

You're So Hard To Tell The Truth To by Jess Del Balzo

Kid,

What did I tell you about mixing around with her type? Ever since you've been had, you've had this look on your face like you just can't believe anyone would ever steal an umbrella from you. I'll bet you wish you hadn't told her it was raining now, huh?

Kid, she could be anywhere by now—around the corner or down the hall or halfway across some ocean or other. You know how those impolite angels can be, and this place is full of them. They're even worse than those kids with the nonprescription glasses and sugar pills wondering where their motherfucking free lunch is and how long they have left until the next bill arrives.

Lasso all the oracles you want while you still can. One day your knees will start talking to you. They'll ask you how it feels to be a relic and why they should make it easy on you anyway. We're not built to be indestructible forever, you know.

It's just that I had such high hopes for you, thought you could really make something of yourself if you'd just go outside a little more often. Desire burns blue like a disease in the bones. How it spreads, this cancer of highway robbery. Some of us are left with just a bag of big ideas on a cord around our necks, a fistful of blurry phone numbers, but I thought you could actually do something with yours.

I'm not trying to tell you what you should do; I'm just telling you that you should do something if "everything" bothers you this damn much.

Exasperatedly Yours,

Marianne