

She's the kind of person who dwells in her own little world. It was manufactured by mortal hands, but she accredits its making to the divine. Those who think they know her well think the best of her, but those who truly know her well know that she is not one to be trusted with the facts. There is nothing wrong with dreaming- I'm a dreamer myself- but to let it so that the dreams cloud what is and what is not so that the reality becomes impossible to sift from the fiction metabolizes it from a wonderful gift of Morpheustic creation into a catalyst of destruction, the apocalyptic dance of Shiva.

She has a gift for storytelling, but she knows not how to use it properly. She claims that her parents abused her, that her step-father once tried to molest her, but the only abuse that she has been involved in involves the negligence of her own child, and the only hands that have touched her are the ones that she has lured in. Melodrama belongs on the page or on the stage- to bring it into the lives of others, to make them look as they do not, to simply create it because of the desire to create it, or worse, to continue to perpetuate it because she has deceived herself into buying into her own false reality is about as ethical as letting a one-year-old run around a house that isn't childproof without any supervision. She is guilty of that too.

She thinks that she is a great mother. I tell you that is a lie. I've known great mothers. I've known great grandmothers. She spends more time on the computer than she does playing with him. Social networking and dating sites take priority over his learning and safety. To her, he is like a pet born out of her womb. She'd rather die, she once confided to a friend, than have her son taken away, but she offers him few opportunities and poor role models. If she is going to fall, it is almost as if she is going to make sure that he will fall with her too. It is no longer "mea culpa," but "nostra culpa." How much better quality of life could he live if he only had the chance? How much higher would the odds be that he would transcend this class struggle and obtain a universally agreed upon abstract that people call success?

She is 18, a high school drop out enrolled in an online college that charges more for tuition than any of the "serious" institutions in the area. She thinks that after she finishes her training that she is ready to go straight into the medical field, but the course is not designed for that. It's intended as a preface to firsthand instruction. She swears up and down, left to right, that she is getting something called an "externship" through the program, but then again, she also swore that birth control would make her uterus fall out and that her son burned his throat with cotton candy, so I invest little stock into her claims out of fear of going bankrupt.

Her only experience in the workforce is working for Avon under her mother, though it was the latter who did most of the work. She thinks that just because she did something public school students do every year, that is go door-to-door to try to barter goods from a catalogue, that she is fit for a management position, and, in fact, she will not settle for anything else. It is little wonder then she is unemployed, living with her son in her ex-boyfriend's trailer until she feels the compulsion to move out for the sixth time this month.

She's the type of person whose outlook of the real world was carefully modeled when she was a child by corporations that specialize in making their audience actually believe that there is a happily-ever-after, that after all the struggle, all the strife, all the guilt, all the suffering, there is something, a point, a motivation, Providence, Heaven, what have you, to justify everything. She honestly believes that one day her prince will come and make all her worries go away, but how many more princes will it take for her to realize that the Brothers Grimm were folklorists and not philosophers?

I remember when she tried to seduce me. I knew from the beginning that nothing would become of that because she and I inhabited two separate spheres. I am the academic, the occasionally pedantic but sincere student, and she, the antithesis of all that I am. I could have fucked her. I could have lied with a serpent's tongue to get into the fruit of her garden, but I know that the apples are all rotten. Eden could be found in the comforter of Magdalena and so could Hell. Partaking of the forbidden could bring the Knowledge of the Joys of Sex, the Good, but it would also bring the Evil, the moral dilemma caused by the fact that I not only used someone for my own selfish needs, but that I would know that I could never say that I had slept with this kind of woman without lowering myself to her level. Either I had to admit there was something that aroused me about her skeletal body and frizzy red hair, or I would have to invent anecdotal evidence to counter any claim she'd make. Neither option was something with which I am comfortable. So as she led me by the hand into her chamber, I decided some fantasies should never become realities, and darted out the door, never to return to her house again.