

The Musings of an Anxiety Ridden Mind High on Marijuana

It's been a fun night. Fun night for sure. Perfect amount- question what was the question.

"What's up?" Look her in the eyes. Look for her pupils dilating.

They aren't going to dilate you fucking moron she wants nothing to do with you.

Oh, shut up. Every time I get high you come back. I dealt with this explosive back and forth tendency I have in therapy. Your shit won't affect me anymore.

Yeah that's right, why am I still going then? You want to *prove* to yourself that you can shut me out? Give me a break. You're pathetic.

"You want another hit?" Her voice is angelic. What do you think you are, a poet?

I'm very high, when the angry voice starts arguing with me I'm pretty far gone. I just like smoking though. Blowing smoke out of my mouth. What do you think it looks cool or something? Such a narcissistic asshole you are.

"You have any cigarettes?" You started smoking because of her you pathetic piece of-no that's wrong I started smoking because of that shitty stressful summer job that paid shit and barely got me through and-no you started smoking because you wanted to impress her somehow. She never even brought it up. She never even *mentioned* it to you. You wanted any and all excuses to even try to get closer to her and when you finally do she rejects-

"Nah, I'm tapped." Empty pack thrown on the ground. "Want to walk to a bodega and grab some?" I'm very comfortable where I am. I get like this when I'm high, I don't want to move at all. Just lay still forever.

Yeah but you wanna get up just to walk with her don't you? Talk to her, try your luck again so she can make up some bullshit again and reject you. You're only going to be friends forever and that tortures you-her hair looks so good tonight. She bleached it. She knew I liked

girls who bleached their hair-she didn't do it for you asshole. You think she'd try and impress you or some nonsense? She couldn't give less of a fuck about you and you know it. She only-

"Sure yeah" She goes looking for her coat. The big fake fur 1920s duchess looking coat. The big fur coat she was wearing on the day we first met and I thought she was a few years older than me and she thought the same of me and it turned out later that we found out we were the same age and like the same things and get along great and-she doesn't love you.

I don't know if you're trying to convince me or something but she doesn't love you. No matter how perfect for each other you think you are she doesn't love you. Think of me as the asshole paranoid side of you or the rational side of you that doesn't strain his neck so he can suffocate in the clouds.

It's hard to stand up.

No matter what you do what you think is supposed to happen won't. This isn't a bullshit story; your life isn't a story for fuck's sake you self-centered-I know it's not a story I know it isn't meant to go a certain way but if I want it to I can make it happen can't I-not when she doesn't. She told you she didn't want that so why can't you just let it go-She didn't outright reject me she just said she didn't want anything at the moment-now you're just looking for loose ends because you hate rejection, you hate when things end, you hate things being concrete. Get over yourself. You had your chance and you lost it.

Outside your dorm room in the dead of night. Pouring rain. Rain dripping from our brows over our eyeballs clouding our vision in a murky darkness mixed with the warped light coming from the flickering street lamps overhead. It was a fun night. I remember you sat close to me when it wasn't necessary. Our legs touched our shoulders touched our heads were centimeters apart. Your arm outstretched with an awful college paper we were supposed to be laughing at.

Eyeballs went right, leftright, leftright, leftright. Words weaved their way around my cone of vision as a moth dances around darkness. Instead pictures of cartoonish scent lines ascended from the tips of your hair and floated hazily into my nostrils and dragged me forward, making my eyes flutter. My heart quickened and quickened quicker at the thought of you thinking about my quickening heart.

Again, my heart quickens. Now there is no medium through which you could notice but it quickens quickly nonetheless. You smile. You look at me with enlarged pupils that I read once means you're looking at that which you love.

"I'll see you around."

"Yeah totally!"

That was it that was it that was it that was it god dammit why. Outstretched hand to help me up. Grab the fake furry arm and look into her eyes. They're dilated but it's dark out moron of course they would be. But they are. There is hope There is no hope. There is no hope. There is NO hope. There IS no hope. There is no HOPE.

"You have your ID." She said.

"No, I left it at home, remember?"

"Right, you think it'll be fine?"

"Of course it will be it's Brooklyn."

"You say that but I feel like we've gotten carded more often in Brooklyn than anywhere else." We got thrown out of a bar last night. Embarrassing

"These are Bodegas though, totally different story. If they don't care enough to let a cat hang out on the counter then well" finish your thought moron.

“Then yeah they probably won’t card.” She was smiling. Genuine or patronizing? Can never tell. You can’t read people in the slightest.

“Let’s go.” Descend the staircase, light stumble from the marijuana but I’ll be okay. She walks ahead of me. I glance at the back of her head as she descends. No, you’re staring at the back of her head. Oh, shut it. I’m done with you. Aren’t you usually gone by now? I’m not that high anymore, you should be gone by now. I’m always here you know that I-

Shut him out. Push him down.

You can’t block me out I’m always here. I’m

Stuff. Him. Out.

She’s opening the door for me.

“Thanks.” My dark side is mumbling. I always have to stuff it down around this time after I smoke. In order to get him to shut up. I can still hear his mumblings from beyond the walls of my conscience but they’re definitely quieting.

We’re walking through the dark streets of suburban Brooklyn. It’s quiet. The yellowish lamplight reminds me of that night where. Well that night.

“You know where the nearest bodega is? I ask, scratching my two-day beard. I need to shave more often. I always think that but my complete lack of motivation in the mornings kills any desire for me to look presentable.

“I mean we’re in Brooklyn. A stone’s throw in any direction.” She mimics an overhand throw in the direction we’re walking then turns and smiles at me. I smile back. Corny. Like some romcom.

“Fair enough, fair enough.” I shove my hands in my pockets. Can’t think of anything interesting to say. I hate these long silences. Those parts of the conversation where neither of you

have anything of particular interest to say so you both just stand next to each other. Except we're walking. I can never tell if these are legitimately awkward silences or we're both just content with not saying anything at the moment. Rather, that she's just content with not saying anything at the moment because clearly I'm not.

"See there? Red awning." Indeed there was a red awning looming in the distance.

"A stone's throw." I say dryly. She laughed.

"A stone's throw." She echoed.

We say no more words and stroll into the store. A vaguely middle-eastern man ran the counter.

"Hello welcome." He said boredly. I've been there, retail job late at night. All the necessary work is done. All you can do is stand at the counter.

"Pack of Marlboro Reds please."

The guy turns around and grabs a pack and starts ringing it up.

"Can I see some ID?" Shit. Neither of us have any. Think fast.

"I'm sorry?" Roll the 'r's, act like you're Italian.

"ID please." He says, making a vaguely rectangular shape with his fingers. I turn to my friend.

"Vuole vedere una carta d'identità..." She looks at me strangely. She doesn't speak Italian of course. Just gotta make it look real. "I uh... do not have any." I fumble through my wallet looking for something that doesn't exist.

"Does she have any?" She's about to speak but I stop her before she can.

“She does not speak English, only Italian...” I’m still drunk and slightly high and can’t tell if my accent is convincing or not—generally it is, but being drunk tends to dampen the quality of whatever talents you have.

“What year were you born in?” The clerk asks. I actually have to think about what year would be twenty-one at this point. Idiot. Who let you out?

“1994.” I say slowly, as if I’m translating it in my head.

“What day?” He holds the pack as if holding it hostage from us.

“April 21st.” My mother’s birthday. Only makes sense.

“Say it again for the camera.” He gestures up. I don’t look up but stare directly into his eyes.

“April 21st 1994.” He pauses.

“Alright.” He finishes ringing us up, takes my money and gives me change and a book of matches. “You should bring your passport or something next time. Where are you two from?”

“Italy, how old must you be to uh... purchase cigarettes?”

“It’s twenty-one here.” He says with a half smile while handing me the pack.

“Oh wow, I’ve been smoking since uh... sixteen years! I will remember ID next time, grazie!”

“Of course my friend, thank you very much.” He waves as we walk out. We step outside and walk a block away before my friend bursts out laughing.

“I can’t believe that worked!” She’s impressed. Did she know I spoke Italian? Did I bust that out of nowhere? Does that make her more impressed? Who knows. God dammit sometimes I wish my dark side was here to call me out on this bullshit that I think.

“It’s a classic move my friend uses, pretend you’re a confused European.” I start to unravel the plastic around the pack and I take two smokes out for me and her. I light my cigarette and she lights hers up against mine. Romantic.

“That was incredible.” She smiles and looks at me. “I didn’t know you spoke Italian.” She takes a long drag off her cigarette. She looks so attractive when she smokes. She didn’t know I spoke Italian.

“Yeah, took it in high school, never thought it would come in handy like that.”

“Well, as handy as any other more useful language would have been.”

“Funny! Make fun of the language of my people like that.” I say with a wry smile. She laughs. We decide to smoke and walk—head back to the party.

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In bed. Drunker. Smoke? Ugh smoked a lot. Ugh. One left. Ugh. Save for morning I’ll be fine. Just want to sleep. Just want her. Nothing but her. For so long. Ugh. Why can’t. Why can’t things just work. Why can’t things be easy.

Check my texts... haven’t spoken to this girl in a while... wonder if she...

Hey how have you been? Sorry I kinda ghosted you there for a bit

She won’t text me back. I’m that asshole who dated her a couple times then stopped talking to her because she was never clear about what she wanted. I tried to be obvious but obviously I failed. She just... I thought I loved her as well. I think I love everybody. Fuck. I fall in love so easily. Too easily. Unless they love me back, then I want nothing to do with them. Then I find some marginal flaw in their appearance or character that I can’t look past because I’m an asshole. Buzz buzz.

Hey who is this?

She deleted my number. And our conversations. Who does that? I don't do that. Am I weirder for not doing that? Does everyone do that? I don't do that. I don't even block people ever. Then again, I don't talk to enough people regularly. Not horny enough to talk to her anymore, especially since she went to the length to delete our conversation from her phone. That's kind of a red flag.

I thought I loved her.

And she.

And she.

Ugh. I fuck everything up.

I'm just. Incompetent.

Ugh.

Ugh.

Sleep.