

# **Bad Mistakes and Good Intentions**

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There's only so many apologies I can make in advance.

## Introduction

I have long been enamored with black and white situations. Particularly when it comes to relationships. I love this kind of storytelling because it gives me a second of clarity; a hero to root for, a villain to jeer. In this world everyone is too complicated to be one or the other and picking sides says more about the person picking than the entire situation.

My view of guilt and innocence, in relation to myself, is usually hampered by mental illness and the fact there currently isn't an accountability scale used to determine just how in control of yourself you are at any given time forever leaves me to question exactly how responsible I am for most of what I do. The occasion that inspired this book is no different. For all I have discerned, I have come to the conclusion that it was fucked, I was fucked, and I'm using entirely too many different definitions of the word "fuck" in one sentence.

I present what you are about to read as the utterly complicated truth of living with bipolar disorder. In the chapbook I am at times neither likable nor relatable. Although I have done so in the past, in this book I won't congratulate myself for putting my experiences into words so grotesquely pointed that my most common response at open mics is nervous laughter. Mental illness can rob you of many abilities but one I have never seemed to possess is a functioning filter.

In the end, my goal for writing this chapbook was selfish. I wrote in order to cope with my own illness and what happened as a result of it with no thought to the person who inspired the work. Since its completion I am still hypomanic, I am still single, I am still using poor coping skills to deal with the episode I'm experiencing, and have no reassuring sentiment about personal growth to convince readers there was some greater purpose to what transpired.

I began this work with an apology and, truly, I am sorry for what I have done. However, I have been hurting others long enough to know apologies are painfully inept and forgiveness is a limited resource. It's been said the road to hell is paved with good intentions. I have enough to build a path to Satan's doorstep.

## Company

it didn't make sense to the point where  
trying to make it make sense became a part-time job  
there was no explaining the need to fuck and fuck again  
as if it was more important than breathing

I needed someone to fuck me until I couldn't see straight  
the hypomania/bipolar/hypersexuality cocktail was the very finest  
neat, no ice, and I wasn't about or able to argue with the sole demand  
my body and mind screamed for in stereo  
so when he presented himself, naked and assured  
I didn't question my good fortune

I was a predator in a rabbit hole where I should have been  
prey  
I would have been prey had I not been here before and learned  
these tunnels and morphed into the kind of animal who ruthlessly  
does whatever is required to meet needs, even at the expense of others  
I invited him to fuck me and he said he loved me  
I chorused back the admission because I adore telling  
people I love them and saying it feels so soft in my throat  
he fell down the rabbit hole with me when the last thing I needed  
was company

## Choke

he asked if he could choke me or I told him he could  
I don't remember how the conversation started  
I just remember him wrapping his fingers around my neck  
and choking me as if he was trying to kill me  
it occurred to me that he didn't know the correct way  
to choke someone when you're in bed with them and actually  
don't want them to die, but then, who really does without study  
or a teacher or an experienced friend who occasionally puts both of your feet  
above  
your head and fucks you until orgasm?

I promised to fuck him every day while part of my brain  
informed me that I actually didn't want to do that  
part of my brain was telling me I was too deep into this rabbit hole  
to know what I was promising and I certainly wasn't likely  
to fulfill that promise, but who needs that part of your brain  
when someone is willing to call you a dirty slut and slap your ass  
so hard it leaves a mark?

I saw us in the mirror, a reflection of my form above his  
and something was off, not just the fact that I wasn't a skinny blonde  
with augmented breasts looking at the camera and feigning pleasure  
there was something unnatural about me on top of him and seeing the  
reflection of me riding him as if I had no sense  
stunned me in my hypomanic trance  
I didn't like the look of things  
when I saw my wide hips and encompassing thighs

but, really, who needs any of your brain when all you want is throbbing

skin in yours and all you need is the feeling of his weight above you  
and the crushing presence of his body?  
your brain is nothing when it comes to the haze of sex  
the mirror did not convince me otherwise  
I wanted him to fuck me and that's what I got, despite all of the voices  
in my head that disagreed  
and none of the sense I love to claim I have  
(I really do, I promise)

I wanted to fog that mirror and live out every fantasy I could with  
his hands pulling my hair, but feeling the blood being cut off  
from my brain made it clear to me; it wasn't going to happen with him

## Lost

there's always one tiny problem  
it has short hair  
it wears my dresses like it owns them  
it pours out of my mouth like acid  
mixed with alcohol  
one tiny problem

I would apologize for it again  
if only I hadn't done so a million times  
before; like a broken record no one can  
figure out how to turn off  
as if anything was being accomplished by it  
there was only one problem  
and it bore my name

I had gotten lost in my own madness  
I lost control somewhere along the way  
and there is never a clear distinction  
between what I am responsible for and  
what I'm not  
if I could list the ways I fucked up,  
I would do so happily, instead of  
living in limbo, not knowing if I did  
what's right, what's wrong, or just  
plain couldn't tell the fucking difference

there's only one problem and it rears  
its head to remind me of the limitations  
it places in my life, the issues that spring

eternal from its grab bag of symptoms  
I let my insanity carry me through  
a relationship  
and then I let it say yes to his proposal

## Doubts

the conversation started out, "I'm having some doubts"  
the conversation ended with, "I need to break up with him"  
I sat there, letting every negativity that had been building up  
loose like mouthy teenagers who hate everything for no discernible reason  
I let it loose and let it fly and suddenly I was describing the  
most mismatched person I had ever been with while touching my  
engagement ring; albatross around my finger

I had done it, I had gone too far, I had made a promise I couldn't keep  
and now, purging it from me was the only thing I could think of doing

I knew it would hurt him and I didn't want that  
but somehow freeing myself required me to hurt him and when the fantasy is  
over and the bubble truly bursts, there is nothing but hurt left to  
swim in like an ocean of deflated dreams and popped balloons  
I didn't want to hurt him and he pressed me for reasons I couldn't  
divulge

I wanted to protect him from the truth, when the truth was a horrible beast  
I knew would gnaw him in two and devour the pieces  
I told him it was compatibility issues, which was accurate, but  
insufficient

I wanted to spout pop culture phrases at him  
"irreconcilable differences"  
"conscious uncoupling"  
"it's not you, it's me"

but it was me, it was me, sick and dangerous with feelings I never should  
have explored, it was me, but I didn't think he would listen at this point

he wanted facts and data and details and outlines and I had nothing

to give

I have long accepted that I make very little sense, can't control myself

at all times, and live walking a line between worlds,

neither of which I truly

fit in

but him? he wanted logic

I had none to give

and he was hurt and I was sorry

## Casual Destruction

this was the most casual destruction of a human being I had ever witnessed  
including the way YouTube videos of murders are lazily  
shared on Facebook

I wanted to say, "whoops", shrug a bit, and then go to sleep without his snores  
rousing me from my dreams

I wanted the conversation to stop, I wanted the entire breakup to end,  
because I didn't have the energy to put into it and if nothing else,  
that was a sign of just how little my consciousness had been impacted  
the only emotion I felt was guilt, but without any other feelings  
it resounded off the corners of the globe for its hollowness

I was more concerned with how I was feeling the aftermath  
and I couldn't summon the ability to care

I had gone from madly in love to madly out of fucks  
and all of my feelings of remorse were for my own selfish bones

## 8 Hours Later

I knew I wasn't being forceful enough  
I was hedging like the English major I was  
I was mincing words, I was avoiding  
the utterly gelid truth  
I was speaking in circles because of all  
the outcomes  
I didn't want to deal with  
that night,  
it was his inability to take  
the gentlest statements without  
reacting like a crestfallen youngster,  
which I was most afraid of

and then he said it, the familiar words  
tripping off his tongue  
as if he had connected them first

"It makes me wonder if I'm inherently  
unlovable"

does it? does it really?  
that's odd, because that's the exact  
phrasing I used when writing a book  
where I was rejected by a lover and  
came to painful terms with the fact that  
my affection was never going to be  
reciprocated  
and the one thing you should probably  
never do during a breakup with a writer

is quote their own work back to them  
in an effort to make them empathize with you  
because this hadn't been written for him  
or about him or around him or even in the  
same universe as him  
and those words were mine

he started getting dressed at one point  
threatening that he would leave,  
daring me to stop him, all the while detailing  
to me why I should  
I sat on the bed saying nothing, staring at my  
zebra sheets as if they held the answer to  
the universe  
when he dressed completely and I still  
had not done my duty to call him back to  
bed and ease all of his fears  
he threw his hands up in frustration  
didn't I know what part I had to play in this?  
hadn't I gotten the script?  
didn't I know he was the dashing hero  
who I was supposed to hold onto for  
dear life because look what else has crossed  
my path until this point?

he was sure to remind me, as well,  
just how many men had fallen short in the past  
and how many would continue to do so in the  
future if I let him slip through my fingers  
I focused on the zebra sheets just as a Sarah  
Hagi quote pounded through my brain;

"Lord, give me the confidence of a  
mediocre white man"

Lord, give me something

8 hours later I was still convincing him

I wanted to break up

8 hours later, on very little sleep,

my politeness waning, my head throbbing,

I was still assuring him, this is what

I wanted and the prospect of him walking

out of my life forever wasn't a threat

but a welcomed improvement

8 hours later it was over

but then it wasn't

## Unrequited

but hadn't I been here before?  
he's not the first man to love me only to get my total lack of interest  
in return  
he was the fourth in a year and while I was mystified as to what drove  
men to me, I was doubly mystified as to why they were so insistent that  
I became theirs and only theirs  
I wasn't in love with him, maybe I had never been (maybe I had)  
but he was in love unrequited and I had worn those shoes around town for  
entirely  
too long

I felt that not returning love was somehow a wrongdoing  
I felt it when someone didn't return the love I gave to them  
but after being on both sides of the equation, it becomes  
blatantly apparent that the entire situation is fucked  
and there's nothing to do about it other than write books  
about how terrible it is

I didn't want this, but my wishes were secondary to  
reality and no amount of me hoping not to be involved  
amounted to me no longer being involved  
as much as I want to mother, to protect, to be that  
gentle voice, I found myself unable to match their feelings  
and doubly unable to find myself half as invested in them as  
they said they were in me

my guilt and sorrow at the situation seemed all the more ridiculous  
the more I ruminated on it,  
like a riddle I couldn't make sense of

what did my emotions amount to in the face of his pain?

nothing

I felt even worse about that, but what was that other than an attempt to self-soothe with familiar feelings?

I wore my emotions like an ill-fitting dress that dragged everywhere

I walked, collecting every grimy, dirty scrap of self-loathing I could find

it was only a piece of clothing, right? it was something I could cast off

but I couldn't and mindfulness

couldn't save me from the fabric I was drowning in

my self-pity at that point overwhelmed me and what is more selfish than that?

I had broken his heart and disrupted his entire life for months

when it was over, all I could think about was me and my self-preservation

I persevered, that's for sure and I laid rosemary (for remembrance) on his grave

## Damage Control

I infantilized him

I did

I turned him into a child who had no part of his own actions and patted him on the head to say he had no idea what he had gotten himself into when I do nothing but warn non-believers of my utter inability to manage my own life and my constant need for damage control and that wasn't fair

he had read what happened to me when I fell in love with someone and he didn't love me back

he read poetry about himself and our fucking and whatever else was on my mind at the time I sat down at my computer

he knew, he knew all too well who I am and what I do and he claimed he was willing to fight for me, just as I was, and all of the chaos I would inevitably bring

but I can't imagine he expected this

who really would or could or should ever want to?

the clock started ticking the second he kissed me so passionately in the garden of a friend's condo

the clock ticked and ticked and he ran out of time

he was swiftly ushered out of the door he had just been thoroughly welcomed into

and the slam after him echoed off of mountains

## Excavation

he waited until I was out of earshot  
(or maybe he didn't  
that particular detail has been swallowed  
by the void of my limping cognition)  
before telling a friend just how  
poor my decision making skills  
were and how completely I had tried  
to destroy my life with my romantic  
pursuits  
whether he said that in front of me,  
I'm not sure, but if he did, I know I  
didn't care at the time

silly little me, just trying to find love  
in all the wrong places, and there he was,  
my knight in shining armor to come claim  
me for his own so, at long last, my quest  
would finally come to an end

my friend informed him that he was wrong,  
but she didn't seem to understand that  
he was in on the joke, and she was  
supposed to be, too  
empty-headed me, who stumbles through  
relationships with a weak smile  
and no ability to discern good situations  
from bad ones, I was well known for  
my shortcomings and she should have  
laughed along, at my inability to

make good choices

it never occurred to him that he was  
just another one of my poor decisions  
or that he was acting out the same toxic  
behavior I had been conditioned with for  
entirely too long

yes, I have made bad choices with men,  
yes, I have been in situations I regret,  
and have had experiences I never wanted to  
but equating this to my own lack  
of intelligence and forethought is exactly  
what I had been taught to do by so many  
experienced professors

she brought up what he did only later  
(and really? did he think my friend of 15 years  
was going to forget that entire conversation?)  
and I thought nothing of it  
so many people have declared me  
incapable of thinking or caring for myself  
especially when it comes to dating  
and my past has been littered with  
unreported experiences I have stopped  
trying to justify  
what was one more crushing voice to the  
chorus of those convinced I didn't know  
what I was doing and had no right to  
be doing it?

but him? my white knight? the man who  
would shift my success rate into  
unending, dazzling achievement?  
he sat there in judgement of me for all  
the mistakes I made and paid for in  
trauma and misery?  
this brave warrior who was going to save  
me was none other than the same  
belittling fool who told me to be more  
careful when I hadn't committed the crime

I have stacked my mistakes to the  
ceiling and had to dig out paths to get  
from one end of the room to the other  
my good intentions make a poor shovel  
but the one thing I don't need while  
I excavate myself from yet another  
disaster, is someone assuring me  
this endless archaeology is all  
I will ever have

## Three Months

he would tell me forever  
he would sing it in soft, whispered tones into my ear as if forever  
is a concept human beings can manage to operate around  
I never said it back because I don't believe in forever, and, perhaps,  
on some level, I didn't believe in him  
if anything, I believe relationships last for as long as they do and their  
ending is not always a terrible thing to be mourned  
life marches on regardless of your concepts of it and I long decided  
I would not get in its way when it decided to leave me behind  
I tried to explain this to him  
once  
I could see the hurt in his eyes and hear his damaged tone  
he wanted to believe in forever, he needed it  
and I was the awful person taking that away  
so I stopped  
he had his forever  
but it lasted three months

## Disasters I Call Relationships

my emotions about the breakup were completely selfish  
I still had them and they insisted on letting me know just how much  
they wanted to be brooded over, like every other character flaw I find  
sitting on my doorstep  
I returned to the only comforts I knew and when I drank the pain  
away, at least I got to see my feelings melt into glasses of wine  
and my head fog to the point of incoherence  
I had stopped drinking when I was with him, but somehow I doubted  
it was him that had stopped me  
there's an argument for causation and correlation in here somewhere, but  
who really cares?

after his departure I took on a headache that lasted for days and didn't stop  
with any pain reliever I fed it

I drowned myself in Riesling and went to work the next day with no  
hangover

I had tried to bribe fate again for another second chance  
and fate laughed, reminding me of all my previous  
attempts at the disasters I called relationships

I may have survived more engagements than the average Klingon warship,  
but somehow that survival seems hollow  
at times I would have preferred my death over another round of this hopeless  
feeling and even more hopeless attempts at coping

## How Hard I Try

I had given every warning ever needed  
and yet, I felt as if I still hadn't done enough  
because he had loved me, he had fallen, and I had, ultimately,  
been unable to reciprocate

when everything fell apart and I knew I couldn't continue what  
I had started, I ached to both excuse myself for not properly  
warning him and accuse him of ignoring to every caution  
I had ever laid down with blaring sirens and blinding spotlights

you had to know I was the devil, bound in chains I had never forged  
but couldn't break  
you had to know I would do something like this, similar to this,  
familiar to this, part of this  
and yet you walked with your wings tucked in and held my hand  
and assured me I was the most ethereal vision

and I still can't convince you that I'm not  
at first I blamed my lack of communication, after all, how could I not  
have let it slip just how terribly and thoroughly I can and had hurt  
people who had loved me  
but then I started to blame you for not listening to me  
my angel, you walked into hell to retrieve me and refused to see me for  
who I was and what do I have if not who I am?

I'm not sure if I'm mad at you for not seeing the future or not seeing  
the warning signs or not seeing the scars on my naked body that told  
the story of every battle I had fought and sorely lost  
all in search of something I never worked hard enough for

even my anger makes no sense, but why would I need sense when  
nothing else I do is based off of it and it can be heartily stated  
I'm not even sure of what it actually is

I wanted to love you  
I wanted to give you everything you gave me  
but I couldn't and sometimes I wonder, if it would ever be possible  
for me to do that with anyone, let alone you  
I can't be the angel you need me to be, I can't be your heavenly perfection  
I'm bound to hell and one thing that really doesn't matter down here  
is how hard I try

## Overdoses

I've attempted to end my life enough times to have tasted suicide but  
never satisfied the desire  
I should be dead right now, by my own hand, and if the world was logical,  
I probably would be  
but I'm here and I fell in love with you long enough to drag you into  
the madness that has nearly killed me on several occasions  
the madness that stares back at me from mirrors

but love, oh love, the one thing I've been searching for  
the thing I have been dreaming of, since Disney's Sleeping Beauty played  
on the family VCR, love, is another kind of suicide  
I craved this death with the will of mountain movers  
but as hard as I loved and as destructively as I managed  
I never actually died and in some ways, I crave the relief

if something was going to kill me, why not love?  
why not the one thing I put ahead of so much and gained  
so little from?  
why not the emotion that steered my illness, led to more horrible  
decisions than I could ever imagine, and left me sobbing on the floor  
on more than one occasion  
love is something that has never managed to kill me  
but then again, neither have the overdoses

## Love Yourself

Love Yourself advice is the strangest kind of advice  
because it acts as if loving yourself is something you must do now,  
must do tomorrow, and must do at all times or you are failing yourself  
and this failure compounds your already established problem with self-love  
and makes you feel even worse

I can usually muster up the energy to love myself  
I can sometimes manage it even when my brain does things  
I don't agree with and there's no escaping the consequences  
but a lot of the time I don't like myself and see no reason why I should

I doubly do not see a reason why anyone should tell me I need  
to feel otherwise and encourage me to look on bright sides I long dimmed  
and hurried rainbows of technicolor fantasy I am informed I am too old to  
believe in

but in this paradox of loving myself, liking myself, hating myself,  
and harming myself I find this same self hurling insults at me  
and believing them, rehashing the times I have failed, times I have  
done harm, times I have fallen short, and even a scrap of evidence  
is the most damning conviction

and when I get like this, the controversy of not loving oneself and the  
horrible crime against whatever or whomever someone claims it is  
is complete, I wonder what why this love is going to save me when  
so many other kinds of love failed

## Not Giving Up

he said he wasn't giving up on us as if there was an 'us' to  
not give up on

I sat in his car, shaking  
my survival instincts telling me I shouldn't do  
anything to anger him  
(like tell him what I was really feeling)  
when he was driving and in complete control  
of the situation

I sat in silent horror and listened to him cry  
I listened to him tell me about how he been  
writing poetry, as if that was some kind of  
short falling I had pointed out to him or  
something I had taunted him with during the  
8 hour breakup  
something I had ever indicated I wanted  
in a mate

I gave up trying to convince him otherwise  
at this point, his inability to take what I was  
saying seriously was no longer my fault  
I had done enough warning, I had been clear  
enough, there were no more warnings I could  
give that would not be as soundly ignored as their  
predecessors

I gave up, I gave up, I gave it all up

## Picking Sides

I wish someone could have  
stopped me  
you were misinformed  
I was incapable  
but when a force of nature  
heads toward your home  
you're more likely to prepare  
for the worst than  
hope for the best

if I could make an argument  
in this entire situation  
I would still be able to  
counter it and do so with  
evidence and conviction  
I can't pick a side, not  
even mine, because I know  
the barbs I have flung before  
and know there is no  
innocence and no blame  
that is ever absolute

I wish you could have  
stopped me  
I wish you would have  
told me no  
I wish I didn't drag you down  
and make you hurt  
and blame you for

not seeing this sooner  
than the flash it took  
for me to destroy everything  
I built out of thin air  
and wishes

## No Space for Consideration

his hands on my back, her facing me  
I sat, awkward, with a musical toy in my hand as he touched my  
breasts beneath my shirt  
I knew what was going to happen, I had had plenty of time  
to prepare for it, but somehow when it arrived, my confidence  
faltered and I was overcome with anxiety  
I could only play off-tune notes as his hands explored me and she looked on

he was two doors down as this was happening  
fate or chance conspired to place his apartment two doors away from  
a pair of friends who I was now sitting in bed with, already damp,  
waiting for what I knew was going to unfold  
and when it did the last thing on my mind was him or his reaction

she kissed me  
the thoughts that swirled in my head as clothes came off,  
my legs parted, my body responded to each and every touch,  
had only to do with the moment I was locked in, the pleasure  
I was feeling, and the aching need it was filling

driving home, after dressing and hugging and floating on a high  
I had never experienced before, I felt the familiar pang of guilt  
I had hurt someone, I felt nothing from this hurt, and while  
he was sitting alone in his room, I had found my body entwined  
with passion and no space left for consideration

I walked back to the apartment we were supposed to share  
with a tinge of sadness to my step  
but when I couldn't summon the wherewithal needed to turn

my guilt into something productive, I abandoned my thoughts  
of him entirely

I didn't want to think about him

I didn't want to worry about his delicate feelings

my life had moved on; to new experiences and new territory

in the passage of time, all that is former is forgotten

and in that moment, so was he

## Louise Belcher's Dead Eyes

he got me a present

I first heard of this through my roommate as if the information wasn't going to be reported back to me as soon as the Facebook message was marked as read

it was a vinyl Pop figurine for my desk at work

Louise Belcher from Bob's Burgers clutching her Kuchi Kopi,  
her eyes dark and vacant

I pretended not to know I was fully aware of what it was and that it was destined for me when he came over for some reason, I can't recall, and dropped off the Pop while he was there.

at first, there had been a glimmer of excitement about receiving my favorite character's Pop from one of my favorite shows

but as I held it in my hands and saw her plastic face and lifeless expression, I wanted to throw the box at him

exactly what did he think he was accomplishing with this?

were Louise Belcher's dead eyes going to convince me he was the only man for me?

did I now owe him ten dollars worth of affection in exchange for his present?  
was his attention to my details going to be his redemption from the glaringly obvious fact we were not compatible and I would never be happy or satisfied with him?

the simple gift had become loaded with double meanings and that night,  
staring at her

from across the living room, I regretted accepting the gift at all

I didn't want it now

I didn't want it to exist

not with those strings  
not with that meaning behind it  
not with him still thinking he was getting his true love a gift to show the  
depth of his  
feelings which were never going to be reciprocated

Louise never made it to my desk  
she sat on a placemat on the bar for days  
clutching her Kuchi Kopi for dear life in the dark  
she looked so lonely on the bar, I eventually gave her away  
last I saw her, she was sitting in my friends' closet  
she still looked lonely  
especially when I closed the closet door

## Disgusting

you make me feel disgusting  
I long to crawl out of my skin to  
destroy what you have touched  
every hollow cavity inside my body  
wells with aching bile every time  
I think of any aspect of your existence  
the thought of being in the same room  
with you makes me detach my  
consciousness and dizzily float  
towards another plane where you  
are not real and you will not take  
up space in my reality

when any instance of your existence is recalled  
I either am forced to admit to myself  
what a compelling mistake I made or  
others are all too willing to do it for me  
of all the paths my illness has led me down  
with gentle words and soft handholding  
I regret this one the most because I can  
never decide just who is more at fault  
and the indecision fills me with a  
painful uncertainty that lapses back into  
the self-loathing I've become such an  
expert in over the years

I hate you for making me feel like this,  
I loathe every part of your perpetuation  
with every devastating lightning strike

flooding my synapses  
I've lost the ability to see you as a person  
you are now the embodiment of  
each anxiety I carry around in my  
shallow pockets  
you are turning me into the monster  
I have always feared I would become  
all with the most earnest of inquires  
into my t-shirt size

when the final page turns, it will  
never be the decision of who is  
right or who is wrong that  
ends any chance this ever had of  
culminating in friendship  
if your continued permanence in my life  
doesn't destroy me, then I will destroy myself  
over it  
and in the end, if love is doing what is best  
for someone else  
love requires you to hate me so much you never  
speak to me again

## Floor Mats

I lied to him again and again  
I lied to myself just as many times  
I left the truth in a no man's land  
at night with a gun and no ammunition  
and wished it well  
and then, once everything was still,  
and there were no more reasons to lie  
I invented one

I made him up out of bytes and data  
he found my photos and  
pressed Like as if he pressing  
his body against mine  
I met him in my new car,  
with the black floor mats I found  
myself mindlessly staring at  
for most of the encounter  
he asked me what I wanted  
and I lied  
he asked me if I wanted to stop  
and I lied  
he asked me if I was enjoying myself  
and I lied

I had no reason to lie to him  
there was nothing in it for me  
to gain and certainly  
nothing for me to hide  
but somehow the truth

had become a twisted enemy  
and anymore honesty would have  
robbed me of my last bit of  
sense

so I lied like I couldn't stop  
and when it was over and  
I was sitting in a parking space  
in front of the apartment  
sobbing into my new  
steering wheel, the "new car"  
scent clogging my nostrils  
I begged forgiveness for  
every lie that had ever spilled  
from my lips like the blackest  
toxin

if I had asked anyone, him included,  
for forgiven in this situation,  
they probably would have  
granted it  
there was one person  
left and realizing who it was  
just made me sob harder  
of all the people I needed forgiveness  
from, I knew the last person  
who would bestow it  
was me