[prose] in another March

this morning as i woke, for the first time in a while, not sleep deprived, at seven some in the morning. i did not check the phone. i had a dream, but intuited it was not a memorable one, so i allowed myself to not remember it but think of other memories, of yesterday's talk with S (the cigarette still in my body system), of early mornings when I woke with an urgency when I first arrived in Shanghai that I'd get up and go to the office early, buying breakfast at FamilyMart, and a salad box for lunch, of my room and the desk and the space, of, then, mornings before I left I'd kiss the girl, Y, of her lips, holding out, without defense, of kisses that lasted even it was morning that I gotta catch the train, of spring (though it's already early summer, or later, early fall) when there was rain and the kiss saturated with that drenchness, of Y, of course, coming to my place vulnerable on our first meeting, of her playing with the guitar as we sat at the bed on our second meeting, of my caressing her hair to comfort her distress from life and work as she peeked from between her fingers at me, asking in silence whether to trust me... then, i remembered of the coffee M and I finally made during the lockdown, the handmade iced latte that tasted like soothing grass, like agriculture, family, and music — then i realized something, drawing open the curtain, it has rained. i saw the slate-grey of the road, the damp color of the world instead of winter's whiteness — here comes spring, in another March.