Dear Iryna,

I am so damn sorry. I have often thought about you and your mother and your life in Ukraine before you came here.

Urkanian Village and Little French Girl telling reassuring me about the checks and balances in our county. And then going to the art show and the images are so dark and our friend is so fun and quirky and warm. And her husband is strange and kind of awkward and canned. Distant. We find out later that for the past year he has been in an emotional and physical relationship with a Young Polish émigré in Berlin. She has a child. It all came out when the Artist pointed out an ice cream shop they should go to. Our friend didn’t know it. When does Dave get ice cream without me was her fleeting thought. I had the pistachio her continued and then he trailed off. I had the pistachio… and, and what did she have? Where did that voice come from? She didn’t want these thoughts. She didn’t need a fucking autofill function in her brain. She was already unnerved by a whole host of verifiably shitty aspects to her current circumstance, she didn’t need to be autofilling paranoia into the artists naturally drawn out professorial, thoughtful or pompous depending on the finesse of the delivery. But she’d filled it in and she’d been right. Later that week when the artist had passed out drunk again she took a look into his email, the artist doesn’t use a smart phone, abhors it, only paints in black. Paints elaborate fantasies of what artists saw in the black of the night when they case their eyes into the black of night at various key and poignant points in their lives. The blackest black. But there it was in black and white email after email between a G and her artist. He was a con artist. A two bit criminal. And my life is the loot. What a fucking disloyal piece of shit. What a cravenly bankrupt, deranged pissant of an existence. He was on his path, god bless him, but he’d taken the path of extraordinary loneliness. He couldn’t maintain his personal commitments. Had to trim back. Go superficial. Abstract and push out. Even our friend. There was no room for the real. The unreal would buoy him through and around the bend. We’ll bruise the rules a little bit, just until we can turn the corner.

Population 9.7 billion 2050

Population 7.7 billion 2019