



I just wanted to
much from it, so I
hate it." about his

Are we there yet? I maybe don't have
an appetite for this. I tell you you
have a good brain, you tell me there's
a compliment to come. A compliment
always to come.



I'll always think about the streets we
biked down. I'm thinking now of the
one that feeds into the parking lot at
the beach.
Maybe I'll never not be nostalgic - the
image of the past double exposed on
the image of the present.



feel so clear and awake from
Toronto's. I can't stop thinking about the
waste. my bike will get

Taking my hair tie off at night, the red band
left behind

The type caster mishearing the
squeak of the door as "this"

The light coming in