

Alias

by Lavinia Ludlow

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I can tell you all about rock bottom. I've choked on the gravel of rock bottom. Hell, cop it up to fucking rock bottom. And I liked it. I liked it so much that I let it fuck my brains out for years, and here I am: its gang-bang on a leash and all its glory. Or maybe faking a fetish for rock bottom is a shitload easier than taking ownership and clawing away from it.

I thought rock bottom struck about a little over a year ago, when I had a substance-addicted ex-con with a court-recognized anger management problem slapping me around in an insufferable relationship, when I was fleeing to another state, scraping the bottom of a CD made up of twenty-five years' worth of birthday cards because no one would hire me, not even Starbucks—yeah, I was that desperate for work. But I know now how that was just a type of rock bottom, because rock bottoms change with the scenery, they come and go, then they'll hunt you down, and never let up, just like the perfect mind-fucking manipulative boyfriend.

