

Autobiography, First Draft

For CC

Begin with a tiny white tab of blood pressure medication and a plastic tumbler of cheap chardonnay. Forget what this says about the revolutions you have left on this earth, how you've learned to slow the unbridled bomb of your thump with stinging drink. Glide an old-fashioned fountain pen across a legal pad, which feels like scraping a switchblade across the skin of a mirror. Try to ignore the bellowing blue of your body, that sweet needle twinge in the sweating cave of your back, that pulsing molar, those hard silver prickles in your hair. Pressed against the grime of your window is a night of bite, and you should be lonely. You are alone. You should be blissfully hollowed, an indigo wail. But dripping from the mirror's screeched grooves is just enough life story to keep you mindful of dawn. *I woke up this morning* you write again and again. *I woke up this morning, I woke up this morning, I woke up this morning*, until everyone in the room with you begins to

believe it