

AMBER ZABALA

I'm Bored out of my mind

I'm bored out of my mind. With a sour taste of peach rings. That sat on my dresser for a month. I was saving them for a certain occasion. Not a special one just a day I would need them. It's dark in my room. There's no service anywhere. No one to call or text. I can't watch a day in the life of a perfect stranger. I can't even look outside at the trees or houses because of the darkness surrounding them. All that's here is me, and my thoughts. I used to think that was a good place to be. When did I become afraid of that? Constantly seeking out a distraction. The next video to watch the next assignment the next thing I would cook for dinner. Next, next, next. Maybe I knew all along, maybe I let this happen maybe it was on purpose. Maybe I knew that if I ever got time to lay in bed alone I would be disappointed with what revealed itself to me in the dark. The ghosts of the past. The way his hair glowed in the sun that day. The sound of the bathroom door locking, hands shaking in anticipation. The sound of the waves rushing slowly lapping the rocks on the shore. The crackle of a fire that rose into the night sky. The scar on my throat, the click of bicycle gears. Even now I want to stop myself, rip my thumbs off and bury them deep into the heart of the earth where nobody would ever find them or use them again. Kill my only witness to the true matters of my mind, silence them forever. This is wrong. Stop it. Where's my phone? It's in my fucking hands Where's the remote? The power is out Has anyone posted? The power is out Am I packed for tomorrow? No, but the power is out. People pride themselves on being busy, it gives them a sense of importance. They must be doing something big if they're stressed they must be working hard. I want to write a poem that's what this was supposed to be. My rhyme skill was never that good though and poetry doesn't have to rhyme some of the best poems ever created don't but I am even worse at writing something good than I am at rhyming. I need the rhyme to hide the fact I can't really write.

See even now I want to move onto the next thing, I can't ever finish something. I had a ton of ideas running through my head too. A million great parting lines that would make an old lady shed a tear as she sips her evening tea but I never put them down. I never touched the big red button at the top of the rock climbing structure even though my nose was right under it. I'd just come back down. I think deep down I was always aware of my incompetence. I danced on the tightrope between achievement and failure named mediocrity. When I climbed I wanted to see how close I could get to the button, I didn't climb to touch it. Once I knew I could that was enough for me. I take pride in never acting with all my potential because I would hate to give it my all only for everyone to realize I never had much potential all along. I'm going to stop this here because I have no idea where it's going. I gaze out of the window in vain again. All I could see is his face. The way his eyelashes flutter as his eyes scan my face. Up down left right and left again. I've grown very fond of being busy. Too busy to ask how they are, too busy to eat, too busy to take the train, too busy to kiss my brothers and sister goodnight, too busy to write, too busy to sing, too busy to read. It was never personal. That's what I would always tell myself. I knew then but I didn't want to admit it, I suppose I will now. It's like climbing the stone structure again, and looking at the red button. I'm having so much fun, I see how far I've come. I look down at my nana's hand shielding her eyes from the sun. The thing about when you reach a height like that is that everything looks so small. You get the promotion you always wanted, you get into the school of your dreams, you get the house, the car, the label and everything before then either makes the new achievement that much more meaningful or the new achievement makes all the other ones look like nothing. I fall more into the second category, I always secretly loathed every good thing I did. Every compliment every pat on the shoulder every congratulations every smile every tear shed because I knew I would have to come up with something better next time. I hated it. I knew that soon enough whatever I did would mean nothing, and I was allowing it. I was paving a road to run far away only to feel stuck in the same place I started. When you're on the rocks, all you want is the button, to look into its shiny surface victoriously.

It was never the button that caught my eye though. It was the mountains behind me that caught my attention as I looked into the wretched thing. I never enjoyed what was right in front of me, I was too busy thinking about what came next. The rooftops of the houses, the hills, the mountains. The clouds , the blue blanket spread high above the entire amusement park. And after that the sun, the moon, the planets, the heavens. And after that? What about all in the universe that's yet to be discovered by man? What happens when you can't climb any higher? What happens when you've reached every height? Used all your potential? Is that even possible? Do I even want to find out? Maybe that comes into perspective when you hit the button. I can't see that well but I know what ring she's wearing. It's the one with a pink and brown beaded flower. It has a big pearl in the middle, it's missing a couple beads on the band. Such a small thing compared to the big red button staring at me. But I know that ring like the back of my hand. I know she keeps it in a silver box on her dresser next to a kneeling angel with broken wings glued back on. I know it was handmade by a lady, a friend of hers. A creative lady, one who made many creations but none like that ring before, none like any of the other rings she made before. I know this as well as I know that I was never too busy. I saw a dead bird today. There were hundreds of ants climbing on top of it, burying themselves deep into its rotting flesh. I felt sorry for the thing. I could see the bones on its back, it looked so skinny. It had a little yellow on its tail feathers. I kicked some dirt on it as a form of burial and went to an empty classroom. I couldn't stand to look at it. The buzzing of the air conditioner and the stale smell of paper accompanied me as I wandered aimlessly in that room. Humming to myself as I tend to do when I'm alone. I sat down and watched the people go by, the cars pull in and out of the parking lot, listening to the leaves crunch beneath the tires and blow in the wind. I don't know why I'm writing here again. I promised him I would, but he's not here anymore and yet here I am. I suppose that's how promises work.

It wasn't an interesting day today, honestly I don't have much to say. I read about the endless cycle of labor humans are subjected to until death. That was about all I got from the reading, I kept withdrawing into my empty head. "Labor never produces anything but life" Man I love that quote. I don't want to labor anymore. I don't want to think, and go about doing everything in my power to stay alive. I just want to be alive. I want to be still as an old willow tree, standing tall on a grassy hill above a small town. Never wondering about anything, just enjoying the sun and the rain because I exist and that is enough. This is weird, this is not my usual writing style at all. I never write about myself like this. The closest I've gotten to writing about myself is when I write about how I feel towards other people so you get some of me but my words are only servicing their character. They are what makes the poem, not the words I write down. In fact there would be no poem if it wasn't for them. They make me smart, they make me fun, they make me beautiful, they make me kind, they make me patient, they make me a writer but above all they are the reason I'm anything at all. They would argue I already am all those things on my own, but they give me a place to express it. A safe place to put it, soil to pour into day in and day out. An intricate tapestry I add to with each passing day. Silks of orange, some with a burgundy hue, pink, yellow and some with streaks of blue. I don't really know who I am. Sometimes I wish someone would tell me. Tell me something different than the things in my head. Tell me anything. That's a foolish desire, but a fool has nothing if not for his dreams.