

Moka Pot

I try to sleep, and anxiety sets in immediately afterwards. So I *immediately* wake-up. Go into the bathroom, close the window, and check the shower curtain. I look at myself in the mirror. But they persecute me. Their memory is pervasive. And so I avoid them—also for another reason that is beside the point. And yet, I don't have acne—unlike two of my friends, whose faces are disfigured by it. How could I possibly suffer from acne-prone skin, given that I am anorexic? Scrutinizing myself closely: my pupils are two extra drains, added to the one in the sink. Once again, I have sunk.

The night is as lilac as my sheets. Not the color but the shrub. And my youthful face is just as much so, of a ghastly pallor. Every morning, I look like an old 29-year-old actress-whore. I'm the drum—that whore, that's me. Do you know what that means? That I have been ready for an hot and hard pick-me-up—and right away, if possible. As someone hooked on the mix, I need a joint in the evening to sleep. Otherwise, it's insomnia—an absolute void, as stark white as my sheets are lilac. And even with the joint, I rarely sleep for more than one cycle—or maybe two, but the kind where the machine is set to "heavy-duty" when it should be handling wool or silk. As a crossbred addict, I need a spliff in the evening to sleep. I went through this schizophrenia, of which you left me with no trace, no medicine after I'd consumed every last bit. Is it due to trauma? Quite possibly, but I think it's because of the Moon—and that has nothing to do with the washing machine.

Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-aaah! *Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!*

Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-aaah! *Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah-ah!*

As a young woman from the French West Indies living with cyclothymia, my anxiety is a blending of the graduated void of a syringe and the fullness of my arm. I couldn't sleep without it. I mean smoke a pot. You know, as I drift into sleep, I let my urges build. Is it due to a somewhat late adolescent growth spurt? Is it due to trauma? That might be exactly what's needed—just like for everyone else... I don't know! Really, I don't.

If I let those urges rise, then anxiety follows right on its heels. *Ah-ah!*

Ah-ah-ah! Aaah! It seems to me that anxiety is a 29-year-old *Ah-ah!*
Aaah! actress-whore. And that it could be me *Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Aaah!*—say, in thirteen years—since I'm 16.

When I try to sleep, anxiety immediately overwhelms me. Do you know what that means ?

Aaaaah-ah! Mhm... Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Aaaaah-ah-mhm... Ah-ah! Ah-aa-ah!

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.