

On the Bus

Life is sad, no way around it. I have been overwhelmed by that fact lately. I mean, I know that there is much in life that is overwhelmingly good and peaceful. I have experienced these things, so I know that they exist. But I can't turn my eyes away from the sadness, for some reason. I haven't slept in three nights.

I doze, but I only intermittently lose consciousness. I become obsessed with thoughts of the things that can easily, way too easily go wrong, in the lives of every one of my three children. The time that Gabriel got drunk at a Mariner's game, went out drinking afterwards with friends, they left him alone downtown, drunk, he took the wrong bus and ended up at night somewhere out in Rainier Valley, got off the bus, a nice lady gave him a ride mostly into downtown, dropped him at a bus stop, he sat down waiting for the bus, passed out, got robbed, woke up with no money, no credit cards, no cell phone. Whoever robbed him left him his empty wallet.

Gabriel walked the rest of the way into downtown Seattle, found some way to make a phone call to us at home, we went into downtown and picked him up. Do you KNOW what could have happened to a rich white boy passed out drunk at night down in Rainier Valley? I get visions of his getting abducted while drunk, beaten to death, being scared out of his mind, in agony. This is my SON, my fucking life, I could not live if he died. So, lately I have been a basket case. I run errands, work in the yard, blah-blah, during the day, but at night I lie almost rigid in bed, terrified of the visions that gallop past the blackness behind my eyelids. Even when I sleep on Dominic's shoulder I can't outrun the movies that play inside my head. This is my life, lately.

Cynthia Vautier