

she said.

Ma'am, I asked, what is the nature of your emergency?

Janine slides her wedding finger through the coiled plastic telephone cord, imagining becoming betrothed to the CEO of Con Edison, their chemistry "electric". She pantomimes shock, she laughs out loud, she looks out the kitchen window to her Estate's palatial ground - her vision increasingly clouded by "eye-floaters" (current hypochondriacal fixation).

Ma'am, this line is reserved for emergencies.

She hangs up, this line is reserved for emergencies, she says sadly, in her head. Then she says it aloud, this time less sad, cheerful even.

Janine starts getting ready to go into the city for analysis, something she has come to dread. She felt like an overworked Midwestern mother of two dragging her gorgeous innocent children to Sunday Mass at her hometown church in 2004.

The sessions had become intolerable for a variety of reasons, the main one being that her Psychoanalyst, Arthur, has neurotically/misguidedly pathologized her tardiness as a compulsive avoidance of her sexual obsession with him. In reality, she's habitually late due to a barely subconscious desire to dominate the material world around her, to affirm her existence.

That and she has been having a hard time keeping up with all of the lies she's told Arthur.

In her closet. Her wardrobe is balanced perfectly between designer and counterfeit designer clothes, shoes, handbags etc. Not fake because she can't afford it, but rather to reflect the duplicitous nature of Reality. Her newest acquisition: a custom gold-plated Cartier necklace she commissioned with alternating lab-grown and mined diamonds. Real Fake Real Fake Real Fake Real Fake

It embodies her sensibility, she thinks, though she is kind of disappointed with the length. It