Two Memories from the Cove Lake Apartments

I was flunking school, unable to get out of bed before one or two p.m., the phone and electric were occasionally getting shut off, I checked my mail once every two or three weeks and the landlord would put a reminder on my door to let me know that the rent was really due this time, when one day a preacher knocked on my door to tell me the good news.

Pride held my intelligence beyond my intellect and in my infallible opinion, evolution was solely responsible for creation so I declared God didn't exist and everything could be explained by science. I didn't just casually mention this but took forty-five minutes out of my day to argue with a preacher who was a radio man in Vietnam and believed God had placed His hand on him and guided him through war.

When I'm on my mountaintop looking down at the world, I come back to earth by remembering I once denied God.

When I was manic, chess was the answer. I didn't know that it made more sense to kill men, women and children to settle problems between countries, so I figured we could settle disputes on a chess board instead of a battlefield and we could have peace. All would be settled in a world chess tournament and afterwards women could go home to men instead of ghosts— this was right before I was diagnosed. I couldn't sleep and got up during the night. A part of me knew something was wrong but didn't know what. I was sliding.

I rolled a cigarette that night, turned out the lights, sat down in the loveseat I had gotten out of the dumpster, and in silence interrupted by the sound of time

passing, I begged God for sleep with tears rolling down my face. I went back to bed and tossed and turned. And you know, God answered that prayer, just not that night.