

Vinitia Swonger

# #1, I limit myself

. *micro memoir one* .

I save all  
my change  
in hidden  
jars, but by the end  
of the year  
I don't have enough  
to leave him. I do  
have enough  
to send him  
on a weekend  
hunting  
trip with his drunk bud-  
dies.  
Reminder: Remember  
to forget  
to pack  
his orange vest.

Are people joking  
when they natter on  
about mindfulness?

I wish I  
could outrun  
the speeding  
din in  
my head.

How do I get me  
some of that fleshy,  
silent  
bodyfulness?

On the first evening  
of a semester-  
long writing class  
the instructor asks  
us to scribble down  
one lovable detail  
about ourselves.

She does not mention  
we will read  
them aloud.

Others write:  
“I love  
emollients.”

And “I paint the backs  
of turtles.”

What I wish  
mine was: “I can sing  
my name backwards.”

What it actually is:  
“After I go  
#1, I limit myself

to one square  
of toilet paper.”

Does the class  
find me lovable  
after that? Only that  
guy who writes: “I can  
read minds” knows.

I think dying is  
like when I look  
back at photos of myself.  
At first I am angry:  
I look awful, my  
thighs-lips-butt-gut  
so unacceptable.  
And then, I pretend  
to have a lofty thought:  
I see now how  
simply beautiful  
it was to be alive.  
However, the thoughts  
I actually have:  
I am pissed  
I don't look anything  
like I once did.  
And what was wrong  
with me that I couldn't  
see how good I looked?  
When I die, I'll have to

leave my body. And you  
can bet then I'll look  
back and see how  
good. Just how  
good.

Vinitia Swonger is a videographer, poet, and communitarian who runs mixed-genre writing salons. She sings in an improv group, writing and performing songs on the spot. Picture musical slam poetry generated in a collective. Right now, Vinitia is likely perched in front of a blender making homemade cashew milk.