

No One's Priority by Marla Lukofsky

It's quite a unique feeling, being no one's priority. It's freeing in a way – an independence of sorts. Not necessarily one that you'd wish for but nevertheless it's there for the taking.

And you've been assigned the task and title. You are now crowned... 'No one's priority.'

Does this mean you are lonely?

Not necessarily.

Does this mean you feel scared?

Occasionally.

Does this mean you don't have anyone in your life?

Of course not.

You have friends, siblings, relatives and acquaintances but are you their priority?

Not if they have partners, parents or children? And if they have grandchildren, you are dead in the water, girlfriend.

Don't get me wrong.

They may be available if there's an actual emergency

but in the day-to-day scheme of things, the 9-5's, the 7 days a week, the 52 weekends in the year, these peeps have someone else to think about, to run to, to share with or to take care of and it ain't you. It just ain't you.

Don't believe me? Think about this.

If you're homebound with a nasty cold and need someone to pick you up some nose spray and chicken soup with matzo balls during rush hour, do you really think they'll drop what they're doing and put you before their own loved ones, their child, their lustful lover or their beloved pet?

Nope.

Well...maybe if it's a cat.

Or if you wake up in the middle of the night hurling your cookies after some contaminated Chinese take-out, do you think someone's gonna leave the comfort of their own warm bed so they can place their cool hand on your forehead to soothe your aching soul and assure you that you're not going to die after all?

Nope.

But they'll definitely call you in the morning from their hopefully hands-free cell phone while driving to work to check in with you while they multi-task.

And when it's New Year's Eve, or Xmas day, or a Sunday afternoon with perfect skies and moderate temperatures, do you think it's you they'll be calling to share it with as if it's a given, a guarantee?

Nope!

And why? Because the people in your life have their own lives and their lives, circle around

other priorities. Theirs. And their priorities, just ain't YOU. It just ain't you.

And that fact keeps rearing its ugly head more often than you care for it to,

And no matter how much you try to convince yourself that it just ain't so,

And no matter how many times you recite those magical words to yourself that the black maid said to her little white ward child from 'The Help',
"You is kind, you is smart, you is important," (and you indeed may be),
there ain't no denying the fact that you is 'No One's Priority'.