

THE ROAD TO REHAB IS PAVED

The car ride to rehab was like being born. Not because new start, NO NOT BECAUSE NEW START, but because I was helpless — without words, fragile ecology, eyes there but only glassy grassy green, no see, no see 'em... Mother with 28-year-old child. Do you know how much you have to drink to go back to baby? God, you were a good sport. GOD YOU WERE A GOOD SPORT — footed the bill, said *hit that bong one more heavy time*, lmao you said bong (!) in support — mother of the year, you joked, mother of the year — *watch me mother, look at me love my child into some woods rehab to try again*. We didn't mention the state of my baby body — dilly bean, DILLY BEAN, DILLY BEAN. Too lean to hold a child, too rot to use in even a winter soup. We just called it pajama camp, haha we just called it sabbatical. PTO earned. You said, get the gold star. I said WHAT ARE STARS?