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hacking the suicidal mind

There are moments, perhaps not known to everyone, when a man may be nearly crushed by the terrible awareness of his isolation from every other human being.

T. S. Eliot, "Literature and the Modern World" (1935)

Have you ever done something that you immediately regretted doing?

I don't mean devouring a whole tub of Ben & Jerry's in one sitting or being a little too blunt with your feedback when your friend asks you the night before her wedding if you think she's overdone it with the self-tanning product. Rather, I mean something more along the lines of, just for example, mailing a melodramatic love letter to the object of your infatuation in which you confess your endless longing and burning gay desire for him, without knowing—or in fact having any reason whatsoever to believe or even suspect—that this person, this perfect young Adonis whose initials you've secretly been scribbling in your notebook every day for the past two years, is anything but straight.

Okay, fine, maybe it's just me then.

Nevertheless, this is the predicament in which I found myself as an easily mortified, closeted high school junior who made a boldly romantic move in a time of lucid stupidity. I knew instantly the gravity of what I'd done upon slipping the envelope into the irretrievable black void of the mailbox. Why did I do it then, you ask? I can only