

You have sentences. Like the lines of an actor. That's how you say them, ~~anyway~~. You imagine close and complete attention locked at you. A situation within which someone has nowhere to run, no capacity to argue with you, no choice but to hear you and take you seriously. You're the one who has the floor but most importantly, you're always the one who gets the last word. This usually starts with a question. Today's question is,

'What?'

Soon, you're repeating it. You ask it, then you ask again. If the music is loud enough, you can't help but to indulge in speaking out loud.

'What?!'

You're unsatisfied with how you sound, so you keep trying out different ways of saying it.

Asking the same question multiple times over is your way of browsing through different kinds of options but in fact you're browsing because you can't convince yourself, of yourself.

‘What do you want?’

Already completely lost in it.

At a certain point, you’ve easily disregarded who might be hearing you during this episode and what they might be hearing. Because if you did care, you wouldn’t even be doing this in the first place, let alone enjoying it. *Now, would that have been so bad?*

There must have been some people but no one has spoken out so far. Either to spare you the embarrassment or just your feelings. It’s their problem if they don’t have the guts so why would worry?

Not that you would prefer otherwise, of course. You are grateful for the neighborly mercy.

In any case, by now you’ve started shouting, so...

You shout at the mirror:

‘WHAT DID YOU SAY?’

You shout at the walls, you bang on the mattress. ~~There you go!~~

‘WHAT?!’

You have a repertoire.

‘What the FUCK did you just say to me?’

Although, every day has its own line that’s specific to your current mood or to whatever or whoever that you get reminded of, you do have favorites. If you’re in the mood, you let out a whole paragraph. If you’re really eager, you come up with monologues.

Zeynep Günsal

*“The Stronger Ones, The Others and Me”
a.k.a. You’re Batshit Crazy and You Know It, Mama*

‘Say it again!’

If only you lived alone.

‘SAY IT!’

Maybe it was just that you had watched a very heated argument in a random reality show earlier that day and very childishly you took example and it got you heated. Maybe your coffee machine stopped working for no fucking reason. Maybe you saw someone walking down the street who ghosted you and even though you were already over it by now it annoyed you that he didn’t notice you. Maybe there isn’t a reason why you’re irritated but you still are. You really wish you had a strong, valid, justifying reason to be angry right now.

‘You don’t even have anything else to do with your day, do you?’

Unless this time you’re not daydreaming that some guy just cat-called you on the street or something and you’ve kneed him or sucker-punched him and made him bleed and now he’s genuinely scared, you’re doing ‘~~this~~’ again.

‘Just who do you think you are to me?’

Since your starting point is an emotion, it starts as something quite broad. You could be referring to anyone or anything and none of this feels like it’s about anything yet. You certainly have specific references that fly all around your head and a certain energy to your behavior but there’s no address or context.

Zeynep Günsal

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'Huh?'

What you say is primarily a template of something that's going to become either a very generalized, glorious and victorious 'givin' it to 'em straight', 'lettin' 'em know what's up' kind of speech or 'I'm being very honest to you about myself right now and this is my truth and it is the only truth' kind. They are made up of things you either hope someday you will get a chance to say or things you've long lost the chance to. Things you're hopefully not perpetually, but only currently trying to build up the courage to say?

Things you will never be able to say as you're saying them now.

'Just who the fuck do you think you actually are?'

It's someone you want to confront. Maybe it's a group of people. A certain somebody you resent or just your family.

Some days you're well aware who you're supposed to be talking to but mostly you have no idea.

Zeynep Günsal

*"The Stronger Ones, The Others and Me"
a.k.a. You're Batshit Crazy and You Know It, Mama*

'Who even are you?'
'WHO?!'
You've gone too loud.
'WHO ARE YOU?'

You're not rooting for yourself anymore. You don't buy it. The magic's gone and you feel stupid. On one hand, you just do; on the other hand you feel obligated to. Even though what you feel might be truthful in and of itself, it is felt in a purely demonstrative fashion. It is felt for other people to recognize, not you. Despite the fact that there's no one else around. You perfunctorily establish an impromptu cut-and-sawn picture of reality from your side of the story and you believe it. You make up versions of yourself in your mind that are more capable than you and you play them. You detach your ~~emo-tion~~ from yourself and pour all of it inside them.

This is the theatre of your abstraction.

It's sincere, but inherently dishonest. Genuine, yet imitation.

You're so unconvinced of your own validity that you have to acknowledge it over and over again through the fantasy of making someone else acknowledge it.

You acknowledge yourself by pretending to make them acknowledge you.

You hold off on facing yourself by pretending to face others.

You avoid real closure by fantasizing about fictional ones.

You misguide yourself from the one direction to which you should be really addressing the questions.

Go back and reconsider.

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