

**Resistance**

If you tell me what you're selling I'll tell you what I'm not buying, or sticking in, or in between meals, or pushing inside—this is the way I feel about Formica, is it even a surface? If you don't try it you're not going to like it, I'm tired of trying. My skin's sagging a little, as if it's snagged on something—I don't think my appetite is a problem, I mean everybody has one, by the time you figure out what you need you don't even need it anymore. Smoothing my ribs, making sure the cage is closed, covering my face and looking through the cracks in my fingers, don't you dare. I'm thinking *that's enough for now*, and *enough is enough*, as far as the dependent variables are concerned I'm going to act as if I've never even heard of them—it's kind of like medical resistance where you don't even get something in the first place. Of course it's easier to fix what isn't broken. Breathing deeply, pulling the air into my body, as if resistance is a kind of resuscitation—difficult at first, then it's difficult not to. Sometimes I don't even feel like it: indifference is also a form of resistance. When something is broken you fix it, if it keeps breaking you don't even bother.