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WHY?



The intention behind this big booklet of all my crafts, was to reminicse on the work I did while in Manhattan. Now that I have been granted all of the time in the world, I find myself struggling to create. I sit with an empty canvas and paints but nothing comes to mind. Infront of paper holding a pen, I don't have a thing to say. A camera but no urge to shoot.

I was hoping going through and selecting prior writings is going to help strike my creativity once again, especially throughout a time where I can dedicate my days to writing, painting, and film.

The Last Time I Spilt My Drink

What is it with me and my overload of self pity. I have to feel bad for myself because who am I to allow anyone else to do it for me. May my mouth only utter things that do not matter. I'll leave emotions and feelings to my heart and hand. There I was, drunk on a Tuesday morning. I'd say afternoon, which it was, but I had only just woken up. Tito's poured into a French press, a provocative cup of Joe. I sipped until I sunk, and white claw is happy seltzer. I poured it in a plastic cup, and paraded around the city, a loathing circus. With each step, my cup runneth over, consider me the clown.



Taxi

I read a book you once recommended. And even though another girl convinced me to read it, I read it for you. It's a book on the color blue. Blue, your eyes, pale blue, everything there is to you- blue. I read somewhere amongst a page that yellow is the most neglected color. I almost got shorts this summer, the one with you, and they were blue. But you told me, "How fun" the yellow pair would be. Skinny legs yellow short wearing me. I see no color, I see you. Neither of our Ubers would work a cold summer evening. The time I first met one of your friends. You peed on the street, between two parked cars, I saw your steam on black concrete-yellow. We hailed a cab, you thought you could pay, but before you got out I put the \$10 back into your pocket. And even your texts I read in your voice, "damn you." In the back seat, no partition to go up, you kissed me and I kissed you. The story of yellow and blue.





Get
Over
Yourself

Theory

Sometimes I take my thoughts off myself and pay attention to the city and those around me. A homeless man checking out girls who walk by, his fella rambling to their other non-existent fella. Going on about theories and according to them, Barack is still president. I inhale my cigarette through my nose because I like the way it makes my nostrils burn. And what if I'm a maniac out on the road in a West Village street. I scream at the top of my lungs because I want everything money can't buy. Posh clothes, a tight tie keeps my neck warm. I walk myself home in Gucci loafers and a camel hair coat. I'll get my shoes polished tomorrow, before my shirt fitting appointment, and after my pants get tailored.



When I Pushed Her Away

She was here for three years until I come along and pushed her off the plank. I stand here now, at the end of the dining room, the long table in front of me. I try to envision her still here, striped shirt, checking on tables. She was the only thing that got me coming here for so long. I'm still here and she's not. Perhaps this place is what's keeping me from letting go. This is the thread that's keeping me attached. She's the only person I think of when I'm here. I sit at all the tables she once served me at. I'm sitting at the same table the night I first walked her home. She was drinking wine- red. It was so dark in here, I could hardly see, her hair drooped over her face. How alluring. We stood at the corner of Carmine and Bleecker when I said, "You should come over." That was when she told me "I can't I have an early morning, but you could walk me home." So I did. The more I think about it, the less I remember. We both got Guinness's at that bar she had always walked passed but never gone in to.





By Ryder Kramer