

MAMA

I just spent two hours chasing a toddler to put on one sock. One red sock. Not even a matching sock. My husband, of course, rushes to leave for a meeting at the exact minute Connor goes ape-shit about this sock. 5 minutes later the dog pees in the middle of the living room. There I am. I think I'm done, but the universe isn't done. It's just getting started. Some poor guy rings the doorbell; he's here to give me a quote on the roof. I have dog piss on my socks. The child has now taken off his pants. And All I want is to grab the guy's hammer out of his tool belt and smash the fucking doorbell, take the cigarette out of his mouth, smoke it and then burn the goddamn red sock that's still in my hand. I didn't. But I really wanted to be the one going ape-shit this morning.

It's 8:17am and I'd like to be wasted. But the only thing I can fucking drink right now while driving is a goddamn latte. Except today, it's not a latte day. I'm going to have to tell my barista, I need the fucking hard stuff. Lucky for me, she already knows. She's seen me sitting in this car for 10 minutes talking to myself. She's already preparing me a Nitro cold brew with a quad shot of espresso and zero cream. Because my heart today, it's dark. There is no space for cream. There is no flavor. No room for a dash of cinnamon. I've got nothing left. And now I have to go to the fucking dentist. I'm not even going to brush my teeth first.