

I Can't Make It...

I was fragile during recurring flashbacks. A bit of a softie, very "girly"!

For example, once Jose confided in me.

Or was this just another ruse, a trick to lure me back despite the divorce? Yet another way to torment me—much as he had spent far too long harassing me.

I cannot seem to formulate a clear thought on this subject.

But one night—if I remember correctly—while I was guiding him toward the exit of my ass, Jose spat on my neck!

So let's say that Jose confessed.

Jose confessed to me via text message that, having long been fatphobic, he had found in me a kind of turning point—a moment of redemption, or perhaps a "conversion," I can no longer recall—and as I read this message (which I deleted, just like the others), I found myself hearing him say it in that lilting yet inherently melancholic voice, with the very accent that had once captivated me.

Another voice immediately joined the initial flow of my thoughts—thoughts that were more akin to a dream than to any genuine, considered reasoning.

"Don't be such a wimpy panty waste," I told myself instantly, in a flash of thought.

"Don't be so lacking in character!"

Three years after regaining his freedom—a period during which he never once came to visit the two little ones—I still find myself thinking about his antics: honestly, who has ever seen a crustacean on a leash!

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