

It's Jessica Spector, bitch

By Jessica Spector

Life has surprised me.
People have too.
Thinking positively has helped me shift my frame of vision.
I go through life like I'm in this made-up car I drive all day, every day.

But there are no mirrors —Nothing to show me who I am, where I have been, or what or who is coming.
I only have my memories.
But sometimes I don't want to remember.
But I choose to anyway.

I keep missing something no matter what I do.
I miss.
I miss the people who left. People I trusted.
I miss myself—without even knowing exactly who I'm missing.

It may be
That every question I have—spoken or not will never be answered.
But maybe I will have all the answers from the people I want and need them from.

Any way I go, there are—
Too many blind spots.
Too many downfalls.
Too many wrong turns.
Will anything ever go right?

Still—
I feel and know life is happening for me.
I believe that.
I'm the driver of my own life.
I mean—I said it, so I must be, right?

If you could literally walk through my brain right now and see one of my replaying thoughts.

It's Summer. Year 2023. You smell Chanel perfume. It's raining, but the rain is VOSS.

You look down and see me—soaking wet in a tiger-print SKIMS bikini, sitting in a battery-powered, kid-sized matte pink Cadillac with no roof.

I'm parked at the starting line.
The gear is in drive, but the car won't start.
So I'm stuck.

I'm crying.
And there's this angry grown man's voice—screaming insults and threats.
But there's no man.
It's just sound.

And if the track floods—I'm gonna crash with the sound of his voice.

But instead,
I stop crying.
I scream louder than the man.

And suddenly, the car starts.
My toy Cadillac speeds through the track.
I am not crashing.

The VOSS rain stops.
The sun comes out.

And the only thing you hear as I take over the track is Britney Spears saying, over and over:

“It's Jessica Spector, bitch”.