

If we could stay here, it would be bursting with life life would be so great
but we can't

we walked together down the dark street noticing how the light shines
how the sidewalk shines
how the plastic shines
how the city is quiet, I like it quiet, feels like mine

Don't want to go out in the rain. I kind of like it.
If this is dying, I guess I kind of enjoy it. I shouldn't
But the light is just too good at the end of the world

And where are you? How am I supposed to exist? I say loudly I realized at your funeral that our lower life
expectancy was not a theoretical, but a fact, I said it still theoretically, horrified as you died

So Do you think You Want to be Here forever?
What's forever? when you don't know anyone anymore? What's forever? when everyone's gone?

Here, are my people, doing things

they move
they move again before I even register it, myself formed only in an absence

your absence
shatters my frame and opens a portal somewhere else still here, but also wherever you are
underground, I want to see the sky

And I can't do anything about it. every day I do everything about it

I can't imagine a world with you gone so I don't. I want to put the sky and the ground back together for
you.

Imagine a world with you gone: so I do. I want to put the sky in the ground but you're free.

I am an artist because I notice when I lose things, not because I use a camera. But with the camera I can
let other people know you were here and we lost you.

I guess it always has been about death. Do you remember when we kissed. I loved you always even
though I couldn't. I loved you and your happiness. your joy. your smile. You deserve to grow old. The rest
of us are still hurting. The rest of us are still learning.

Don't learn all your lessons toooo quickly. I am thinking of us in a concrete stairwell. I am thinking of us in
the Bronx. I am thinking of us in your car, you fingering me and me apathetic. I am thinking of us. I am
thinking of your fiancé. I am tired. I just want to sleep, I don't want to die. anymore.

Are you there
What's it feel like

I can't sleep at night so I walk the dog. Lol how can we possibly describe the loss from all directions. I'm angry and it's Tuesday. I'm angry and it's a new day. The flood.
The sky was blue the next day. I'm angry and I miss you.

The water
The water feels warm

takes me on, teaches me about patience, about the ground, about the foreground, and the depths.

Amalia is distraught. Amalia says no one has called. I say no one knows we are here
they probably don't know this is happening

the water crosses the marquesina

In the cave we talk about the water, sitting on the rocks shaped by water, once shaped by hands, shaped
by water again. You aren't dead yet. That comes later.

Amalia suggests I move back to the Bronx to be closer to my mami. My dad says the Bronx is at least
higher ground. Eric Adams puts a nuclear bomb infomercial on TV. I think maybe my rent would be
cheaper. I think I just wanted a chance to be happy. I think maybe I was happy. Happy it's over now. How
nice it would be to have an easy answer. I think wouldn't it be nice to also forget where I am from. I think
how far is the horizon. I think who are all these people. I feel welcoming to them.

On the lower east side Ramon tells me about a freedom fighter who spent decades in prison, was
pardoned by Clinton, and then was only allowed to be free within Puerto Rico. I think how diabolically
poetic it is to turn patria into a prison, a living tomb. I learned patria also means heaven. I guess when you
put it that way.

I think of how the ground takes everything back in Puerto Rico

even the plastic walmart planters amalia sticks straight in the dirt as i pick out their pieces from the mud
while the water recedes

I can't take anything back in new york

just a bunch of white kids partying in carcasses
forgetting is good for business

there are ways that I move my body that I have to stop because if I kept going my body would crack in
half

It's what I have learned from watching it's what I do to say I belong it's
All the things that feel like home that I need to leave behind

Hair pull

Jaw hurts

Hip (I know your walk)

I realized maybe the other day I didn't need to look like I belong because I look like I belong

it's in the way my ankle knee hip back hurts

even though I didn't have to do anything

It's in

Resilience