

## ***Blue Bird* “excerpt”**

*Sunday, September 2*

Ron often accuses me of abject obstinacy. He says I’m a hardheaded Irishwoman. Yes, that’s true. Blame it on my family stock; strong-willed grandmothers, strict parents. For my part, I choose to look upon the moniker as a survival word. It’s my job to assert my rights. No one can accuse me of apathy, but stubbornness can be pricy. Like right now. On Friday, I made a huge mistake and I will suffer the consequences. Unfortunately, so will Ron because he’ll take my burden, my responsibility, and shoulder guilt that is not his. Our brief history as a couple bears this out. He will claim that he shouldn’t have gone to play poker. That he shouldn’t have left me alone. He will beat himself up over that. He is not my keeper. He has a life to live, too. He deserved a mental break. But no amount of reason will convince him otherwise and I doubt I’d be able to engage him in a sexual exorcism ever again. Self-forgiveness cannot be forced upon him. He’ll have to learn how to do it on his own. Sometimes I tire of his over-protective bullshit. I’m a grown woman. Yes, I’m screwed up, but I always manage to come out the other side intact. And as frustrating as my challenges are, I know in my soul of souls they are temporary. I’m a survivor. I’m a hardheaded Irishwoman.

As I sit in bed with my left leg propped up on fat pillows, getting ready to tell my attorney what happened, Ron is standing in the corner with firmly crossed arms. It is his *I’m not moving posture*. Felicia told him he cannot be present when I make my statement. She is my attorney, not his, and he might be called as a witness. He refuses to budge. Talk about obstinacy. In this case, he absolutely needs to be here. He’ll be getting firsthand intelligence that he’ll use to deal with the show (his vernacular). And I will support his mission to deal with it in whatever manner he sees fit. Therefore, I convinced Felicia to let him stay.

There are three sticky points of fact that will cause me major trouble. One, I laid in wait. Two, I shot a man and ran from the scene. Three, I covered it up.

I will admit my culpability. I will own it and take responsibility for my action. All I can do is convince Felicia why it was necessary to commit these acts. As my paid-for attorney it is in my best interest to convey to her why I did what I did in a manner she can relate to. It will be the foundation for my legal argument.

I take a drink of water in preparation and Felicia turns on the recorder.