

Amy Winehouse

November 11, 2011

This is a particularly auspicious day, set aside to offer this pen and space to a special independent, trailblazer spirit. Amy, your death rattled me. I realize it was a slow assisted suicide, assisted by drugs, alcohol, and the self-preserving indifference of others.

What do I mean? I mean they were exhausted trying to reach you, trying to help you, to counsel you, to coax you into rehab, into therapy, into a switch of lifestyle.

After a time, the patterns repeat and repeat and those close to you became worn down by the spiral that was bringing you down. They love you. Your self-destruction became so painful, especially as they realized their utter inability to reverse your decline and so they had to draw back in order to survive.

You're bitter, Amy, seeing things through a victim's lens. They were not indifferent but simply backed away from your emotional cesspool that they chose not to be drawn into. It was never about 'They don't love me.' It was about, 'Since I love myself, I will not allow another's actions to destroy me. I recognize that I can't control her. All I can do is love her.'

And so they did. Love you with all your talent, your blistering meanness, your insecurities about your body, your blindness about the destructiveness of your choices.

You were honored and loved the whole way through. Your crossing has left a spiral of silence and dead space where there used to be Amy. Now we have to live with that.

What do you have to say about that?

When a fuse box is wired up and overcharges, it blows. That's all that happened to me. I was wired. The charge was too high. I blew. No

apologies, no eulogies.

Maybe you can use that silent space better since I'm not making noise anymore. I will make a small confession.

Nothing's changed for me.

What made me rock, still turns my clock. What made me frown, still brings me down.

What passed for love, I still need plenty of. But, from where I play, still little makes sense. Caught in my mind, this sounds unkind.

The world is grief, my time was brief.

I love you all. Please forget me.

Amy, you still sound like a tormented soul caught between two worlds. Yes, in that way, nothing has changed for you.

I don't feel grateful ... I'm pissed. There's a black hole. All I am is dark, black holes. One where my heart should be. Another where he took me. There's no love here. Please forget me.

Last night, I visited the dreams of psych patients. Don't seem crazy to me. How come I'm the only one to see. They hang in reality.

Numb—dumb—never far from spiraling down and always wishing, somewhere, somehow—that they could jump into that drain and just disappear outta here.

Well, I did, so please forget me.

Strange how it still hurts—Body—no body—makes no matter—I jumped, I disappeared. Please forget me.

I'm taking a long holiday. Blow, baby, blow. I got no answers, no apologies, no eulogies.

No Eulogy Please

You don't owe me one tear

No debt, no more highs, no lows

No curtain calls

I gonna get me an easy addict

Come my lovely, let me suck your blood

Squall—scream—

No eulogies please

I chose my road and offer no apologies

Amy, November 11, 1918 is the day of signing for the laying down of weapons—‘armistice day’. Can you lay it down, Amy?

NO.