

**I, the Victim.**

words solo by Simona Semenič

*dedicated to Črtomir*

*my mum and dad*

*as well as to Matej, Boris, Rok, Vesna, Lara and all those who - one way or another - walk with me  
through the clouds*

Ljubljana, Slovenia, 2007

*a short break*  
*breath in*  
*breath out*  
*and then it starts:*

the first in the sublime selection of my diseases

- troubles  
handicaps  
annoyances  
or whatever we call them  
- is bed-wetting

i wet my bed for a long time  
i mean a really long time  
at least it seemed long to me  
until i was about sixteen  
half of my life

it felt most horrid when i was in england as an exchange student of english  
i stayed with a british family  
in a semi-detached house  
at the time i was about fifteen  
and i had period  
and i peed  
i had my pink linen on the bed  
as always  
as everywhere  
but it moved  
the mattress pissed  
and covered in blood  
and i didn't know what to do  
i was embarrassed to tell the family  
so i flipped the mattress  
to hide it  
and then i went home  
about two weeks later a letter arrived  
from the mattress' owner  
the mattress is ruined  
and we should pay for it

anyway  
this is what it was like with this  
from doctor to quack  
and back

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

i slept on some special anti-peeing nets  
then i didn't drink after 6 pm  
then i took some pills  
and some witch's remedies  
then i drew little suns and clouds in a notebook  
to take to the doctor  
and the witch doctor  
a little sun for a dry night  
a little cloud for a wet one

waiting for a doctor

i collected quite a bunch of little clouds  
and a little sun once in a while  
little clouds and suns  
i thought i must be the most stupid person in the world  
do i really need this  
i wanted to close my eyes  
and wake up in a place where there with nothing but the wind  
nothing helped  
of course

sometimes i punished myself  
through isolation  
by not hanging out with anybody  
because i wasn't worth it  
because i didn't deserve it  
because i pissed in my bed  
because this is disgusting  
and nobody else does it

i didn't discuss it with anyone  
my girlfriends didn't know  
or at least i thought they didn't  
and i hoped so much  
that it really hurt  
i never slept over at friends'  
except twice  
aged 15 or so  
once at vesna's  
once at urška's  
and afterwards i always drew a little cloud in my book  
once i also turned around the mattress  
and then it was over  
sleepovers at my friends

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

and little clouds persisted in my notebook  
and then my mother got some good advice  
from some friend –  
of a neighbour  
of the aunt  
of an acquaintance  
of a grandmother  
of my father's former schoolmate  
- to crush egg shells every night  
and to eat them  
and that would stop it for good  
and i ate  
and ate  
and ate  
and ate

in the notebook  
on the sheets  
on the mattress  
on me  
little clouds.

little clouds  
little clouds  
little clouds

alone and the only one in the world  
the pisser  
whatever i try  
i wake up wet  
stinking  
no matter how hard i wash myself  
i still stink

until once i entered the room of a friend  
and smelled something familiar  
i didn't realise immediately what it was  
what it reminded me of  
this smell  
piss!  
the mattress, sheets, walls, furniture  
everything was permeated with it  
you can't get away from this smell  
my friend

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

you can wash, clean, do whatever you want  
it still stinks  
i, as an expert, recognised it  
that familiar stench  
and at that point i realised i wasn't alone  
that liberating smell  
that there are at least two of us in 100 square metres  
the smell of the two of us  
and then it was slowly three of us  
our smell  
i guess we didn't know of each other  
and then our number grew even more  
and then i suddenly realised that we are a civilisation of pissers and that's just the way it is  
and it's definitely not worth worrying about  
now when - once in a while - i wake up in a little cloud next to my six-year old son  
i am a bit embarrassed in front of him  
but it doesn't burden me with major trauma  
ever since i stopped drawing little clouds

second in the sublime selection of my diseases  
is genital herpes  
it first happened to me when i was eight  
first fever  
then penicillin  
i had been healthy until then  
and i never took any medicine  
the doctor didn't know i was allergic to penicillin  
he prescribed me ospen 1000  
and then swelling  
on all my joints  
bigger and bigger  
as well as herpes all over my ass and genitals

not even the doctor knew what it could be  
because herpes is sexually-transmitted  
let me illustrate:  
in a medical lexicon  
for example  
under the title genital herpes  
you find a nice photograph of condom  
and i was eight  
first redness  
it burns, itches  
and then  
pop, pop, pop

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

small white-and-yellow clouds  
all over my ass and genitals  
bigger and bigger  
white-and-yellow

i don't remember it all  
i know it hurt  
but i don't remember

all i remember is that i was home alone  
we lived on the fourth floor  
at tovarniška 3c in ajdovščina  
and when my mother came home  
she supposedly could hear at the entrance to the block of flats  
how i screamed  
with pain  
i remember this event  
i remember calling my mother  
crying  
screaming even  
i remember sitting in the living room  
on my grandmother's green armchair  
which was covered with a really disgusting brown cover  
imitation of animal hair  
then the emergency  
my dad's white *zastava 101* ambulance  
whisked off to šempeter in the middle of the night  
but i don't remember the pain  
i guess it couldn't have been that bad  
and the nurses in the hospital were right  
when the following day  
they said i couldn't endure anything

anyway  
this sexually-transmitted disease  
is incurable  
but my doctor  
once  
when i was nine  
and i had a relapse  
decided she would help me get rid of this trouble for good  
she wrote a prescription  
“simona, it will burn a lot”  
she says  
“but you have to bear with it – and then you'll be cured forever”

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

and i bore with it  
it's not that i remember this pain  
all i know is that it burnt as if they were scorching my ass  
every morning and afternoon and evening  
when they applied the cream  
formulated by my doctor  
and they scorched me  
little by little  
on my ass  
until it became completely black  
my bum, i mean  
black as if they had burned it  
but little clouds did not disappear  
white-and-yellow  
they were transformed into dry cracked muddy pools  
and came back again  
white-and-yellow

i had to go to the specialist  
dermatologist  
so that he would see this marvel on my ass

waiting for the dermatologist

i felt a little bit sorry for myself in the waiting room  
and at the same time made plans for how i would go back to hospital  
i liked going to the hospital  
i figured that only by being in hospital  
i would eventually prove to them all  
how seriously ill and  
poorly i was

anyway  
i get to his surgery  
with my mother

take off my trousers  
maybe a skirt  
and panties  
and i bend over  
and mr. dermatologist puts on his glasses  
and observes  
the marvel on my bum  
black  
with little clouds

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

“this is interesting”

i bent,

“this is really interesting”

i still bent,

“does it hurt?”

i no longer remember if it hurt

i remember that i lied in my grandmother's room for ten days

that i read robin hood

that my grandmother brought me tea

that my mother brought me tea

that it felt so good

that even now when i'm sick i still remember them bringing me tea

and i wish that today i had ten days to lie in bed

to read robin hood

and my mother to bring me tea

when i have herpes today

nobody even bothers to ask if i'm in pain

it's there on my ass

itching

hurting a bit

but most of all getting on my nerves

if it gets too bad

i go to hospital for a couple of days

but now i'd rather not go

so that sick old ladies won't tell me that i can't endure

i'd rather endure

wear it on my ass

and keep smiling at meetings

during my last stay in hospital because of this

i decided

that from now on

my herpes

will be just mine

and perhaps of some sexual partner

for better or for worse as they say

anyway, if i can quote my dear friend, playwright milan marković – *ima i u tome nešto lepo* - “there's something nice in all of this too...”

my next disease

or whatever it is

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

is a god's disease  
- epilepsy  
or falling sickness  
or whatever

my epileptic seizures started when i was about eleven  
but we didn't know what the little absences could be  
i thought i was just sick  
little absences  
which didn't harm anybody  
and didn't bother anybody;  
then they began to bother  
i started to slobber during the seizures  
my schoolmates said i threw up  
but i didn't  
the same as i didn't know how to explain what was happening to me  
as if i were in a cloud  
fog, fog everywhere around  
i am conscious  
but i can't react  
and saliva is dripping from my mouth

i didn't exactly know for a long time  
why these clouds  
folded up on me  
what's the point  
and then i again started drawing small suns and clouds  
in a slightly different way  
i thought it was some sort of a punishment  
- these clouds i mean -  
which comes upon me whenever i masturbate  
and then i drew a small sun for every orgasm  
i had with myself  
and a small cloud  
for every seizure, before i actually knew it was epilepsy  
and i was looking for relations

this thing with masturbation goes even further  
but it doesn't have to do with any diagnosis  
perhaps some other time  
when i am diagnosed  
with PCES (post-catholic environment syndrome)  
for example, or,  
within this diagnosis  
considering that i never went to church

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

nor was i raised in the christian faith  
and not been baptised  
maybe its even DCVS  
(disrespect of christian values syndrome)  
unless of course they decide  
i'm not even a lunatic  
but the number one enemy of the state

the problem was that my mother and father  
never saw these seizures  
i just told them i was sick again  
and that was it  
whereas the teachers at school  
- and this i really don't understand even now -  
never said  
or asked anything  
for example:  
i'm quizzed on a subject at school  
i get up  
and the cloud  
saliva  
and nothing  
as if nothing happened

actually the first to tell me i had god's disease  
was vesna  
the one i turned the mattress around at  
i still remember it  
we were at her place  
she is standing at the top of the stairs in front of the kitchen  
i'm down in the hallway  
and we quarrel  
and we shout at each other  
i forget what it was about  
all i remember that vesna at a certain point says  
"simona, you have god's disease  
so that you know  
you have god's disease"  
and i look at her  
from downstairs up  
and reply  
"yeah, i know, so what"-  
but of course i didn't know

vesna had found it out before me

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

because we practised handball  
her father was president of the handball club  
and the coach asked the doctor what it could be  
this saliva all over me  
the doctor told him that it was most likely epilepsy  
and then the coach told the president  
and the president told vesna  
and vesna told me

i had my first major official seizure at my first visit to the neurologist  
my mother and father were with me  
i was sleeping in the car

waiting for a neurologist

and i was hit  
by god  
the cloud

when i was 16 i was sent for surgery  
to eliminate epilepsy  
for good

waiting for surgery

for a year  
i put on a lot of weight  
about 19 kilos  
then they shaved me  
and operated  
and when i woke up  
it just hurt a lot  
i couldn't open my mouth  
i couldn't eat  
but once again i don't remember the pain  
thus it can't have been that bad

after a week i went home  
on friday  
saturday morning i was lying on a couch  
that green one  
or it might have been the red one by that time  
oh dear  
i don't remember this either  
and then i had a seizure

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

it just wouldn't stop  
fifteen minutes  
then i went to bed at night  
and it came back again  
my mother found me  
in convulsions and foam  
that time it just went on  
and on  
and it wouldn't stop  
then a doctor came  
i remember him  
sitting on a bed next to mine  
while i was having a seizure  
in the cloud  
but i do remember him  
then he gave an injection of valium  
in my bum (no small clouds)  
and sat down  
i was still having a seizure  
and then he was saying something  
and gave another injection  
in my bum (no small clouds)  
and sat down  
today i can still see him  
sitting  
on a bed nearby  
all crushed  
it seemed i was a lost cause  
that i was going to die  
i was having seizures for about two and a half hours  
and then it stopped  
god's cloud  
and then  
(and this is the best part)  
they came to pick me up with an ambulance  
i'm all dizzy  
slightly in a cloud  
slightly on valium  
they put me in an ambulance  
shortly before i had watched a movie  
in which they kidnapped people in ambulances  
to do experiments on them  
and that night i knew  
no, i was absolutely sure  
that they were driving me some place

where they would do experiments on me  
but no  
i said to myself  
half-dizzy in that ambulance  
you won't get me  
you have no chance  
i don't remember throwing up all the way to the hospital  
my mother only told me that later  
but i do remember being determined that nobody would do any experiments on me  
and how i was scared  
because i couldn't get away

in secondary school it was somewhat cool  
in the morning i would come to school  
looking broken  
and all around me understood  
i could cough gently  
and all around me were hushed in terror  
and then i could say in a broken voice  
that i didn't feel good  
that i wanted to go home  
and i could go  
to the video store to rent a movie  
and to pizzeria for a pizza  
and i could stare at television all day  
and in addition be a victim

in short:  
at a certain point during my teenage years  
i was sick of everything  
school in particular  
and obesity  
and i decided to kill myself  
one day when i really didn't feel like waking up and going to school  
not even to show my painful face  
and then come home to watch movies  
said...  
and done  
i had quite some pills in stock  
i took a glass of tea to my room  
barricaded the door  
and started taking the pills  
but i failed to predict that it takes more than a glass of tea for that many pills  
then i just swallowed them for a while without tea  
i knew if i went back through that door to the kitchen my suicide would be history

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

and it hadn't even started properly  
so i swallowed the pills without tea for a little longer  
until i couldn't do it anymore  
and i check if there's any liquid  
but there isn't  
just the acne tonic  
and i went on swallowing the pills without liquid  
and then i had enough  
i'd die anyway, it didn't matter

waiting for redemption

i took the rest with the acne tonic  
and then ER again  
the ambulance was dad's silver-green *renault five* this time  
rushing to šempeter in the dead of night  
and then stomach pump  
and the lying  
nothing worked  
neither arms  
nor legs  
i just lied for a few days  
they turned me around  
when they got tired of bringing me a pan  
they inserted a catheter  
no way this  
i said to myself  
semi-conscious  
no way this  
not a catheter  
no way  
but they wouldn't take it out  
and i'm lying with a catheter for a few days  
then i could move my hand  
and because they still wouldn't take the catheter out  
i did it myself  
ignorant me of course had no clue  
that a catheter is not just a tube  
that there is this plastic ball in the bladder  
which slightly tears you apart  
and then blood  
blood everywhere  
but at least i no longer had a catheter  
and then i had enough  
i asked them when i could go home

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

“when you're able to walk by yourself  
from the bed to the wall and back”  
i'll go today  
“you can't even lift your arm”  
then the nurse went home  
and i said to her – goodbye, i'll be gone tomorrow  
and she just gave me an indulgent smile  
then the doctor came  
and i told him what i had been promised  
and when he had confirmed he would let me go home  
i got up

walked to the wall and back to the bed  
and then i couldn't make another step  
but they released me

i only mention this event in order to again cite my dear friend the dramatist Milan Marković:

this, my second favourite quotation:

*ne postoji put do sreće, put je sreća -*

there is no road to happiness

the road itself is happiness...

anyway

afterwards i had to see a psychiatrist

of course

waiting for a psychiatrist

in his office

or surgery

i rummaged among his notes

and then among the testimonies of teenagers

and among others a seventeen-year old girl who had contracted aids

then he came in

sat down

and we started

soon he enquired what i had on my arm

i had three cigarette burns

i caused them myself

and he asked me:

“simona, why did you do this to yourself?

do you think claudia schiffer does this too?”

and there i was again

among the small clouds and suns

secondary school was over

the first year at the college i went to the hospital in grenoble

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

for examination  
because of the epilepsy, of course  
they implanted internal electrodes  
14 internal electrodes  
those which go through the skull  
directly into the brain  
if i understood it right  
and then they passed some small electrical current through  
and observed what was happening to my body  
anyway, to stick with the subject  
they pass this electricity  
and my arm lifts  
all by itself  
or my leg  
it was utterly fun  
or i was overwhelmed  
(and this was best of all)  
by a special cloud  
not as a seizure  
but as a fantastic feeling  
i can't really describe  
it's not like when you smoke pot  
nor is it like an orgasm  
but something different  
it might  
or it might not  
be better than this  
because i no longer remember this feeling  
but i do know that it was really cool  
and that i wanted more  
but unfortunately it only happened twice  
or maybe three times

last time i had a strong seizure  
was about a year and a half ago  
precisely on monday 6<sup>th</sup> march 2006  
i was sitting on a bar stool  
with my dear friend rok  
having a coffee  
i'm enthusiastically telling him about a hedonistic weekend  
and then it hits me  
i'm sitting too high  
and that's why i'm still a little scared of bar stools to this day  
and was kicked off god's cloud  
to the ground

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

i again woke up in an ambulance  
semi-awake  
i didn't know a thing  
i didn't know who or where i was  
all i knew was that i had to pick up my boy from daycare  
and then passed out again

when i regained consciousness at the emergency  
they're all around me  
matej, črtomir's father  
črtomir  
and rok  
matej and rok look at me  
with pale faces  
scared  
worried  
whilst i just keep on being enthusiastic  
and in a good mood  
and on the left there's my son  
who two days later turned five  
he wouldn't look at me  
he turned his back on me and wouldn't look at me  
and i just keep on being in a good mood  
“guys, why those long faces everything's just fine”  
i say to them  
and matej and rok give me a sour look  
while črtomir turns his back  
“give me the mirror to see this marvel”  
i tell them  
and i have a look at myself  
only then it got really funny  
when i saw myself  
i couldn't hold the laughter  
all bloody purple  
black and blue  
i don't remember the colours exactly  
all i remember is that my face was a mottled swollen cloud  
no eyes  
chin and cheeks melted into one  
stitches on my right eyelid

i can feel absolutely great  
but look awful  
i arouse pity  
and a bit of disgust

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

but hey  
i have just had a marvellous weekend  
and a couple of stitches can't change that  
besides  
and this cannot be ignored  
i have a new episode  
in the self-narration of a victim

later on when i walked around  
with my purple face  
which i probably shouldn't have  
because it embarrasses people  
and then they stare  
and stare  
and stare  
and i was really sick of all these looks  
i said  
it was all my fault, he does love me  
or  
he bought me flowers afterwards and now we love each other again  
then they turned in rage

when at the age of nineteen  
i came back from the hospital in grenoble  
after my second surgery  
it was the same  
my head was shaved  
and i had stitches  
i was shut in a hospital for almost two months  
without saying a word to any of my colleagues or friends  
at that time there were no emails  
or SMS  
i was literally cut off from the world  
a letter here and there  
and when i got back home  
i couldn't care less  
about a shaved head  
scars  
stitches  
all i wanted was to mix with people  
wearing a hat  
until it got too hot  
and then these accusing looks  
and words  
how i should be at home

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

how people feel uncomfortable seeing things like that  
how i should understand this

to be honest  
i too don't enjoy seeing people with crutches  
or hearing aids  
or dental braces  
or piercings  
or polished nails  
or grey blouses  
thus i completely understand  
as well as empathise with them

when two days after that sensational fall from a bar stool  
i came to pick up birthday-boy črtomir from day-care  
a little less swollen  
thus a little more purple  
he was no longer afraid of me  
he came to meet me at the door  
a group of children watched in fear  
whereas črtomir swings one hand towards me  
and the other towards the children  
and screams  
“and this is – the purple surprise”

before that sensational fall i came across  
an excitingly smart  
successful  
talented  
- and all that comes with this -  
man  
who asked me  
why i don't use makeup  
“do you believe that you look beautiful enough without it”  
after all  
i'm a woman  
at that point it crossed my mind  
that he definitely has a mattress at home  
that he turns around every second day  
but when i was this purple  
walking around made-up in purple  
without spending a cent on makeup  
i finally realised  
what the man had wanted to tell me  
being purple

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

i felt a woman  
from head to toe  
well  
at least from my left to right eye

i shall put an end to epilepsy with an anecdote  
i have a bunch of anecdotes about this epilepsy  
i never get tired of telling them  
and i do have one that absolutely breaks every record  
and i just have to tell it  
so  
once we went to a meeting of self-help groups  
for epilepsy, of course,  
and since epileptics usually don't drive  
we hired a van  
and a chauffeur  
so  
there are seven or eight epileptics sitting in a van  
driven by a chauffeur  
we are headed from gorica to maribor  
we stop at a petrol station just outside maribor  
for a smoke  
and then we wanted to get back in the van  
but our driver was thrown to the ground  
by god  
and he was in convulsions  
until the ground was completely covered in blood  
because he broke his head  
and there are seven or eight of us official epileptics  
just watching  
and we don't know what happened

we all survived in the end  
including the chauffeur

the latest in the selection of my diseases  
is mastitis  
that is  
inflammation of the breast after giving birth  
or just giving birth in general

meaning: the diagnosis is giving birth  
symptoms: huge belly, low backache, swollen breasts, joint pain, water breaking, contractions, the  
birth of a new human being  
i arrive in the maternity ward

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

on women's day  
and first they shut door to the father  
in front of his nose  
because he didn't attend maternity class  
mainly because he didn't pay for it  
and now it's too late

i'm allowed to give birth  
on women's day  
although i didn't attend maternity class

and then all those disgusting things  
an enema  
and contractions  
i'm lying there alone  
on women's day

waiting for an obstetrician

during the contractions  
i read romantic souls by ivan cankar  
i need to pee  
and i have no place to draw a small cloud  
i hold it  
because they won't let me get up  
i mustn't damage this new human being  
because my waters have already broken  
i call the staff  
but they don't have time  
i'm not an emergency case yet  
and besides i'm alone  
and then i have seizures  
small clouds  
nobody comes  
i'm not an emergency case yet  
and besides i'm alone  
i'm telling them they have to perform a caesarean  
due to the herpes  
which could be lethal for this new human being  
that is what i was told  
but at the same time one of the gynaecologists told me that i didn't know what herpes was  
i don't know  
i guess i probably don't  
but we have to be careful that this new life isn't damaged or hurt  
they wouldn't listen to me

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

and i'm waiting  
i'm not an emergency case  
and i need to pee  
and i have contractions  
and seizures  
but i'm not an emergency case  
and i can't endure anything  
and  
on top of all this  
i'm alone  
why didn't we attend maternity class  
for the sake of this new life  
and then finally the right person arrives  
appears by the door  
as if by miracle  
my old gynaecologist  
and sends me to the operating theatre  
and they cut free  
a new human being

the only fear i had about this new being  
is that it would be really really tiny  
because  
first  
if you take anticonvulsants during pregnancy  
there's a chance that the head circumference  
of this new human being  
will be smaller  
and that it is smaller in general  
and second  
if you smoke during pregnancy  
the chances are the same  
a smaller head circumference  
and a smaller baby  
and then my perverted mind made a picture of this new being  
who just didn't exist at all  
because it had vanished amidst tegretol and nicotine

when i slightly came to myself  
after they had cut it out of me  
and one huge seizure ceased  
which they weren't expecting  
because they forgot to check my medical chart  
all i wanted to know was if the child was big  
is it big

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

is it big  
i kept asking  
slightly under the effect of anaesthesia  
it's huge  
they told me and showed it to me  
four kilos and eighty and 53 cm long new human being  
who had fat rings around the neck  
and he pulled faces  
as if he was laughing  
at all of us old human beings  
loaded into a huge ambulance  
with six and a half billion seats

and then i wake up in a room  
and i want to tell the father  
that he has a son  
but they wouldn't give me the phone  
what would happen if they gave every mother the phone  
we don't want to bankrupt the maternity hospital

and then it really started  
i'm breast-feeding this huge new being  
and this hurts  
hurts  
hurts  
i no longer remember this pain too  
the only thing i remember  
is that tears flowed down my cheeks  
and that i was looking at this new being in my arms  
my torturer  
and this is exactly how i perceived him  
for a moment  
as a torturer  
and then the guilt  
of course  
terrifying guilt  
what kind of a mother are you  
surely this is nice  
having blood run from your boobs  
and i say to a nurse  
- it hurts, it hurts, i can't breastfeed  
blood is coming from my breast -  
"don't you worry"  
she says  
with a smile

“he'll spit it out”

my boobs clouds of pus  
but i'm used to clouds  
small clouds  
and clouds  
it doesn't matter  
the new being is in my lap  
this is what matters

but i've done my share  
i put a new human on the six-and-half-billion-seat ambulance  
i could tell you something about his diseases  
but this is his story

because i've done my share  
i'm not a dry branch  
i've realised myself as a woman  
and of course as a victim

the only thing that bothers me  
i mean really bothers me  
is that he is now in the centre of attention  
the new human being  
not me  
none of my diseases draw any attention or sympathy

and then i think to myself  
something needs to be done  
something

and then i figure the only thing that could save me  
my personal integrity  
is a new disease  
so that i could look around with a broken look  
and people would understand it  
so that i could gently cough  
and people around will be hushed in terror

something like that  
but  
to my great sorrow  
and disappointment  
i don't like prepared fruit juices, i rather make them myself  
i don't like too much sun-bathing

© simona semenič 2007, [simona.semenic@gmail.com](mailto:simona.semenic@gmail.com)

Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited.

i don't like hamburgers from mc-donald's  
i don't like lipsticks and makeup and hair dyes and hair sprays and nail polish  
i don't like alcohol (at least not in exaggerate doses)  
i don't like fizzy drinks, not even cockta or coca cola or beer  
i don't like fried food  
i don't like fruit and vegetables from interspar, i'd rather get them from my mum's garden  
i don't like frozen, i cook almost every day  
i don't drive and thus walk rather a lot  
and i don't like high heels  
i don't like air-conditioning in the apartment or car  
i don't like food with a several-month long shelf life  
i don't like perfumed toilet paper  
i don't like artificial fragrances in my home  
i don't like bleaches or softeners  
i don't like anti-wrinkle anti-aging or anti-cellulite creams  
and so on  
again cum *gratia in infinitum*

i figure the only thing i can try  
that i have left  
that can save me  
is a coffee and a cigarette  
one fag after another  
chain smoking  
more and more  
and try  
try  
to produce another diagnosis  
so that i can write a new episode in the victim's self-narrative

and i beg you  
i urge you

*short a break  
inhalation  
and exhalation  
and then it ends*

let me smoke

*THE END.*