

A preview of

The Compleat Purge, by Trisha Low

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Article IV Guardianship Provisions

Dear Edd,

If, one day I am not here, suddenly and because of something we don't yet know.

Some things I remember:

I saw you yesterday; you made me tea (remembered I liked it white, two sugars)—the first thing you said was 'Look, I know technically we ended this—this us a long time ago, but I can't seem to forget, and I guess I wanted to see you,' and it confused me, but I missed you. I met your new girlfriend for the five minutes she was over and she seemed nice enough. Certainly pretty. We spent the day in on your bed talking, playing each other music, drinking schnapps; almost like the old days when we'd been just friends, nothing else, really. Before I left, you stroked my hair and said 'We've got to end this.' I reminded you we already had. You held me and played me a song that said everything you wanted to say, mouthed the words in my ear and kissed me softly when I teared up.

—and when I said 'You took my heart and he took my soul, but these things happen' it's not really true.

You can take my heart and soul because I'll let you.

Some things I remember:

We always leave large spaces of time between seeing each other, but it's almost ritual now. The way you pick me up and spin me round when you see me, laugh when I tell you to put me the fuck down. How I spend most of the night sitting in your lap, someone else's date, no less, fingers twined, smoking all of Iona's cigarettes.

You've lost weight again, but it's cold and you give me your jacket anyway, the wolf whistles from the girls who see me dismissed easily with a laugh and a quick 'He's just a friend.' We watch couples disappear into the garden one by one; this is leavers' ball after all, and chuckle as we almost get dragged into playing Circle of Fire. Rather, we chat about yaks and China and everything else that doesn't matter. Occasionally, I leave you for Freddie's lap and a gossip, or to hug the people who leave, but mostly it's more comfortable with you. Sentimentality is so bloody ridiculous.

When it's time to go, there's always a hug that lasts longer than necessary—you tangle your fingers

in my hair when I hide my face in your jacket and we look at each other, cautious. But this time, your lips hover closer to mine and there's a split second where I think just maybe—just—but I'm the one who looks away first, and our half-sighs echo each other's as we pull away. The next time I'll see you is November, so I try not to watch your back as you go. Freddie catches my eye as I walk back in and hugs me properly. Not that there's any reason to. After all, you're just a friend.

The last thing I remember:

Remember when you said, you know how once you start believing someone can do no wrong, they can do no wrong?

And i said, you have no idea, babe.

I love you. Take care, darling, if you're reading this, I'm gone, and I probably already miss you.

Trisha.

Article V
Testamentary Trusts for Minor Child(ren)

to all of you at school:

this constant reinvention. yeah i was a different person when i woke up every day. but that never made me any less myself. it made me who i am because i wasn't ever tied down like you with all your grown up excuses for the way you act. i never made excuses because i didn't have to, and i won't now for what i've done. because the person you whose life you made utter hell yesterday wasn't ever me the next day. i feel sorry for you because you live like you do and you'll never live like i did, like the millions of people i've been. why live like you're afraid to be something else? you can say that i'm not being myself. or true to myself because i've done this now, taken it out on my wrist and left you all with no intention of ever coming back. You might even call me stupid, or crazy, or a coward. but the truth is that while i was here, i was more me than any of you will ever be. so go ahead and judge me, take your best shot cause even when i'm dead you'll never live like i did when i was alive.

trisha.