



WHAT IF?

BY: CHERYL STRAYED
Wild

“What if I forgave myself? I thought. What if I forgave myself even though I’d done something I shouldn’t have? What if I was a liar and a cheat and there was no excuse for what I’d done other than because it was what I wanted and needed to do? What if I was sorry, but if I could go back in time I wouldn’t do anything differently than I had done? What if I’d actually wanted to fuck every one of those men? What if heroin taught me something? What if yes was the right answer instead of no? What if what made me do all those things everyone thought I shouldn’t have done was what also had got me here? What if I was never redeemed? What if I already was?”

LOVE

*THE LOVE SONG OF
J. ALFRED PRUFROCK*

BY T.S. ELLIOT

And indeed there will be time

For the yellow smoke that slides along the
street,

Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;

There will be time, there will be time

To prepare a face to meet the faces that you
meet;

There will be time to murder and create,

And time for all the works and days of hands

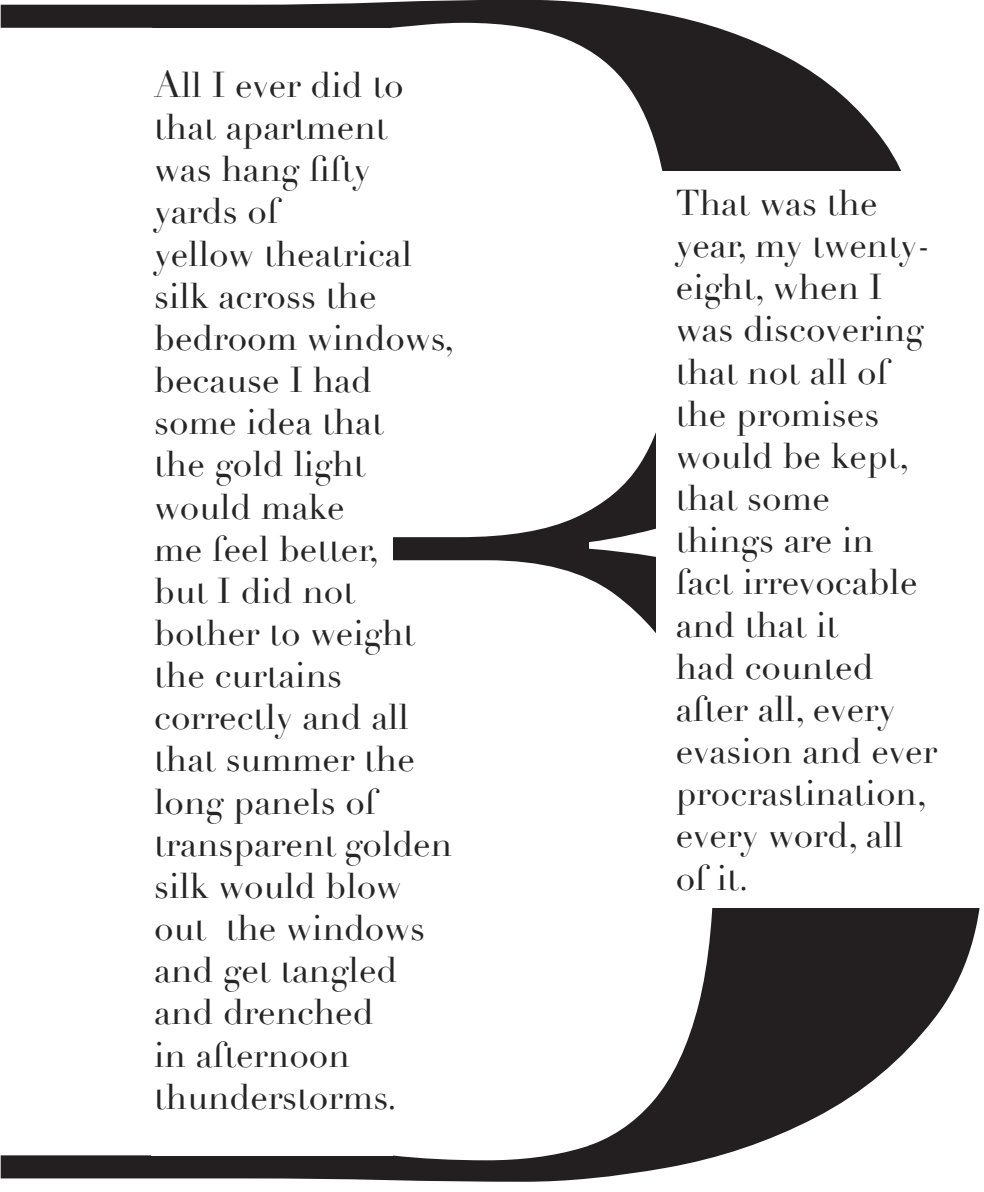
That lift and drop a question on your plate;

Time for you and time for me,

And time yet for a hundred indecisions

And for a hundred visions and revisions

Before the taking of a toast and tea.



All I ever did to
that apartment
was hang fifty
yards of
yellow theatrical
silk across the
bedroom windows,
because I had
some idea that
the gold light
would make
me feel better,
but I did not
bother to weight
the curtains
correctly and all
that summer the
long panels of
transparent golden
silk would blow
out the windows
and get tangled
and drenched
in afternoon
thunderstorms.

That was the
year, my twenty-
eight, when I
was discovering
that not all of
the promises
would be kept,
that some
things are in
fact irrevocable
and that it
had counted
after all, every
evasion and ever
procrastination,
every word, all
of it.

*GOODBYE TO ALL
THAT*

JOAN DIDION'S
Slouching Towards
Bethlehem

AN ORIGINAL STORY

SARAH KAY AND PHIL KAYE

Sarah Kay: When the fire takes all you have, my home will be your home.

Phil Kaye: When you are old and can no longer remember my face, I will meet you for the first time again and again.

SK: When they make fun of your accent, I will take you swimming because we all sound the same underwater.

PK: When Ellis Island tries to erase your past, I will call you by your real name.

SK: When they call your number for the draft, I will enlist to fight beside you.

PK: And I will march with you from Selma to Montgomery and back as many times as it takes.

SK: We will stand together against the hoses and the dogs -**Both:** because it didn't start with us.

PK: It started with Lennon and McCartney.

SK: It started with Thelma and Louise.

PK: It started with Winnie-the-Pooh and Christopher Robin. **Sarah:** Bert and Ernie!

PK: Abbott and Costello!

SK: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

PK: Mario and Luigi!

SK: Watson and Sherlock!

PK: Pikachu and Charizard! And they could tell you what a miracle this is.

SK: They could tell you how rare this is.

PK: But they could tell you how rare friendship always is.

SK: The chances are slim.

PK: The cards are always stacked against you, the odds are always low. **Both:** But I have seen the best of you, and the worst of you, and I choose both.

PK: I want to share every single one of your sunshines and save some for later.

SK: I will tuck them into my pockets so I can give them back to you when the rains fall hard.

Both: Friend -

PK: I want to be the mirror that reminds you to love yourself.

SK: I want to be air in your lungs that reminds you to breathe easy.

PK: When the walls come down -

SK: when the thunder rumbles -

Both: when nobody else is home, hold my hand -

PK: and I promise -

Both: I won't let go.

FOR PROJECT V.O.I.C.E.

BY: PHIL KAYE AND
SARAH KAY

Till Death Do Us Part.

Marriage was an economic institution in which you were given a partnership for life in terms of children and social status and succession and companionship. But now we want our partner to still give us all these things, but in addition I want you to be my best friend and my trusted confidant and my passionate lover to boot, and we live twice as long.

So we come to one person, and we basically are asking them to give us what once an entire village used to provide: Give me belonging, give me identity, give me continuity, but give me transcendence and mystery and awe all in one. Give me comfort, give me edge. Give me novelty, give me familiarity. Give me predictability, give me surprise. And we think it's a given, and toys and lingerie are going to save us with that. Ideally, though, we're lucky, and we find our soul mate and enjoy that life-changing mother lode of happiness. But a soul mate is a very hard thing to find.

*MODERN ROMANCE:
AN INVESTIGATION*

AZIZ ANSARI
On Marriage & Stuff