

POETRY | FALL 2012

## I Don't Feel the Same Anymore

By Jonathan Mayer

I sit by myself at this desk.  
My only comfort is the sound of the baby crying nearby.  
I am still a young woman,  
But I don't feel young anymore.  
My image of myself has changed.  
I don't recognize her.

My body aches. Head hurts.  
But nope, I can't take Tylenol anymore.  
Before, I never knew where my liver was.  
I liked it better that way.  
It hurts just as I sit here writing this.  
No more booze now. Goodbye Colt 45. It's not going to work *this* time, Billy Dee.  
Hepatitis C. Sounds like a vitamin, if you ask me.  
Did I mention he's in jail now?  
I just wanted him to give me his heart.  
He gave me so much less and so much more.

I suddenly feel like I'm not the only thing changing.  
Everything around me is morphing into something strange, something spooky.  
Like I'm in a house of mirrors at a carnival.  
I feel like everything's tipping over. My world is literally getting shifted upside down.  
I thought you stop getting nightmares as you get older.  
Or does the line between real and imagined just begin to blur?  
Maybe that's why I can never fall asleep now.

This isn't my life.

I am the same woman as before,  
But I don't feel the same anymore.  
In a few years, I definitely won't be the same.  
While paying more attention to the television than me,  
The doctor mentioned something about a liver transplant in the future.  
I think a heart transplant would help more.  
But I guess I'm not the doctor.

To have someone else's organ in my body.  
I think it's funny, that the only way to be myself again,  
Is to be partly somebody else.  
But I don't want any more gifts.

I don't feel the same anymore.  
I feel stupid.  
I feel alone.

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**Jonathan Mayer is affiliated with Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and is a published playwright. "I Don't Feel the Same Anymore" appeared in the Fall 2012 *Intima*.**

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