

CHAPTER TWELVE

WILL

"One of us is little, smaller than petite, almost a miniature sized person. She has six children. She was recently divorced at the time of the group. She had almost killed her husband. She was standing over his passed out body, knife raised, when a thought tapped her, *I'll get caught, go to jail*, leaving her six kids at the mercy of this alcoholic abusive asshole or farmed out, separated. The knife high, she let herself imagine his blood, oozing, squirting, his dying breath, his agony, his corpse filled coffin lowered into the earth, the earth covering him, the earth transforming him through the action of worms. She put the knife down, let the drunk bastard lay, took the kids away from that trailer house and filed for divorce the next day.

"She wasn't on welfare. She worked two jobs from home. Her ex-husband was living with a new woman. She'd never had sex before her ex, who was a cop, had taken her to a movie and dinner then treated her to a rape which he insisted she enjoyed. When she turned up pregnant, he was too scared of her father to dip out so he married her. "Why not?" It wouldn't infringe on any of his activities. His drinking, and sexing continued and he had the perfect happy family for those photo portraits his mother loved. He had children to forget on holidays, children to prove his fertility. He had flesh of his flesh, chips off the old block.

"She'd never had an orgasm. She thought maybe she was a lesbian because she felt safer around women. But she couldn't identify any sexual urges coming from inside herself towards men or women. She was athletic and strong but she felt maimed from rapes and childbirths. She tore her perineum so many times, they'd had to sew her so many times, her vagina didn't seem her own. She had hemorrhoids. She was incontinent sometimes. She never cried. She could laugh with the kids but she couldn't cry in front of them. She had to be strong.

"She didn't have friends. Her husband had scared all her old friends away. Her depression, moodiness, dispiritedness and shame, not to mention her two jobs and six kids kept her too busy to make new ones. She had come to therapy when she found herself in the bathtub razor blades in hand, poised for the kill. *I'm in trouble*. She called a hotline. One thing led to another, to her being here with us.

"She had a great deal of confidence in her ability to mother and raise her children. All other areas of her life were a shipwreck laden sea, churning. She apologized often when she spoke. We helped her expunge this self denigration from her speech.

"Her husband liked to dress her up, in baby doll, lacy underthings. Sexy clothes, he called them, push up bras, crotchless panties. He liked to come on her face. He liked her to get on her knees and beg him to come on her face. He liked her to

say that she was unworthy of his cum. He liked her to cry. He liked her best when she was miserable. He would kiss her then. Otherwise he liked to have kissless fucks. It was more exciting, he said, to pretend that they didn't know each other. Their sex life made her feel worthless and weak. Eventually she stopped being able to cry, the outfits gave her rashes, she developed undiagnosable vaginal irritations, she couldn't have sex. He said, he'd risk the consequences. Blood came out with her urine. She finally managed to repulse him. He went elsewhere for relief but he drank more which made him easily angered. He hit the children then.

"She came home from the grocery store, found her son outside, playing in the snow, with no gloves, no hat, no coat, her daughter in her room, crying, a bruised chin from falling on the corner of the coffee table where her father, cranky from an all night debauch, had pushed her. That's when she went to the kitchen, got a knife, stood over his flaccid body. She was in therapy, one on one, for a year and a half before she joined our group. She found it hard to understand the psychology of things but she was naturally gifted with spiritual awareness. She did tarot cards, massage, runes and meditation. She didn't like to read and write, she liked being with people. Her biggest problem was a wet blanket cynicism that enveloped her inner fire which had been, she thought, reduced to a flickering ember. She knew she had to forgive. But she couldn't do it, she was too angry. She was looking for some creative way to deal with her rage. "Anger is my issue."