oranges

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oranges
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i know it seems slightly crazy, but

today i thought about us. i imagined what we would talk about if you were here with me. i conjured up all of the jokes we could make. flying around me, a dozen separate lives going past, dried leaves.

i know i sound insane, but

last night i considered what flowers we would plant in our garden, and what we could make for dinner. every evening i would enlist myself to ensure all of the chores in the house were finished so that we could sleep, encouraged and eager for the next day.

and i know this is all coming out of nowhere,

if i went out to get groceries i would make sure to stop and get oranges. when i come back i would split one in half with you. i know how much you like them. the oncoming of spring has put my mind into a wildly fanciful state. i’m beginning to see you in laughter, in between the keys of the piano, stuck in time a calmly moving mass in my life full of possibility and despair and love and unavoidable collision.

but i’ll just stop for now.

Great Red Spot
Mariana Núñez