

Sometimes

Casey Freeman

Sometimes I love you like I love scrubbing the toilet. I don't. At those times, you are that toilet. Too cold and/or disgusting, and I have no desire to use you unless necessary.

But sometimes I love you like I love singing. Carelessly belting out tones that may or may not be in tune until my throat is rougher than the brand new sandpaper in the shed, just because it makes me feel damn awesome. (That means sometimes you make me feel damn awesome).

Much the way songs have an end, you always do something to make me view you as a toilet again. We argue over little things, always. You try to say I'm a toilet too, but oh no, my dear, I am a woman. I'm not full of germs and ew like you. What makes you so damn awesome? You're a twig. How about you make time for me for once? You're way too serious sometimes. You're not Keanu Reeves and the world isn't ending! For being such a good speaker, you suck at communication. You're not as mature as you think.

But I'll be humble (because I'm that damn awesome) and admit that I'm not perfect, either. No, I'm not a toilet—that's you. I am, at worst, a dandelion. (What? That's not gross enough? I could've said tapeworm, but I'm cute. Tapeworms aren't cute). I pop up in your yard, you cruelly decapitate me, and soon enough, I'm back with double the force. I'm rather attached to you, you see, and you'll never get rid of me. And one nice day, you'll look outside and find that actually, you do rather enjoy my sunny, butter petals. And I enjoy your meticulously cared for yard.

Sometimes I love you, as I do many things, with love being loosely defined. How one could love a cold porcelain bowl, I have no idea; but maybe—just maybe—I'm the murky build up under your rim.

And just so you know, I think you're a damn awesome toilet.