

## Was It Really My Fault?

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Production

Halted

Silent flashes of red and blue search for me.

“What is your name how old are you  
are you thinking about hurting yourself?”

Sitting in my chair, sobbing like a child

In trouble. The policeman standing in my trailer, silent yet commanding  
Stares at me like I am the problem

I

am

the

problem

I think to myself.

“How much money have we lost will they be able to go on without me am I going to get fired is  
the show going to flop because of this —”

My brain ping pongs from one

Idea to the next like it is the game of the century

I am losing against myself.

“Are you ok do you need anything we are here for you do what’s best for you”

My catty co stars turn soft in my moment of desperation

But it does not help.

I am the problem.

And the problem must be solved.

The only problem is that my solution *is* the problem.

Time ticks away.

Tears

Blame

Despair

Bundled in a makeshift blanket as

I wait an hour and a half for *their* solution to arrive.