

## Acceleration: 2

i googled “suicide note” but  
couldn’t come up with a good  
title

a person on the internet told me to fuck off and die

so i tried to, but it didn’t work

so i felt sad for a while and then made myself a sandwich and sat on the curb waiting for the police to show up because i knew someone had already called in the wreck

when the police got there, i told them i had tried to kill myself and then offered to make them sandwiches, and the one asked for tuna salad and the other was fine, thank you, so i opened a can of tuna and used a hot-dog bun because there wasn’t any more sliced bread

i asked them their names, and the one with a sandwich said grmfled and the one without a sandwich said rachel and then she asked me why i had tried to kill myself and i said i didn’t really know, except maybe it was because i had always hated that car because it had been a present from my father when i graduated and he knew i didn’t like red but he got it anyways because he had liked it, and maybe having to drive to work every day thinking about that had just gotten to me, so i drove it into a telephone pole, and then i apologised because it was kind of a thoughtless thing to do, driving it into a telephone pole, and i should’ve driven it into my house instead

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because that wasn't public property that other people depended on, and i asked them if i could pay for the damages and help with the repairs, but rachel said that working on public infrastructure required a permit and she didn't think that would work, so i felt sad again and sat back down on the curb

by this point, grmfled had finished his sandwich and called in to ask where the paramedics were, because they never showed up and he'd noticed that my head was bleeding a lot in the back. i told them i was a little dizzy, and rachel said i was probably in shock and/or concussed and should try not to move too much, and something about her saying that made me feel like throwing up the sandwich, and then i woke up in a hospital and all the lights were too bright and my father was there trying to smile and i said "hey, dad", but he didn't answer, just kept twirling this red pen around with both hands until he dropped it and looked back up at me and then away again like he was scared

i asked him how the house remodelling was going, and then he finally answered and said "oh, it's coming along; we finished the cabinets in the kitchen the other day, your mother stained them all by herself while i wasn't there and almost fell off the ladder"

i asked how he knew she almost fell off if he wasn't there, but he didn't answer like he'd suddenly remembered where he was again and then we both sat there for another 10 minutes until he said "well" and i said "well" and then i started humming that sufjan stevens song to myself, the one that goes "...want to be, well, i want to be..." round and round until you don't know where it starts and ends, and then i tried to remember the name for that sort of linguistic structure, or if there was a name, but my brain wasn't working very well so it just gave up and went back to repeating the words over and over and over silently while my father stood there not looking at me and then i finally i guess must have fallen asleep

i do feel a little better now, except i still have a headache and it feels kind of like i'm floating, or maybe that's just the trees because it's really windy and looking down on them from here it's kind of like looking down at the ocean, the way the leaves are all moving in waves, back and forth like that, and it reminds me of that one time we all went on a cruise together and everyone but me was up in the little theatre watching this magician so

## *Small Sad People*

i was alone, down in the ship's library surrounded by all those books that nobody read and sitting out on the balcony and looking out over the ocean and just getting so lost in it and how it felt like looking into space, or how looking into space should feel but doesn't because the ocean at night is huge and shifting and alive and space is just flat

i accidentally stole one of the books from that library, and i really didn't mean to, just they didn't have any librarian or alarm at the doors or anything because i guess people on a cruise like that don't need to steal anything, so i just walked out while i was reading it and then i was back in my cabin and then it was in my bag and on the way back afterwards, in the car, i realised it was still there and then started to cry and couldn't stop crying and everyone kept asking what was wrong but that just made it worse and i couldn't say anything because sometimes it's really hard to be around people even, because they look at you and smile and like the other day i went to the store to buy groceries and wine and the girl at the counter asked if i needed a bag and i showed her i'd brought my own and then she smiled at me with this smile that was so real, and for that second she really cared about me but i'm really not the person she was caring about, and i'm really not the person anybody wants or needs even when they think that i am and they think that they do

and so yes, i know this isn't really much of a suicide letter, except that my head's still fuzzy and i really don't know what else to say, except maybe you shouldn't have windows that open that wide on a building like this because it probably violates some sort of building code and gives people "dangerous ideas". and also dad, i'm sorry. it's really not your fault, i just don't like red very much

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