

The new house –which will not be home– bears multiple windows. All four exposures, sexiest. Long balcony, beautiful living room, wooden floor.

I am, as usual, squashed beneath things I have no awareness of.

The angelfish fight. Can't find the water key. Masturbate on your couch. Some other stuff I shall not say. Lemonade splashed all over the shirt stolen from your mom, pants stolen from you, my very own Crocs. Never learn.

Flight mode = kismet-deferral. Saying *It didn't happen because it wasn't meant to*. As if terrible things didn't happen every day for no particular reason.

I didn't know you were kidnapped during the Civil War. I knew you almost died from rabies. I know your mother is the worst person ever, no wonder you came out this way. And it means I can never hold you responsible. Boomerang-blame. In the lungs. And they say Breathe, and I say I can't. And they hand me something to help, and it does. Which confirms the initial problem: my body fails me every time it gets the chance. Grief the size of all the needles put together like some kind of craft work. But it is meaningless because pain is personal. What makes it so tricky. It only belongs to me only conceivable to me only felt only handled only dealt with by me

me

me

—Here, my bag.

One Ayran sip before groping you. One Ayran sip after deciding I would never get a cat of my own. One Ayran sip while picturing the rat that almost killed you coming out of the meat bag. You were just a kid. Dare I say, so was I.

Love you so much. Think about you all the time. My God. Love you so much.

First adult-life batata w bayd / potatoes barely cooked / egg perfect / perfectly salted & oiled / perfect just perfect / splendid /

Bet all of it fits into ten big boxes max. It is a competition.

Kitchen window won't open. Midges settling in. Congratulations on your new love. You want a warmer colour for our matching Best Men shirts. You feel a speech would be adequate. I like the word witness, what it conveys. To watch something you are excluded from. Nobody expects fairytales either for or from freaks.

Pillowcase-bit-of-blood. Wish the sting hurt more. I would just like for you to feel how wet I am. Then goodnight.