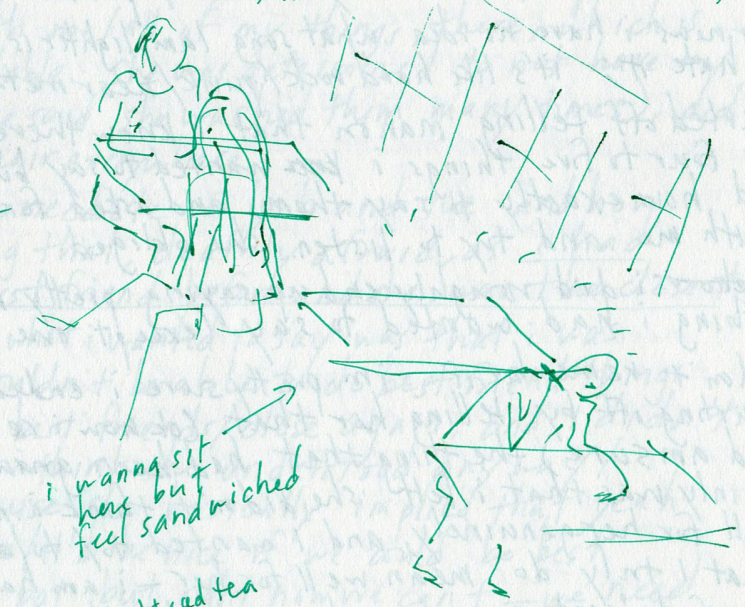
july 24, 2014 4:16 p.m. thursday

right now i am sitting in lamplighter. i got here just as it started raining. came from lynh's place, which is where i've been crashing for these past few (two?) days. it's relatively empty here? but not as much as i'd prefer/ all my preferred spots to sit are taken.

now it's 4:21 and it's pouring outside. ~~the~~ it looks and feels strange ~~but~~ (as does everything today) but at the same time i feel that it's appropriate. can't help but call this weather a prime example of pathetic fallacy.



4:27 (currently)

so. earlier today, pretty much at 12:30, i got to manon's place to say the things i had been wanting to.

feist's "i feel it all" just came on.

so here i am instead, kinda in the middle of everything/ this little space, writing my diary as people stand near me waiting in line, hearing snatches of conversation happening all around me

9:30 (currently)

i guess i'm delaying... Delaying describing/writing down what happened, how it happened. i think mostly because i feel like no matter how i write this, it'll never do reality justice. Not like what happened was particularly epic or dramatic or whatever, but (4:38) because it was special somehow. And also i don't think i will be able to capture every single detail, ~~th~~ and i feel like all of them — every word that was said, every gesture, the atmosphere and so forth — was important (and perhaps will be telling).