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The Pains in My Stomach

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Part I

It begins as innocent
as anything might.
Drop $1309 plus one hundred
for the deposit.
And we’re on our way
There’s no stopping now
No foreseeable escape.

Boarded and strapped in
$1409 does not buy comfort.
Beer flavoured with orange
Pre-packaged meals
And Camembert delay what will
be consistently inconsistent.
And from there we go.
Never comfortable again.

Always surprising
that first warble.
And it hits, of course
inconveniently, of course
And it hurts, of course
And you look around,
on a hunt which will never end
Because, though hunt successful,
you must search your pockets
for your dignity
or a pound to hand over
to receive something less rough
yet still not soft.
I thought I heard someone say,
"There must be something in the water.”
"Come on in, the water is great"
Great, describing a body of water
named after a living person.
Unsettled, heaving all that might've
wanted to remain at the bottom
anywhere else.
No option, everyone is watching.
But you can wash off in the pool.
No one is watching you when, as you
scamper off nine times, sigh.
Origin of the title, withstanding.
There must have been something in the water.

What are you to do
when you realize you've been left
high and dry
or in low spirits and wet
because you forgot
nothing is convenient?
Make do and pretend it is.
I sense there is
a lot of pretending that
there is nothing in the water.

And everything looks perfect.
Magazine cutout and everything.
Blues only made on accident
or computer-aided, created.
Blues that lift the spirit.
But it could have been the salt--
cliché in hand, rubbed
deep into the wounds
which must eventually heal.
The blues and salts that make us float
are all about the water.
Things begin to settle for no reason at all.
You can smell it in the air.
It’s coming, chasing the cats—
tails between their legs.
But it is enjoyable because, momentarily
things are comfortable. Easy, even.
And you could be loved but
why? Things are perfect now.
The delusion must have set in early
because I would’ve sworn
the water tasted sweet.
And the cats are gone.
They knew ahead of time what was to happen.
There is nothing beautiful
without pain in this place.
It was to be expected.

It was the only thing to be expected.
Waking up and feeling paralyzed
but movement was extraordinarily
evident and necessary.
Crouched and getting there
made no sense at all
but was the only option available.
We make do and move on.
We have the knowledge that even the sweetness
was enough to embitter the water.

And I strap back in
to what I hope is sanity, consistency.
What I pray will be comfortable.
But I forget that time does not stop
because I have neglected it.
My feet have made room for
the other organs which have
taken up residence in my shoes.
We are not to consume the ice.
It is the water’s final disguise
as refreshing.
For every discomfort, one should hope for an intermission. Unfortunately, unstrapped and back to reality brought no comfort at all. And the truth comes out in bits and pieces but always all at once. There's nothing in this water. It's all you. No deception possible. Drink up while you can. Swallow whole and prepare for the next portion. There's no water to conceal a thing.

Part II

Upon return, the pain returns- a different sort of discomfort. One that rings of permanence. Delayed again but some things never fail. Your patience does not imply you are being waited for. More uncomfortable than could ever have been imaginable. The line between a resident and visitor has become a necessary accommodation. But I must remember to contain, deep within me, anything and everything which might want to work its way out. I will surround it with the pit in my stomach that says I should be happy. It knows it will not be nurtured.
A treat at any other time  
has become the only means of sustenance.  
A pleasantry in any other place  
 begins a sort of tragedy.  
Residentvisitor is uncomfortable  
in someone else's bed  
with her words  
in her own skin.  
With everything never being enough,  
there is some baggage that needs  
packing and replacing.  
And that needs to be enough.  
With plenty of time to waste  
and the lost effort to do so,  
one begins to wonder where  
the water has gone to.  

Picking up and moving out,  
residentvisitor becomes renter.  
The change in location leaves  
everything to be desired because resident  
organs must go everywhere with renter.  
Now, when the pain hits  
there is only one place to run  
but not enough to run to when it's over.  
But it's never over. Thus continues  
the never-ending cycle. Some things  
are eternal-- Like the fear  
in your eyes when you are asked  
to drink the water.  

This unexpected inconvenience  
forces your temperature over  
today's weather forecast. Hot and blue.  
Though different, still uncomfortable,  
finally alone but unfortunately,  
in need of another. And it is, perhaps,  
this dependence which makes renter realize  
she wanted to be an owner all along.  
That, or the phone call.  
Whichever it may be, she began to debate  
her opinion of the necessity of the water.
This one came on with a shove.
And a ball of emotion held
in the tears left unshed
and the words left unspoken.
But you begin to wonder why
because here nothing can be held
onto or in. Not one thing.
Adamantly trying to hold onto
the thoughts that will only snowball
in a place that will ultimately melt
everything that means anything.
The water holds any tears that may have escaped
and the dreams that were shed
long before memory was ever acquired.

You begin to learn to coexist with
a nuisance that will never disappear
and allow a comfortable cohabitation.
As if playing hide and seek with an
insolent child who may or may not be
aware of what he’s doing, its presence, following
the nervous countdown, brings you to
your knees where you stay until you are told
you’ve become accustomed to a fallacy
and must let go. The water will accept anything
you can release for the time being.

Giving in, getting up, falling
down the stairs into a car
rushing to beat the clock which
sounds a meal you will not be eating
you prepare to let down the only
guard you have left.
You watch carefully, fearfully
as they try to plunge the water into you
through your wrist but
can’t because your body
knows better.
Pack it up and pack it in.
The good and the bad and the
useless are stored within the
memory and recollection of
what it feels like. Strapped in
again you’re on your way to
the first world you’ve ever known
to the people who won’t understand
your new found adoration
of water from the tap.

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