

Dear ~~REDACTED~~,

Oh, here she finally is. Some sign of life. She can't even face me!

That's what I bet you're thinking.

I suppose I should preface this message by telling you I apologise for what I've decided to do. And that's sincere.

Well, it's not *that* bad.

I'm not much of a letter writer. You know me as a FaceTime kinda girl. Right.

~~I guess I really couldn't face you at all, then, haha!~~

My thoughts about this only began to kick off out of my subconscious while I was at that house I went to, after the show the other week. I mean, no *simple* person should *really* be allowed to go there in the first place. You can imagine how affronted I was by the environment I found myself in. Quite overwhelming if you ask me.

I say simple not because *I* think I'm a simpleton. Rather, that's what *you* called me. I actually think I'm quite intelligent. And mature, might I add.

Like, you've never even come to visit me at the show. I know you say it's just not your scene. But it still hurts me, ~~REDACTED~~. I'm always waiting for your call at the end of the night.

It's hard to describe how it felt in the house. A bit like a strip club bathroom; like an abandoned playground; like a hotel room that a never-ending roundabout of travellers had smoked in for years. Like a drabby dressing room in the back of a forgotten venue; like cheap elastic made to stretch over a twisting body- not made to last. Like when some bitch hits you in the face and that familiar metallic taste swirls in and around your mouth, weaving through the gaps between your teeth. Or like lipstick gifted by a friend (who didn't like the shade enough to keep it herself) sticking even to your gums- the kind that's impossible to wipe from your skin at the end of a long night. Not even if you have some of that micellar water shit. They say you need an oil cleanser, these days, the skin care girls do.

And lately, I've been feeling like a dancer called to spin on cue. I'm doing this endless pirouette, descending into darkness, essentially becoming void. Of course there's always been another presence in this hole, somewhere. It's never been so uncomplicated to just be about you and I. I've merely been attempting to find some musicality in our frenzied rhythms.

Anyway,

What I'm trying to say is- I don't think this is working anymore.

Mainly because our schedules are different these days- I'm a night owl; you're an early riser. I'm a vape; you're a cigarette. To put it plainly: I'm an upper, you're a downer.

Opposite cliches- people say that that's compatible. What the hell planet are they on?

But a big part of it is that I had this wild trip at that house the other week and realised you've been driving me crazy for months.

I'm not sure if it is clear to you yet, but this is a break-up-letter.

Don't think I'll always love you, but....

Every performance has to come to some sort of end.

I'm pretty sure I did love you at one point or another.

I suppose this paper is our 'final act'!

Well, I hope you don't think I'm a TOTAL cunt.

All the best,

ME

Xx

P.S: I expect the lingerie/socks/multivitamins I've left at yours to be delivered back to me post-haste!

P.P.S: I am NOT giving back the dehumidifier. My house is wetter than yours.

- Text by Beth Clemens



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