Fish Bowl

“Were just two lost souls living in a fish bowl, year after year.”

I thought about that.

I’m already swimming. I didn’t realize I was already drowning.

I hate the water.

I hate the water.

But the water loves me. That is what is so dangerous.

It is not mutual. If it were mutual we would have no problems with each other.

Opposites attract, and the same repel.

The water loves me. I don’t love it back.

It’s a kind of love that borders on the line of hate. Sometimes it gets so blurry, sometimes it gets so infinitesimally small that the two are interchangeable. Love is the same crimson fire as hate and they both love to burn.

I’ve been burning my whole life. Maybe I should go out drowning.

Oh the irony. “Natalie Wood dies by her greatest fear: drowning. Film mega star never to be seen again. Did her husband do it? Was it murder? Suicide?”

I do love to keep them guessing. Knowing all the answers has never been very fun.

I have never been good at acting. I don’t think I have ever acted a day in my life. I never pretended. The hardest thing in the world is to be yourself. I think there is an expiration date on that.

People must realize when its there time to go. I can only be me for so long before there is no such thing. I like how I am now. I am too afraid to wait till I can no longer say that.

Proactive. Yes I am proactive. A pro at being active.

That was nice. I smiled. And it was good. It was natural, genuine, sincere, all of that. It curved on my face. No teeth were flashed. My eyes were closed. That’s how a smile should be. Not for anyone else.

I tried to do it again, and I can’t. Damnit.

You know if you stand here long enough, Nat, you might sober up and who knows what will happen then.

I know I should do something. There has to be one last thing that I know is right.

Ok.

I remember the first time I hugged myself. I was looking at the moon and I thought, “I know that I can always look up into the sky from this window and see that moon. In three days, in one year, in twenty, in fifty, I can always count on it being there”

That made me wonder how many things were out there like that. How many things does a person have that they can without a doubt, indefinitely depend on?

Yourself.

But I remember thinking, that at that time, all I wanted was a hug. Of course you needed someone else for that.

No.

I didn’t.

So I wrapped my arms around my body. It felt good. With a hug and a smile, I feel like I know what the world is all about. A fish knows food and water. I know hugs and smiles. A fish knows sharks and storms. I know people and razors. A fish knows safety and fear. And so do I.

Close your eyes Natalie

And jump. Fall. SPLASH