excerpt:

Being alone never made me feel lonely, but knowing that I could be with someone really did. Like remembering you wanted to kiss somebody only after you said goodbye and you’re already down the stairs of the subway station. I called my grandmother and she asked me to be honest and tell her if I had *un novio.* I said no, but yes, and maybe later, and young people are like this today, and could she understand? She said she did, but if he ever treated me badly they could go to hell. *Que se va para el carajo.* I laughed at the sound of her crackling sweet voice saying *carajo.* It was so simple and true and hard to grasp. No I would never let anyone hurt me, but I was destined to be the more loving one. And that was it’s own kind of hell: to have so much room but nothing to exist warmly enough within it; I felt the cold December air contracting my capacity, my willingness to love. What was I in it for? The leather gloves, the hat to replace the one I lost at the party on South 7th, the down filled parka. I had prepared so much.