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## And Suddenly I Realize I Am Still Such a Child

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# ***AND SUDDENLY I REALIZE I AM STILL SUCH A CHILD***

LILY SOPER

The trouble with conviction is that no matter what you believe,  
you are always at least semi-wrong.  
Loyalty with leave you with enemies you didn't make.  
I read this article scientifically proving that dogs can be  
diagnosed with the same mental illnesses as their owners  
and I thought to myself, "Who has been psychoanalyzing dogs?"

The trouble with martyrdom is that you die in the end.  
There are no peas in the freezer. There's some in the fridge,  
but they are still in their pods and I hate the strings that get in between  
my teeth. I know you told me that the peas need them to hold the pod together but  
they make my gums bleed. You knew I was coming this weekend.  
Whatever. It's fine.

The trouble with virtue is that it is probably fucking someone over somewhere.  
When I was in the fourth grade, I wondered, why don't we just take all the meanest  
people and put them in the same place? My mom called it fascism, but my Dad called  
it Wall Street. And who would be our politicians or CEO's?  
I don't think I've ever tried my hardest at anything. Maybe I just don't want to  
admit that I've hit my best.

And every time I cut my hair I hate it.  
And in the sixth grade, wanted to be a dog. I crawled around in  
footie pajamas on the weekends. I asked my mom if I still wanted it  
when I was eighteen if she'd pay for the plastic surgery to make it real  
and she said yes.  
My best friend thinks I'm still vegan.  
Verisimilitude means less and less every time you say it.  
Three mental institutions later, my Dad still says you can fake happiness.