[prose] late bloomer 6.2

i remember everything and nothing

the everything of what i see, the nothing of what i receive

sometimes i sit and watch, sometimes i just sit

grounded life is marked by the under-use of toilet paper

and ab-use of cream

a white moustached groomed old man on a wheeled armchair

it is as always a slit.

iced dessert spring

red dessert

you're more of a mother, you see

all happenings are aligning to your scheme

lean

leaning

against the door frame, the lavabo, the bed head, the cupboard

fears are not through

they metabolize hope

hobo

is a product of modern city

lost in the post modern soup

flâneuse with a safety net

painful without suffering

hypocrisy, but you live truthfully

all the lunatic signs you seek, you seek in lucidity

heavenly buffaloes, if one day we go back to america

to Bryn Mawr, to Durham, i'll treat you with the best wings

of the South

thank to last night

expressive lucidity. sympathy of people who write. elements of style. it is so you. your callous, raven eyes, purple hinted hair, scornful with a smile on your lips, loopy laughters. harsh editor with comments that would hurt people's feeling if not in your jokingly amourous affectionate warm-hearted tone.

there're always two sides, duplicity

you said you admired me for quiting the job (a job of duplicity, you know. but perhaps a large proportion of decent-paying jobs of today.) you still say that, now that you know I haven't been up for any good.

When I took the gap semester, going to SEA, someone said to me that she admired my courage, though I told her I did not feel courageous, mostly running away and nowhere to go. It was not the tough raod I chose, but the path to lower potentials. She admired me for my understanding of complex texts, I'd explain materials to her the night before class when we did the readings. but academically she excelled and I sucked.

Courage, the most commendable qualities of all (in BM's HP circle at least). Perhpas the only measure is: one can still takes up vigor to head to uncertain futures. (idk, but all futures are uncertain in nature.)

You impressed me most for asking true, scathing questions to some theories that had become part of my paradigm, and pushes me to reflect. □□□□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□□□ but you said, what about □□□□□□ or when i proclaimed that the ultimate purpose of life is to find one's position in the society, i forgot that the flaneurs, the savages, the hospitable idlers, are also positions.

When I talked about aging well, I was more saying, if you keep doing the right thing, the connections you have would only deepen, even if they lessen in frequency (it's not about the frequency, as you said.)

put up your shits together, so put up, supported with enough alone shitting time.

compared to you, i'm a savage

are you savage, too?

i ain't savage enough

but you also derive pleasure from other people doing your nails,

bad hair day

covered hickeys

all days, all stains

time is an illusion, following time is a discipline, a strategy

no cringe, no bullshit, rather chew some jokingly shits over and again

I give in.

i like the skin tone of your hand

even the coolest chicks are just human

even if the writer answers to their self, it doesn't lessen the trouble

we met on a retreat, and you give me this one, from the beginning to the present, it's a destin-ing.

you pronounce visual /□v□□□□l/ as visual /□v□□□□l/, vision sensual

although you did not say, you are weary.

i'm probably as snobbish as you, though, or because of it, i have learned to reserve my scathing comments. I like kind people who are snobbish. you're so sage as to find many things silly. Yet silly americans make big things. While french people consume less of Earth's expectancy.

you tucked us in, fully

the edge of the quilt snuggled against your neck

two lone heads floated above the hide

beside the dog reclining

dozing

you cringe at sob stories

in the one you say is not

I tug the blanket over to keep off the ghosts

before my nose peeked out to breathe

feeling safe

you said you are always □, and i always □□□

□2026.3.10 □□, indeed, but in spirit of the real world. or □□, but sneaking in ideas

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