

(shitty lasagna)

: one saw me standing on some rock with a few foreign exchange students in those horrid, horrid looking pink glasses.

—or something else

from that kinder place that I had first made my way to after weeping in the mirror for probably thirty-nine minutes.

: in other words, we did not travel quite as

the crow does that day.

—a few pages are easier written than

one.

—I’ve convinced myself to let slip that song I was

actually listening to, though looking back “Along the ditch til town” might have been a proper candidate, were it at hand.

(one mounted and the other underneath the table)

: it was easy to track by the alternation of

exceptionally and horribly paved backroads depending on the county.

—just past Buffalo—

(*Voules-vous coucher...*)

—and though I did want to sleep very badly, I managed to move beyond that French chorus and drive home, where waiting

for me would be a med transport, just sometime later.