

Alright Already

By Helena Trifillis

I know angels and spirit guides are real because
They pick and choose when they want to talk to me
When I'm desperate and needy
They give me nothing
And when I'm unattached and couldn't care less
That's when epiphanies flow like a chocolate fountain
And I dip my strawberry in and say
Alright, I kinda like this whole life thing

Now I'm looking in the rear view mirror, quite literally
Because my car leaks when it rains so when it rains
I take it personally
And it's raining now so I'm stuck in the driver's seat
With a blue tarp draped over the car
Doors ajar
Mosquitoes swarming me
Calling mechanics because my car needs servicing
Should've gotten an oil change when kilometers hit 200k
But I ignored that like I ignore
Everything
Everything that's too inconvenient or painful for me to see
Like I ignored my body
For so long it had to shut down parts of it to get through to me
Like I couldn't face looking in the mirror
Because I never looked like who I wanted to be
So quietly I hated me
And loudly I ignored the hate

And today
Is just one of those days
Where nothing feels right
Recently, I'd gotten a glimpse of a new life
But nothing seems to materialize
So I sit in my car in the rain and reevaluate my whole life

I went to the crystal shop
And bought some dowsing rods
Thought maybe
My guides would bless me with some clarity
But when I asked for advice those rods stayed straight

I even tried to bargain with them
Said I just wanna ask about my car
I promise no existential questions
Like are we in a simulation? And
Is the moon actually just a hologram of the earth's reflection
I get it-I don't need to know any of that
Yet
I just wanna know if I should pay \$400 fucking dollars for an oil change
For a car that I'm gonna sell anyway

I even set up an altar on my dashboard
To try to set the mood for the channeling to come through
Tried to light a candle but blew it out because i didn't wanna crack the fucking
windshield
Lit some incense and palo santo
Then I got hungry so I ate a mango
So there's also a mango carcass on a tupperware lid
An offering, for spirit

And earlier I had washed my shorts in the bathroom
So they're still on the dash drying
And to be fair I've been crying
So there's balled up toilet paper up there too
As far as sacred spaces go
Surely not the best I could do
But it was what I had in me

And you motherfuckers didn't even listen to me
Had me sitting in the driver's seat
Holding metal sticks
Trying to summon
Anything
Like
Any advice?
No dice,
Nothing
And did I mention it's raining
Yeah it's been doing that like every fucking day
On the damn Sunshine Coast might I say
Ironic
Isn't it?
Ironic in the way where situational irony doesn't know when to quit
Sometimes life's just a cosmic joke and I'm the butt of it

But the universe shuns a desperate girl
Keep wallowing in your sorrow
And you'll find a bleak, ugly world
But on the flip side play the fool card
Be happy go lucky, take nothing seriously
Laugh your way through life and you unlock everything

I say that sounds like forced levity
Pretty cruel if you ask me

But the angels say
We had to break you out of these constraints
You're more than the character you've been playing
You get caught up in this illusion that you're this helpless thing that needs saving
No way to show you but to break you
Because the mind and the conditioning are strong and they will overtake you
We love you endlessly
And want you to be the best version of you you can be
So if limiting belief is the disease
Sometimes tough love is the only remedy
And keep talking to us
Sometimes we don't answer you in the way you expect
Gotta use that situational irony to keep you in check
But all you have to do is trust
Maybe this time
Advice comes in the form of a poem
Instead of from dowsing rods