The Truth About Bad Friends

I put my phone down in shock. And my world is shook. Balance is lost to the tension in the air. My friend is in critical condition. I just saw him last month and we laughed and told each other stories of our lives. Because that is what they were. Just stories. Facebook, just IRL. Glamorized and airbrushed so we didn't show the unvarnished truth. The truth is my friend is an alcoholic. The truth is he is in the hospital due to a fall in his home... and a .3 alcohol level. The truth is I didn't know. The truth is I should have. Truth hurts, and the guilt lingers. Retroactively. Our previous conversation feels sour on my tongue's memory. The niceties we exchanged, the courtesy we gave to each other's space. Careful not to overstep our place. But what is our place? When is the time not to play nice? My friend lies in his hospital bed, Broken spine Head injury and utterly confused.

About to lose His wife. His kids. His house. Everything that he loved to talk about when nothing bothered him. And he doesn't realize that. YET. Now should be the time to talk without barriers. And yet I don't. I cower. I ask how he is doing. His answers flow in and outside of the truth. Truth that waits patiently for him, like coal waits to become a diamond. Pressure and time affect us all And I apply neither. Too afraid to make waves. Afraid that those waves will swallow us whole. When HE is the only one that is drowning. And my concern, My skirting the issues, My trying to be nice, just adds weight to sink him further Away from security of friends and family. Away from the hope of love. Away from the truth that awaits us all.

The truth is...

If I don't care enough of my friend to really talk to him

He will die.

And my cold comfort is not helping.

I will live

with the knowledge

that I didn't fight enough to help HIM live

because I was being polite.

I sit by his hospital room bed and do the math in my head between fear and honesty and open my mouth to speak.

Juridical Friends

Juridical Person - [joo-rid-i-kuhl pur-suh n] any organization that is not a single natural person but is authorized by law with duties and rights and is recognized as a legal person and as having a distinct identity.

My best friends are juridical persons.
Both online and Off.
What fun we have together!
Me with my expendable cash
They with their amazing bargains
and questionable goals.
My sweater drips of blood and irony
on the backs of child labor.
My shopping cart filled to the brim
with unlivable wages
that choke unseen victims
while I cherish my purchase
with an Amazonian smile.
Content that I am on the right side of this

Checkout.

But may not be always.

I listen to my friends Whisper with intent

JUST DO IT ™

And I Do.

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT! ™

And I would never.

Think different ™

And I buy the same.

HAVE IT YOUR WAY ™

For I have forgotten any other.

While I listen to their pleas I am deaf to the screams surrounding me

As I scroll down my shopping list of atrocities:

The oppression I fostered when I

Google sandwich recipes.

The lands I have raped

(while soothing a headache)

The hate I have legislated

(while enjoying a chicken nugget)

All with a click or a simple trans gression.

My friends condemn me to a lifetime of convenience at the expense of my expenses. While They roam free of Liability.

Trust.

Justice.

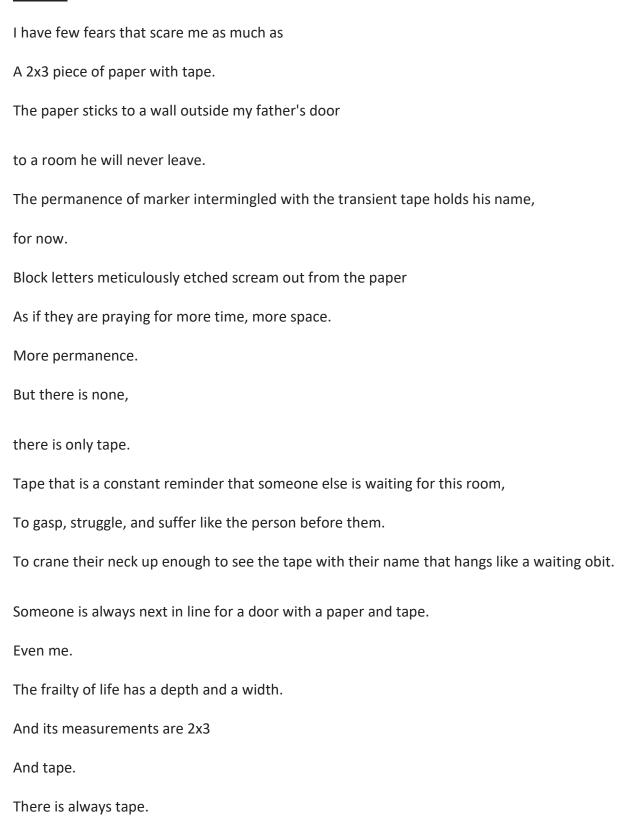
Remorse.

And I reach for my wallet and Ask How much more do you need from me? And They reply **ALL!**

And I SUBMIT.

And wait two days.

My Fear



WORD SEARCH

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То	mine	my	mind
and	help	me	find
the	WORDS	1	need
to	Breathe	life	into
the			

white.

endless