

Long Xi took a FaceTime photo



11) Right now I'm on a log @ Central Park. A father and son dismounted off of their bikes on a nearby bench, just a stone toss away. Every time I see a father and son do even the most mundane activities, I... envy them. ~~CR~~ In the most visible way possible...

Growing up, I'd react emotionally in these instances... I'd have to leave the vicinity just to stop crying. Years have gone by and I've realized a few things:

- i) I don't know what happens behind closed doors
- ii) what they have is not what I need from my dad at the moment
- iii) I can mourn for my younger self, embrace the loss but also celebrate the growth and the work that has come from it









THE BEST TIMES OF DAY ARE THOSE WHEN THE SUN IS IN TRANSIT, THOSE GILDED GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS CAST BEYOND A SILVER SPRAWL, SHEDDING LIGHT ONTO THE CORNERS I'VE NEVER GOTTEN TO KNOW. I WAKE UP AND FIND THAT THE FLUID OF MY EYES HAS CRYSTALIZED LIKE SYNTHETIC POLISH ON A PLASTIC DESSERT. I WATCH AS SHADOWS PARODY THE RELICS OF MY ROOM ON CREAM WALLS JOINED LIKE HANDS IN PRAYER. THE SUNSETS SPILL HONEY ONTO EVERY BANISTER, EVERY SECRET. THERE IS STRANGE NOSTALGIA IN WHAT WAS ALWAYS THERE BUT NEVER SEEN.

THE OTHER HOURS ARE SPENT SEARCHING FOR A SIMILAR SHINE IN STARS THAT DON'T BOAST AS BOLDLY YET OFFER SUSTENANCE IN FLEETING AND BEAUTIFUL WAYS: THE FRIDGE LIGHT; MY MOM; A SWIFT GLIMPSE INTO MY OWN EYES.







Gratitude list (July 10th)

- My Wisdom
- God
- Della and her beautiful words
- My Mother's never ending selfies
When she doesn't know what to say
- The way I'm able to hold space for
myself and my emotions.
- This good ass Food I'm about to
fuck up
- Air and water
- My new Lamp
- I'm grateful for my health
- I'm grateful for my blackness
- I'm grateful





WHILE LIVING IN MY PARENTS'
BASEMENT, I ~~HEAR~~^{CAN} HEAR EVERYTHING.
IN THE MORNINGS, I'LL NOTICE
EVERYONE'S MORNING TOILET FLUSHES.
LATE-AFTERNOONS, I'LL LISTEN
IN ON MY PARENTS' FIGHTS
ABOUT THE RAT EXTERMINATOR.
IN THE EVENINGS, I'LL JACK OFF
WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND.



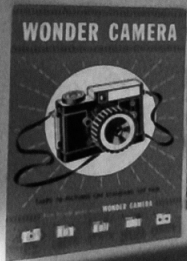




???????
I SPEND ALL MY TIME IN
MY ROOM TWIRLING IN CIRCLES
ALWAYS SAMMING 2 DEEE-LITE.
E.S.P U CAN HOLD THE BIRDY
BUT THE SONG HE SINGS IS
REALLY FREE
I ALSO SPEND A TON OF MY TIME
WATERING SUNFLOWERS AND...
SPENDING QUALITY TIME W MY
MANTIS.....WHO BIT ME!! SHE
WAS JUST BEING SILLY, NO??
COTTON MOUTH IS A BIG PART OF
QUARANTINE
FLOATING ON CLOUDS IS A NORMAL
PART OF THE DAY! THERE'S A MOTH
IN MY ROOM.....MIGHT B MY GRANDMA.
ANYWAYS... HYPNOTISING MYSELF
TIL 2022!! SOUNDS FUN. WE'VE BIN
TRYING 2 FIND OUT... WHAT IS LOVE?
陳 RICKY'S BRAIN VOMIT!









My uncertainty fades when I'm flying,
when I hop on my bike and soar
through these streets. I'm always
looking for new places, and even
after twenty years in this small town
I still manage to find them. A cul-de-sac,
or a road that leads to nowhere,
forgotten by even the people who used
to live there. People are always leaving.
We got a new air conditioner last week,
my parents haven't spoken since. I
watch as their tensions rise, and with
nowhere to go, will there be a breaking
point? Don't get involved, it's better that way.
I go to the garage, hop on my bike and
start to pedal. For my uncertainty fades
when I'm flying.

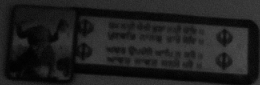




Our western / global north world and mentality
as a whole, prioritize ~~the~~ winners
over those without "luck" on their side.
~~This is~~ luck if it's ^{or} stolen opportunities from
the underdogs? counts

A system that relies on the winners winning
and the losers ~~losing~~ is self-destructive, →
ALWAYS ROOT FOR THE UNDERDOGS





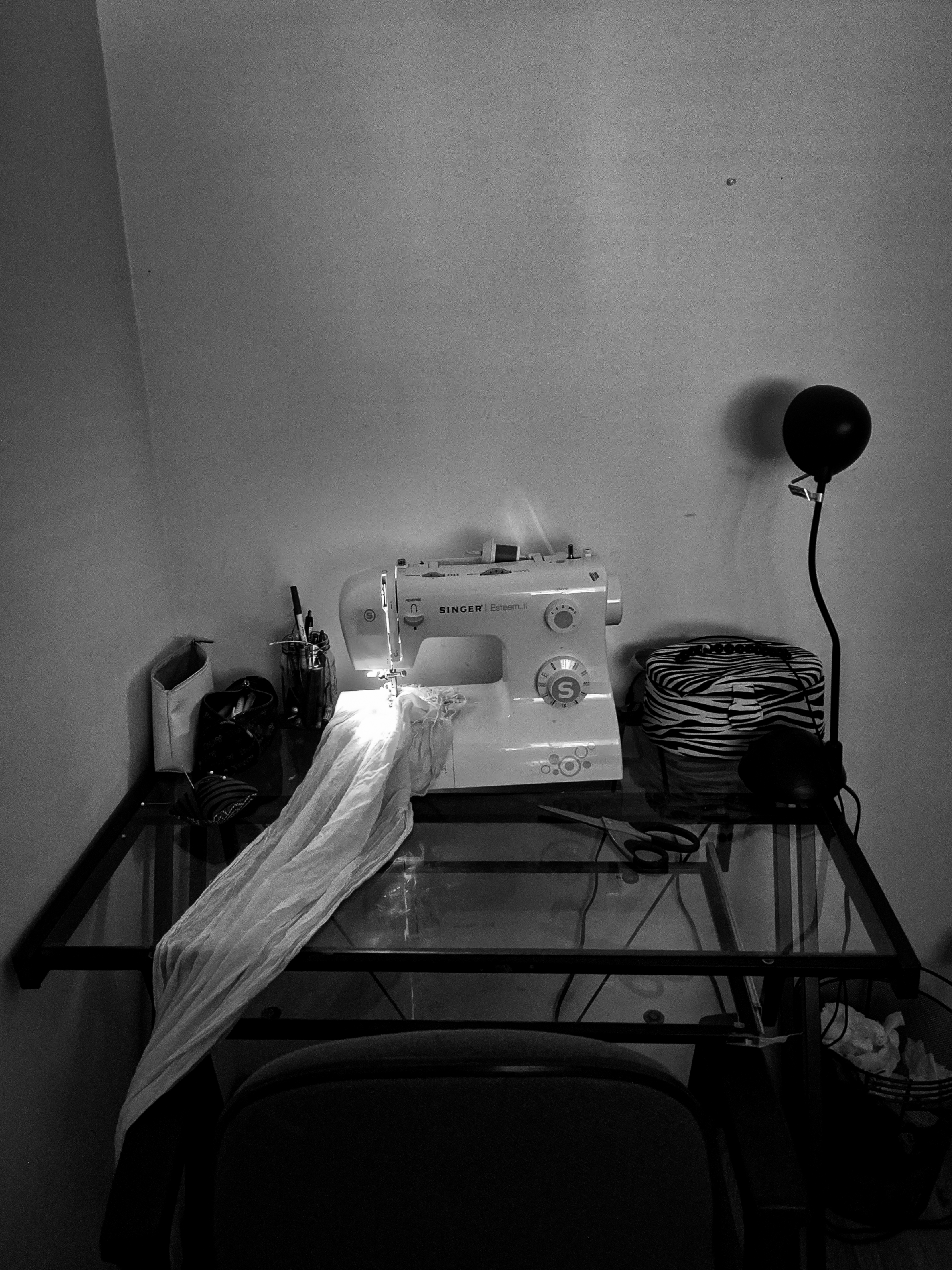




i'm literally $\frac{14}{}$
&
this pandemic shit
is crazy!







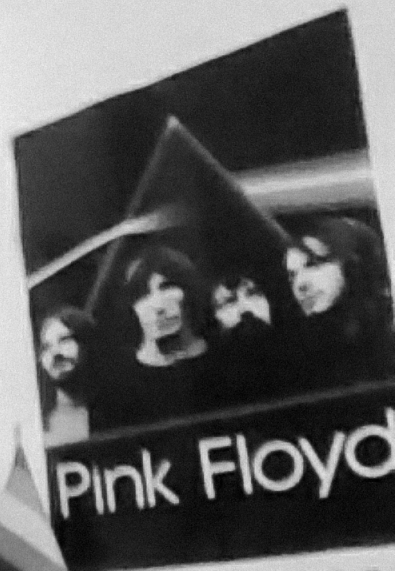
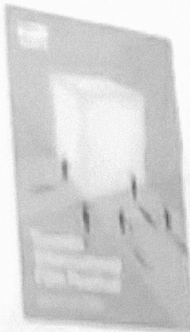






I get a lot of direct sunlight in my room, which is nice. However, sometimes I'll glance out my window, notice how long the shadows have gotten, and think to myself: "Well, that's goes another day."

As the days start getting longer I can feel myself anticipating those summer nights where I can see the sunrise through the crack in my curtains as I fall asleep.





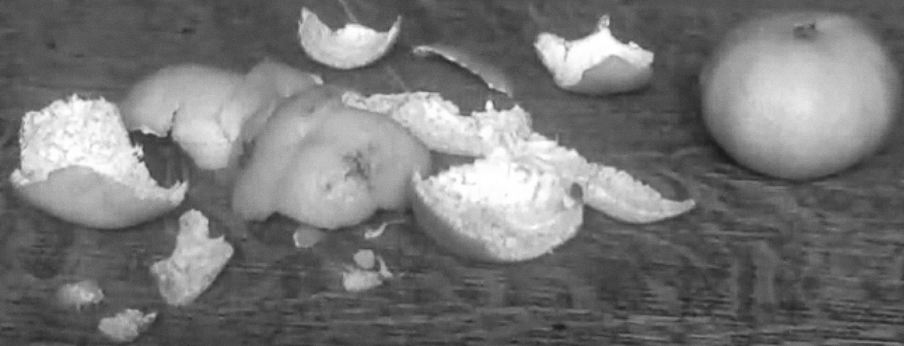
there's this small bakery on nanaimo & hastings called Hong Hongs. they have gingerbread men cookies available all year round, & a woman & her husband run it. Hong Hongs is a liminal space - one you spend five minutes in, tops, no more - & so you have to be very still in there to feel what i feel. most days, the woman is the one who serves you at the counter. she will only say what she needs to say to you - hello - what would you like - how many - three dollars, please - & on my worst days i have come in & bought butter tarts just to hear her say exactly that, in the same way, every time. while i walk home eating the tart out of a small paper bag, i like to imagine empires falling, the ground splitting underneath my bare feet, nuclear fallout coming down like icing sugar, only wreckage on the horizon while every living thing - god included - knels at the altar, breathing one last breath together, and she'd still be there, at the counter at Hong Hongs, with her year-round gingerbread.

hello
what would you like
how many
three dollars, please.











Listen I will KMS
if I have to listen
to sports on the radio







DOES REPETITION DRAIN SIGNIFICANCE?

EMBRACE THE ~~COMPULS~~
COMPULSION
TO REPEAT.

WHY HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LOVED
BEFORE NOW?

THE MORE YOU LOOK AT
SOMETHING, THE MORE
MEANING OF ITS SELF
IT GIVES AWAY.

~~EM~~ EMBRACE THE
COMPULSION TO REPEAT.

EMBRACE THE COMPULSION TO REPEAT.













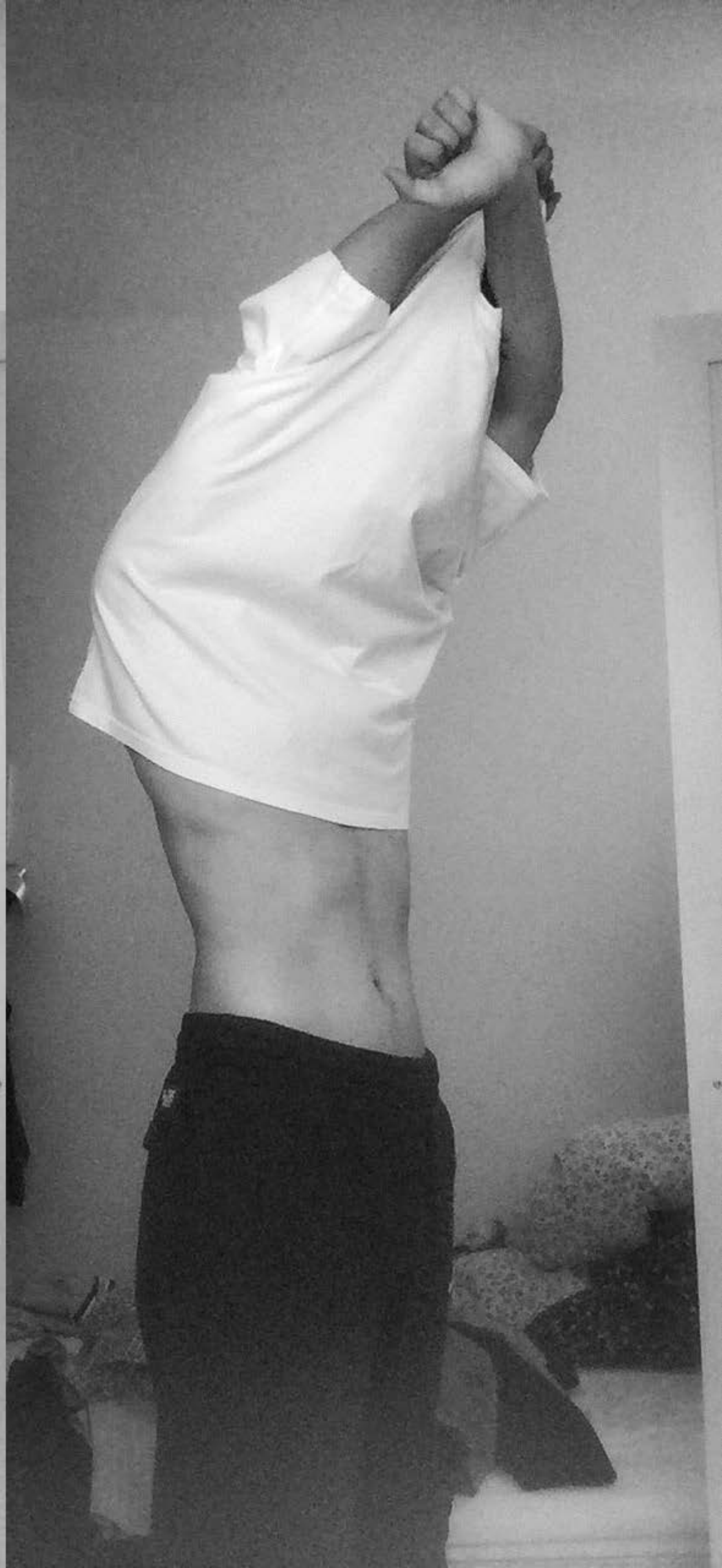


I walk far and long enough so that the
smell of smoke on my clothing and hair
is gone when I come back home. We
talk on the phone and he sounds gentle
and sad. I tried justifying it, but it never
worked. I'm back after an hour, it always
feels longer than that.

It's what I asked for but it isn't what I
pictured. I don't have to talk to you and you
don't have to talk to me either. Though I
still worry about saying the wrong thing. I laugh
at you and you laugh at me too. I'm no longer
guilty or confused. I no longer seek the things
I don't have.









I'm an air sign and I NEED to explore. I always knew I was restless; that's all my teachers in high school talked about. But I ~~didn't~~ never thought of it as the sign they ~~assumed~~ claimed it was. Since the "panny" started my need to explore and MOVE has been a blessing and a curse. on one hand I miss outside, I miss my ~~friends~~ friends, I miss rando hookups I miss just chillin the way we did before. on the other hand I am forced to move everyday, to read something new, to go on 2 hour ~~walks~~ walks just so I can feel like the world is still the same and all. But the truth is that I feel weirder everyday. Not weird in a sad way. weird in the most annoyingly hopeful way.

I know that this is just a phase and like the wilds or whatever, it'll pass. I really want to explore and go back to the way things were.

but in all honesty I have learnt so much by pacing anxiously from my couch to my room ~~to my couch~~ wondering when this would end. and I can't wait to slex the closure I gained when the world is open again.