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In Review:

The self views itself as flaneur or cat about Oakland, hiding under cars bypassed by garbage trucks blue and dental in their clinical attachments. The jostling plastics, dampened in frequency, reminds me of: Emily. Wittgenstein in the Blue and Brown notebooks imagines his brother in America. Is the brother of my imagination the brother that is my brother in America? I love Emily, fraternally. She sends me a snap, of weed_slut_420 We live in an asset bubble of delusions. They rise, pneumatically, rings of smoke haloing: I avail myself of having to avail myself. In flesh and in spirit. Clare texts, scripts, says "Hello, You are heartbroken. This is heartbreak, isn't it?"

