

A BASTARD & A BAG

you said 100%

funny thing about a hundred —
there ain't much room for doubt.

No fine print.
No fucking asterisk
No "unless he calls me back..."

I took you at your exact word.

~~That was my mistake.~~

Not trusting you —

Thinking fifteen years
meant you'd be ashamed
to lie to my face
~~so comfortably.~~ . . .

You were fucked up on a couch,
ninety minutes coming completely unloads,
telling anybody listening
every fucked up thing he'd done.

"He's crazy."

"He's an asshole."

"I'm never going back again."

You made him the ~~devil~~
when you needed a friend
then made me the ~~demon~~
when you wanted the cycle to start again.

You built the case against him.
I just believed the facts.

~~Well~~, you changed your fucking number
just to get him off your back.

New number. Clean break.

"This time I fucking mean it."

Didn't ~~even~~ make it a month before

you were back around him.

And not just once.

You ~~went~~ back again.

That's what gets me —

One day I'm hearing
every reason why he's fucked,

Next thing I know
you're hanging out with the
reason you changed your fucking
number???

Then somehow I'm suppose to update
just as fast???

You changed your number
you changed your mind
then expect me to change my memory.

Sorry. — Mine still fucking works.

And apparently
it works better than yours —

Cause I remember the facts,
every reason, every expected crack —

~~Ninety minutes building your case~~
~~Ninety seconds taking it all back~~

and I knew.

Something in those messages didn't
sit right with me. Not even a little.

So I gave you an out —

"Wanna meet up to smoke?"

"Nah I'm good"

That's it? Did you know who you
were talking too?

Couldn't even bother trying making the
bullshit believable?? ~~Low effort~~ leads
to a low life...

So I said it straight —

"You're acting suspicious..."

And then you left me
on fucking read.

No explanation, no connection.

No effort.

Guess silence was easier than
committing to a really shitty lie.

And still —

**I GAVE YOU THE BENEFIT
OF THE DOUBT**

Told myself; maybe my gut's wrong.

FUCK THAT —

You feel like shit. Didn't even try ^{to make} it _{fit}.

And that's almost worse —

you didn't think I'd believe you.

You thought I'd fucking permit it.

You bet on all that history
making me doubt myself

Before I doubted you.

And for a minute?

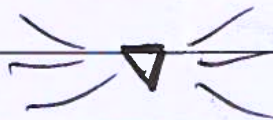
It fucking worked.

BUT NEVER AGAIN

Maybe you deserved every kiss

and grand my boy gave you —

MAYBE HE WAS RIGHT



Then you said it reminded you
of your fucking dad...

~~THAT'S RIGHT~~ —

You saw him in my anger,
but somehow missed me in your
habits.

Running with people
you know you shouldn't
getting high beside them,
lying about where you've been —

You know that fucking story.

~~Well~~, you knew the cast.

You sat across from my sperm
donor, got high with the "man"
himself.

You knew what led to all that shit and
knew what it did to me. It's looking
painfully familiar..

And somehow I'm the callback??

WRONG FUCKING DEADBEAT

To keep on topic:

I already told him
"good luck with the elderly issues"
when his own daughter doesn't want
to be around him

Because I know that story too.

Daughters **act out.**

Daughters **get out.**

Ask me how I fucking know.

So sure —

maybe my anger
reminded you of your father

Your choices reminded me of mine
before we even got there.

Funny how this shit works.

And don't act surprised that I
got fucking petty.

I've been exactly this bitch
since the day that you met me.

You loved it when my ~~teeth~~ were
~~bank~~ into somebody else,

Loved the ~~bite~~, loved the back,
Loved the reason when you
weren't catching ~~hell~~.

Now suddenly I'm vicious
and the ~~teeth~~ are turned your
way.

You knew I was a bitch who ~~bites~~.
You just never thought you'd be the
one to give me plenty to say.

At least when I love mine, I don't
pretend to be brave —

then tuck my tail between my legs
and crawl right back to the
bastard I blame.

Call me petty.

Call me bitter.

Call me every fucking name.

But don't call me ~~two-faced~~.
When you taught me both
in the same fucking day.

You always loved my honesty
when the truth was on your side.

Loved my mouth when it fought your
fights, loved that I never let shit
slide.

I don't even let the words I came
out of look me in the face and lie.

So what the fuck made you think you
somehow had the right??

You loved my honesty, until it had your name.

You handed me the context, then got pissed when I fucking kept it

So quit unpacking everyone else's baggage, simply because you don't want to deal with your own.

Every time the heat lands where it fucking belongs

Suddenly somebody else's business gets dragged into the fucking mess and thrown back in their face just to keep the heat off yours.

The best part? It didn't make you look right. It just made you look like an asshole.

You weren't proving your point —

YOU WERE PROVING MINE

Dragging somebody else through the
shit when they did nothing but
support you through your bullshit
all because you couldn't defend
your own.

Somehow you thought that was a
fucking checkmate?

PATHTIC.

You sacrificed a second person
completely unnecessarily and still
lost the argument.

Fucking embarrassing

You made this personal when you
fucking lied to me.

So this is between you and me.

Stop being a fucking puss just
come and face what you did lead on.

You Wanted truth without
consequences
a friend who'd call out everyone else
with you as the exception.

You didn't value my honesty.
You valued my agreement.

That's a massive difference.

And you loved calling yourself a
girl's girl.

Cute.

I could come to you challenging
and somehow leave
with another addition to the list
of why "men" like him can't be trusted.

I'd get three sentences before his
name started the fault

All complaints, but then you still opted
to go back.

My shit got a minute.

He got the fucking night.

He could run any time with you without even being there.

I told you he brings out the worst in you, and you couldn't stop yourself from scowling at me. Proof?

And I listened.

Like fuck, did I ever listen.

Every fight

Every I'm done.

Every reason that this time was finally the one. —

Meanwhile, I learned to make my problems smaller so I had more room for yours.

or his.

Mostly his.

So spare me the girl's girl shit

You had women in your corner while
you stared straight through them
looking at a "man"
you swore up and down you couldn't
even stand.

He took you for granted

You took us for granted

Maybe the two of you
are more fundamentally the same
than I thought.

Then you started chugging other people's
business into mine.

Reaching for somebody else's choices
like they somehow proved your side.

Except their mess looks nothing like
yours. Far from it.

Different stakes.

Different history.

Different fucking story almost entirely.

You flattened every shade of grey
just to manufacture hypocrisy.

Apples to oranges?

No.

*** APPLES TO ASSHOLES**

And that's where you keep getting
me fucked up:

My loyalty is to the people
who love me.

I'll give them room to think.

Room to doubt

Room to figure their shit out.

I can disagree with their choices
and still stand beside them.

Support doesn't mean I make
anyone's decisions.

But there comes a fucking point
where support stops looking like
patience and starts looking like
watching.

And I will not watch somebody I
platonically love keep getting
hurt just to prove I'm
"supportive". That's bullshit.

When it gets there? Yes—

**I PRESS FOR THE HARD
CHOICES**

Not because I need control.
Not because I need agreement.

Because I fucking care

And don't confuse concern
with me being fucking clueless.

I've seen enough of your fights
with my own fucking eyes.

I know what domestic violence
looks like when it walks into a
room.

I was ~~born~~ close enough to it.

I've ~~lived~~ close enough to it.

I've ~~worked~~ close enough to it.

I don't need you explaining
what I've fucking witnessed.

And don't fucking ~~gaslight~~ me.

I've heard this song before.

~~Fox~~ ~~fake~~ just had the courtesy
to call it what it fucking was.

You spent months pointing at the fire. Then went back inside and started telling me I imagined the smoke.

No.

You can change your mind
You can change your number.
You can change your story.
Everytime you scorecell.

But you don't get to change
my memory.

I've seen enough of your fights
with my own fucking eyes. I don't
need you to explain anything I've
witnessed.

That's not judgement.

That's pattern recognition.

You can't ~~write~~ what I saw.

There's a difference between
giving somebody space to
contemplate their life

and watching somebody run straight
back into a situation they already
told you hurt them.

Don't compare the two.

One needed a friend who could hold
the space. —

You asked for a friend who would
remember the flavours of danger
after you decided to forget it.

And I remembered:

every warning
every never again
every reason you promised

if you're so fucking sure you're
in the right,

Why do you need everybody else who
isn't involved to tell you that you are?

That's not proving anything.

That's deflection
begging for validation

So unless you actually want me to
kick it up another notch and
really make sure it stings like
~~hell~~

SIT THE FUCK DOWN AND LISTEN

Maybe shit will stop catching you by
surprise...

if you stopped treating every warning
like something you can just forget and
talk over.

The movie thing is -

you already asked me to not let this happen again.

After the last one, you told me yourself:

"Don't let me do that again"

I remembered.

I know remembering things is really not your strong suit!

Luckily for you -

I remembered enough for both of us

new man

Same warning signs

Same I'm alone

Same return.

Except somehow - the sequel got fucking
~~WORSE~~

Shit,

you even called him the last one's
fucking name

your mouth caught the pattern before
your brain could do the same.

And when I finally did exactly what
you once asked me to do —

called it what it was, refused to
pretend any of it all was normal —

Suddenly ~~it's~~ the problem.

Mental fucking gymnastics.

You told me to stop you
from repeating yourself,
then punished me
for remembering the assignment.

Maybe forgetting gets convenient when
remembering means admitting.

You recognized the fucking ruin
and still renewed it for another season

That's not bad luck.

That's self-sabotage with a really
good fucking resume!

~~With that resume, you should be able to get a job anywhere.~~

My anger after all the communicating
I did prior had consequences —

HIS GOT EXTENSIONS

Even though he didn't try and
treated you progressively worse than
anyone else I've witnessed interact
with you. Bible.

You always had expensive, yet horrible
taste:

Cheap highs,
bad guys,
good people left to ~~waste~~

And after fifteen years of friendship that extended to include you as family,

you really should've known me better.

You bet on me being stupid.

That was fucking stupid.

YOU GAMBLED WRONG

And when I asked
for my present back —

fuck the present

I wanted my words back.

Because you sat there
reading something so genuine
pulled on to those pages —

every one of words, every bit of
revelation, that you finally walked away.

And you told me

"you're making me cry"

Over what?

The words?

The lie?

Or the guilt already
sitting behind your eyes?

I don't know.

But if it was guilt —

Good.

I HOPE IT'S ETCHED
LIKE A NUCLEAR
SHADOW

Because I meant every word
when I wrote it

But what about you?

A month earlier you put fifteen
years into your own fucking letter

Called me your longest standing friend.

Your most honest.

Thanked me for the excellent support.
Said I was the one who always got you.

Said knowing me was a privilege.

So what happened? - Did you mean it
when you wrote it?

Or did those words only mean
something

While I was telling you what you
wanted to hear?

It feels like you went above and beyond to hurt me.

Because even after alllllllllllll that —

you went back to him, for a fucking present.

A fucking present.

And I wouldn't have even brought up his gifts if you hadn't brought it up first.

You complained about them. Because even when he "bought" something for you, you said verbally "it still felt like it was for him."

~~Oh~~, even the birthday party he threw you felt like more for him than you.

Those were ~~conversations~~ you even agreed were spot on.

Meanwhile,

I spent all this time curating
something that felt like you,

FOR YOU

I listened, remembered the stupid
little things...

Just to make sure you felt celebrated.

His present was still enough to get you
through the door, again.

That's the part I can't make sense of.

Not because the present mattered, but
because apparently everything you've
told me about him didn't matter
enough to fall for the bullshit.

HOPE IT WASN'T WRAPPED IN
2 WEEK OLD **PASTA SAUCE**

Because I meant mine

Every fucking word.

And now I'm left wondering
if yours had an expiration date

the second my honesty stopped being
convenient

The honesty you praised in writing
became the honesty you punished.

Funny how "true, honest friendship"
sounded beautiful in your handwriting

and fucking ~~unbearable~~ when you had
to live by it.

So tell me —

When you wrote all that shit about
what I meant to you, was I
supposed to believe that too?

And then you let me celebrate a
version of you

You already knew
you weren't ~~g~~ fucking choosing.

Every sentence
you let me write
while knowing it wasn't completely true.

Those words were mine

You got them under false pretenses.

So when I wanted it back. —

It wasn't the fucking present.

It was the pride.

It was the relief.

It was the love from fifteen years.

I put behind every line.

I don't want the present back.

I want the past tense.

Keep what I got you.

GIVE ME BACK WHAT I MEANT

And if these words ever make their way to you—

Keep 'em.

Free of charge.

No Tax.

You already paid for the damn gift.—

**CONSIDER THEM THE
ITEMIZED RECEIPT**

\$\$\$

I thought I was fighting for my
best, most precious friend.

Turn out -

**I WAS JUST STANDING
IN LINE**

Behind every ~~excuse~~.
Every ~~lie~~.

~~Every second chance~~
you gave somebody
~~who never deserved it in the first place.~~

You called me your iell-or-elie.

Then gave your iell-or-elie a funeral
to keep ~~you~~ ~~garbage~~ ~~dead~~ ~~-and~~ ~~alive~~.

So what did it cost?

**EVERYONE WHO GAVE
A REMOTE FUCK**

And for what?

Another night.

Another lie.

Another line...

A BASTARD

&

A BAG



All I said, was nothing.

By then, I was stuck
dealing with being in the residual. —

A purgatory —
between unadulterated ~~rage~~
and ~~grief~~ way too fucking deep to reach.

Numb. Saturated.

~~After~~ ~~shock~~.

And what helped snap me out of it

was the fucking hurt they had for me

Because somehow I could stomach
the punches.

Having them explain the hurt it was
doing to them? —

That landed different.

I'd spent so fucking long watching
you hurt yourself

While trying to help you carry the
consequences you kept choosing!

It had never occurred to me,
until that moment
that I had started my own version
of the same cycle you started.

Taking hit after hit —
just because I loved someone
who kept punching me in the gut.

... And there it fucking was.

The irony that writes itself.

Begging you to stop choosing someone
who keeps hurting you —

While the people who love me were watching
me keep choosing the same...

Fuck.

I thought I was watching you
repeat a pattern.

I didn't realize I had been
pulled into one too, because of you.

And maybe I could've kept doing
it to myself. —

But I couldn't keep making the
people who love me keep
watching me do it.

I am choosing to bow out,
remove myself from the
redundancy.

I don't want to be your
pattern,
if it makes it harder on everyone
else.

I don't want to be the version of
you who's okay with this all.

I want to listen, because that's what's right.

You'd pardon the ~~poison~~,
~~punish~~ the ~~cure~~.

You take loving people for granted
because loving people
take longer to leave.

You spent us
like this rare affection could always
grow back.

Like loyalty replenished no matter
which way the ~~knife~~ would thrust

Like history could resist.

You bet fifteen years of loyalty
on me never finding out.

Then when the bet went bad,
you acted like you never even placed it.

Like the problem started
with my reaction,

not the choices
that fucking caused it.

Like the couch never happened.

Like the stories weren't yours.

Like you hadn't directly handled me
every reason to hate him before.

You wanted your choice
without everything
that made it whole.

Wanted to erase the lead-up
and put my reaction on trial.

You didn't lose my loyalty because
I found out.

You gambled it
because you thought I wouldn't

Maybe if you listened
before people were done,

You wouldn't be so fucking surprised
when they are.

~~~~~~~~~

You started removing me  
piece by fucking piece.

And I saw where this was going.

I'm too fucking old  
to communicate through  
followers and friends lists.

Say what you mean or leave me  
the fuck alone.

So I blocked you.

Not because I wanted a reaction  
Not because I wanted you to chase me.

No.

Because I was alone leaving a door  
cracked open

for somebody already  
pushing me out of it.

Being pushed away long enough  
starts feeling like eastward.

So I followed them.

You initiated the goodbye.

I just put a period at the end.

And apparently that's when it got real.

Because once you couldn't reach me,  
you started reaching around me.

Mutual friends.

People who love us both.

People I never asked  
to carry the shit between us.

They made so much room for you  
simply because you mattered to me.

Stuck their necks out  
because I already had mine out first.

And somehow  
you took that for granted too

You mistook borrowed loyalty for  
another endless supply.

**GUILLOTINE.**

So before you start pointing fingers,  
maybe learn how fucking hands work.

For every one you point at us,  
there's three or more ready to  
point back at you.

Trust me — there's plenty that  
could be named. But I don't need to.

You've spent enough time arguing with me, maybe it's time to switch it up and argue with the fucking pattern.

Not everything that hurts you is an attack.

Not everyone who calls you out is suddenly your enemy.

Sometimes people are telling you exactly what's going wrong.

Before it costs you another fucking person.

But you'd have to actively listen while they're still talking.

Because since you have that habit of ignoring every warning

then acting blindsided when consequences finally arrive.

I've never pretended that I  
handled everything perfectly.

I'll carry my part, without regret.

But I will not be carrying yours  
just because you dropped it.

You don't get to leave everything  
before my reaction

because my reaction makes a  
better villain with half-tutts.

And maybe that's what finally  
knocked the fucking wind out of  
me —

I spent time and energy from my  
life

to help you get away from something  
you said was destroying yours.

And you kept on chasing it anyways.

And when you came back in,

you didn't just leave  
all that effort behind.

You turned around  
and put blame  
on the people still standing  
where you asked them to help  
you out.

So no —

I didn't stop caring. I just  
finally understood. —

I could keep chopping everything  
every time you needed an out

but I couldn't want you out  
more than you wanted back in.

And apparently, you were more than  
okay with losing me than losing  
the cycle. And I am worth more than that.

... I ~~require~~ to sit in the front row

can't call that a fucking friendship  
I am ~~NOT~~ a spectator.

Choosing him ~~DOES~~ mean

**LOSING ME**

But didn't rewrite that into some twisted, controlling ultimatum. I never gave you.

I didn't say : him or me  
I repeatedly said : I can't keep fucking doing this.

You were free to make your choice

I was free to stop swimming it with you

They knew me.  
They knew you.

They knew what this friendship meant.

Then they read it:

"... self righteous ..."

"... Bad for my mental health ..."

... incredible.

There were no immediate questions  
for me, as I am not you.

Not disbelief  
that we could fall apart.

Disbelief that after everything,  
that was how you chose to explain me.

Because they watched me show up  
for you. Unconditionally, even when  
I told you this hurt and to please stop.

Again. And again And again  
And again. And again And again  
And again. And again And again  
And again. And again And again  
And again. And again And again  
And again. And again And again

But here's the best part —

I didn't need them to vouch  
for me.

You already did. — You wrote the  
fucking character reference.

before you tried to assassinate  
the character.

I could've spent all night defending  
myself.

Didn't have to.

You already testified for the defense.

oh iak.

Your own words. Your time. Your writing.

Before you knew you'd need a different story.

So when everybody looked stunned,

I didn't have to convince them there were some contradictions.

and my efforts to invest myself in the exit

turned out to be just for your show.

Your choices get context.

Your choices get history.

Explanations.

Mine get a fucking diagnosis of my character.

You had endless context for the person causing the chaos and none for the support person at her breaking point.

Go ahead.

Tell whoever you can yell with ears that  
will listen.

Whatever version that helps you  
sleep through the night.

I wouldn't know.

I wasn't running around checking your  
fucking citations.

I didn't try to make calls.

Didn't try to recruit a jury.

Didn't go looking for people to tell me  
I was right.

I kept my fucking mouth shut.

And those who came, came on their own.

The funny part? They didn't need my  
side. You barely grazed the surface and  
that was enough.

You went back.

You lied about it.

You knew exactly who you were lying to.

Apparently the footnotes weren't even  
fucking necessary.

Because the people who know me,  
know what loyalty means to me.

"Friends" weren't some word  
I threw around when convenient.

Friends became family  
when my family was never fucking there.

You know that better than almost  
anybody.

And here's what you never understood—

People love me enough to extend  
that love to you.

So if you think losing me  
is where this ends —

I wouldn't place another bet

Not because I speak for anyone.

I don't.

But people have eyes and ears.

And some could have seen and heard the  
~~man~~ you left on the neck  
that spent fifteen years  
sticking itself out for you —

How many more do you think will  
jump the gun on volunteering their?

That's the part you should  
probably sit with!

I don't need anyone to pick my side.  
You should enjoy watching what  
happens when they keep picking yours.

So maybe I'm the only one alone.

Maybe I'm not.

**BUT IF I WERE YOU,**  
**I WOULDN'T BET ANOTHER**  
**FRIENDSHIP ON IT**  
and all? **Fuck if we know.**

Seventeen years leaves a lot of wreckage.

Maybe there's something left to salvage.  
Maybe there isn't at all.

But I'm not digging alone just to  
count bodies.

You've placed enough bets. As have I.

Let's see what's still standing  
when the fucking tab comes due.