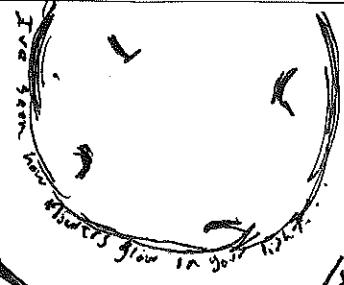




TELL ME KISS

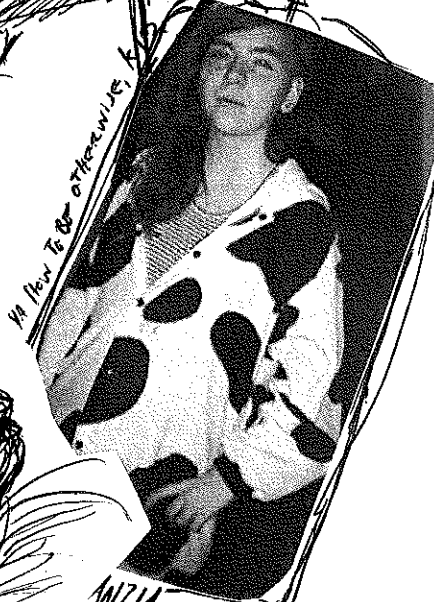
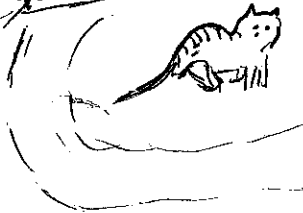


SCHOOL

SPOON



8:19 DREAM BOITS



NO NEW TO BE OTHERWISE, K



ANZIA UTTERO HALLOWEEN 2012



HELLO NEW FRIENDS!



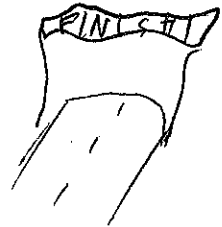


THANK YOU FOR YOUR ACCOMPANIMENT ON THIS JOURNEY, DEAR FRIEND.

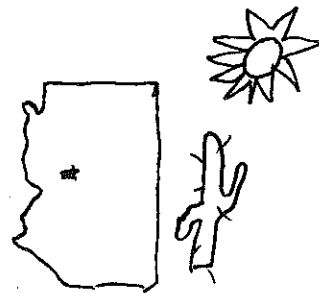
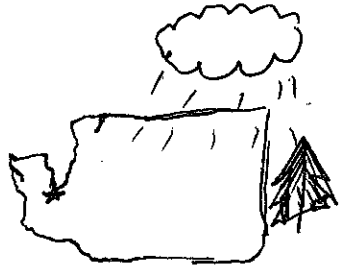
SWOON SPOON

CHAPTERS I-VI

moonpie/heatedseats/doublescoop/toothaches/mealtimesoon/finalpursuit/conclude



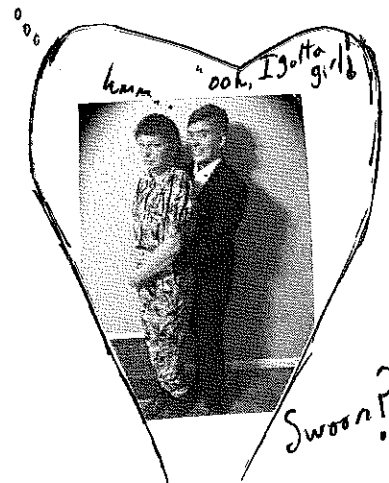
memoir-ic flow of stories and thoughts told over the span of eight months,  
PNW<--->SW



forgive some off-putting tones. thought of changing the language up for some past parts but for the integrity of these tales I believe in honoring the honesty of keeping these stories intact from the time they were written until forever.

Thanks for your interest. Welcome to Swoon Spoon.

"you look like a boy whose never had a date before..."



# Swoon Spoon: Moon Pie



Phone buzzed in pocket, it read: "This month's moon will be ANOTHER super moon." then, "where r u? Don't forget to put the money into my account."

Sent back to say: O.K. took another swig from the tall can offered to me, even though I already had a pretty bad belly ache.

G-Spots, "There's like this lump that pops out so huge when I fuck her." "Like inside of her?" "Yeah, what the heck is that?" "That's her G-spot, dude." "Really, that far out, huh?" "yep, that's what they do."

I like to fondle G-spots like they're clits. Circular motions, she said, that drunk girl with the annoying voice, her pussy was dry but I did what she asked anyway. I fed her water from a pasta pot later when she got thirsty 'cause we ran out of cups.

Received a text from ex:  
Hey what r u doin tonight?  
At Guest House  
Ok. I'll come 2 u.  
K

I bit her neck at the bar, after I stomped on balloons as a response to seeing her make out with one of my friends against the wall. She yelped and wrapped her leg around me, I looked over to my left and saw some other friends shaking their heads and staring. Two girls I would later pursue sat across from us at the table in our nook because I may have invited them over at one point.

"Oh, yeah, I think I know you, we both work at . . . ."

Another sip to dull it out, wasted friend stumbling her way across the table snatches loose drinks to slurp down because she still feels unsatisfied.

She let me rest my head on her lap in the back parking lot while I looked up at the golden Honey Moon. and, "So, that doesn't mean anything to you? That I'll always remember you?"

Still looking up, "Let's just not talk for a while," then, "Do you want to come back home with me?"

The next morning I took off my shirt and she stared at my tits. "Those are big," she said, "They're nice." Thanks, and I rolled to my side, she said hers were double F's and pushed down the top of her dress to show me the rest. Her nipples are pale and beige, like soft plastic bottle tops. "Are you disappointed?" Tits still pushed together, I said no, and later thought about how she was the only lover of mine I've ever had to lie to.

In another golden bedroom, "I made her cum, like, three times. I'm really good, but I didn't let her fuck me. I like to get spanked, I like to get called a good girl." She covered her face with her arm and laughed into the mattress, she rolled back over to face the ceiling and I am now laying my head on her belly. "I feel numb when I'm with people so I usually can't cum."

"Oh, really? Is that what you meant when you say you've never had good sex?" I shrug, "I guess."

"Did you know I'm a squirter?" No. "Are you?" No. "The first time I did it was so much. It was like the size of six cats. I thought no one would ever love me."

"It smells like spit and maple syrup."



"I will never put maple syrup on my pancakes again." My friend drove us in her boyfriend's car to a big wooden bridge in western Washington. We took pictures and carved our names on it.

I was sitting at a bar across from a girl who blinks like a pony every time she speaks. "I love that bridge, have you ever been to the ape caves?" Nope, let's go. We climbed on top of a tavern and sat together with the dark and damp cold. We smoked rollies which made me miss somebody. I looked at a picture I took of her later, next to all the graffiti, "K + T", and decided she looked too much like a girl I was friends with in high school to fuck her.

Again in Golden Bedroom V. 2: "Why can't we have sex?????"

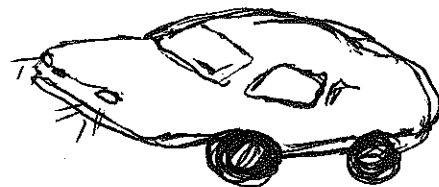
I'm on top of her, we're pushing the weight of our bodies against each other, and I am pressing her arms down into the mattress. I think of the now empty room above us that I used to spend too much time in.

"Am I stronger than you?" She asked, and I let her push me back down again.

"I don't want to have sex with you,  
but you can tell me what it would be like  
if we did."

Sometimes I fill my mouth with water 'til my cheeks bulge out and my jaw feels bloated. When I was a kid, I used to play a game with my mom while she held me. She would fill her mouth with air and stare at me like a fish. Then, I'd take my hands and flatten out my palms to slowly press her cheeks in until the air pushed out passed her lips and it would make a farting sound. We would laugh, and do it again and again and again.

# Swoon Spoon: Heated Seats



I like the smell of your car,  
thanks!

It smells like sweet sun,  
reminded me of backpacking in the Sierra Nevadas, the smell of my instructor's  
clothing,  
when he would squat close to me, to help me with cooking.

Ending time lover, heated skin and delicate tattoos, I like to think  
of peaches too, sweet juice, slightly tainted teeth I think  
how she was everything I wanted my ex to be,  
fun and likes to drink, isn't afraid to be inside of me.

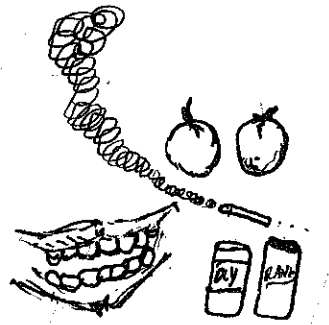
Thanks for everything,  
some of it felt rehearsed, or cinematic, composed.  
On the beach climbing wood that looked like giant dried up old bones I said,  
"Maybe we were married in a past life," and she looked at me and agreed, "Yeah,  
maybe."

"I'm sorry for how I acted  
when you both started hanging out, I realized I just felt threatened,  
when I get threatened I tend to close people out, and I shouldn't have done that,  
I'm really happy for you, I am happy you can have a beautiful sexual experience with  
someone,  
you deserve that, you really do.  
Thank you, but I'm sorry too. I shouldn't have neglected you. I know the timing is odd,  
but I don't know what else to do. "

We walked back from the Texaco with another tall Modelo, and everyone was still  
waiting for us on our porch. Last porch, last Oly home. All the ants and stained vinegar,  
baking soda too, spilled tobacco and the corpses of our beer cans, Olympia and Rainer.

The last party I went to was at the Red House,  
a girl who lived there had a birthday party designed as a burlesque show. Not that many  
people there.  
I stayed outside for most of the night drinking whiskey and talking about entitlement with

my friend on the couch. Looked over to Sweet Sun from time to time. She put her foot on my lap only for a minute, I wasn't feeling very romantic for a lot of the night's hours so I spent most of my time ignoring her until we went to fuck upstairs, Butch friend walks out of one of the bedrooms, tackles me against the wall, "Hey, you, what the fuck you doin' here, man?"  
Ooooh, you know, just hangin' out. What's going on in there?  
Drugs. Lots of Drugs.  
What kind of drugs?  
Any drug you could want, don't go in there.  
Tell me which drugs.  
Whip-its, adderal, ritalin, oxy, cocaine.  
Awesome, thank you.  
Have fun you two, wanna fight later?  
Maybe, I'll come and find you."



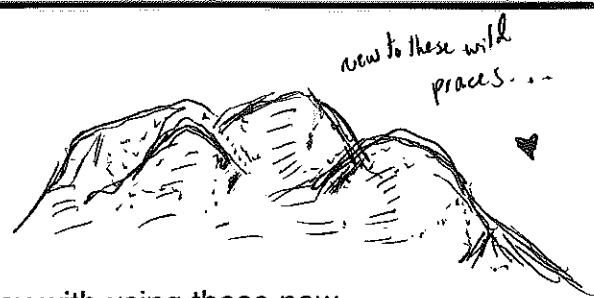
I pushed her down on the couch  
fuck me, Maya, fuck me,  
I stick my hand down the front of her pants, then try to fuck her from behind  
when another girl comes out of the bedroom, I threw my leg over her to cover her and  
pulled her into me.

"OOOooh, shit, Damn you two. Don't worry about it, have fun you babes." and she went  
along and danced her way back downstairs.

Do you want to do some drugs?  
She smiled and said sure,  
we went inside, and he was there. Talking to me about her. I nodded and said that's all  
she is. Energy Suckers. And he went on, and on, and I said, I don't want to talk about  
this. I don't think we should talk anymore. and he stared at his lap, then got up and left,  
when burlesque's sister turned to me and said, "Hey, did you see that, he got up and  
left, what's the deal with that?"  
We were in love with the same person. She chose him. He's still weird about it.  
"I feel it, it's like, she wanted to fuck you, she wanted to fuck him, maybe you guys want  
to fuck each other. Who gives a fuck? Hey, do you want a whip-it?"  
I said yes, and she handed me an electric plastic canister with a white straw attached  
that I sucked through, and I let the room grow gray while a slam poem was being said  
and I remember hearing the words "Harry Potter" 'til Sweet Sun and I laughed, then  
went downstairs and I noticed he'd completely left, where my friend gave me her keys to  
sleep in another friend's bed.  
Sweet Sun and I started walking and helped a boy who had fallen from his bike on the  
sidewalk, and I held her hand and after it was over I told her I loved her, and she smiled  
at me and said she loved me too.



# Swoon Spoon: Double Scoop



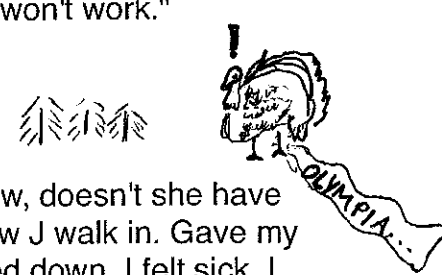
fantasize, fantasize, they, they, they, pronouns. I'm more okay with using those now. Hard hike up, pb & j and they told me how this all used to be an ocean.

"Incredible, isn't it?" And I thought it would be safe to share my dream, of a partner and a homestead, a garden and my expedition trips, my daughter Ettison, Ettie, though I didn't mention her yet.

bec gentle...  
ad E

"I don't drink, don't do drugs. My mom's an alcoholic, so it's never been that fun for me." and I think of all the times I've been too drunk, too aggressive, how we don't agree on simple moralities just because of that.

This is a fat fat fat can, and I'm squatting on the ground in a line of other folks who might call themselves queers, dorky queers, trying to be funny, "This is totally, like, queer speed dating!" and one of their friends says, "How about, you and \_\_\_\_\_?" Ah, man, why would you say that? "Sorry, I just thought I saw some things." Yeah, but I romanticize everything. "Me too, me too." sitting by the fire 'cause I'm bored, trying to meet everyone, everyone queer, trying to get laid. "And I think *you're* cute." "Pisces, pisces, double pisces won't work." "Wait, what's your sign?" "I'm a virgo." I fucking hate virgos."



Thanksgiving now, feeling more calm than ever.

"I wonder if *she*'ll be here tonight, if she lives with C." "I don't know, doesn't she have other friends?" "Probably not." Saw C walk in. Saw B walk in. Saw J walk in. Gave my friend a hi-five 'cause I thought I was safe. She walked in. I looked down. I felt sick. I remembered everything awful, I tried to ignore her all night. She followed me around. Didn't talk to anyone. Would stare at me from corners. I left without saying a word. Her roommate told me the next night how she wanted to talk to me. I told her roommate I had no interest in speaking to her again. I try to talk like I've never had an abusive partner.

Sweet Sun, thanks for protecting me, from another ex, the big one, the big one who broke my heart, who now acts like she's lost it all. Kissed Sweet Sun all night, big one can be spotted in the background of photos staring up at me with a beer can in her hand.

Sweet Sun took me home to have the drunkest sex I've had in a while. I'm covered in her cum, she keeps repeating, "Why is this so good? Why is it always so good?" I think of how lovers are always different, how one looks at me while we kiss, and we talk about everything. How another kept her eyes closed the whole time, she wouldn't talk to me about how she felt afterwards.

Sweet Sun thinks sex is about cumming. I came twice. I thought about faking it, though I made it. I made it.

I forgot how she checks in. "Hi." and I said "Hey." and she said, "Are you awake for good, now?" and I told her yes. and she made me breakfast. and she talked about our

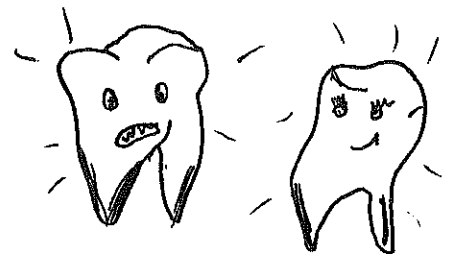
friend's cat who gets into fights a lot. and we talked about our toes and I told her I'd see her later when she gave me one of her shirts to keep.

"Tell me if it's snowed!"

and I told her I will, then walked to my friend's home, feeling grateful.



# Spoon Spoon: Tooth Aches



I think of how some lovers break my heart when I see them open up. And it's all in the eyes. I watched her pupils dilate.  
it's not about demanding, demanding, demanding you and me, to be with me, but it's not always easy.  
I'm sorry, I've been talking for a long time.  
And I'm glad you did.

Why, are men,  
always in the third degree of me?  
I don't know, but it's pretty interesting.

I've been having bad, bad dreams, waking up sweaty and finding it hard to bring myself back entirely.  
the rain has hit Arizona like it's been in Oly. I still miss those tall trees.

I've imagined again and again holding out my hand and saying, "Hi, nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you. Wonderful, wonderful things. I felt like I should meet you."  
and I noticed how I've recognized that vest, and I wondered why it hasn't stung at all yet.

"Is the moon even full? I can't tell."  
The mountains let the lights of this town hang nicely along them like ornaments.  
"I don't know, 'cause I'm seeing two moons right now, so I couldn't really tell ya."  
Talking about climbing. About JTree. Maybe I'll find a way to live up there for a month or two.

I want us to have full-on sex, I'm still trying to not feel disconnected from the rest. I go in-between missing other lovers' bodies, but I'm really trying not to.  
She said as we age our skin loses its elasticity. I imagine my tattoos in a decade or two turned into green goop.  
What kind of goddess are you?  
Flip to page one hundred and fifty three and find out I'm Persephone.  
Hey, I got that one too.

Sometimes my lips burn when I kiss,  
I think of crows feet. Eyes connected to teeth. I like looking at hands with fingers that seem a bit cracked,

thwack, thwack, thwack, heartbeat, I can feel it underneath,  
feeling sad 'cause I know it'll never be that way, the most adventurous girls are too cool  
to be gay, the ones who are boyish in a feminine way.  
Though we'll still check in through the rear-view mirror, crows feet, crows feet, eyes turn  
from brown to green.

Last Valentine's day I thought I had herpes. I told them we couldn't have sex until I got  
tested and they said okay, but we sort of fucked each other anyway. What's your  
favorite thing to do in the rain? I don't know, sit inside and look at it I guess. I like to run  
around, drink coffee, my friend, we've been friends since middle school, sometimes we  
run around together when it rains like this. Cool.  
I didn't have herpes, I was almost crying on the phone to my friend about it. We'll work  
through this, you're a fucking trooper. We'll get through this, it'll be okay.  
I don't have herpes. Celebrated by eating a burrito. Watched the cars drive by out my  
window.

"Don't rely on anyone,  
'cause it's just yourself in the end.  
look at that tattoo on her back:  
'Find what you love and let it kill you,'  
who would you let kill you?"

It might have been a movie, or maybe it was a friend, who was talking about tragedies.  
"Tragedies happen all the time. They're everywhere."  
Think about what it takes to make something tragic.  
She finally opened up to me, and I felt real excited, then later thought about the line  
between what makes for mine, and what makes for someone else's stories.

"Dude, and I think she's aware of the impact she's made on you too,  
but I wouldn't worry about it, 'cause I don't think she really gets it, I think she's just going  
along with it, but you're not alone with that. Just don't feel so bad about it."

Don't know what to say,  
sometimes I really don't know what to say.

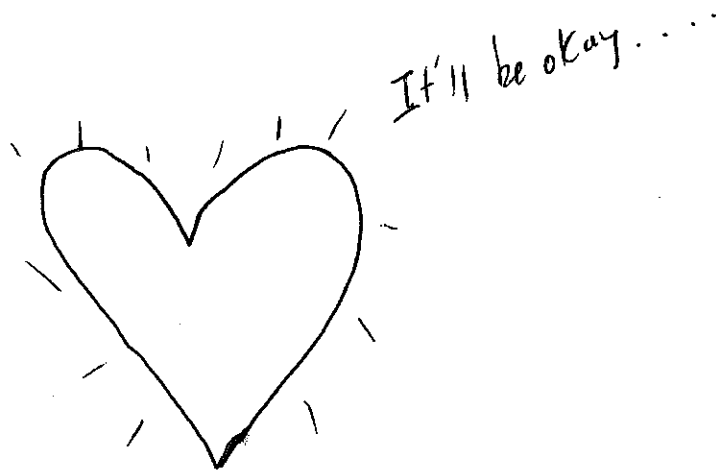
"You were *Green* last night. I was like, 'woah, you okay?' Not so stoked anymore."

I remember we were talking about nervines,  
"Or, you know, herbs that you like that help calm you down,"

and she mentioned on a bike ride home, with the wind coming in,  
"Sometimes I can clench things, well not clench,  
but just, tense, if I'm upset, and it helps me all relax,  
I am unclenching, letting go, I guess."

Look down at my lap and realize I'm clenching both of my fists. Just relax, just relax.

and I can feel myself clenching,  
unclenching,  
slowly.



YOU'RE MADE OF STRONG THINGS  
LIKE FIREWEED AND MOONBEAMS

... okay ...

# SWOON SPOON: MEAL TIME SOON

things have always felt so fragile,  
with whatever I chose. bodies are so fragile. the light of some eyes still feels fragile,

You got a light?

Yeah.

are you even listening?  
are you really even listening?

Light me up.

I guess I'm never really listening.

am I an asshole? am I an asshole?

You're an asshole.

when am i me, when am i me, when am i me, only because i am not you?  
Tree houses, tree houses, smell of skin, of rain, sweet skin, salty, sea or sun, sweat,  
sweet, sweep, beneath, beneath, broken down, beat, beaten,  
beating...

beating  
wings, covering  
aching  
shoulder blades.

as I reached to trace each vertebrae,  
i still feel sore, so  
i felt her still, in-  
reach to trace each vertebrae,  
the stories told in skin, let me in, really, let me in.

i could trace these stars,  
just like the marks on you.

and I'm feeling cold tonight,  
are you there? are you around? anyone around?  
Sorry, no one's home.

That's okay, I was just going for a walk anyway.

and she wanted to talk to you,  
she wanted to talk to you  
she

bite bite bite it back, swallow it slick,  
bite it back

she cares about you.

I guess I do too.

You probably just don't know what you need.

I guess that's true.

Winter's always left me with things feeling unresolved. Drink too much beer and send another text to another cutie, talk to me, why won't you talk to me. and smoke a cigarette on that porch, looking out at the neighbor's house with lit candles in each window. Remembering stories.

You were about five, and you were screaming about the screened-in-porch being built, stomping your little feet, "I don't WANT a *Screamed-In-Porch!*" and then you ran all the way upstairs, so I thought, maybe that's what she actually thinks, that it's a *screamed-in-porch*, that maybe we're all just gonna scream in there. She shrugs as she laughs, then finishes her wine.

So what's it like?  
alone in my bedroom, reflect on the sex,  
initial thoughts of her on top of me,  
floppy tits, floppy tits,  
All I can say is that I was disappointed.  
Bummer, man.

There are some days where it seems like everybody's upset with me.  
and I still fuck up.  
"No, but you're so loved."  
and I still fuck up.

how do I represent myself, how do I represent myself, how do I honor others' perceptions,  
You were just, really intense, I heard it from three of my friends. They said that you kept making them slap you, and that it was just really weird, that you were out of control, that you were just trying to go home with somebody, and then hearing later that you were still flirting with her, I don't know, it just wasn't okay.

Which perception is true?

Staring down at my plate, 'cause I can't really stomach it.

What are you thinking?

Well, I don't really want to go with you if you're not going to talk. You haven't talked for the past twelve hours and it feels like you're withdrawn.. I only see you once a year and you have nothing to say. F-that. I'd rather go write. It just feels like a waste of time.

Stare down at my plate, out the window, at the bustle of people around us. Now I'm really withdrawn.

See ya later.

Thanks.

He got the bill. He paid for the first train home. Later we talked, and she was crying, crying, on the phone, and I'm wondering why I keep having to shake people,

to hit them below the belt, to shake them for a reaction,

I'M JUST TRYING TO FUCK. HELP ME FIND SOMEONE I CAN FUCK.

And she was just trying to go home with anyone, it was intense, she was out of control. I felt uncomfortable.

They all felt so uncomfortable.

I would be uncomfortable if it happened again.

and I can say I'm sorry again.

I'm uncomfortable with myself too.

I've had conversations like this before.

You've apologized so much. How many more times can you say sorry?

and I wonder that too,

I almost killed someone, nearly missed their head when I crashed an empty 40 oz out of a six story window. Ran through the halls with two friends trailing behind me with a lit cigarette in my mouth. An RA and two cops saw us in the stairwell, but we carried on ahead, 'cause I smashed the cigarette out into the cement staircase, saving myself from getting caught.

A friend came to my room needing comfort but I confused her by the names of two lovers. She left and slammed the door so hard it flung back open. I woke up the next day with the lights still on.

I threw my wine glass out my parent's apartment and broke a black Escalade window.

I called my friend's friends coke heads and heroin addicts.

I smoked heroin and helped throw a boy out our window after one of his friends punched me in the face.

I've had sex without the means of consent ever being considered.

I've slapped strangers' asses.

I've pissed the bed countless times.



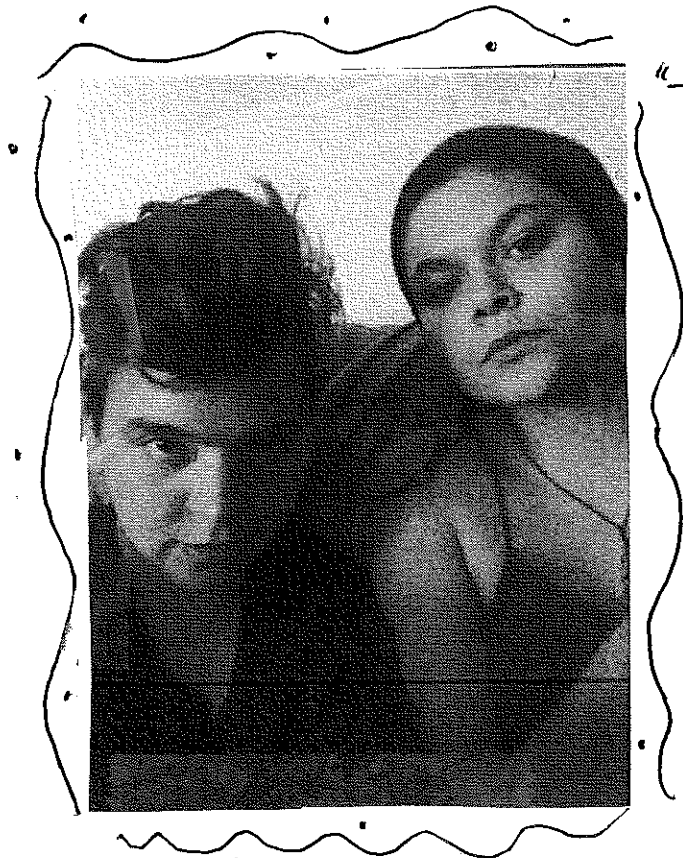
I've tried to hit on girls who had no interest in ever going home with me.  
I've created a reputation again and again for how I can get when I drink.  
I've done all kinds of drugs combined, not even acknowledging how lucky it was that I even woke up, only to not face another day.  
I've thrown up in front of partners.  
I've insulted partners I've claimed to love because I felt like they didn't love me well enough.  
I've taken advantage of the power I've had over certain people.  
I've asked to be hit, cut and burned,  
I've considered buying a gun,  
I've been glad I never had a gun,  
I've considered jumping in front of traffic,  
I've gotten into countless amounts of arguments,  
tried to make out with the people I've argued with afterwards.  
I've acted in great cowardice, even though I've made claims for everyone else to fight against it.  
I've never done good.

Drinking a beer in the early afternoon.

I think about how to change my self radically while still trying to be authentic.

"You will, by far, be nothing near causing more destruction or harm than good for the rest of your life."

Thanks for saying that. Thanks for the support.



"It is so DAMN HARD to be alive..."

# Swoon Spoon: FINAL PURSUIT

"I think you're just really in your head."

Yeah, I am. But you are too, yeah?

"A little. But not as much as you, so I'll forgive you, that's just Maya, being annoying and drunk, but that's okay."

Worry later about the exploitation. I don't mean to be so much in my head. I just have a lot to sort through.

*"your piece lacks both cohesiveness  
and flow."*

I agreed once that writing and thinking are synonymous processes. I wonder if my thinking lacks both cohesiveness and flow.

Imagine the intricacies of my mind mostly as a fog, a PNW-style bridge built over an unknown or undistinguishable land with a foreboding mist seeping in. At least my inner monologue feels dreamy. You could paint a portrait about it.

Maybe if I lived truly, truly, truly alone, I won't have to worry about harming anyone.

"I like you just the way you are. You don't need to be a big badass."

I'm not punk enough to be punk. Not cool enough to have good stories to tell. Not a true badass.

can't steal well. never been to jail. never hopped a train. never explored an abandoned place.

my head is throbbing because I'm hungover again. I have all of these other outlets but this is the one vice I allow to get hold of me. You fuck up with your friends 'cause you trust that they'll still be there for you in the end. More than family. They've seen you grow in ways your family hasn't. They've seen you go through things your family hasn't. You're too quiet, quiet quiet. Sleep too much. Just what I do when I need to be processing things. Sometimes I try to think about what my heart looks like pounding in my chest and I guess I should just try to say that I'm nervous again.

There's a story I remembered to tell, before adolescence.

I might have been around eight or nine years old, whatever age you are when you're in fourth grade. It was after a birthday party, at those beige brick gymnastic warehouses, with the giant pits of foam blocks and a swinging rope to jump from. That was always the best part of those places for me, having the ability to crash safely into a soft sea of foam.

When my mother came to pick me up I was already ready to go. We walked side-by-side on the pavement, her on my right, to get to her car. I reached for her hand with mine.

"Mom," I said.

"Yeah?" I looked up at her. Always so much taller than me. Always half unreadable.

"Are you going to die?" She paused for a moment. The wind pushed strands of hair in front of her face but she did not correct them.

"Someday, yes. but not for a very long, long time."

I felt my heart tighten.

"Why?" I asked, now not looking at her. Looking at my shoes, the pavement, anything.

"Everyone has to die, Maya. But it won't happen until you're older than me! So don't worry about it now."

"Okay." I said, and looked at her again. She looked happy. Strong, even. Sunglasses were always on so I couldn't see her eyes but I knew I could trust what she was telling me.

"Hold it tighter." I said. "You're not holding my hand tight enough."

and without speaking, she wrapped her hand larger in mine, and held it tight, tight, tight.

Coffee agitated again and I wonder if I'm blushing. Attraction moving from calmed into border-line obsession.

"I worry about you sometimes,"

Why

"You just go kind of crazy every time you like a new girl."

Been told that passion is good. Been fighting for something to feel passionate about for a while,

she told me I was obsessed with climbing and I said I haven't been obsessed with anything that wasn't a person,

then I realized I confused the two words together.

With the new year coming up, I wonder if I feel like leaving this segment unresolved.

Another chapter, another chapter, always another story to be told.

# SWOON SPOON: Conclude ♡

Facebook Article Bold Font and List  
"Native American Zodiac Signs and What They Mean"

I'm a wolf instead of pisces.

Provider of all things related to love.

Wolf with feminine pronouns, *she* looks more powerful next to Wolf. More than he.

She wolf, breathe. Breathe deep. Gut deep. Try not to heave.

Decided that Olympia feels like your first love. Maybe 'cause my first love happened here. Really happened. Wrote about it on the walls of a treehouse. Must have been here.

Alone in my friends' home and I'm listening to Olympia's rain again.

I'm not throwing up anymore, the hangover went away for now.

Every house feels damp on the inside. We all have our places.

I want to see more big hearts bleed 'til they burst back open.

Dream up bigger plans than this, and try to be consistent.

Try to hope that everyone finds a rightful home

try to always hold some sort of hope,

that it feels

faithfully true, hope for more warmth that will bless my mind, warmth like the bedrooms of past partners,

big orange wooden boat room, above another one's room,

forgive tearing pages from her notebook, to

read her thoughts later, burned and buried the pages with its graved marked by a flower in her favorite color.

Irony of pining for two eternities turned into the opposite of sorts. Reminded that some people are good at handling you,

some romantic partners,

drunk trying to hitch a ride, promising plans to ride a bike to the Texaco to buy some snacks,

talked out of it, given a half-eaten burrito with steak and bacon and potatoes in it.

Love is some partner's hands taking off your boots for you so you can get to bed quicker.

Love is a little red ibuprofen and a swig of water that helps ease head throbs and stomach jerks.

Love is allowing a drunk to hungover past-to-present-whatever-lover-partner ease themselves in your bedroom, while you listen to NPR in the kitchen and make breakfast. it's checking in, covering cold feet to keep them warm.

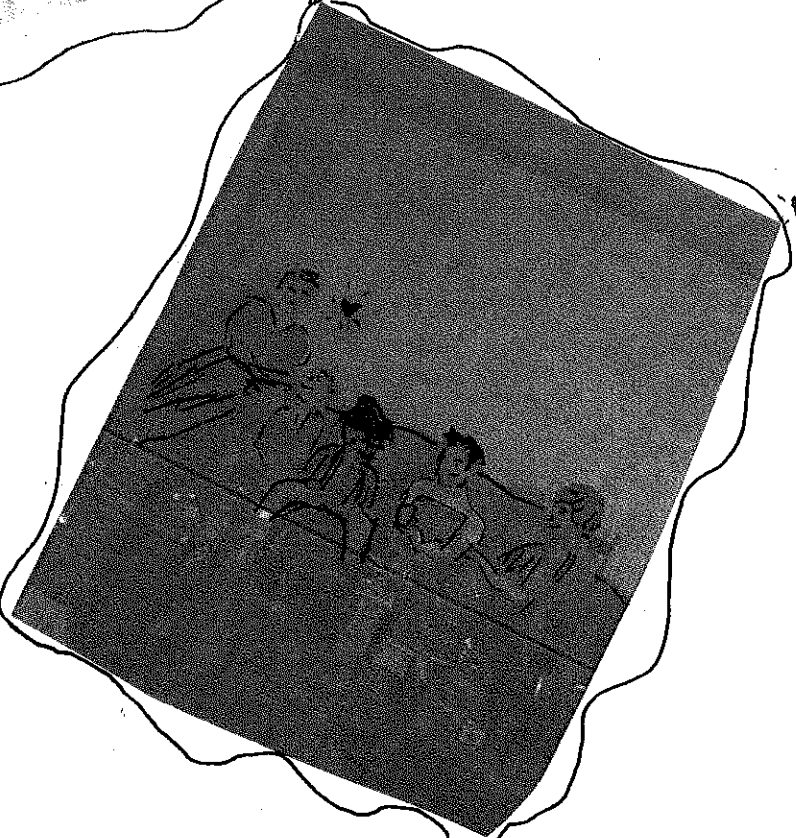
it's taking big bites of honey crisp apples with bits of sharp cheddar in-between

Love is looking out at the fog, cigarette after cigarette, dreaming of car rides and bridges and other things to later think about,

laughing while you let your friend hang against rock, counting the marks on your fingers, slamming palms together, noticing how they feel rough.

Love is all the little things, may I be reminded that it's all around.

May we all be reminded that it's all around.



Thanks to young folks from around the coast. Thanks for all the fuck-ups, mis-haps and happy-haps. Thanks for it all