

In the waiting room in the St. James infirmary in Bath in the United Kingdom they play nothing but sunny 70's throwback hits as a dark spanish mother watches her inexplicably ginger child play with plastic over-easy eggs in a miniature castle. And my companion gives blood until they have all they say they need and next thing you know we're pushing on a door you're supposed to pull that's automatic anyway and opens into a misty carpark near a primary school full of kids taking recess and apparently screaming their way through the whole thing. I'm in a new black raincoat with a peaked hood I got on sale while my companion only needs a knit sweater with a big reindeer on it to keep the dew off him and besides we walk fast and sing high school musical songs as we go. We meet my companion's wife who's just arrived from the airport and I watch them have their reunion before we all eat nepalese food and speak in french about the english and I think how happy I feel to be seated with them in an upper room like a bereaved disciple feeling conspiratorial in a flaming tongue. And there's nothing I tell them that isn't true because we're only rooting for each other and I think how nice it is to be without shadow as I bite into rice and pakora and congratulate myself on my choice of sweet curry.

[There's sun in my eyes and there's sun in my eyes. All the music sounds sunny and there's sun in my eyes.](#)

In the urgences wing in the St. Joseph hospital in the 14e in Paris in France there is what I find to be a cliché amount of wailing and moaning going on as I lie on a brown leather gurney wondering if the noise my heart monitor is making is a good or bad sign. And my companion grades the papers of her seven year old students who've all had to write their own versions of Peter and the Wolf but despite a wide range of looping cursive and adorably innocent spelling each one ends the same and the wolf doesn't once survive. I'm in a thin pale gown with wires strapped to me like I'm set to explode surrounded by blue and white pleated plastic curtains with pictures of stacked rocks from a beach somewhere patterned on them and I can't help but wonder who decided that something that looks so much like a gravestone should be plastered all over a hospital. And I laugh with my companion which also seems out of place and rude considering the setting but it carries us through the hours until eventually we're breathing fresh air again and I eat squares of chocolate and wait for a 3 AM uber to arrive and carry us home to the sounds of car speaker algerian rap. And I think how happy I feel to be moving more quickly than my feet could ever carry me through a city that's barely breathing but still blinking softly in coloured lights so there's no need to check its pulse. And back home I don't sleep but just sit waiting for tomorrow while my phone glows with mixed messages and a text from my doctor which says good luck exclamation point it'll be fine exclamation point exclamation point flexed bicep emoji.

[I could live in Paris and I could live in Paris. And I could live in Paris but not sleeping on the floor.](#)

