“abroad”

I hate to break it to you but someone from your highschool probably sent sexts on christmas eve do you enjoy this reunion in the act of having outgrowing an old everything? college is terrible because financially, yes, you should go home for the summer so you don’t have to pay rent but where is “home” when your 20 anyway? I admit, this is just a fancy way of saying “I would really like to not have to live with my parents for 4/12 months of the year” someone just tagged a facebook friend in a meme about how “moving to montreal won’t fill the void” but I’d like to remind you it will lower your rent gentrification grows on the walls of gastown brighter and more blinding every return I make but here I have returned again no one cares to stop me with Kerrisdale so heavy in my back pocket just to update you:
the google search for “how to break a curse” did not yield much however, it did inform, in an ugly italicized helvetica, that travelling across water should weaken malevolent spells and just an update:
100 kilometers of pacific called the georgia straight sleeping in a twin size bed wearing clothes that do not fit you may want to consider taking a loan out with BC ferries the queen of small magic elbows too forcefully in the ribs and you laugh, but it really did hurt so, is it the ADHD or the aries ascendant? cause someone here is certainly to blame last week at lucky bar, it didn’t feel enough like the cobalt. I placed my leg
into my best friend’s hands and,
    as if I were mounting a horse,
    threw myself over the moshpit.
hoped the sea of palms missed the scoliosis and
hoped I didn’t kick anyone in the eye,
    although that actually would have been rather punk,
and hoped you were watching
and hoped the weight
    unravelled an eighty-sixed
assembly of years
    childhood bedroom gutted of its books and trophies
and posters and other assorted organs
    yet,
    you still remember the shape of that anatomy
even when you told yourself it was a
    healthy raw-scrubbing

    there was so much dust
    of its skin
and now there is only
    the candles that your mother curates
for the window sill