

bipolar lawyer

poetry by ellie bee

2022-2023

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DECLARATION OF L.E. BECKER

I, Lauren Elizabeth Becker, declare as follows:

1. I am an attorney duly admitted to practice in all of the courts of the State of California and I am the attorney of record for defendants. The facts set forth herein are of my own personal knowledge, and if sworn I could and would competently testify thereto.

2. When I was five years old, I looked in the mirror and wondered what I'd be like when I get older.

3. Thirty years later, I can confirm that I am taller. I did not keep my hair short, and I don't twirl it around my finger while I talk on a landline phone.

4. Upon information and belief, it is impossible to communicate to that 5-year-old what she is in for.

5. After suffering multiple manic-psychotic episodes as a result of my bipolar disorder type 1 diagnosis, I have had no success in communicating with my past self to take ameliorative steps to avoid the consequences of this illness.

6. By filing the instant declaration, I am apologizing in perpetuity for all of the wrongs I have committed as a result of my illness.

7. By filing the instant declaration, I am apologizing that the apology set forth in paragraph 6 herein is essentially meaningless by my own standards, as I am unable to promise to wholly prevent myself from another episode, repeating past wrongs committed during psychotic mania or committing new wrongs that are presently unforeseeable to me.

8. I hereby request that absolutely nothing change by way of this information as:

a) Upon information and belief, I am replaceable;

b) Upon information and belief, I am disposable; and

c) Upon information and belief, my mental health diagnosis will not prevent me from burying my opponents in motion practice while I still can...

9. On or around June 27, 2023 at 10:16 p.m., I attempted one last time to provide notice to my five-year-old self. I envisioned her in my mind as she was staring at the mirror trying to find her adult self. I stated the following:

“I don’t quite remember
if tears really came to you easy
But the law will
and I can feel you hurting
when the demands start crushing
So, please-
Don’t cry, inner child,
It’s just a fight over money”

10. A true and correct copy of poetry written by me between the time I returned to work in August of 2022, after a medical leave resulting from my 7th manic-psychotic episode in 14 years, through present is attached hereto as EXHIBIT A.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the State of California that the foregoing is true and correct and that this declaration was executed on this 14th day of July, 2023, at Los Angeles, California.



ellie bee

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2 out of 10

“it’ll be rough,” the blank page muttered
doesn’t matter i just need a button
if it causes me trauma does that still mean i lied by
omission?

ha.

what if i did it because the worst thing that could happen
would only be about a 2 out of 10 on my pain scale-
slight discomfort

compared to the five-alarm fires that i’ve put out and
abandoned

and it creeps me out the way i’m finding myself floating
in this dimension

forget the letters, the flowers, take your vyvanse
prescription

there’s no bubble to pop there’s no anticipation of an
invitation

i bought a new bible for my new car because i think
that’s what keeps me protected

i bought a crucifix necklace for the days i need people to
think i’m the type to pray when all i really do is flip to
random gospel pages just to see what God has to say

symptom check

why don't I need alarms anymore?
why is it 6 a.m. again?
it's been over 100 days of this
double down on that slipping feeling every time i'm not
quite with the met

Symptom check

I
mistyped my password twice
got lost in browser tabs three times
billed 4 hours
forgot to eat
and haven't had my coffee, yet

Is it
too late
to shower
get dressed
and show up in the office like a civilized human?

Symptom check

I've got a winning motion shell ready
which means I will be hypomanic
if I'm not already, yet
why bill 8 hours in a blazer and pants
when i can bill 10.5 in my pajamas

Or, alternatively,
Symptom check
Kinda depressed
why not lexis and doc review in bed
Wait- did I say depressed?
just meant—I thought I had a losing case
but i just found a good faith argument...

the things i'd never pedal away with

“that didn’t quite work, did it?” the blank page quipped

but let me tell you about the call-dropping bicyclist

i picked up the phone and asked, “can i get some respect?”

i fell in love with the way that he does the things i’d never pedal away with

i wrote him this long letter explaining my need to run my nails down a chalkboard but i deleted it like that phone on the ground with its back popped off and its battery exposed- with a forward, a four-worded code still backlit on hold

“i don’t know if you can hear me but i’d like you to know my soul

i’d save the day if i could but i have to mind my business and walk on home”

let me lay you down on the curb make you public domain for the world to see

i’ve deliberated this scenario once already today and agreed to risk the bleed

but not the chase

weekend mild relocation

“this isn’t the end,” the blank page reckoned “but it might be the lesson.”

i found myself in van nuys fond of you again

can i leave you alone after i ask one question?

what did you mean by transforming this landscape? i’m bound to escape

merely scraping sherman oaks on the way home

what do you mean you weren’t playing cards and aisles with me all day?

i mean, i know and i promised one question

is love just math?

whether or not you're ready or oversaturated with the
theatre of it

i want it to hit me like driving over the hill that makes
the moon four times its size

like glory, glory, we're alive, but what if i—

standards set in a strip mall parking lot
as if i cared
call me back when you're an awardwinning industry
juggernaut
because the bigger in you is bigger than me, i must
inform you accordingly
that i've already denied myself for the mere expectation
of lies; boring

but hold on, let me pinch myself to make sure i'm still
alive

i run tabletop exercises far superior to those old parking
lot compromises
no surprises
not even

glory glory, the moon is in Taurus
i already knew it's a mistake to explore us

my ambivalence toward solving your math equation
manifests itself in silence
but i'm not quite done doing the science

the time you were here

you haunt me you scare me your sun is in Aries my
bestie's a Sagittarius she'll kiss you long before i try to
and that's just something i'm used to figuring out where
you roll to

when your whole world burns down

i stop myself from saying "let me hold you"

but i sit on the edge of Bunker Hill and stare at the
clouds with you and turn my scars on
i don't need to hear the bad news i already imagined the
headline when i put several outcomes in motion
you've been everything i've needed so far to set myself
up for an unforgiving ocean
secretly i've been doing the math that says i was
assigned this lesson, though the waves don't match the
equation's quite celestial, i'm epically attached

so what was that Wednesday for?

the temporary hearing loss

the option to breathe at all

aren't i here?

this was never my hill

wherein i am a problem you must solve

what are you doing here? wrong Aries.

“what are we staring at?”

dozens of skyscrapers, a wide perspective

“what about them? they’re ordinary.”

do you feel the way i feel, like they’re just a gust of wind from slipping?

“you’re going to get me in trouble, here.”

i mean, logically, honestly, they will stand even when the pacific is at the 10th floor

lately i’ve been feeling things from below an ancient discordance of androgens

maybe it’s intuition, this tumbling feeling

“no,” it’s inevitable, “no, i have trust in the genius of the architects and designers. decades of expertise and centuries of innovation creating these gorgeous towers that lead to more problems i gotta solve.”

well, i’m not one of them. “but you are.”

oh, that's right, but why is it that i'm catastrophizing the los angeles skyline?

"beats me. how about the part you left behind where you resurrect it?"

of course.

"the science."

no,

the arts.

for luck, not faith

i thought i made this wish several months ago holding
my breath in the tunnel of another county

so why's it coming true right now? right when i'm lying
down not even worried about how hard you hurt me

and why do you weave in and out of my dreams giving
me directions

if i get on this train it won't be to be anywhere near you
or anything so bougie

i wanna step out in a bustling bay area downtown scene
with nothing but awe, not even a penny - don't come
near me

(i hope this sounds like music in a tube underwater as the
howls build pressure til you strike oil over and over)

someday, i'm gonna find "glory, glory" personified,

a man with a crucifix necklace just like mine

whispering, "i wear it for luck, not for faith"

where have you been all my life?

i am now sure which organ i will swear to give you

under attack? too often, too long, too soon

“And I know my day was ordinary but I can’t help but draw the scenario where it wasn’t and—“ the what-ifs, the blade twists, the threats, the aesthetician YIKES

the apparent coping mechanism is welcoming the anxiety

I’ve decided upon the organ that I’d give you. It’s a kidney. Symbolic of the sentiment of saving you but keeping me.

“What about yourself?” I’m sorry?

“You’re surrounded.” By what?

“By Code of Civil Procedure § 377.60.” Right. Imagining the worse case scenario to prevent it from happening...

“Could intersect with karma, one day.”

I appreciate your confidence. But, it’s more like 377.30. I’m not going down without a fight.

“Don’t get too dark I might need your kidney, after all.”

under attack? everywhere, but seemingly not at all.

it's not peace if you're fighting

i take a walk with Libra rising

“you’ve never paid me any mind, before”

you’re a rotating door, a broken escalator

elegant and charming

predictably harmonious

“we could fight the war on peace”

it’s not peace if you’re fighting

speaking of the fight, where is it? have you always been
in my way on this?

“aren’t i the one who tricks you to believe your word
document is a canvas?”

act your wage

how do i

run away from revenge

how do i

process

this hit the intersection in the desert of which way to
nowhere straight through boiling hills
red rock formations match my energy
as i try to justify the goals i set and exceeded
now

more than ever

i'm reminded of the irony of my disability

now, more than ever, i'm reminded of the tragedy
of my disability

but sometimes it's enough to feel the new things

just as a reminder of that things can be new

and now i'm settling into the technology

of the reminder he said, "i've got my eyes on you."

roll just enough through the curve of the earth

from overcrowded terraces to overprotective sheriffs

of these census-designated places facing the Sierras

as they're slicing sideways into the sky and those boiling

hills start freezing

how do i manage

the locked-up anxiety

in a place of freedom

how do i

set my cruise control to 65

now that i've got time...

to realign this message: i've been sacrificing weekends
just to relive some nostalgia and indulge in certain deep
ends

nothing much has changed since camping trips, jazz
band, and Kala's wedding and i'm still wondering why
they don't move the county seat to Bishop

it's not off the grid

and it's not permanent

but i've traded my skyscrapers for mountains

what was i upset about, again?

the anti-vacation

group texts and conference calls
what do you think they pay me for?
endless frivolous accusations
in suspense on this conversation
there's certain tasks i'll help you with
and certain ways i'll cut you off if
only you could know what my years give
we'd never have to go through this

it's a blur but at some point i entered
the city limits of Reno
and once the phone goes dark, i realize
i may have stranded myself here, alone

you're gonna have to trust my right hand
the left one talks, but doesn't make decisions
this situation isn't all spices
it's dominance and full disclosures
and learning lessons at depositions
about reserving your right to back your team up
maybe with elegance, maybe cross words verbatim

if we're going to go through this, i'd like to win

Once again, we're on McCarron
and I'm trying to figure out the shape of Reno
take the GPS off of our phones
memorize the main roads- but not alone

no tutorial

i just zapped back into my body
i was somewhere else before
took 3 buslines to meet the mark
filling in tags just like the tutorial

each time i check those kids are still running alongside
the downtown dip

and now i've got hope over lower fourth and it looks like
this body's heading home

you should've seen yourself clawing around in the sun-
backed dark to the sound of my memories

should we check on the past and let ourselves know? i'll
get you but you won't get me. WAIT. Hello. How do I
explain this to you? Wait, what am I trying to do if I'm
just going to end up changing you. Your battery will die
if you let the light glow. You turn off the light, you
smoldered. Oh, no.

here, take my memories, they're the keys that opened the
door and woke you

you've proven all that you are

no tutorial

no emotion

but a motion

after motion

after motion

Objection, calls for attorney work product.

blackout faxes get scanned and become mirrors on portable document file viewers

walls of text don't have the same effect

the difference between activism and using the system to beat the system for being a system AND THE SYSTEM WORKS

by my hand, the tail will eat itself

i sat and i sorted and i drove through my own thoughts and i can't disclose the contents but the smile that was on my face was unprivileged material, a matter of public knowledge.

a log: the elements REDACTED; the defenses REDACTED; the prefacing REDACTED

you see, i'm next. no blackout faxes but tiny boxes becoming mirrors on your screen. am i the system or am i the activist?

Denver's calling

Denver's calling

I shouldn't get away with it but I'm listening

drop t's and hunt i's, make your way to me

no more excuses for the cornerstore but i'm not telling

these men could never know oh, these men can't ever
know

there's a steakhouse in Burbank by the interdimensional
portal if you'll meet me

we'll talk politics: state, local, office, playground,
national, all of it

1858

is there a patron saint for everything falling into place?

i'd be a better catholic but syllogism's in the way

i'd be a better lawyer but i've been taking things on faith

at least it feels that way

every p&a is just another way to pray

knee deep in arguments that could go either way

so deep in precedent i'm citing 1858

the ethical rule that obligates me to always love you

plenty of quarters

a financial year that starts in october

so i'll try you from the corner

of 6th and whatever

a payphone with its dialtone in tact

“can i give you every fact?

and trust the love you have for me will always last?”

i could cite you to the ethical rule that obligates me to
always love you

but weren't you the one getting under my skin first?

i shake the feeling

isn't this eclipse season?

but this payphone doesn't have an app to distract me
from that

my love for you may get maternal but this call was never
local and there's plenty of blue-green eyes as far as a 5
mile radius is concerned

what came first, my feelings or my disconnection

i've always known the answer and it's been keeping me
concerned

Request for Judicial Notice Re: The Curves of Your Hometown

your back's to me

i've been on some hypothetical catastrophes - answer me

your back's a masterpiece, it's the mirror i did not want
but needed to see

LOSTEN

i walked your sidewalk with two left feet and an outfit
that begged for attention
i take the microphone and immediately notice my shaky
hand-blame the lithium
i portray you childishly because you couldn't handle
when my output's realistic
you'd laugh too if you requested judicial notice of the
curves of your hometown

Let me tell you a secret

Lately I've been fantasizing about an afternoon out of a
chili peppers album
Get picked up unplanned off the sidewalk by several
someones I know just enough then learn to surf by
sundown
Break the boundaries of hour, break my hair, and lose
my lungs
you should hear me without depression

the complication

first compliment of the day for my blazer by a stranger
in the street
i lose hours for vanity
the way it looks when no one looks
so i went in makeup-free

ignoring signs restricting access because i decide they
don't apply to me
what goes down must come up
it's only fair
cut to the break that i reduce from 30 to 10 minutes now
that's an exemption

i clutch my temple as my mind decides
the complication is coming
and i caught feelings for someone
i beg to know how i will go about embarrassing myself
as if predicting the details will prevent it
it would be a lie to say i've never felt so horrified
why can't i just pick up my lunch order without having
an existential crisis?

second compliment of the day for my blazer by a
stranger in the plaza
beat the numbers game
the complication would always disqualify
it still may
and i'm sorry for the trouble it hasn't yet caused you
i've decided to wear makeup, tomorrow

waiting in line

waiting in line

never felt better in my life

all the times

before

i didn't appreciate the benefit of having time to wait in
line

it's in the wrist how it supplements the entitled-the
benefit of basing ignorance in the lack of a superior title.
i do well at this only because i've been a leader deep
down this entire time but was forced to be a follower.
spent time in lock step with a metronome relying heavily
of my peripheral vision for alignment with the mission i
signed up for: a brand name, a uniform, and a grand
performance

reminiscing on the foundation of my work ethic

i find myself

waiting in line

and the wait's the kind where i can take a number, walk
away to do something productive —like when i was 15
and rode my skateboard to the DMV office making trips
that served me in a 7-hour line. it's substantially similar;
i can sit tight or i can go out and find something
subliminal. a ziplock bag full of loose change and some

vending machines at the mall. putting time to use, but
clutching my number like it's gold.

waiting in line for the longest story i've ever told.
waiting in line not knowing if the end was what you
wanted all along. waiting in line for something you'e not
sure you trust yourself for. waiting in line blind and cold.
waiting in line alone.

mr. cashier nice to see you; don't think this process does
it justice

i know you will but please do not judge me for the items
that i purchase

i came into your store today because i realized i had the
need and i had a moment

i haven't had the free time in a while to simply run these
errands

but please don't judge me for the things i purchase

hurry up, but take your time
my number won't be called yet
and now i find myself at the
front of the line in certain

but please do not judge me for the items that i purchase

but please do not judge me for the items that i purchase

opportunity

time's come
to pay dues
underpaid
overworked
cliche

i kind of miss when my only fear was the threat of a
sanctions motion against me

all the good faith in the world can't change the perceived
dishonesty giving rise to entitlement to money

but it was never filed
and i checked
i'm not a third man saving lives
i'm not all that special but i have some tangible angels

i am simply clinically disabled, professionally trained,
facing the deep end and it just gets deeper and deeper but
i still swim. like the day when i was a child in the
shallow end staring at the dive board, not advancing-
knowingly afraid of nothing at all

don't cry, inner child, it's just federal court

paying dues, i tell myself

it's just that they weren't there for you when you needed
a meaningful conversation about accommodations

it's just how accommodating you've been for them
abandoning 4th branch efforts
so many full days of firefighting without water, just a
phone, keyboard, and pen
accepting that you deserved all of the lack of
sponsorship as you hold back St. Francis
damn, makes you kind of miss that empty threat of
sanctions

i'm not bitter
this is objective
and now it seems i'm not dead
there are no third men
just some tangible angels
more from without than within
i hope the feedback's consistent
have i been sufficient?
have i shown good judgment?

Symptom check.

overworked is a symptom of the willingness and
efficiency of my hypomania
underpaid is a symptom of depression disguised as
loyalty because i won't leave this place

paying dues is the compromise i tell myself
when i think about
the little girl
ready but afraid for the deep end

too much

they gave too much to the girl who's too much so she's
running out of trust
doesn't really keep in touch
not interested in the video you posted unless she's
convinced of the entertainment value the first 3 seconds
into it but if you must...

Please don't quiz me. Please don't insist that I need to
take you with me.
Please figure it out for yourself- please never come here
asking for help.
And if you're messy, you're off the list except for when I
need someone to handle the bullshit. The untouchable.
The uncredited work. Please don't forget what matters
first.

because what's worse? i think my brain is swelling, i
think i'm overwhelmed, i think i should've learned to
say no a long time ago - and then thinking turns to
wishing.

She wants a day off
She's too much- it's been an even match
She's never said anything before this about how God
only gives what she can handle
but now she has

would great aunt Thelma approve?

i can feel the internal bickering

Everyone in the State of California
is on constructive notice
that I am a bipolar lawyer

and I assured it, singlehandedly

I don't chase dreams, I chase statutes
How low will the Archives go?
When I stumble upon handwritten notes in the microfilm
Wait til I leave Sacramento
found family in public notices and articles
maybe one day they'll come by to haunt me
i crave guidance and wisdom from ancestors
but they don't answer-that ship's sailed, it's too late to
rummage through the minds of the dead
But I want answers-
Honestly,
how do you expect me
to be the intersection
of a venn diagram.
tortured-productive
held back-thriving
vapid-politically rising
and in no particular disorder:
bipolar-lawyer
Outside of rapid psychotic delusion,
will you ever speak to me?

sickness over static

i kinda wish that i still loved you like i did when i was
manic
not saying that i'd take the sickness over static
but right now i'd give anything
to feel a thing
other than
the pain in my shoulder
and the way my ears ring

what's your status?
hiatus from the usual self-exposure
save yourself when someone like me has been looking
for you
i'm curious
what's it going to take?
your sun is in Aries and your moon is keeping you
awake

i've been ignoring calls from Reno
because i haven't even had time to
confront the threat that looms forever:
falling in love unilaterally and losing it all
so turns out i can't handle my emotions
so i just won't have any at all
so i can move a mountain just to see you
so where did you go?
You need to stop being so uneasy, please
How many times have you
 brought the king down to his knees?

in vain

hi

are you there?

can you hear me?

is this how i do this?

i want to ask you a favor

i need to know if this is going to end

was that a yes?

when?

am i hearing the holy ghost or is this psychosis?

i can't do this

maybe i should pay a psychic

what's that?

you understand you've been watching the whole thing?

or is that just my own imagination dissociating and consoling me?

i can't do this

i mean this conversation not the task at hand

i'm just saying things would be easier if i could tell the future

am i exploiting this procedure?

should i have spent my sunday at grand and temple to avoid the storm at 1st and hill?

yes, i'm bargaining

for a light

at the end

of the 3rd street tunnel

from there i could take the 110 to the 10 to the 405

maybe a day in san diego

anywhere but chained to a keyboard wishing this would

goddamn end

—sorry.

whereas, there is a sleeping pill shortage

on a midnight deadline
i relearn the power
of not having a natural circadian rhythm
for well over ten years now
if i don't take the meds
i could stay awake forever
or at least for a midnight deadline should i—
oh, it's past 1 am now
a reasonable accommodation has been offered
maybe we can get this done tomorrow
(well, technically, today is tomorrow)
at this point i've taken everything
but the guarantee
to sleep
there's a lunesta shortage
so i split the pill in half
in hopes of maintaining myself a little longer should i—
You know, usually, I take all of these between 8 and 10
pm
But I can be a soldier
Every night, a reminder
When it matters: the phenomenon
that time is just a number

4th of jusomething

touched grass, found out, wallowed in disappointment
a proud minion of the third branch of government
the task list didn't lighten up much
just moved most of my june to july
most of you are turning on your auto reply
postponed jury duty from the anniversary of your death
to christmas
i haven't felt you in my conscience lately
you haven't haunted me in my dreams lately
i'm just mostly avoiding every jury pool that could come
in contact with me
do you look down on me in disappointment
in death, are you still a proud minion of the second
branch of government
happy 4th of july
another one after the cutoff
what a lovely lack of the patriotic
all the uniforms put on for this
a day off
a concert
a summer
sandwiched between two hearings and a meet and confer
for demurrer
someone forgot to tell the people piloting the drones
what Americana looks like, it's fine but
i'm getting chastised for not enjoying the show
it's fine but
i've got an 8:30 at this intersection tomorrow
hoping for intervention...

dan got me out

morning after
fresh night club stamp
not the ocean
but a sea of warehouses
hidden villages
life between solid brick
the time since 2006
is relative
a bar
and a concert
and a dj
and a bouncer
the four elements
of commitment
to getting nothing done
a space
fit for my demographic
but i don't really fit in with my demographic
where i come from
it's always odd
for everyone
to match skin under the stamps
is it the genre of music
or just the gentrification
wonder how many of them
got home at eleven
and billed another 0.3 before bed
to beat a deadline
long live jeffrey john watson

2501

*all these plans paused
forced to take it slow
plans don't quite take us
where we wanna go
a new two fifty one
the cycle's getting old
one day my plans won't pause til after i say so*

and it's getting irritating
that question about how many hours i'm sleeping
i promised myself more than a decade past that i'd never
promise to prevent the disaster
it's inevitable

i won't even give an estimate anymore
of how long it might be again
when i'm reduced to
the aspects of my diagnosis that make doctors suddenly
interested
never a call from Aurora to ask how law and motion
practice has been
just standing by to give me the side eye when i'm
begging for my freedom
it's funny how useless your bar card is
when your civil rights are reduced to a dixie cup of
liquid soap and a paper thin blanket
after sleeping handcuffed to a bench all night laid out on
the pavement

—— a diversity problem?

What about nurses announcing to a room of patients
That a trans person is incoming
And wondering out loud about their legs and what's
between them

And when he arrived, he was screaming,

“I don't want meds, I want to talk

Why won't anybody listen?”

I said, trust me, I'm a lawyer...

that's one life story I'll never heal from

compounded by a system

that locks victims

in this place where even I asked,

Could I get some personal counseling?

“We don't do that.” Yes, I'm aware, the law doesn't
require it. Useless...

and it's been irritating

i've been brainstorming

whether the complication

is getting ready to take over

i promise i've been getting sleep

but i'm worried i'm scheduling hearings that i can't keep

growing more ambivalent on the concept of trusting me

it's a day-to-day situation

of self-monitoring

i've been filling out the calendar

but every guarantee is conditioned

upon day-to-day flashbacks

keeping me in pain and humbled

and a single day without them

is a catastrophic event...

but i am free

but i am free
at least presently
and i can't predict disaster
but i know i'm not descending
presently
i get the privilege
of working all weekend
and picking out a proper blazer for court on Monday

Symptom check.

It's Sunday, 9 am- I slept in
I've got ceremonial trial prep
and discovery
no stopping in July at all
just a discovery response
after discovery response
after discovery response
maybe i could take next weekend off
but the month is filled up
with lessons to learn in depositions
punctuated by hearings and inspections

mornings, commutes, and vocations

with plenty of warning
i've messed up your morning
why aren't you kicking me out?
i felt fragile
for a moment
how was i supposed to know
i'd never feel that way again
i would've turned into you
you
you
oh, you
so far all i can make of you
is that you merely represented
a situation i wish i could redo
even though a perfect runthrough would change nothing
at all

i'm sick of these fire signs
give me sun in Virgo
someone to grow cold with in September
maybe the type who won't cut me off...

i can only ask for so much
but when we looked together into the mirror do you
think our future selves were looking back? warning:
DON'T HOLD ON- because I'm warning her now...

it's been a while since i've managed
to disrupt the schedules of men

their mornings, commutes, and vocations
these things i envied more than i cared
to care about them
libra rising
aquarius moon
capricorn sun

LA Graffiti

jump start
doc prod
tsc at sb
the compilation of exhibits
to somebody else's credit
ex parte
two parts
mod or quash
the minute order
spelled my name wrong
Laura Beck for the defendants, Your Honor
we'll fix this in the notice

no good?
no cause?
an osc re disrespect to the Court
while i'll admit i'm on constructive notice
in good faith, i hoped this would all blow over
i plead 473
60(b)
too many headlines hanging over me
nonrefundable prepaid
one-way ticket out of LA
i can pay for a reason to turn on my auto reply
but i simply cannot buy a time machine

it's been since 2020 since this job called for a good long
drive
and i know where i'm heading but i don't think i fit on
the westside
trust me, i tried
California sun can't melt a to-do list 50 cases long
can i bill half time for travel in traffic on the 101?
but i'm noticing LA graffiti like i never have before
new colors and new fonts
the acronyms, the hymns, the arts
comms i'm meant to see but not decode
down to a science
objection, tagger work product privilege
texture like honey on bread instead of butter
stealing canvas from the flesh of the overpass
...how did they get up there to do that?
but i instruct you not to answer

touch ocean

light a clean linen candle
at the altar of another
weekend sacrifice
another meet and confer
i forgot to tell them
if i'm disclosing
in whole or in part again
nevermind the awkward phrasing
it seems the intention of the state legislature-
in their infinite wisdom-
is to boost the plaintiffs' bar
and leave me begging
in a senator's dm's
to stop adding requirements for meeting and conferring
that gives me an idea
does it have to be telephonic?
could i inform opposing counsel of the complaint's
deficiencies in a tiktok?
i know i said i'd support your bill if it appealed to my
reasons
i'll settle for an appeal to lucidity
the opposition weighs on me heavily
let me tweet my sordid endorsement for free

focus, ellie
you've got a day job
up to your eyeballs
deadlines and cutoffs
7 weeks without a full weekend off
how are you getting your laundry done?

too busy to touch all my hobbies
but i've got time for apple notes and poetry
passed my q2 with flying colors
and it's friday night i just got paid but i—
i'm stuck in a zoom call
redlining the terms to the end i prayed for

and if i can't get a vacation

a half day will do

maybe within the next week or two

walk over to the train station

skip over grass and touch the ocean

one day,
i'll learn to surf
by sundown...

the order

lithium
seroquel
melatonin
sleeping pill
7 colors of pilot g-2 pens
a few of them neon
tank
black slacks
strategic blazer
i'm only partially fishing for compliments
email first
billing software second
doc cloud third

keys, wallet, phone,
notebook, planner, skyscraper keycard

plenty of shiny surfaces
on the way to work
who are you?
i'm
part of the crude patchwork
regrettably older
figuratively, literally, walking forward
and in no particular disorder:
bipolar lawyer

From: LEB
Sent: Tuesday, July 11, 2023 8:45 PM
To: LCH
Subject: Re: [REDACTED]

I'll stop working for the night if you stop working for the night.

From: LCH
Sent: Tuesday, July 11, 2023 9:05 PM
To: LEB
Subject: Re: [REDACTED]

Deal. Sign off.

About the author

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