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A Friend of Mine Who Tried to Die, or Unaffected

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Gruenwald: A Friend of Mine Who Tried to Die, or Unaffected

A Friend of Mine Who Tried to Die, or Unaffected

Robert Gruenwald

It all looked too orchestrated.
She was sitting crouched in a hallway
with a phone at her side;

it was the phone she used to call for help—
"I think I did something really stupid..."
Her voice was breathy and detached.

When I walked into the house and saw her there
on the floor
dull lighted
her makeup confused

she was laughing
as she turned up her wrists
to show the lines she drew
complaining I didn't keep my knives sharp enough;

she was worried about the beer she left in my refrigerator.

Her ears were bothering her
probably from the allergy medicine.
(She ate crackers in hope that they would keep the pills down.)

"For not being able to hear,
the noise is incredible."

And she ran to the bathroom,
to purge.

She was in a half-hour cycle:
sleep
purge
talk
drink
sleep

She wanted everyone to think that she had a cold and drank too
much.

But this wasn't the first time.

And life outside remained strangely
unaffected.