

*why'd you come to new
york?*



to drive you home ela!



I almost forgot. I can put on my hoodie and jacket and headphones and listen to lesbian music and go on a brisk walk for an hour and then get pizza and sit on a chair on the sidewalk and eat it and then maybe my sister will come over and we'll get Indian takeout and on our way to pick it up we'll smoke a joint and on the way back I'll buy pink roses and we'll sit in the kitchen with my roommate who is cooking dinner and then my sister can do her homework while I carefully take each rose and gently unfurl the petals and snip off the leaves and cut the stems at an angle and then I can clean up and go to bed.



*What if we kissed under
one unfurled rose and
one rose that is about to
be unfurled.*



Woke up to a drunk message I left for myself:

Today? This Tuesday? I woke up in my bed with my little sister who slept over. I gave her a hug and she went home. I drank tea and ate one gourmet chocolate. I worked remote. I had annoying email exchanges. My boss rescheduled our meeting. I took a shower. I ate delicious leftover chana saag. I got dressed. I went to my office happy hour. I worked things out with my coworkers. I got drunk. We got caught in the rain and now we all have curly hair. I went back uptown. And did kareoke with my bestfriends. I called the bartenders by their names and many rounds were on them. My life is so easy I am weeping. I'm writing this and fat tears are rolling down my face even when I think something is hard it feels like, it feels like I'm on the last level before nirvana. Like I've paid all my dues. I'm so lucky. I'm so lucky.



I get weepy when i drink.

