

A photograph of a brown horse standing in profile, facing right. The horse has a sleek, athletic build with a dark brown coat and a black mane and tail. It is standing on a white surface against a solid pink background.A photograph of a brown horse standing in profile, facing left. The horse has a dark brown coat with a lighter brown blaze on its face. It is standing on a white surface against a solid pink background. A small white circle with a right-pointing arrow is visible in the top right corner.

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After I die. My notes app will one
day be discovered and excavated like
a Pharoah's cursed tomb.



Notes

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Working from home in my baby blue robe
Will my daughter care about my diary
My grandmother gave us some pages from
hers

She was writing about us when we were
small but I can't read her handwriting
So every memory has to be deciphered like
ancient scripture

Which hey, maybe is appropriate
Should there be such clear evidence of who
I was?

Sometimes, my grandmother tells me, she
puts on mascara while sitting home all alone
just to feel pretty.

Is anyone going to write that down? I can't
visit her



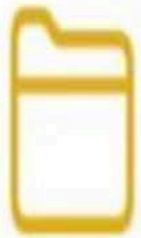
Notes

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@horses_and_memories



Aw, I wanted you to know
me.



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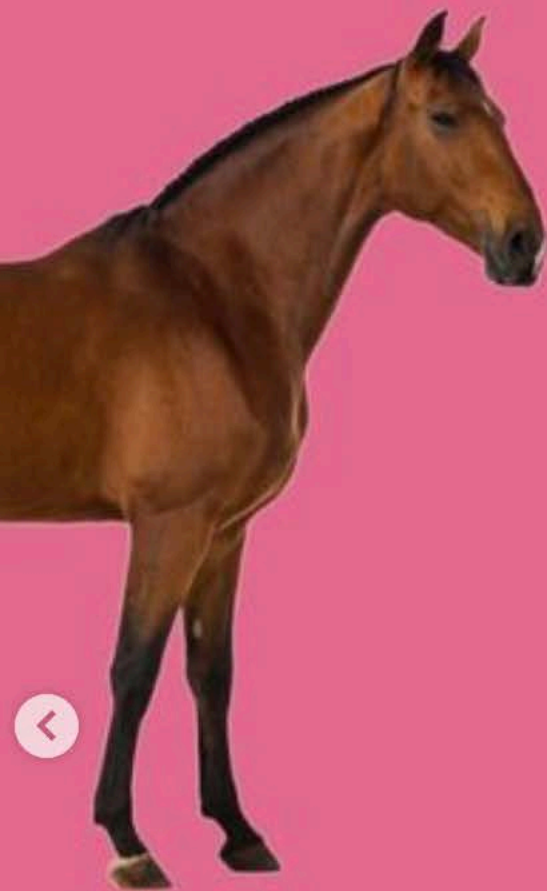
Some young boy named Hennessy, and yea he showed us his id, was hitting on my friend and I and lately when I'm not interested I've just been saying sorry I'm married, I'm married and then I flash whatever ring I'm wearing that day even if it's plastic, and my husbands name is John, and he's a good man, I'm the bread winner and he takes care of the house, I come home to dinner every night and I love him, Hennessy is saying oh I'm gonna have to have a chat with your husband, and I say, what would you say to him? What would you say to my husband? And the problem is I really do love him yea all of a sudden I miss my husband John, fuck, fuck

@horses_and_memories



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Got fucked up at the lesbian bar and it's Monday

I mean now it's Tuesday

Chappel roan was on, I wish I was her friend so I could text her, naked in Manhattan is playing at cubbyhole! You made it!

I puked and it's still so dark out and as I was puking I heard my roommate moving pots and pans around in the kitchen and I was like Jesus what is she doing at this hour how wretched she is witnessing this with her ears.

The door to the kitchen was open and the lights were on but I didn't go in. What am I going to do? Hey...I flew up.

But it's 6:30am!

Turns out it's appropriate for her to be in the kitchen and absolutely inappropriate for me to be yakking. Is "yak" a regionalism

I'm an open notes app.



Notes

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I need to go buy some allergy meds but instead I put on mascara. It's Wednesday and I'm doing kind of badly at my job, like my manager completely rewrote the memo i wrote, but hey it's my first memo, I'm not going to apologize, I'm going to graciously say thank you for your guidance, I'm excited to understand this structure better for next time. The only people I've spoken to face to face today are the people at Duane reade. They lock up absolutely everything at the one near my house. I had to ask one lady to unlock the allergy meds. I had to ask a pretty boy to unlock the ice cream, and I asked him, how many people are stealing ur ice cream that you need to put a literal padlock on the fridge, and he says you'd be surprised, but what I'm surprised by is that I could literally walk out with the ice cream now. How is u handing me the product gonna prevent me stealing it? I spent 80 fucking dollars and I couldn't find the butter. I said fucking so that makes it sound like I'm mad. But I'm not. I'm excited to try my new nail polish.





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