

Today I am feeling useless.

Because I am feeling useless, I repurpose my hands
for something greater than myself.



How I once defined *purpose*:



This was my purpose until my purpose was taken away from me.

CRIME

Westchester lawyer Sam Friedlander killed wife, kids before shooting himself in murder-suicide

Comments (303)

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Then I became a POET.

(BUT BLEEDING THINGS REMAINED)

And my hands remained just as useless.

(USELESS, EXCEPT FOR PICKING THE SCABS OFF MY OWN BODY)

**CAN YOU BE MORE
SPECIFIC?**



To document this manuscript.
To hate this man you script.

To think of scripting in general.
The call and response of two voices in the void.

The filling of something into that void.
Some face that blanks. Some blank that blanks you

until the scene cuts itself. The roll is bloody. Holy.
Despite all of these holes, you cling to the concrete

like you're told. As if the concrete will lend itself to healing.
A prescription for healing, suspending body in prose.

Writers poking their tips in places they don't belong.
There are no words that will fill the whole of you.

