

# *Ya Know*

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*Ya know... hmmmmmm... But I guess, ha, I mean, duh... ya don't, do you? Cause you are, well, you and you might not be like me. So, yeah, I mean, maybe, ya don't. Not yet. NOPE. I get it. OK. So, I guess. How could you? I mean, so, it's like this, I have a little bit of both in me. Kinda. I'm like this and that, ya know??? Both. So, like, try this... I loooove the way some non-binary people can use mermaid- I mean some can, not all do, cauz the mermaid is like, yep, me: so I get it. That just says ME, for me. It does. For me. Same way. I think so, anyway, for me. Cause I'm not one of you. And I'm not: one or the other. See? It's like, there's no right and no wrong. NO ONE WAY. Doesn't have to be. It's not about THAT. Not about "can walk." And I spose for some this can, means, does. Not me. Can is NOT should. NOT: You can/you do/you would/you should. No, isn't. IS NOT. NO SHOULD. Not for me. Not the same way, as in, for everybody else. NO. You are like, but wait! Is it a, she can, or is it a, she can't??? And, I say neither. No black. No white. But you are like, well... if she's can, she should... right??? But, naaaah... NOPE, I say.*

**NOOOOH. N-O. Not like that.** *Well, then, you are, like, thinking... But... OK, you say. Hmmmm... LIKE, it should be? Right??? Ya know, like, well NO! So go figure. I mean, you are like, HMMMMM... why wouldn't she??? But some of us, ya know, we can, technically, KINDA do that. Can IS NOT DO... right??? Can technically. BUT DO NOT. We don't. WWWHHAATT//!!// ??? you say! Wait! Wait a minute! But me, I say: Duh, it's not like that... NOT a choice. I mean, no, it's not a CHOICE... **NO, NOT A CHOICE!** NOOOOH, it's not. I mean, my legs, sure, they move, right??? YEEEEAH!!! (you're like, yes yes yes yes I knew it! I knew it! They DO)(... but that's not the point AND that's not your business) They can. If that's what you want to hear??? **That's what you're after, right?** Sure, that's it, isn't it? OK. Can. But*

Don't. Work it out. I know that's just how you think it is, isn't it? Sure. *It is?*  
*Right???* Cauz you think: oh! her legs work! Is that *right???* So, when, WHEN I'm  
out there, out and about, *ya know*, in my apple green chair, *right???* Wheeling  
around in my Quickie... and folks are like you, they just fucking *stare*. I mean, they  
*really rude kinda* stare! Like, *ANIMALS rude!* At my *legs*. Yeah! And they're like...  
just like you. Hmmm..... *ya know???* Like, *what's wrong with her???* *Is it this? Is*  
*it that? Do her legs move?* With their scrunched up little weasel-y faces and dark  
beady eyes, asking... *wwwwhyyyyyy???* Like why is *she* in that wheelchair???  
Cauz *they* got to know, right? Like, I took something from them. Weeeelll,  
daaahmn! (There *are* people like that: rude, *ya know*. They go around, and they  
are like, "**I AM the wheelchair fucking POLICE. WHY ARE YOU in that daaahmn**  
**fucking wheelchair???**") !!! So, I'm like, yeah, blah, blah, blah. I'm used to it.  
Totally. I handle it. I'm used to it *now*. And I even *like* it. Really. I mean, because I  
turn it back on them. I scare them. I don't just *bug em*, I scare them. I mean, I'll  
just be in a store and they just come around the corner and *BAAM!* They are like,  
*AFRAID*. Their eyes lock on mine. *TERROR!* for just that minute of shock! Shock *for*  
*them!!!* For *them*: the shock is *all* them, *it's theirs, all theirs!!!* because somehow I  
*just* terrify them. ha ha ha So this one time, I had this family just about trip and  
fall on each other just rushing to get away from me. ME. Really. I mean this  
mother and her husband, *and* their nine year old kid, they were all like coming  
along and then WOW, they kinda just saw me and suddenly it was like, oh no  
*stampede!!!* I mean, they were like, *get away!!!* We were in the store and we all  
nearly collided (hey, I am *not* speeding around recklessly here or anything like  
that, but it's just *something* these people go around rushing around doing, around  
corners, not expecting anyone is ever going to be there... and, well... but, yeah,

SURPRISE! *IT'S ME!* And *that family*, they just went haywire... pretty common too, now, for me to meet someone along the way, at the end of those store aisles (I guess that is a pretty common meeting place) and these people, well some of them say this thing (some don't say anything cauz they think, if they don't speak to me, I can't hurt them and maybe I'll disappear). But there are people who, they just about always blurt out, **"SORRY!"** like, something bad happened, like when they see me. *WTF?* I'm not sure either. Huh, what's that all about? But I say "don't be sorry," to em. "DON'T BE SORRY," I say, "*I'm* not!" right back at em, Cauz no. ***This is no kinda fucking choice, ya know? SIDES, I ROLL... ya know?***