### Wednesday April 1

#### My Job Interview

It’s remarkable how quickly it happened; such little time and such little input was required for me to develop a flinch reflex to John’s approach. I suppose that makes me smart. A quick learner.

What happened tonight??

I have no idea.

I was sure he was trying to talk me out of this.

But he says he was trying to give me what I wanted.

I see how it’s tricky.

I see how what I’m asking for is equivalent to what I’m asking not for.

He’s just trying things out.

So am I.

He shouldn’t have been so harsh.

But maybe he should have.

I absolutely questioned my commitment to the project

My interpretation of my desires

While i was tied up in his back seat.

I had so many ideas of where he was taking me

I didn’t like any of them

I didn’t feel like he liked me

I didn’t think i was turning him on

I was terrified

And unsure

And powerless

And i asked myself,

Isn’t this what i asked for?

What is he possibly about to do to me that I did not explicitly invite him to do?

Kill me?

Did I push the wrong button?

Did I push the wrong guy?

Did I push my case too hard?

Do I care or do I don’t?  
I don’t know.

I was afraid when he put me down in the middle of the road

It was paved

And it was so close to the busy road

I didn’t understand what was happening

I didn’t want to get run over

I didn’t want to get left out there

I was so cold.

It was only a coincidence that I was so lightly dressed

It was the interview outfit he said i should wear.

He put it down on the dirty asphalt

And his dirty floor that I haven’t cleaned yet

And he told me it wasn’t professional;

That it was like ...

He said he wants to share a life with me???!!!

Why would he say that?

Why would he say that now?

It’s just that i’m asking him for his love

And then during the tenderest part of the sex

When he was kissing me so gently on my legs

(the calf with the marks

From my favorite bread slicer

That I stole when he left

Cause it means more to me)

And that was the most painful part of the sex

And i wonder why

Did it reveal a truth?

Or reveal a lie?

He says i don’t need to save the tab

For the suicide hotline

That didn’t answer

But look at me now.

Only walrus saved me

She meowed and meowed at me not to

But john was sleeping

I’m already alone

He’s already not enough

I’m asking too much

I’m never satisfied.

He told me he wants to share a life with me??

How is that not satisfying to me???

What do I even want?

I want him to stay up all night hitting me until i beg him to stop

And then immediately miss it?

I’m too easy to break

And too easy to fix

Neither state lasts.

I guess that’s adaptable,

But it’s hard to believe in.

I asked him for time to write and process my thoughts

And then wondered why i needed to process them myself

Before sharing with him

I know i’m self reliant

But am i dependent on that?

Is it the best way?

Maybe I’m just using him for things to write about.

What if he offered me all this and more

At the cost that i couldn’t write it down.

Then would the pain be worth it?

Oh...I thought I was looking for relief of pain,

Not addition of pain.

Maybe i’m just looking for addition of stimulus

And my brain is such

And my culture is such

That this seems like the easiest/obvious/best choice.

Define “best,” please.

While you’re at it, also define

Love,

Forever, and

Meaning

I was so scared when he put me down on the road

Was it worth it?

Are these words worth it?

Or the feelings?

Or the thoughts?

Let’s be honest:

I don’t care if anyone reads this

I don’t care if my ”book” gets famous

I just want my life to be something

That I think is worth writing about.

I want things to happen to me

That give me things to think about

And want to remember.

The sweetest thing he said

Was when i asked him

How he’d feel if my book got famous

And he was more known for

His part in my life

Than his own

And he said he wouldn’t mind

Because he would

Just be so happy for me

And proud of me

That my book was a success.

I just really didn’t expect him to say that at all

I didn’t even secretly want it

It surprised me as much as his kick to my head

And it felt as strong

And i promise i don’t know the difference

Between those feelings

One is pain right now that will end soon

And the other is untold possible pain in the future

That i invite in by perceiving these

Feelings as pleasure when

I can clearly see right now

That those gentle kisses on my legs

Hurt just as very much

As the fourth whip on my neck

But not as much

As the second time

He set me down on the street

And taped my eyes

And walked away.

When he put me back in the car after that

I was so afraid.

So afraid

When i heard the door open,

That he was changing his mind again

And would put me back out there

I wanted to fight to stay inside

But i was tied so tight.

My hands were numb

And my ankles were throbbing

And i had no underwear on

Because i wanted to be sexy when he got there

But now the freeway wind was freezing my ass

And i don’t even think he cared.

He said my outfit wasn’t professional;

That it looked like someone

Someone over 40 would wear

Going to some event

Trying to get laid.

Yeah fuck you too.

You’ll be over 40 and you’ll see

You have more power and opportunity than you do now

It’s not something for me to feel ashamed of

Or him to be scared of

But it was a really mean thing to say to me.

After he’d already seen that dress

And told me it was good interview outfit.

And he wouldn’t give me a smoke

Or a drink

Or talk to me.

Or tell me where we were going

I noticed that the ride was taking extra long

I noticed because he was smoking a cigarette

And the wind through the open window was freezing my exposed ass and pussy

And i keep thinking we must be almost there,

And which turn is he making now?

And why is he going so fast on these roads?

So I worked myself into an upright position

And i could see we were past his house

We were headed south,

Out of town.

I had asked him

(unfortunately in retrospect, told him)

That i needed to stay home,

But his home would have been good too

But now he was taking me somewhere

I didn’t know,

Unsafe,

And far away and cold and without his protection.

I looked at him for a while through the front seats

I thought how handsome he looked

And strong and determined

And i wondered what he was thinking

And i hoped it was good

But i slowly realized it wasn’t

And then i turned my head into the back seat.

And we drove and we drove

And i was cold and i was cold

And I told him I didn’t even have any shoes on

And he wouldn’t answer me

And i started to think maybe i was in over my head

That I didn’t understand him

That he didn’t understand me

But why should he?

I told him i had no limits

But i also told him i only wanted to do it if was sexy to me

How should he know?

I couldn’t show my submission with position #2

Because of how he had tied me.

My ankles hurt

And my wrists hurt

And i was thirsty

And my lips were dry

And i was so cold

And the ground was rough

And the street was dangerous

And i didn’t know if he cared.

I didn’t know if was paying attention

Or remembering

Or caring.

What if he was incompetent like the rest of them?

What if he didn’t MEAN for me to get run over?

What if he was planning to run me over?

That’s not a sexy way to die.

And I really don’t want him to get in trouble.

Even if he goes overboard,

It’s not his fault.

Our limits are vague.

He’s not a doctor.

He said he’ll research how to be safe,

Like he did before,

And then forgot.

But i really don’t care.

I just want him to recognize

And appreciate my sacrifices.

I don’t like that i’m making him feel bad

When he gives me what i want

Or what he thinks i want.

I’m glad it’s sexy in retrospect.

The train tracks were perfect.

It was what i asked for

It was scary

And real

And painful

And new

And surprising

And i loved the power he was showing me

And the care he showed me after.

But tonight was different.

It wasn’t for me or for him.

Or maybe it was.

He said he won’t do it again

But now he also knows

How to frighten me

For real.

Why does he think i’m trying to make him angry?

I might be trying to incite him, excite him,

Invite him to push his limits

To show him that he doesn’t need to ask me

He can make me

And i want him to

But making him angry isn’t part of that

I don’t want to do that.

I just want to challenge him

And show him how brave i am

And that i’ll withstand anything to bring him pleasure

But if it doesn’t bring him pleasure…

If he’s just doing this for me…

I want to say it’s unnecessary,

That if he wants me,

Just wants me in the regular way

To love and cherish

He can have that from me in an instant.

He’s earned it/me

He seduced me so hard

He’s impressed me so hard

He’s made me reach new apecies trying to impress him.

But…

I thought he needed me to play hard to get

I thought he wouldn’t want me if I wanted him for keeps

And that’s true

We’re all contradictory

But is he saying now he does want me?

That i’ve landed him?

That he sees how valuable i can be to his life?

But will i?

Will I become complacent just like i’m afraid he will over these two months?

Will we keep raising the ante

And say the life i have with you

Isn’t enough for me anymore

I want something

New and different and exciting

Again.

Oh my god i didn’t bring that up.

I told him my fantasy,

My dark fantasy,

About him forcing me to wait tied up in his house

While he goes out to seduce another girl

Which i know he can

And would do it not so much to impress me

(which it does)

But to satisfy his desire for new pussy

Which mine no longer is.

I tell him,

And i believe,

That those experiences will only make him want me more

Appreciate me more,

Sigh and think of them,

“Is that all you’ve got?”

But what if?

What if?

What if one time it’s someone like me, or him, who offers more,

Is better,

And earns him away.

That should be okay.

Why this struggle again?

I love him

I value him

I respect him

I want him to be happy

I want him to be the happiest

But only if it’s because of me.

I don’t want him to be happier without me

I’d want him to be less happy

That’s mean.

I’m mean. And selfish.

No.

I just want impossible assurances.

Opa loved Oma forever.

They had the war

We have the virus

It will bond us forever

Until one of us dies

And leaves the other bereft.

There’s no good end.

No reward for a life well lived

I’ve seen that.

We all die alone

(except those of us lucky enough to find a worthy death partner

Which so far I am not.)

What is he really offering me?????

What am i really offering him???

What do we even have right

Knowledge

Or capability

To offer each other?

I will give you my best

As long as you make me want to.

That’s what I keep saying.

And I tell him exactly how to do it

If only he could read my mind.

I guess i can’t read his.

We just need more practice.

He said he was sorry for tonight.

He admitted that he overreacted.

That he misunderstood my intentions.

That he wouldn’t do it again.

But now I know precisely that he could.

Him doing it and apologizing

Is not proof that he won’t do it.

It’s proof that he will.

Is that what i wanted?

Is that what he was showing me

b/c he thought/knew i wanted that?

I guess i did.

Will he really think it’s sexy in retrospect?

Will I?

I guess I want to be humiliated only on my terms.

It seems like a clear distinction to me.

Only do it if it turns you on

Makes you feel powerful and manly

Expresses the depth of my commitment

Not to make me feel like i don’t please you.

I want to be corrected

I want to be punished

But only because you

Want me to do better

Not because you think i’m against you

Or because you don’t want me

Or because you don’t respect me

Or because i’ve hurt you.

I never mean to hurt you

Unless i’m just childishly

Trying to communicate

That you’ve hurt me.

I usually have such good instincts with him

I know what he wants

(When he asked my why i wanted this position,

When i’d finally won back the chance to interview,

I asked if he meant he wanted to see my presentation.

He asked if my presentation answered that question,

And my secret special mind told me the answer:  
“I want the position because i love you.”

And it was so true

And so right

And so good

And i am so grateful for knowing it

And feeling it)

But now I had no idea how to appease him

I didn’t know why he was so angry

I didn’t know what he was planning

I had so many scary thoughts

But if he was going to kill me

I thought it was okay.

I guess that’s what I’ve asked him for

Essentially.

Save me or kill me.

It’s gotta be you or me.

And if you do it it’s probably a lot more exciting

And a better story

And not so sad

And maybe even sexy

But i’m starting to doubt

That last part.

I thought about all the dirty fantasies I’ve offered

And requested,

And asked myself if I really wanted them.

At least not this way

Not unless we were in on it together.

I just want to have a deal with someone.

Like a contract

That i’ll be your #1

If you’ll be mine.

Why’s that so weird or wrong to want??

I told him that I didn’t think I could compete

With the basic bitches

At their basic bitch skills

So instead of trying and failing

I looked for a different path

And realized that the special kind of guys i like

Appreciate that approach.

So I cultivated that

But maybe i’m still a little sad

That i can’t be a regular lady wife

For a happy good successful guy

Who wants to cuddle his lady

Instead of slap her hard.

Am I afraid my cuddling isn’t good enough?

No no no

That’s not right at all.

No guy has rejected me because I was

Lacking in basic bitch skills.

They’re all happy to pick up my slack;

Cook the food and clean the house.

So what’s wrong?

Why isn’t that good enough?

John is so good.

He could be happy with anyone

(maybeeee)

And I want a good guy like that.

I deserve a deep challenging interesting special guy

But not one of the ineffective-at-life ones.

A functional special guy is really hard to come by.

Plenty of women will love john because he’s so functional

And wouldn’t even notice he’s so special.

He says that i’m 100% the best thing that came

Out of him moving here.

He doesn’t believe that things happen for a reason

Because they don’t

But if they did

We both want to believe we were brought together.

He says he’s afraid he’s going to take me away

From my protected forest

And i’ll either wither

Or hate him.

But where does he want to take me?

What does he offer in exchange?

Yes I’m content here

But am I not asking to be saved??

Does the princess not want to be whisked away to the castle (in Italy)?

But am I really going to keep him happy?

I can’t be disappointed again.

Not again.

(link to Paul coming in second

For the second time

On Big Brother,

Looking down, shaking his head, mouthing over and over,

“Not again. Not again.”

The thing is that it happened for the same fucking reason.

As Julie cuttingly observed

“Always a bridesmaid, never a bride.”

Bc he did the same thing again

He betrayed people

And then didn’t own up to it.

What am i doing again?  
What am i going to do again to make john realize

I’m not as good as

Initially presented?

Am I overconfident?

I told him I think I’m smarter than him

He said he doesn’t think i’m smarter than him

I don’t want him to think that

But i want him to think he has to compete

And of course we can both excel at different things

But i just want him to be impressed by how smart i am

And also show that he really is smarter

But i’m the smartest closest a girl could get.

Am I misrepresenting myself?

Am I a bait and switch?  
I never said I wasn’t high maintenance

I’m a high performance girl

And guys are supposed to love tinkering

To get the settings just right.

Later, after the presentation,

I gave him my final argument:

I kneeled on the ground in position #2

And presented my bare openings to him

And offered me and them with my whole heart

Because I knew that’s what he wanted.

And I did that freely even after he’d

Almost just left me in the road.

He said he tied me with my hands in front

Instead of behind

So i could get out of them

But i couldn’t have.

I couldn’t have anyway.

But i did appreciate that he wore his nice dress shoes

And didn’t kick me with them.

But i’m afraid it’s not enough.

He’s been loved before

I’ve loved before

It’s never been him and me.

I tried to be so honest with myself

For him

And i told him that all i wanted was to

Believe i was special

And for someone i believed in

To affirm it.

And he didn’t.

He just said nothing.

Maybe he was falling asleep.

Maybe was unimpressed by claim that i’m smarter than all the computers

So i had to backtrack

I had to rely on myself again

I said nevermind

I don’t need you to tell me i’m special

I already believe it

And i’m just offering to share that with you

And if you don’t recognize that as a fucking special gift

Then off with you.

But maybe he doesn’t want to always feel

Like he’s so lucky to have me.

Just barely worthy of me.

But that’s how i want to feel about him.

I want to feel so so so lucky to have him

(and I do

If i do)

Even if it means him reaffirming

That he can win plenty of girls

Even if stings me a lot

Like i told him it would

Why don’t people care about my pain?

When I tell them how to save me from it,

They do the opposite.

If i say

“Please do not do this.

It will hurt me.

I do not want this.

This is exactly the worst thing you could do to me.”  
They do it.

With little to no fanfare.

And if I say,

“I’m in pain,

And i don’t think i can take it,

And i would love for you to save me,

By doing this.”

And they don’t.

In both cases they pretend not to notice what they’ve done.

Why did he ask why i was kicking my feet?

I don’t know if i’m in more pain now

Or less.

At least it’s something to think about

And not the virus.

I ensured that our contract included a disfigurement clause

--it’s not included with chromic pain or disability--

It’s allowed

--and i hope he recognized, welcomed--

Because if something is important,

Don’t you want something to remember it by?

Some evidence?

TIme heals all wounds, but slowly, and maybe not for the best.

My back really hurts.

I don’t know if it’s from how i was tied

Or being hit

Or lying on my stomach typing.

Certainly bolth.

He said he feels he ought not

To ask me about michael.

I want our relationship to be about us

And not michael

But he’s part of me

My past and my present

As much as i want to forget

The pain will resurface

Like sean has lately.

Maybe I wait to grieve one love

Until after the next one has ended.

Thank god for John, though.

He has protected my heart from michael

As much as one could

If it weren’t for him,

If i had been left all alone,

I couldn't have lived with it.

It breaks my heart that Michael could.

Would he be sorry now,

If he saw what alternative I’ve chosen?

How bereft he’s left me

That this is what i need to be satisfied?

It’s not their fault.

I’m not in my right mind.

It’s no one’s job to save me.

But then why do I keep wanting the job of saving them?

I told John I couldn’t bear to be a failed muse again.

I can’t let him down.

He can’t let me down.

When I was in the car,

I really did question my commitment

Can I really prove my conjecture?

I don’t know...no one ever knows

But I believe I can

And I’m going to try until I can’t

Or he doesn’t want me to anymore.

I don’t know how this all happened.

So many things at once

Such a complicated recipe

So unlikely

So unexpected

So good or so bad?

Why do I always have to decide that??

Can’t it just be?

Don’t I like things that happen

Instead of things that don’t happen?

Well I don’t know.

Maybe I’m sick of things happening

And I want to pick one last thing to happen

And then not have to worry anymore.

John keeps asking

Who’s using whom

And who is taking advantage of the other

But why does it have to be that way?

We’re both vulnerable now.

Why can’t we be saving each other

Instead of using each other?

Because that’s unrealistic?

Because it gives our agency away

And makes us depend on the other?

I promise I didn’t want to get attached to you!!!  
I was happy enough how I was

Maybe like how you were happy enough

But I guess you wanted this

You tried so hard to make me fall in love with you.

Maybe you tried harder because I assured you

It wouldn’t work.

Everyone loves to work their charms

But then you have to deal with the consequences.

I specifically said,

Let’s do this,

“Consequences be damned.”

Okay.

How now to damn them??

I guess I was saying I was

Open to anything?

And so were you?

Are you still?  
Are you more?

Do I want more violence

Or just more love

And more intensity?

Maybe you can show me

Other ways to feel it.

It’s just so immediate

So devoted

So all-encompassing

So finite

So simple (in ways).

Maybe the only reason

I try so hard to convince you i’m so special

Is because i want to make you feel

SO SPECIAL

That of everyone

I picked you.

I’m not satisfied by regular guys

By boring guys

By guys who are easily satisfied by me.

I want to satisfy you,

That my greatest want

But i want to work for it

I don’t want to do it

With one hand tied behind my back

(I mean, I do)

Because I want to show you

That I’m working for you

That I am not trying to placate you

With occasional

Gooey sentiments

Because i know you love them

But i don’t want to do that

Just because you want it

But BECAUSE I know how much you want it

I want you to know

That I really really really really

Mean it

When i do.

I don’t want phone calls that end with

“Love you”  
“Love you too.”

I mean I guess that’s sweet

If that’s your baseline

But then don’t you have to up the ante?

Does the millionth

“I love you”

Mean as much as the first?

More??

I feel alone right now

I wish you were awake with me

Or i were asleep with you

But i also need my alone time

As do you

But it seems a little more alone

Compared to being with you.

I don’t feel alone

Because i’m thinking about you

And how to love you

And how to let you make me happy

And maybe you’ll read this

And you’ll think it’s nice

Or that you understand me more

Or that i understand you more.

I just want us to dig and dive

Until there’s only nakedness

And acceptance

And trust

And some sort of forever peace.

Maybe we’re scared we won’t like each other deep down

Or the mystery will fade

Or the expectations will be unfulfilled

And we will despair again

But have beautiful memories

And not horrible ones

Like you keep saying i’m giving you

Maybe i’m not picking up

On how much you’re trying to give to me.

Here I am telling you that i’m willing to do all kinds of things

To prove to you that I’m here for you

But i’m assuming

That everything you’re doing

Is because it pleases you.

Like the contract says.

My pleasure is serendipitous

Consciousness is a byproduct of entropy

An unconscious consequence

Like stardust

Beautiful

Ephemeral

Meaningless but to those cursed with consciousness

And a perverse need to find meaning.

Maybe the reason I think I’m smarter than you

Is because you seem so capable of

Being happy.

I love that about you,

I admire it,

I want you to teach it to me

But i also think

That no one can be happy

And also insightful enough

To understand

What’s not going on.

This isn’t a good evolutionary trick.

To make us suffer to an untimely death.

I promise you this though.

If you make me pregnant,

I will INSTANTLY

Love that baby more than you

In ways you could never understand

And your dick will become

A filthy abomination

That i don’t want anywhere near

Me and my baby.