

5-4-2018

## Being Human

Kathleen Donovan

*California State University, Monterey Bay*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/ords>

---

### Recommended Citation

Donovan, Kathleen (2018) "Being Human," *In the Ords: CSUMB Literary Arts Journal*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 2 , Article 25.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/ords/vol1/iss2/25>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Digital Commons @ CSUMB. It has been accepted for inclusion in *In the Ords: CSUMB Literary Arts Journal* by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ CSUMB. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@csumb.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@csumb.edu).

## Being Human

Judge,

That's what you learn  
That's what makes a human

We see

We mimic

We Judge

I am the product of Judge

The eyes that Judged

My own sick Jury

I live in within the scar

I am jagged

Gaping

I am the wound

I am the cause

See,

See what comes from this thinking?

The pain that resurfaces

Being human is being numb

numb is how you survive

A pill,

my teeth

a knife

the void

Being alive is numbing

It stings

Then it fades

It burns things away

How can I write what its like to be human, to be alive, to walk around like everything's fine. I can't. Because none of those things are true.

I feel too much  
But I think that's good

I've been a bitch  
I've been sweet  
I've been good  
And I've done bad.  
I would choose myself last every single time someone asked  
I lie,  
and lie,  
and lie  
In fact, the better I know you—  
the more I'll lie to you  
  
I'm sick,  
been sicker,  
And I've thought I was dying

It's the pounding heart,  
the aching head  
The time that slips away  
I'm working so hard,  
and for what?

I forget sometimes, that my life is not a storybook — sometimes there is no author who's thinking about my story. It's just me, pretending that I'm real and that the world is real.

I'm a broken toy  
I'm not even a real toy  
I'm not Crayola  
I'm a loser Roseart  
And everyday I wake up and remind myself of that

I start my days with a lie  
“today is going to be a good day”  
even as I smash the snooze button  
“It's not your job to be perfect”  
As I put another mistake in my mouth  
“you can do anything”  
The list of things piles higher than my head

The times I've felt a fraud outnumber the times that I've been me. I wait for moments of clarity, the far and few, the out of reach, because in those moments I believe the lies I tell myself. I believe it when my mother says "I love you". I believe my father when he says "have a good day". Or my therapist when she tells me "you seem like you've got it all under control".

Being human is a game  
And I'm the loser.