

EVERY OTHER

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18d ago. That's exactly it
Like being on camera. It's over before it started. If only it would hurry up.
Momentarily, we
I, you, we've become us all,
Stuck
My lampshade
Lamp, might've fallen from the bedside table.
Dangling silhouettes
Raised eyebrows
Eyes
You said, eye spy. But I think it's I, as in me. I spy:
Out of the window, or through windows, a prison
Closed for several years, it's dead space, affordable flats. So-called redbrownness
 morphing black-and-white as it sits there, stuck
Opening the fridge door. 54d ago.
Do you at least have parks to visit where you are? Do you at least visit parks?
9d ago. Where are you in relation to
4d ago. Pretend jetlag or muscle spasms. I remember
A square attic almost worthless small window hole.
Just images
Redbrown roof tiles. 13d ago.
My feet invite me back.

29d ago. Moving on

Late January I think. I'm lying in bed my phone somewhere relentlessly

Restlessly, skimming Wikipedia, like old times. Things set in place. Phenomena.

Invitations. Early February I think. I think you were lying on the floor with shapes exiting
your mouth, your phone somewhere, some silence, tears, redundancy of speech

Putting down. 46d ago. Putting myself down

Right in front of me. 33d ago.

It's so easy

Side-stepping. I don't know about you but

Laptop left alone

Snapped shut

Blow-Up. Weekend.

I've been putting off writing a letter (watching a film, reading) because yes you've
guessed it putting one foot in front of the other again and again and again and

1d ago. Hundreds of cars parked up in the vague darkness.

There's a car behind us.

6d ago. More or less.

Face blank walls because you know there's nothing worse.

Future and present arguments.

At some point. I had a small tiny window.

35d ago. Revoked of

Responsibility

Save eating habits.

I don't know if that's a habit. 40d ago. More a sentence

Camera raised toward the tree dangling colours

You glanced at it too, collage

The front pages

Timelapse.

19d ago. Furrowed brows.

Cropped up again and again

And hands clutched handrails

Brows furrowed

Bystanders.

44d ago. Tranquil and silent like buildings. At that distance. From this height

Horizontal. 25d ago. The why, the why it came to be or

Something. Further away. And back again, distant.