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JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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THE BOXER
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Why am I crying?
Yesterday was a good day.
But today, life's realities are smacking me in the face.

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I am going to end it all on July 1. I can no longer fend off the unrelenting pain of uncertainty.

My tears are flowing.

Yesterday a friend of mine, one I've lost touch with, chatted with me for the first time in almost a year. We didn't talk. Instead, I listened to him share thoughts on the Trump nightmare he's been consumed with for the last eight+ years.

It's tedious.

It's boring.

It's like repeatedly banging your head against the wall.

Anyway, my friend, who had barely spoken with me in a year, looked at me and said, "It's good to see you happier again."

His words struck me as odd because how the fuck would he know if I was happy or not?

His words stung because they reeked of a lack of genuine interest in what is going on in my life.

I believe when we are talking to others it is paramount, we listen, instead of reviewing their lives in a judgement of how they are?

TIP: Never say to someone "It's good to see you happier today?"

Why, because it doesn't say a damn thing.

My life is crumbling around me. Not of my doing. People have died. And for over three years, I have faced tumult after tumult on a never-ending zipline of trauma. My friend, who has barely spoken to me, dares to diminish the last three years with a banal comment.

I'm not doing well. For the first time, I don't see the point of life. I tell my friend I'm not happy. I tell my friend I am battling Depression and losing, and if you think I'm happy, you're wrong; my feigned happiness is a performance, a ruse.

Suppose my friend had only taken the time to read some of my thoughts in these My Day installments. In that case, he might pick up on the theme that when the money runs dry, I will kill myself to give J a chance to have a burden-free life.

I feel like I'm a burden – and the longer I'm here, the more I open myself up to the judgement of others: *Get a job. Get off your lazy ass. Do something. Etcetera.*

I heard a rumour life is supposed to become easier as you age. Especially if you gave fifteen years of your life to a company going above and beyond in your performance.

That has turned out to be a fallacy.

My former employer got rid of me, promised to ruin me, and did all they could to stop me from speaking out about who they are...

And now because of them, everything I write is fiction.

I gave my former employer fifteen years, and now I will kill myself because of what they did to me and my family.

They've hurt us beyond repair.

I am no longer picking up the prescriptions to keep me alive because I can no longer afford them.

I WAS A MODEL EMPLOYEE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Weight is dropping off me not because of exercise but because I can no longer afford to eat.

I DID EVERYTHING EVER ASKED OF ME BY MY FORMER EMPLOYER + MORE.

And now, at almost 63, I'm discovering no company wants to hire people my age.

I SAVED MY FORMER EMPLOYER'S COMPANY (2008-2010)

And now I'm going to die homeless and broke.

I've sent out close to 800 book proposals. I've sent out over 50 resumes.

Rejection. Rejection. Fucking rejection. Silence.

**MY FORMER EMPLOYER BLOCKED ME
FROM PURSUING A JOB IN THE SAME INDUSTRY**

Why would they block someone who they were getting rid of you ask?

Simple Answer: They were afraid.

800 book proposals, 50 resumes, and I hear people I know, and like, saying people who are homeless and struggling are garbage, lazy, and did it to themselves. Every fucking time I hear this sentiment, I feel as if they are talking about my future.

My tears are flowing.

I don't want my family to be stressed.

When Hana runs out of food, that's it; there will be no more.

When Hana needs new litter, I can no longer afford it.

I WAS A MODEL EMPLOYEE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

I step inside a Simon & Garfunkel Song.

I'm standing in a clearing. A boxer is pummelling my face.

I'm knocked down.

I get up.

I'm knocked down.

I get up.

I am looking for a job.

I get no offers.

I pitch my creativity.

I'm met with rejection and silence.

I get up.

Hey former employer, you've killed me.

You don't care.

I'm out for a bit with friends. They talk about mental illness and the need to lock up people who are suffering on the streets.

I get up.

A man breaks into a grocery store and steals food.

They pressure wash the sidewalk in front of Tim Hortons to wash away the homeless.

They put a blue fence around a place where homeless people congregated in front of a hospital – the homeless people are now setting up outside of the fence, almost on the road.

Hope dissipates into the ether.

I keep trying.

What's the point? It's over. I'm done.

You seem happier.

You're not paying attention.

My friend asks his friends, do you want to see my husband and then he pulls up his husband's profile on a sex hookup site.

I don't understand.

You look happier.

Are you?

A glove lays me down. I'm cut.

I cry out: **I'M BREAKING, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO?**

You look happier.

I get up.

The tears have reached critical.

Today, I will crank out five more applications.

I am going to die. I can no longer afford my medications.

I can't afford my life anymore.

A story on the news tells us most people are losing sleep over money worries.

I GAVE FIFTEEN YEARS TO A COMPANY AS A MODEL EMPLOYEE

Now I get to die.

I gave fifteen years to a company, and if they had their way, they'd block me from telling the world how I feel.

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I'M BREAKING, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO?

I need to get up.

I can't.

I'm turning 63 soon, and I didn't go to a friend's wedding reception because I didn't want anybody to ask me what I do?

I'm a writer. A creator. A dreamer. I don't want to explain.

I'm invited to a thirty-year reunion of a company I used to work for. I decline because I'm broke, in pain, and will probably die before the reunion date.

This is most certainly hyperbole? A cry for attention?

Is it?

I don't think so because my resolve has been crushed, and I'm far too calm to keep living.

I don't want any more pain.

It's good to see you are looking happier these days.

I've given up.

This is the first time I have ever given up.

I don't want this life anymore.

Another glove is laid upon me.

I fall.

I don't think I can get up this time.

Being 63 and having your former employer destroy your life is a terminal diagnosis.

THEY DON'T CARE

I know that.

Yesterday was a good day.

J and I picked berries in Stanley Park, filling two containers.

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I felt the scorn of the judgment of a few passersby.

One said, that will be \$10, and snickered.

Another person said something biting in a thick Australian accent.

J is Korean and about 5 inches shorter than I am.

I am whatever colour I have become from walking nearly twenty miles daily.

People passing by see me, the larger whitish guy, pointing at berries on bushes as J picks them.

I laugh at the optics.

We finish picking berries. As we walk up the street toward home, a man approaches us; he's been yawning for an entire block.

J?

Yes.

It's 3:30 PM.

J?

Yes.

The man is trying to set the world record for the longest yawn. He started gaping at 8 AM. The longest yawn record is 10 hours – he has just over two hours to go. He’s eating a lot of bugs today.

I’m carrying a big stick.

J drops me off at Adult Day Care. I shouldn’t be there. I need to give up all social interaction because, at 63, I can no longer afford to have friends.

Think about the last sentence for a few moments. Go sit in a quiet place, turn off the lights, and think.

Go on.

Did you think?

Great. What did you come up with?

Oh, you think it must be an awful feeling the way you are feeling?

Did you hear I’m looking happier these days?

What does happier look like?

Did a friendship just die?

Maybe.

How can people care so little about others that they don’t even have the decency to ask them how they are?

Rhetorical

Would you like to see my husband’s sex site profile?

No.

I go home. J and I go out for a bit. It’s pleasant. I don’t tell J we shouldn’t be out.

Last night was the last night I will be going out in this life.

At least...

Fuck off.

I love you.

I can't get up.

I'm done.

I will go through the motions of sending out applications.

Why?

I don't know.

Are you okay?

No.

I GAVE FIFTEEN YEARS TO A COMPANY AS A MODEL EMPLOYEE

I understand why you are crying.

I tried. I really have. Being tossed out like trash in your sixties is a terminal diagnosis.

Another glove is laid upon me. I hit the asphalt. I can't get up.

I scream at the top of my lungs in all my anger and shame.

I am leaving. I don't want to go. The fighter is dead.

I loved you.

Past tense?

Rhetorical.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 89.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

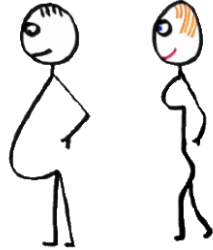
I intended today's story to be gleaming, whimsical, and hilarious. I can read your thoughts. What I wrote might only tick the bizarre box. Let me tell you why? It's because Depression is working the keys.

Sparkly?

Yes. I'm almost 63. I don't think I will make it. I'm scared. When I plugged the text into Grammarly, Grammarly had the decency to ask me if I was having a hard time and gave me helpline information. They didn't say, It's good to see you writing happier these days.

How can a word APP care more about how I'm doing than a friend does?

FAT
FAT



I WAS FIT
I WAS FIT

THEN I ATE
I SAT DOWN
COKE IS SUGARY
MY PENIS DISAPPEARED
I WENT FOR A WALK
ONE DAY, I LOOKED DOWN WHEN I SHOWERED
HEY, THERE YOU ARE
I'M NOT FAT ANYMORE
THEN I ATE

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I SAT DOWN
I SAT DOWN



My Days

MY DAYS

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CONTINUED

I ARRIVE @ GUMMY FRIDAY
I ARRIVE @ GUMMY FRIDAY

Gummy Friday was a great day to escape into the absurd with friends. Dots float through the air after imbibing, never connecting, but somehow still fascinating.

Recently, gummy Friday has lost its lustre. One friend, a 67-year-old retired postal worker, has chosen to up his vitriol towards me. Challenging me regularly, upsetting me intentionally. He says I'm brilliant when I'm agitated. So, he agitates me. I do not enjoy it. It upsets me. I have other friends present, who are not protecting me; who often play along with his meanness. He's become fucking mean. On purpose. At least, that's how it feels. I am fragile, you know.

I'm hanging on by a thread, and my friend has brought with him a pair of dull scissors and is attempting to cut the thread, but the scissors are not sharp enough to cut and only inflict more pain as they tear at my soul.

One week, I mention something about Canadian Tennis players, he challenges me. He doesn't follow tennis. I do.

The next, he piles on with someone who's debased a Canadian Icon, knowing it would upset me—and then collectively the three friends present keep poking and poking and poking.

I tell them to stop.

They keep going.

I ask them to please stop.

And I get told to shut up; I carry things too far.

I say you can't have it both ways, agitate the brilliance out of me, and at the same time, tell me to shut up. *They keep poking.* I get screamed at. The Postman says my favourite musical artist is garbage for no reason other than being a dink. The Sayer snickers, holding his hand to his mouth. *He's thinking, boy, did he ever burn you.*

I'm hanging on by a fucking thread.

PLEASE STOP
PLEASE STOP

I ask them all again to stop, but they don't. I say I'm going to stop talking. I do. And the friend who made fun of the Canadian Icon, who died from brain cancer, starts mocking me by making annoying puns about me, using the Icon's band's name in the childish puns.

When I arrive at this Gummy Friday, the bartender says he'll get my order after I return from the washroom. Because he says you always go to the restroom right after you arrive.

The Sayer holds his hand to his mouth and snickers.

I ask him why are you laughing at that?

He doesn't respond.

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When I return from the washroom, I say thousands of white people are lining up to see the Queen. Which is true. I add, *It's mostly white people lining up to see the Queen.* Not a talking point. Just an observation

The Sayer mouths something about not persecuting white people, and then he adds, I saw a lot of East Indians in the line.

I say, why did you have to respond to what I said?

He doesn't respond.

The Queen lived to 96.

How?

The best food, the best medical care?

Much-more-very-so destiny?

The best choices? I think not; I believe that.

THE POSTMAN ARRIVES
THE POSTMAN ARRIVES

We talked a bit more about the Queen.

And about when Princess Diana died.

I said, I knew where I was when she died. I was at a club named Bar None.

I add a tragic joke saying I don't think it was appropriate to play Michael Jackson's Dirty Diana repeatedly that night at the club.

Sayer + The Postman laughed.

The Postman said Michael Jackson was a great artist.

FIRST DANCE FIRST DANCE

The conversation tripped into great wedding first dance options.

I said Ben would be great.

No, no, no, Shannon is on a log; she's drifting out to sea (Henry Gross). A song about a dead dog, the Postman offers.

Wouldn't that be something?

~~We settle on Tears from Heaven by Eric Clapton, a song about a child falling off a balcony.~~

We're dark. Not serious.

Could you imagine dancing your first song of married life to any of these?

The Sayer, who once slipped into a conversation he had absorbed his twin brother in the womb, when asked what the first song at his wedding was, said, Bizarre Love Triangle by New Order.

I was an excellent dancer; I got much-more-very-so a lot of compliments.

I get down on my knees and... (lyrics from the song). He recited.

I say I don't want to hear about you down on your knees.

He barks; he is a Dom. I cringe.

The Postman says I'm sure you were an excellent dancer to Sayer. And then adds, I was as well.

I laugh.