

I'm OK, You're Full of Me - Inner Thoughts In a Session of Group Therapy

Oh! I tell you my friends, I could have reached out and punched her. Right then and she wouldn't have even expected it. A right hook. Listening to her drove me almost to the brink of insanity.

“. . . And like my boyfriend, he's like so rad. So when he hits me, I don't even mind because . . .”

I hated her. I hated everything about her. Her make-up. Her voice.

“And you?” asked the facilitator directing his attention to a sunken shell of a man.

“Me? Oh I loved him,” said the poor man, “so much I thought I could never love another.” Tears began to fall from his eyes and disappear into his mustache. “When we made love he was the most fantastic lover. I can feel his virus flow through my veins, him in me, me in him, giving life by death.” The poor man's voice fell into a whisper as his lips began to move in silence.

Right there, I can tell you, my hatred grew into such a frenzy I could hardly sit still. In fact, I shifted uncomfortably in my seat and for the first time I felt the acute pain in my jaw from chewing my gum so fast. I was in the process of studying the pain when suddenly I felt a sharp jolt in the side of my ribs. I waited a couple of seconds before I turned my head to the annoying distraction. I saw before me a girl giggling at the poor crying man and with her jolt was trying to engage me to do the same. She was in such a happy mood. So gay and jovial. Her eyes danced with laughter. I looked her up and down.

“Don't ever touch me again,” I said.

I smiled as I watched her smile slowly fade from her face. Like the removing of a mask. My words relentlessly strangled her happiness and I could see the joy snuffed from her eyes. I was

pleased.

I was brought back to attention by a black man standing up and screaming at the members of my little circle. Of course you know I wasn't listening to a word he was saying. Oh, I could make out words like, 'please...rights...and nigger' but I couldn't care less. MY thoughts were too involved with scrubbing his oily face and washing clean, so clean, his Afro-sheen hair.

"Quit crying in your beer," I whispered under my breath. I was pretty sure I hated him.

"Oh I can't stand it. Oh - Oh boy! I need you to talk to me. Don't always nod. You look up at me and nod with those agreeing bug eyes. No more! That's it! No more!"

By this time the fellow member of my group who was causing such a commotion was curled up in the fetal position on the floor. In the middle. Oh friends, by this time you can imagine now, at this moment, how I felt. I kept my eyes straight ahead. My hands began to shake. In my fit of fury I bit my lip and tasted the nectar of life slowly spread over my tongue. The rage was so strong I could hardly maintain control. The anger was so acute and sweet that a salty tear ran down the side of my cheek. I was almost out of control.

"And you? What did you want to talk about?"

Confidant, it was the man, the doctor, the Messiah and he addressed that question to me. I watched his face come closer, breaking my comfort zone. His face was shaped like a cone with the point directed at me. He reminded me of a weasel - long pointed nose, little tiny probing eyes that studied my face. His eyeballs moved over mine - searching for a clue to my emotions. I studied his receding hairline, wet with perspiration. He was about four inches from my face and his breath was thick in my nostrils. I wanted to reach out with both hands and cup his face, pull him closer, then give him a gentle kiss on the lips for being my Messiah. I would then look deeply into his eyes, take my thumbs and gouge them out.

It was my turn to speak and I spoke, looking beyond my lord and into each of the eyes of my fellow group members.

"I would like to talk about love - my brothers," I said as a thin smile spread over my bloody lips.