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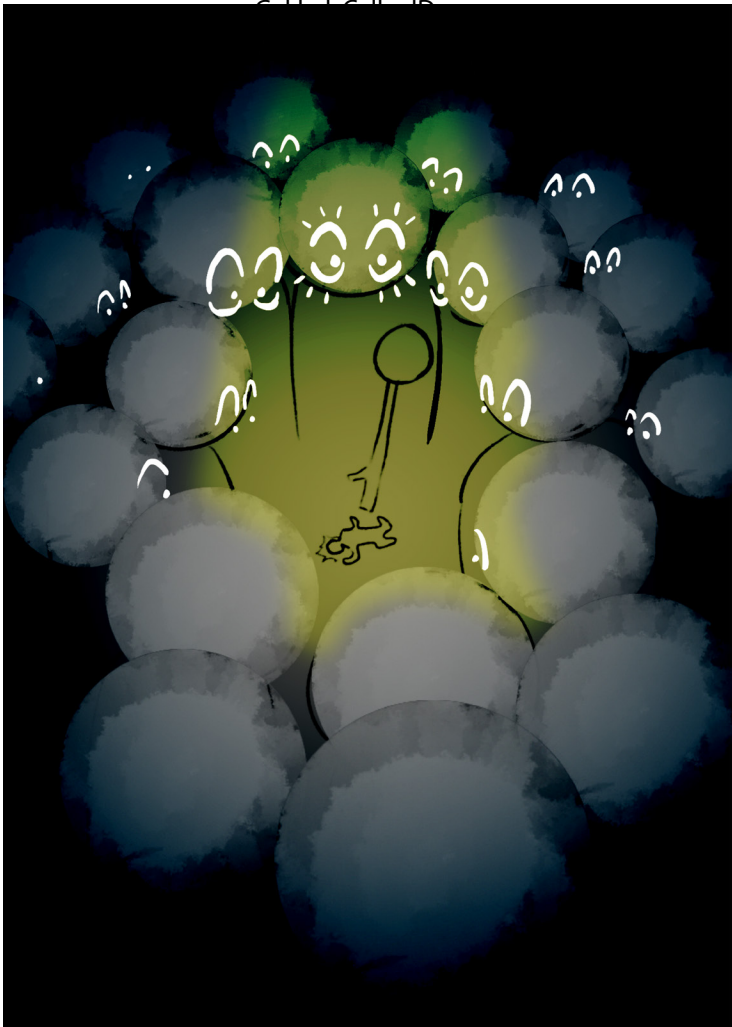
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Lauren Evans. *Weight of The World*. Digital Illustration

Caller ID

Serena Gakhal

I hear your soft manipulative voice. You don't have to call for me to hear. You are loud and clear and engraved into everything that I do. You like to tell me what to wear, how to act, how to speak. You help me at times, but then, when you see me at my high, you decide to destroy me. You smirk and you laugh at how weak I am. You love to tell me distasteful things. You like to talk about others. You love to say I'm too fat, I'm too short, my skin is too dark, my teeth are too yellow, or I might die if I don't give in to you. I tell you I'm trying, but you tell me not enough.

I'm stone when you are near. When you are away, I fill my eyes with different entertainment to forget you.

I blast my music so I can miss your call, but yet there you are. Don't you have anything else you need to do? Anything else? Please, I beg of you.

Some days go by, and I don't hear from you. You don't call to whine about something I did wrong. But then when I think about how you didn't call, I get nervous. Did I do something right, or did you forget about me?

Now I need to hear from you. I wish to hear, baby please call. And then you do, you tell me I am nothing, and I relax in relief because you didn't forget about me.

As much as I hate you and wish you died, you seem to be determined and the only one who will never leave my side. By the looks of it, you will stay until I won't let you.

I do loathe you, don't forget that. The hate spills out of me like a bubbly cauldron. I can be happy, enjoying something, until I lay down, and the light turns on while you call. I try not to listen and pick up, but you enchant me. At first, you say you are proud of me and then you say good-night. But life cannot be easy. You sharpen that sweet delicate knife of yours and stab me. Pins and needles in my back with your words. I listen, and it's always the same. You tell me that I will be nothing, that everyone hates me, that my voice is too high, and that I am terrible at everything. You sing how no one will want me and everyone will turn on me. You never fail to remind me that you are the only one there for me.

They don't want to be in your life, you continue, they only feel obligated. If you disappear, they wouldn't notice, come to me dear, I will take care of you.

What can I do? You seem to be everywhere. You inched your voice into everything I do. You are the constant nightmarish reminder of everything I cannot be. Most of me is tired. I just don't want to pick up anymore. At times I ignore you, and you seem to go away until you don't. You keep nagging until I give in.

I want to forget. I want to try again. I want to be reborn. I want to feel those blue hospital lights on my face and get slapped, not by words, but to make sure I'm alive. There has to be something I can do to rewind time. Go back, I need to fix this, but I can't.

And you illuminate with excitement as you let me know that I will never be able to. This isn't love is it?

But one thing you don't seem to remember is how strong I am compared to you, maybe not right now, but soon enough. This constant war between us will end soon, and I will be crowned the victor. Do not underestimate me, you useless piece of nothing. Go back to the dark void that you were conceived in.

You, my hateful lover, will not go any further. You will not break me, even though you almost do. You try, I cry, but I overcome it. I haven't said goodbye yet, but I will.

You tell me these things but fail to realize that we are two separate people.

I'm your host and nothing more.

You are not a call. You are not me. I will not break.

You are only the noise inside my head.