Like, my first suicide attempt turns 5 this year

A. Anonymous

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2017/iss1/28

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.
Like, my first suicide attempt turns 5 this year // Anonymous

my insurance company requires 90 day prescriptions so now
I have 90 lorazepams, as in, I’m living
between the potential of having died 5 years ago
and death, or something like it, bottled up in my hand;
as in, I could die, but I won’t. I believe this
with a nearly supernatural conviction: my higher power
is my own will to live, or something like it.
after insurance, the lorazepams were less than a penny each.
there is no verb in english that means ‘to receive without effort.’

in my life I have discovered two ways to stop wanting to die.
the first took months and months of intensive psychiatric treatment.
the second was by losing you, but you died and so you’ll never know it.

one wintry morning in your Hudson Valley eco-home
we took vodka shots & then you taught me
the forms of the Greek subjunctive. how the
Greek subjunctive works is that the thematic
vowel lengthens & in that extra space
the word invites in potentiality,
it infuses potentiality within itself.
we weren’t good students and we missed class a lot,
but because of that I have this gift: whenever
I encounter a Greek subjunctive, I’m reminded
of your life. and I will never not have this.
we both wore velvet shirts to the midterm.
this was not intentional, but it could have been.
four weeks before your death, you apologized and I found this strange.

it seemed as if your apology was for your essence, which had never hurt me, and as far as I knew, it had never hurt anybody.

you also said you were at home, in California,
receiving treatment, with effort,
effort of the sort which tinges within a body
until depression settles in, and forces it to stick against the darkness just beneath the skin --
the effort needed to unstick this.

I have 89 lorazepams. I have taken the prescribed dose.
it’s been some time, but lorazepam tolerance never repairs itself entirely, so I will never not have this.

my phone rings.
someone begins to speak.
the tingling in my hands is absent, or something like it.