

## I Ain't a Girl

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*You don't know about me without...*

*-Huck Finn*

*When Love and hate are both absent, everything becomes clear and undisguised. Make the smallest distinction however and heaven and earth are set infinitely far apart.*

*-Seng Ts'an, The Third Chinese Patriarch of Zen*

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Let's open with facts. Since you're crack'n' this, it's facts that there's been leaks. And altho you've probably already 'eared of me 'fore you laid paws on this therapeutic, it's safe facts you ain't 'eared my side, 'cause no one's bothered to creed my side 'cept Therapeutic Kate, and facts is they weren't s'pose to be open-view'n' this, but like my father's Chrysler, everything leaks. Thus, I'm gonna spill this under the 'sumption that it'll be tabloid in seven and that lumps have already forked the first chunks they 'eared and made it facts, even tho I'm creed'n' that I'm literally the horse's mouth. Most is still gonna bump contra on social and there's not nothing I can do 'bout that. That's 'nother fact – there's not nothing I can do 'bout what lumps post, but I'm propose'n' that you should also 'sider that every tale is multi-sided and if you're crack'n' this leaked

therapeutic, maybe you're open door 'nough to consider my contra. You could be strat'n' inroads to flip me and some of you is trolls plug'n' for out-of-context to bump likes, but there's the previous fact so I'm just gonna drive what I can drive and spit only true facts.

ATT: Therapeutic Kate: I just wrote that open'n' in case others is prying and if it's just you, then most of the previous ain't relevant, but we've been working on trust and I ain't got it 100% yet so that's that.

Let's open with what every lump hits wrong from the get: the cabin that no one can locale really were. It ain't no hallucination nor delusion. You can't locale it 'cause it ain't a place no more. The fire smoked it and then nature reclaimed what were hers to start and so maybe a dig site for some archaeological Pitt undergrads, but do archaeological Pitt undergrads even exist? Don't get me pontificate'n' on present tense higher education. Slide a cash stack their way and after four years of natty lites and touchdowns, they'll slide back a framed document to nail-hang in a broken one-bedroom while you sweatshop the Gap till you're octogenarian. But now I'm left field.

Pardon. I run off topic. I don't 'tend to, but, figure, you try crank'n' part of your life with girl tits and long hair, not to mention a shrunken area, when you're a stone dude and watch how 'tween the lines you steer. I'll try not but times are when I probably will stray. Apology, future tense.

But, the cabin that ain't a place no more. First, I'll drop a pin. There's a real locale called Schenley. You can search it up on Wikipedia. It aint hard, but no lumps bother. They 'stead spit I deluded it. Search it and you'll eye that Schenley is an unincorporated locale in Gilpin Township, Armstrong County, PA, in the US of A. How hard was that to detective? With a slow connection maybe five ticks. Then you'd crack PA 2062 is the main and only serious inroad, and I can fact that 'cause PA 2062's the very same road my scooter motored me on when I skedaddled to start with and what I should have motored back out on after it all flamed out with the lamb'n' of the pig and Tumult and Tessie and Jessup, but we'll get there future tense.

Schenley is edged by the Allegheny River and the Kiskiminetas River, which also is facts, but the cabin is nearer the Allegheny and

the Allegheny's bank is where the canoe were. I've never actually been to the Kiskiminetas River, but I'll creed it's a mighty fine river in and of itself, but it's not important to my true facts 'cause it's not, so let's progress. The locale, Schenley, is the site of a rusted industrial complex 'long the Allegheny that posts dilapidated buildings that once housed the Schenley Distillery and 'gain this ain't important to the facts neither and I never actually explored none of this broke-down depression, but I drinks whiskey altho that's a recent wipe and past tense at the cabin with girl tits and long hair, not to mention a shrunken area, I weren't tippin' no whiskey. I know socials peg me a popper and a libator, but that were not true facts past tense and is only sorta true facts present tense, but present tense ain't what lumps desire to spill. So Schenley actualled only one source hold'n' it a locale and that were the Kiski Junction Rail which past tense hauled freight but present tense is one of those family-fun trains.

I'm only spill'n' this 'bout Schenley 'cause I want you to creed that it's authentic and that as an authentic place, it's as solid as any other authentic place to motor a scooter thru so's to gain the rural surrounds and then steer left down the ruts and motor into trees and plop when you hit a clear'n' that's probably overgrown with shoulder-grass and weeds present tense. If you traced that, you'd plop where the cabin localed. So that's a setting with all but a GPS to aid

those Pitt undergrads to geolocate and post some contra, and that's the ace I can throw. So let's past-tense to high school and the day this whole mess commenced.

In the house, other than a Liverpool FC flag and a couple posters in my room, there were only one wall hanging that weren't religious, and since it were the only one, I didn't even recognize it as secular till my Sacred Heart junior year.

One day in art, bored like a friendless monkey, I cracked a famous American paintings book. Don't hit facts wrong, I ain't into no art. I were eye'n' for penis tags that Jimmy V laid with a black Sharpie, but instead of Jimmy V's penises, there it popped – Andrew Wyeth's *Christina's World*. Under the pic were a paragraph 'bout how Wyeth done this painting in the 1940's which passed back when my grandparents were like eight freak'n' years old so a long past tense ago. Anyway, in the painting there's this crippled girl who I spec is Christina look'n' like she could benefit with some aid as she sorta ground-sprawls in the middle of this tawny field. She 'pears to wanna land at a pathetic farmhouse, and there's also an equally pathetic barn and shed. The buildings all scan misery. Why she'd wanna gain to them ain't comprehensible. The words wrote that Wyeth were hyped to paint this when he eyed this Anna Christina Olson crawl'n' 'cross a

field. It's facts that this Anna diseased something called Charcot-Marie-Tooth which I ain't never 'eared of but 'gain anyone with a hook can search it up and crack it's this disease that shrinks muscle and deads sensation 'cross body parts. The book writing don't bother to mention if this Wyeth thought to step out and aid Anna. I spec I would've, but I ain't no artist and maybe artists have artist sensibilities. 'gardless, it registers a jerk move to eye Anna crawl'n' and 'stead of aid'n', to pop hype for a painting and then that painting virals and you blow to fame if you 'ready ain't fame and then lumps commence to screen cheap reproductions and one of those cheap reproductions locales its way into a frame and is hanged in my house, but I'm divergent from the main point. So much had went down since the day I realized that that cheap reproduction weren't religious – but it were that book with Jimmy V's signature Sharpie penises scrawled on near every page, that started all this – that started the lines of my world to fuzz and intersect like misprescribed spectacles. Facts, focus is challenge'n' with all the social 'round and add to that what 'curred to me and focus 'comes nearly impossible.

I don't know why it never 'curred to me that this framed print which had hanged 'bove the mantle my entire days weren't religious like everything else in that house. I 'ssumed that the girl were some

suffer'n' martyr or a saint in the Lord's service. So when I learnt the facts, I knowed I was gonna confront my mother 'bout it, but I still had Geometry and then soccer 'fore I'd be able to land home and do some confront'n'. Geometry were all 'bout triangles, and I were like and still is like who the hell cares 'bout triangles, but that's just what high school is – sit'n' thru class after class after class sneak'n' social peeks and text'n' with your group while the teachers pontificate 'bout triangles. At least high school has sports. I'd 'eared rumor that European high schools don't have no sports and that sounds like it would really sleep – all triangles and no sports. Like succotash with just lima beans.

When school released, I laced on my boots and hit the pitch where I immediately hit chippy with Greecy our center mid and the coach had to separate us, but I'm aggressive and competitive and he was clunk'n' so he deserved it, but I'm only mention'n' 'bout that 'cause it's important for you to know that I'm like this 'cause I ain't some flower that the trolls like to paint me. That too is facts you should vault. 'fore the girl tits and hair and the shrunken area, I rocked stone stud, and I were hard for girls and that's fact. You can even question Jessica if she were open to spill 'bout it, but she don't talk 'bout it so you'll have to ride with my facts here. But facts is that Jessica knowed the stone stud by tactile sensation, and I ain't claim'n' we conjugated, 'cause we didn't, but I would've if she

would've but she weren't like that. She did know however I was a player just wait'n' to be buzzed in the game. But now I sound all protest-too-much and 'sides the story will out that a flower wouldn't had been grope with Jessica, but we'll back burner that for present.

After practice I wheeled home to confront my mother. She's one of those devout Roman Catholics but future tense maybe not as devout or else more devout than healthy but that's digress.

My mother disliked the Liverpool FC flag posted on my wall and now I had contra to throw her way. Even with the future tense devout too much, I still like my mother. Pause here 'cause Therapeutic Kate is want'n' me to dig where the dirt is loose, so I'll spade that I probably still even love my mother. But I were in high school then and in high school, I were stretch and I knowed better, even better than her. So even with the knowledge that my mother had been thru a spin cycle with my dad kick'n' and all, I decided to contra her anyway.

"Your father always wanted a daughter"

That were all she spilled when I contraed her.

"Dad always wanted a daughter?"

My mother plucked a Granny Smith and a core'n' knife. She were concoct'n' apple crisp for the Sunday potluck.

"Your father always wanted a daughter."

"I heard you; I just don't comprehend."

My mother middle-split the apple and started core'n' out the seeds.

"Peel or not?"

"What?"

"The apples. I know we always eat apple crisp with the skin on, but not everyone cares for that. So do you think I should peel or not?"

"Don't nobody care. The only people at those Sunday potlucks are so octogenarian they probably don't got no idea that they are even eat'n'. Skin or no don't matter."

"Paul Joseph Rizzo, mind your manners."

"Ma, what about the print? Dad always wanted a girl? That don't even make sense."

My mother middle-sliced another Granny Smith. She were gonna leave the skin.

"Ask Father Antonio, he'll explain it. There are some things too delicate for a mother to discuss with her son."

"Jesus, Mother, sometimes I don't know why I even try."

"Paul Joseph, you will not use the Lord's name in vain in my kitchen. Now go get started on your homework. Dinner will be ready at six."