"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

hui

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