

Life on 'Earth', as it is to me.

(Ma plus belle maîtresse c'est la paresse)

All week, I deliberate between intentionalities.

Sunday, I'm working on Playing Naked:

1.5 Amaras

0.5 Campari

0.75 Lime

0.25 Agave

{{ Absinthe spritz }}

Shaken. Strained. Nick n' Nora.

Monday, I feel like a shell.

Not the pretty pink kind that whispers promises of emerald waves and pastel sunsets, no.
Washed ashore, I spent twenty thousand years in a Precambrian salt casket, and after finally
rediscovering the light, was promptly stepped on.
Crushed back down to a million pieces,
another victim of a vanity vacation.

Tuesday, I return.

The world of the living. *(the one you all claim to inhabit)*
I'm not sure I buy it.

Even so,

Clementine and I streak amongst the dancing oaks and ever-evolving roundabouts,
barring nothing but my recent memories from expression.
A flashing reflection on the sign in front of me jars me back,
tugging me into the light, yet,
for all I know, it may be the dark.
Perhaps, only the permissible.
Too fast on 8th St.
(No ticket)

Wednesday, the water is boiling now. In the kitchen: carbohydrates, topped with acidity.

A trudge to my bed ensues.
(Oh, how I've missed your suffocating embrace)

Are those puddles of potential in my eyes, or did I sleep with my contacts in again?

Why get up when I'm alive in my dreams?

When I do rise, my body aches.

Thursday. I am almost whole.

A hug from Max, a plunge in the creek.

We laze on the couch as if we were twenty-two again.

What is it they say?

(La mémoire rend le passé supportable)

Friday, I'm playing pretend once more.

Ablaze with the falsities I preach myself, a gyre of sardonically implosive notions.

Dinner rush. The chaos spurs me onwards; I subsist on it by now.

I am falling so fast I almost forget I can hit the ground.

My hands? Wet with liquor. Spare a match?

Saturday- a loss.

There I was- a mere illusion,

a servant,

a projection of someone who was once a real person,

tucked behind a carefully curated facade.

For fourteen hours straight, a vessel for your enjoyment.

(Anything for you)

I ash another cigarette on my jeans as I walk home, too tired to bike.

Isn't this the same as last week?

I can't recall.

(Nous sommes tous des morts en sursis — la vie est ailleurs)