

Acceleration: 5

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 there waiting for the police to show up because i knew someone had to have already called in the wreck

when the police got there, i told them i’d 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 that i didn’t know, really, except that maybe it was because i had always hated that car because it had been a present from my father from when i had graduated and he knew that i didn’t like red but still he had bought it anyways because he had liked it and that was what mattered, and maybe just having to drive it to work every day and thinking about that had just had started to get to me after a while, so i drove it into a telephone pole, and then i apologised because it was kind of a thoughtless

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thing to do, the driving it into a telephone pole, and i should've just driven it into my house instead because the house wasn't public property that other people depended on, and i asked them if i could pay for the damage and try to help out with repairs, but rachel said that working on public infrastructure required a permit and that she didn't think that would work, so then i felt sad again and sat back down on the curb

so by this point the other one had finished eating his sandwich and had called in to ask where the paramedics were, because they never showed up and he'd noticed that my head was starting to bleed, or had been bleeding a lot in the back, and i told them i felt a little dizzy and rachel said probably i was in shock and/or concussed and that i should try not to move very 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 of the lights were too bright and my father was there all 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 he looked back up at me and then away again like he was somehow like he was scared, and so 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 she almost fell off the ladder", but how did he know that she almost fell off if he wasn't there? i asked, but he didn't answer, just stared at the floor like he'd suddenly remembered where he was again and then we both sat for another 10 minutes until he said "well" and i said "well" and that stupid red pen just kept spinning and spinning 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 where it's supposed to end, and then i tried to remember the name for that sort of linguistic structure or whatever, or if it even had a name, but my brain wasn't working very well so it just gave up and went back to repeating the words like that over and over and over but silently while my father just stood there not looking at me and fiddling with this pen and then i finally i guess i must have finally fallen asleep

and i do feel kind of a little bit better now after sleeping, except that i still have this headache and it sort of feels like i'm floating, or maybe that's

Small Sad People

just because of the trees because it's really windy and so looking down on them here from up here from out of the window is like looking down at the ocean or something, like the way the leaves are all moving like that in waves like wind, all back and forth, and it reminds me of the time we all went on a cruise together and everyone but me was up on the seventh deck with my cousin in the theatre because she was going to compete on stage in the karaoke contest, and meanwhile i was down alone in the ship's library, sitting in there with all of these books that no one reads, and i was just sitting there and out on the balcony down by the water, like right by the water because the library's so far down, and looking out and over the ocean and just getting somehow so "lost in it all" because of the feeling like i was just staring into space, or you know what i mean, into space like "the universe" and not just staring blankly, but i was staring blankly but that's not how it felt because i was actually seeing it, which is a funny feeling because of how when you're actually looking into space it doesn't feel like you are because it's all just flat, like nothing, and when you see the ocean at night it's all huge and shifting and so alive and more like that feeling of being really alive and, actually infinite than an infinite thing itself

oh god, but then now i'm remembering now that i stole some books from out of that library, like, but i didn't mean to, it was an accident and i really didn't mean to, just they didn't have a librarian or an alarm there by the doors or anything just because i guess that the people who go on a cruise like that, they don't even need to steal anything because they have so much money already, and what even is money though, like what's the point in being some jerk with 2,000 dollars and then spending it all so you can stand there in line on a boat with a hundred other people, all waiting for your tiny little bowls and single-serving boxes of corn pops or raisin bran and walking to the table and you have to step around the woman who's wearing a tropical-print sun dress and is suddenly on the floor in front of you because she feels sea-sick and everyone walks around her like she isn't there and so do you and then you're at the table and you're looking out at the land while it floats past and think of all the people living there and how they're living every day in places where this industry is filling oceans full of boat exhaust and poop, like actual poop that just gets flushed out of the boat, but how they're living in these cities and the cities are just built for tourists

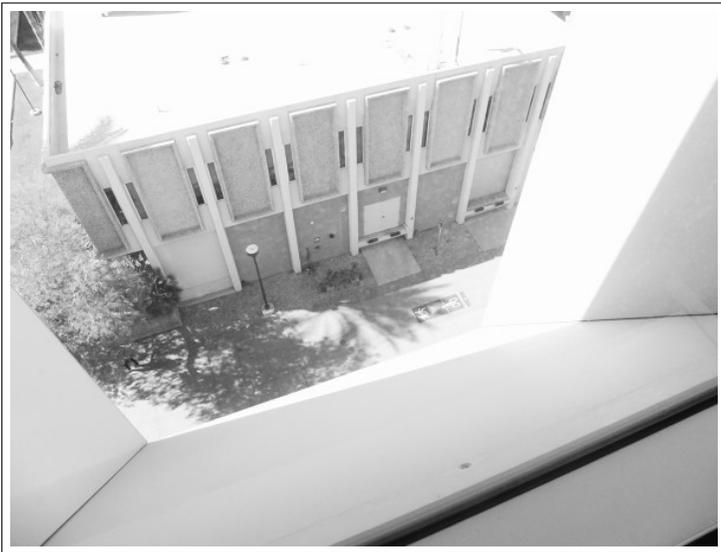
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now, with all these beach houses and señor frog's and men who spent the whole day on the beach to sell you little silver rings or maybe jerseys from a football team, woo go brazil, and in the background now you hear that one family of brits and then their kid who says "oh, a chocolate éclair? isn't that fancy!", and he pronounces it like an "a" as in "ah" and you think "well, this is my life now, and i've spent 2,000 dollars to sit on a boat and to hear this kid get all excited about desert pastries and to sneak out at 2am to fill up on pizza that tastes like cardboard and is served by this lady who looks like she hasn't slept in three days and then go stand on the back balcony and lean out over the water smoking pot from a red-bull can and thinking how jumping in the water might be nice, or really just being anywhere, anywhere, anywhere else that isn't here"

and i really, really didn't mean to steal it, just i was walking out while reading it and then afterwards went to my cabin and so then it was in my bag and on the way back, in the car ride afterwards, i realised it was still there in my bag and then i just started crying and crying and couldn't stop crying and everyone else kept asking what it was that was wrong and i then i was crying even harder and i couldn't say anything because of how sometimes it's just really hard just to be around people even because of the way that they look at you and they smile and like the other day i went to the grocery store to buy groceries and some wine and then on the way out there was this tiny old man who was trying to load his things into his trunk, and i stopped to help and he said that he'd drive me back and i accepted it because of how i'd left the car at home, and then he started to tell me about his grandchildren, and his eyes they just lit up and like he had nothing else in the world that he wanted to talk about but his grandchildren and the way that he smiled at me somehow, it was just too much, too much

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

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