

THINGS I MEANT TO TELL YOU

[11:52 pm Tuesday]

This August had a black moon. I tried to research this to find out what that means, but it was mostly about counting. I lost interest. I want to amend my earlier description of everyone's offness to include restlessness. And my go-to food is often tofu. Variations in prep. I think it's funny that I know what you eat habitually. There's a picture in my head of you eating Quest bars luxuriously. I like things like that. I forgot to share in kind earlier. The word *mundane* gets a bad rap. It can mean *earthly, as contrasted to heaven*. As if earth isn't sacred, just a stepping stone to the ultimate Next. This is the real world. This is On. I've never seen heaven anyway. Nobody else I know has, either. But I spent the last three days with my hands in the dirt.

[3:35 am Friday]

I told you about the rattlesnake, but not the rattlesnake guy. He would take vacation time to drive out to the desert, camp and look for snakes. Flip rocks, that sort of thing. Collecting shed skins to adorn his apartment. He was trying to put his life back together, having moved up from Arizona after falling in love with his coworker. I liked him but he loved her and she was already in a relationship and nobody was happy. He and I would have sleepovers and watch *Ed, Edd n Eddy*. We both agreed it wasn't as funny as we remembered. He shared a name with one of the title characters. I'll let you guess which one. He'd never seen a wild Great Basin rattlesnake. Must not have been that good at looking. I never told him my story. The car shell, smell of iron and sagebrush, ping of a rock striking, an echo, a high rattle. I think he thought I might be a comfort. Instead I yelled at him one day when he called me from atop a mountain and we never spoke again. Snakeskin shed weighs practically nothing. It's no burden to carry it home.

[2:09 am, 6:24 am, Thursday]

I'm bored as fuck. Bored as fuck and serotonin dead. Serotonin dead and sweating through dreams of river rocks. To write about him was a kind of undoing. Now I can't take it back. I slept for four hours in between the last sentence and this. Sunrise on the east coast. It doesn't matter. There's not enough drugs in the world. You should know. Years of stones. I've been learning to sew again. I dreamt I kept every single one of them, lined my clothes with his missives, and stepped into the Yuba without pausing. Sauntered off a cliff to drop. I didn't die. I sank. I'm still sinking. He is an open question. He could be dead already. Even searching for him within me is disorienting. Door after door after door opened, each room I slam into feels as if he's only just left. A gulf between us. A bullshit sense of imprint. Like some Proust shit but less elegant, how many men I've loved and lived with, and I can't recall them like him. Detailed on an atomic level. I could end this, call the landline at his parents' house. The number is still active. I checked just now. There's an order to these things, though. I never called. I just arrived.