

MY PSYCHOSIS

*M*y psychosis runs deep and long and is accompanied by years of therapy and self-discovery. I haven't found out much through these years of soul searching, but I know one thing, I'm far from done with therapy. I've also learned, we are all a little crazy...I'm just willing to admit it. Sadly, admitting you have a problem isn't half the battle...it's just the beginning. That is true in so many areas of my life.

The good news (for the men anyway) is that I no longer use the man I'm with as a psychotic sounding board. I pay good money to lessen the torture I make the men in my life endure. Doesn't sound fair for my poor psychiatrist, does it?

I know I'm a nut job, but what woman isn't? However, I'm not a psycho in the traditional jilted ex-girlfriend kind of way. If you don't want me, that's fine. I know all of the losers I date CANNOT get much better than me. They may like the next one more, but it doesn't mean she's better.

You see, that's the beauty of bad taste, I'll always be the best they've ever had...with few exceptions of course, mostly because there are lots of other chicks out there with bad taste too. I can sleep at night knowing I'm right about this. I know the chance of seeing my loser ex with an amazing person who has no noticeable flaws is minimal.

That said, there is nothing worse than being upgraded. It's the biggest slap in the face you can get, especially when you have bad taste to begin with. Generally, the few times I've actually seen my exes out, they've always been with someone older, uglier, and/or more tainted...either that or I'm too drunk to care. Lucky for me my most recent ex ended up knocking up an ugly crack whore (literally). I've got my freedom and he's got NOTHING worth bragging about except another kid he can't afford.

I know that my exes probably care and love the next one more, but at least I'll have primed them for a real relationship. Almost every guy I dated in high school, and even some in college, married the next person they dated after me. I must be doing something right, either that or I'm scaring the hell out of the guy from dating anymore. I should get a reverse wedding present from the happy couple, you know sort of a "thank you" for not being good enough or for being the nut job that I am. Is that wrong? I could really use a new toaster oven or a new set of silverware. They could even re-gift one of their unwanted wedding presents, I wouldn't mind...as long as it's not monogrammed. Beggars can't be choosers, and I don't beg much, unless that turns you on.

Even though I'm against prostitution for me, I am thinking I ought to start taking donations from the men in my life to go toward my therapy. I spend half my sessions on men, sex, men, relationships, men, my bad taste, men, sex, and men. It's only fair to make those who helped create the psychosis donate to the cause. They are being spared my driving by their homes six or seven times a night right? Just think, therapy may be the only thing stopping me from really going over the edge and becoming that "Fatal Attraction" bitch that every man fears. If it wasn't for therapy, if you just give me the chance and you push the wrong buttons, I could boil your bunny.

Seriously, I surprise myself at times. What goes on inside my head even scares me and I'm used to *the voices*. I can't imagine what a man would think, or even my doctor for that matter, if they could actually hear what goes on inside my brain. The mind of a woman is a scary, incomprehensible thing and men should feel lucky that they don't, or can't, read our minds—if they could, they all would probably become celibate, or gay.