

So many people have asked me what my star sign is in the past few months. I've lost count.

My mother always told me you can judge people by how they dispose of their trash. I never entirely agreed with her—but I understand what she means up to a point.

When I was not quite a kid anymore I would wake up to my feet being pulled out from beneath the covers and my toenails being gently clipped. I'd say leave me be! I can do it myself!

My mother will take your cup off the table before you even finish your drink. It's washed, dried and back in the cupboard between sips. Her mother did the same thing.

Where can the trash possibly go? Buried, burned, recycled, left in dumps, in orbit, floating in the oceans and seas. It's still in the world.

I've heard from many people that they want nothing. I've said that myself: I want to throw away all my possessions and shave my head. A few times I've gotten close. But before you know it you're once again surrounded by unnecessary shit. Feels filthy. I shave my head once every two weeks. I noticed a sun mark on my face the other day while shaving, I think it's new but I can't be sure. My mother has sun marks as well. Feels like I have trash stuck on my face forever...or until I die and decompose. I read somewhere that some bodies aren't decomposing as quickly as they used to. Something to do with all the preservatives maybe? One of the things that bothers me about the kind of art I make is that it piles up all around me, it's a fucking burden. I used to throw away most of what I made, maybe we all throw away more than we keep. I decided that that was a mistake. I suppose I do want my art and my filth to be around long after I've rotted.

Some walk away from me when I tell them I'm Scorpio. Others ask, but what is your moon rising sign though? I tell them I don't know.

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