

trying

by Rachel Schollmeier

Webster, give me a word for
the feeling of
sitting on a balcony
reading strangers' obituaries

the reflection in the laptop screen is
somewhat

d i s t o r t e d

change the font and you can change your life!

mike shouts from the upstairs balcony

sure okay mike i'll believe in anything \\
\\

If you are interested in knowing:
mike helped me write my letter of resignation
fixed the typos

got a 36

on his ACT

An excerpt from said letter:

my dear,
I will never see you again probably
we barely scratched the surface
love,
scarface

p.s. attached is my suicide note could you please tell me where

to make
the line
breaks?

(mike tells me that not

EVERYONE is casual about these kind of things)

\\

on another note:

I try not to cry when

-mike pukes on the balcony

-marie sleeps all day

-my hair is not long enough

-the nightmares come back

-I pull my own hair

-I cut myself shaving

- I wake up

-I hear a train horn

and my dog's howl does not

Follow

Me

to the backyard

of the house I grew up in

mike says *you know*

you haven't changed

the font

in a while

(forgive me)

//if you could

please follow me//

We used to race

along the fence

Now we just dig

h o l e s

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