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so I've been on this THING lately where when people say bullshit disability-related shit to me on the street and in cafes and at the grocery store and literally everywhere else I choose to go, I see through to their intention, I put aside my baggage, I take them as they are.

I figured that by performing that BACKBREAKING EMOTIONAL LABOR every time I LEAVE MY DAMN HOUSE I could ward off any encounter that TAKES THE FUCKING CAKE where bigoted assumptions are concern. LOVERS: I was wrong. and I am a very, very angry person now. READ ON TO DISCOVER WHY!

yesterday, I was walking. It was a BEAUTIFUL day. I had just worked out and was feeling especially ecstatic about BEING ALIVE IN THE BODY I'VE GOT, the body I've got that the world calls "disabled" even though I do a fuckton more with said body than many "able-bodied" people do.

I was listening to the SUBLIME audio version of @PamelaDesBarres' I'm with the Band, which I've listened to COUNTLESS TIMES because AS YOU'RE ALL PAINFULLY AWARE RIGHT NOW I'm currently operating on a raw nonstop sex drive that could get me in SERIOUS TROUBLE and I need OUTLETS.

Pamela's beautifully-performed work is an outlet for me because she is unapologetic about the sacred nature of raw sexual energy and the dizzying existence of having a vagina with all the POSSIBILITIES THAT ENTAILS and a high sex drive. She's also a hilarious and vivid writer.

She's just GOOD is my point, and I read I'm With the Band in book form when I was 22 and a DIE HARD GROUPIE for my rock demigods, none of which will be named here because I'm a little embarrassed by who they were at that time BUT!! though nothing physically-sexual transpired,

shit definitely happened, memorable spiritual-sexual type shit, that I WENT INTO THE CONCERTS KNOWING WAS POSSIBLE because of Pamela's uninhibited spirit and sustained relationship with her own unfettered passions, which of course include love of music, intellectual conversation,

and art in general. BASICALLY I've been in love with Miss Pamela-as-Robert-Plant-called-her since I was 22 and now I'm 38 so in spite of the fact that she's only vaguely aware of my existence, THIS HAS BEEN A VERY IMPORTANT RELATIONSHIP IN MY LIFE. Hearing her voice invigorates

me, EVERY time, and has for years, and if there's one thing that makes me VERY happy to be alive it's listening to this voice unfurl brilliantly narrated erotic tales while the sun is shining and the blue sky is clear enough that we can see the ocean from here.

Wearing my HEADPHONES OF GOD, the unfaulting vigor of Pamela's *incredibly* sexy voice sounds clearer than one might imagine possible, and when I walk like that, listening to her and *her* love/lust for living, nothing can make me dislike life. LIFE IN MY OWN BODY I MEAN.

But clearly I don't want to be disturbed as I soak up these stories and my surrounding nature, as you can tell by the fact that GOD'S OWN HEADPHONES are LIKE COSMIC LOVE: which is to say, FUCKING HUGE. You wouldn't think a soul would fuck with me as I'm wearing them. I didn't.

But some dude did, and I won't even detail that boring-ass interruption here, and then I walked on, and there was this woman. She was elderly. She was making REALLY URGENT GESTURES about needing to talk to me. I thought something might be wrong and she might need help, so I slid my headphones down my neck and asked, "may I help you?"

"Do you have cerebral palsy?" she asked.

This was puzzling. Most people don't guess correctly. But under the circumstances, I was not moved, the way I typically am by a correct guess. She'd interrupted my day for what now?

"I JUST READ THIS," she cried out triumphantly, shoving her phone in my face. "LOOK! BOTOX! MIRACLE CURE!"

I don't even have it in me to write about the bullshit that is the "botox miracle cure" for cerebral palsy. I said, "I like my body how it is, bye." The end, right? WRONG

She said, "I was just trying to help you." and that made me stop, and turn around and face her, and say:

"No, you were not. If I'd been struggling to open a door because my hands were full and you opened the door, that would be helping me. What YOU ASSUME is that my body isn't perfect as it is. I work out HARDER, longer, and a LOT more dedicatedly than most of the 'able-bodied'

people I know, and what's more, the guys at the gym who check me out are HOT.' (hopefully you see why this needed to be said.) and I have a partner of 10 years and HE'S REALLY HOT TOO, and a GREAT COOK, and I have a GREAT LIFE, and my body is AMAZING JUST THE WAY IT IS."

She did not listen, she got defensive, so over her "I didn't mean to....." bullshit I simply shouted, "God bless you! God bless you!" and thought I could leave it at that, but instead, my body directed me to one more act: I fucking SCREAMED. I'm talking SCREAMED,

just like a horror movie. the air went STILL and I felt very powerful for about 4 seconds. By the time I got to my apartment, though, I simply collapsed on the grass crying, and I was so angry that I wanted to have my therapy appointment outside just so I could

keep enjoying nature AND make everyone within earshot uncomfortable by detailing traumas that under normal circumstances I don't believe most people need to know about. THANKFULLY @GuillermoIndeed walked by RIGHT THEN and I hadn't lost my voice from screaming so I shouted for him

to come over and his empathy calmed my rage JUST ENOUGH for me to truly understand that I need to go upstairs and have my remote therapy appointment (WITH MY AMAZING AND ALSO VISIBLY DISABLED THERAPIST) in the privacy of my own corner-at-my-desk.

No conclusion. But if you ever see a disabled person going crazy at a train station don't wonder why they're so angry, aright? Let this be your answer.

As you were, beautiful people. As you were.