

September Sucks

At least once a week, I wake up with my t-shirt soaked in sweat. It's the same nightmare; a year full of Septembers. No comfy, family-gathering, holiday-packed Novembers and Decembers or the warm crazy months of the summer. Just September.

You can't trust September--"Sept" is the Latin Root for seven yet the Romans decreed it the ninth month of the Gregorian calendar in 153 BC? It's been shady from the get. As long as I can remember, September has been my Kryptonite. The two steps back to my one step forward. My sister and I are both summer babies; my parents and daughter all celebrate their birthdays deep into the winter. I graduated from college on a warm May afternoon; boot camp on a chilly February morning. I met the love of my life dressed as the Greatest American Hero at a Halloween party. I had the best time cruising the Mediterranean in a party-packed July. As hard as I may try, I cannot think of one good thing that has happened to me in September.

I imagine that we may all have months that haunt us—jinxed months. September marks the end of the summer fun. I got fired in September. I was arrested, convicted, and sentenced... you guessed it: September. While in prison, my only trip to the Hole—you already know. I got notice my Godmother passed—Duh. September is when the weather goes schizoid. And lest we forget, 9/11? Need I say more?

So, I have decided to no longer recognize that which will not be named. Like the Roman emperors who stole days from poor February to add them to their namesake months, I will adjust my schedule to my liking. Sorry. Not sorry.

Some have argued it is mere coincidence, others, that it is a self-fulfilling prophesy. Okay. So now what? It doesn't change the fact that by mid-August my butt clenches up and doesn't unclench until October first. I live in constant dread—any incoming mail or surprise Hall Pass can send me into a death spiral. It's torture in an already highly volatile situation. So, fuck it, I'll simply tear it out of my calendar and push it out of my consciousness. I'll extend August (my favorite month) and October by two weeks. We will lose Labor Day, but who needs it anyway? We're celebrating "working people"? How condescendingly bougie AF is that? Also, Labor Day marks the closing of public beaches and pools although, as anyone from the Great Lakes region can attest, that's when the water finally warms up enough for comfortable swimming.

Some of you might say, Hold on a sec, I was born in September. Well, congrats, now you have the luxury of picking a new birthday. May I recommend October 38th or August 40th?

Prison takes so much from us. It is our right, nay our duty, to take some control back. If you also have a month causing you anguish may I humbly recommend tossing it? Get rid of it. Forget it. Refuse to acknowledge it. No one's life will be without pain and heartache, that's just life, but we must do everything within our power to control our environment...even the impossibly silly.

By Leo Carderz

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