

Habitual Affirmations

I've been doing affirmations lately. I have index cards written up, and I just shuffle through the whole stack of them, reading aloud things like:

“I am at ease with all my emotions”

“I am open and receptive for all life has to offer”

“I have loving relationships”

“My creativity is always in demand”

That's only four. I have a whole stack of thirty-seven index cards. You are supposed to repeat them long enough that it becomes habitual. It's a form of brainwashing, but I feel like it works. Until I have to be around other people.

It's always other people who fuck up a perfectly good day.

Space invasion payback

Pet peeve of the week: I can't stand when other customers rush me at the check-out counter.

Last week I was at CVS, keeping to myself, in sync with the universe and all that jazz, and just as the cashier handed me my change, I'm getting dry humped from behind by some super anxious shopper who just *had* to get her items onto the counter immediately, lest her whole reason for living come into question. She was reaching around my person – nearly grazing a nipple, I might add – putting stuff down in front of me...stupid things like Scotch tape and no-name orange juice and cotton balls. Nothing anybody should be wound like a top to get home to. I stood outside CVS, waiting for her to come out, so I could follow her for a block or two, walking way too close for comfort, and muttering things like, “It was nice to stand so close to you.” “Scotch tape – no name orange juice – cotton balls – sounds like you're in for a fun day.” But I didn't have the balls. I rationalized this as “being at ease with all my emotions”, and called someone to bitch about it instead of actually dealing with it in real time.

This morning, yes this very morning, someone pulled the same shit on me at Starbucks. No sooner had I reached for my change, I have this guy spooning me to get his coffee order in, *pronto*. This time I purposely took forever to get my change into my gold sequined wallet, all the while trying to figure out how I could fling my bag over my shoulder and hit him in the balls with it along the way. I got him in the chest and innocently said, “Oh! Sorry!” But I think he knew what I really meant.

When I got far enough away to look at him without being confrontational, I realized he wasn't bad looking, which could have made me accept his

spooning as advances. But he was one of these people who orders a coffee with seventeen instructions. “Tall extra hot – no fat – soy green tea – steamed milk – no foam – two pump – latte grande in a venti cup – three pump hazel – one pump vanilla – ice on the side”...

I could never date someone like that. I get embarrassed for them. Never mind the fact that if they are *that* specific about their coffee, they must be cuckoo in bed, requiring numerous factors to be in place in order to be the best they can be. Forget it.

I accessed an affirmation “I only attract healthy and loving men into my life”.

Sometimes I panic that I am going to start spewing out self-affirming one-liners in conversation.

Acquaintance: Hey Kendra how’s it going?

Me: Good good. I have the strength and determination to get me to the place I desire to be.

Acquaintance: Uh, that’s cool. How’s your sister? You guys still on Wyckoff?”

Me: Yup. Still there. My family considers my feelings and respects my privacy!

Acquaintance: Oh-kaaaay. That’s a good thing. You still doing stand up?

Me: Yeah, yeah. I succeed in making my dreams a physical reality. I am vehement in pursuing my goals *and* losing body fat is effortless and easy for me.

I just hope it doesn’t surface during pillow talk.

My favorite

(Insert name) is deeply and passionately in love with me, as I am with him. I stick a bunch of different names in that one. Sometimes I leave off the “as I am with him”. It just feels better.

Kisses-

Kendra

Kendra is a stand up comic living in Brooklyn where she owns a super comfortable bed. She spends most of her time wondering where the hell her sugar daddy is and hoping he didn’t settle.

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