

Ohhh

Ohhh. Let life come. We will battle it then. Right now, the coffee
at Dunkin Donuts is only 2 dollars. It's 2 PM. I must think about consequence later.
Like when I went to a concert alone and got thrown into a mosh pit. I spent half
of my night dodging white punches. And the other half, mooching protect from a macho
brown man shielding his petite girlfriend. See. I went for music and received
crisis. Do you know how hard it is to limp ten minutes to the G train in midnight rain?
I never had envy. Just resignation. Of course. I talked about my mosh pit
lifestyle on social media. Even on snapchat which I only use to keep tabs on my unrequited
soulmate. There are many roads that are not split. And some U-turns are
so ahead, the body rather keeps on going. It's not possible to go back. Like imagine.
30 years have passed and God finally comes to you and says *I have fulfilled your prayer,*
I am sending you back in time to save your dead friends, but I cannot promise you your present things—
like your children, your husband, your Nobel Peace Prize. See. How can I live
fully forward without fully apart? Work is so easy. Give. And it gives back.
Fail. And no one dies. Sometimes it can award enough dollars to help one see a better
sea. Or tan. I love this miserable kind of happiness. Ohhh. I love TV
shows where everyone has disappeared except for the protagonist. I would do so many
things. Like nap in supermarkets. Eat every single kettle chip. Teach myself
how to drive cars, trains, airplanes without any consequence. Imagine. The empty
mansions. The Ivy Leagues. Hollywood. All mine. Yes.
I know. Heaven has many faces. I would rather guess my way there.
My God says I will not remember anyone. But I will still like to meet everyone.
I am sure we will fall in love with each other over and over and over again.