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I hate cleaning now. Believe it or not I used to really love it. I used to want to clean alot, straightening all the time, perhaps as a good diversion from other things. But now I really hate cleaning. When I have to feel or do something because of someone else I begin to detest it. I can't stand the dust, the dishes, this small kitchen, that ugly picture. You see, it's this big problem-hating to clean but hating why I have to do it even more. So it sits there and finally I give in.

But it isn't just the cleaning or even her; it's so much more. The everydayness, I can't escape it or won't let myself. I'm bored but so afraid of seeming bored. Encased in a calm, I am much more numb than I used to be, yet much how I was when I was young. I've always wanted to be in the eye, dying for the chance to get mixed up in that beligerent storm but too scared to fall. It's hard either place for me. My personality is grained so smoothly, evenly, but I envy that storm's which is rough-edged, uneven yet deeply warm and sensuous underneath.

On a train, all alone, from Le Haute to Paris, I was a storm and for a little while I felt dangerous, threatening and burning with the strength of unpossessable power. It is a stoned memory now but I remember we were meant to be, timeless above all things, together for those moments, and forever in my mind if not his. I was recklessness and I let myself fall. Powerful yet powerless over myself, I gave no thought to where I had been or what I had to look forward to. I didn't care. On that train from Le Haute to Paris, I didn't care about a calm, an equilibrium or even trying to remember his crystal green eyes or the words to an Irish ballad.

I left that train without recourse, or a sign of lament in my eyes. I have a deeper regret now. Broom in hand, storms stored in memories, I feel so cold and alone enclosed in my private warmth.

Anonymous