

## FRESH SCENES

### FRESH #1

I love the sound of the click.  
I love that I was raised on the electronic symphonic.  
Click click clickity click clickity clickity click.  
The staccato melody at mother's breast,  
Click click  
Click click  
Click click  
Click click  
Click click  
At father's bored 2am feedings and porn fetish,  
Clickclick  
Clickclick Clickclick Clickclick Clickclick  
Because I'm keeping him from mother's breast.  
I love that we'll be the only generation with click envy,  
As swipes and soundless keypads swallow the voice of the next generation.  
They will be raised to  
Whisper whisk  
Whisper whisk  
Whisper whisk  
And I guess that the next generation after that will be raised in silence.

### FRESH #2

In the far distance, Seemingly in the far distance, I hear the click of camera phones and a Shakira ringtone. Click, Click Click. Click click Click click click. The sounds come closer, become clearer, And then I start to feel, Pressure, Clawing through a dense mist of beer and pills, Then the monstrous pounding that I hear inside of me before I feel it. At first, it sounds, like Clickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclickclick But then it melts into, searing pain, and sounds bleed into one another, Chants and clicks and spilled beer and slaps on my ass. The pain, ripping, I know I'm dead. I'm dying. I just wish I'd die faster. Party music. Vomit. Slaps base line laughter. Chants. Moans of pain, coming from inside of me, living inside of me, only to die inside me? Moans smeared across one another. My head out a window. There was a toilet and a tub. But the window was first. The sounds of praying to die. And I'm here. In America. Where student safety is priority one. And when they are done, they just walk away. Like anywhere else in the world. Except now, it's seen. Sometimes you want to be invisible, and they won't even allow you that. Click click. We're here. Click click. We're done. Click click. I hate that fucking sound.

### FRESH #3

“There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element; but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.”

*Hamlet, Act IV, Scene vii*

You think Ophelia felt it?

### FRESH #4

My parents look at me with these eyes. With these looks. My dad says, it's not your fault, and, and, this is not the End of the World, and, my mom says, we can always change your haircut and your hair color and change schools and no one will even recognize you. No – one – will – recognize – you. They are basically saying, if you just give up the person you are, the person who was made by band recitals and bad hair days and staying up all night reading with a flashlight under your covers. Give up everything that made you, what you look like, how people see you, how you want to be seen, be someone else, then it will be okay. But that's not fucking being okay! That's everything changing to be something else because those assholes said that who I am is no longer fucking acceptable to sit in a classroom. No longer, okay, to...