

Listening and rolling my eyes at you. A 20 minute conversation about power tools or your traumas it doesn't make a difference. I'm barely there. An open mic event or comedy variety show. A comedian in a bunny suit making Trump jokes and reading from their diary. A congolese bassist singing high harmony memorized chinese in a Wisconsin college cafeteria. I'm tucking and untucking my shirt. I'm looking for my reflection in the window. Catching a glimpse and rolling my eyes. Ha Ha Clinton-Dix. Strumming untuned through it all. Ça sert à quoi tout ça? Just a [worker](#) bee now.

I sang some new songs to my grandpa and he said you're going further. But more in a tone that suggested I might be losing it. Frogs singing in the pool and other bad lyrics. Bitchin' bitchin' bitchin'. Bright-eyed grandpa in his wheelchair used to be a runner. He told me he had a gift for me and the gift was a two-word phrase. You don't get to know what he said but know he still runs bright though. And I gave my brother sunglasses for his birthday. Just in time for winter. A year ago I was going to Paris to get thirsty and miserable. Caroline Calloway. Breaking up cardboard boxes. Six years in [Montreal](#) now.

Scanning shelves in the Sci-Fi section looking for Herbert and Robinson. Or Moorcock if it comes to it. But I find an Illustrated Man under 'Bra'. Blankly listening to oldies in my Mom's white Honda as she points out cars she envies for their colour. Each duller than the last. All Doo-Wop Blue Moon and MAGA Hat Red. Late night starless walks taking short-cuts through the golf course. Dragging my lawn chair out to the curb to watch the stoplight change. Red Mars, green Mars. Thinking it's about time I went home and wrote something down. Monrovia, Indiana. An [acknowledgement](#) to Lenny for teaching me what friendship could be.

