last saw you, you still rolled your R's. Now you take the stage wearing nothing but pink. You scream nothing and it means something. Your fans love you; you mean the world to them.

I had once told you that you had broken my heart just as you had told me that I had broken yours, but I think it was little more than fantasy. On your fourteenth birthday you swore to me not to lie again, and on your sixteenth we made love for the first and last time. Sickening.

Unspeakable home. Where is your home now? Seattle, New York, Far From Here? You were here and I was there, and you were there and I was here. Sickening. Sick to my stomach.

I had watched these flashes from our shared life: Just flashes, no scenes. You made me want to be a saint or at the very least a better anarchist. And you, have you changed? With fame does there not come absolute creative and social suffocation? You're not famous and neither am I, but your fans love you; you mean the world to them. You're not famous and neither am I, but we can pretend.

I had seen a film where a man was running, and a woman followed. The man had murdered his father, and the woman knew forgiveness. I saw you and I, except it was you who was running, and I floated behind. You had run to this small bar, this small club, and you sat at a small empty table, facing a small dimly lit stage. It lit your face beautifully, as I watched from behind. You ordered a drink and you waited. You waited and I watched and that was eternity.

I did not understand you as well as I hoped I would, I understand that now. When you cried it meant something completely different than when I cried. I didn't understand you then, and I don't understand you now. Sickening. You take the stage wearing nothing but pink and I'm sick to my stomach. I watch you, how breathtaking it is to see your existence be so undeniable. I watch your fans as they scream; you must mean the world to them. You scream nothing and it means everything.

During the summer we had walked to a pond. You had taken some pictures and I wonder if they still exist. You were happier then than you are now, I think. You had promised not to lie, and I thought I had known what that had meant to you. While drowned in homoerotic fantasy you said, "what else can there be if not this?" and I told you I felt sick. I did not run through the park and I did not fall through the ice. I was safe, and so were you.

Two days later and your boyfriend had left you for another man. He never told you about the times that he was molested. You were together for over a year and he had never told you about the times that he was molested. Why was that? Where is he? Is he a performer as well, and if so where is his stage?

You cried. You cried so much without understanding. Did it not matter? Does it still not matter? When you scream nothing and it means something, do you still think of him? When you scream nothing and it means something, do you still think of me? Sickening. Sickeningly selfish.

In one of my first stories there was a bird trapped in my head. This small, stupid bird had flown in my ear and in there he made a nest. I never thought of why the bird was male, despite you being a woman.

Days later and I can't see you anymore, I can only see pink. Is it your reflection? Have you finally drowned in that pond like you said you would during the summer? The years seem inconsequential to a pond, we're still so young: young, worried and worthless. No, that's not true. As you took the stage that night, wearing nothing but pink, screaming nothing and meaning something, I watched your fans as they screamed with you. Your fans loved you that night; you meant the world to them.