

Live Like the Geraces.

*“He gave a soft voice of life that comes
when everything that happens is difficult”*

--Narration from my dream

1. Today my neck is the ball of tightly wound rubber bands that sits in the 1/4 cup in my cupboard— or, the rush hour subway car, like the time that gentleman dove into the mass, sent me twirling like an unwrapped mummy inside of a Jello mold, and landed me inside a serious woman’s armpit.
2. My heart is an elderly blind man blinking behind a teenage girl’s pair of flashy shades. My shoulders are boulders at the edge of the sea—a beautiful, inescapable sea—that pounds energetically against their edges. A reminder, an urging.
3. My eyes are metallic. For the day they have replaced my nose and I can taste what they see. What they see is the want for something, the moment before, the hunger that taps away at the sidewalks, the street corners, of this place.
4. I think about what it means to be human and how, particularly, people often pronounce it as “u-man.” Why is that? Where does it come from? Once it came from my sophomore religion teacher, who also said: “Anger is not necessarily a sin. Want for change can and should provoke anger to spark action, however, when the anger hardens into rage or hate, then it becomes sin.”
5. I want life to taste like nachos— the kind you get from the Chinese-Mexican place around the corner and are so bad they’re good.
6. I don’t want to forget to travel. I want to make art and still afford to take my girlfriend out to dinner. I’d like a world where “day job” isn’t a part of anyone’s vocabulary and everyone goes to the theater. And it’s free.
7. I wish for everyone to fall in love and be in love and to have someone to hug hard when the breaking part comes.
8. What would it mean for everyone to have a summer vacation? When the French aided us in the Revolution they should have insisted we take the month of August off, too. The vacation alliance.
9. I want for everyone to live their lives like the Geraces, who know what it means to live. What it means is believing and traveling and laughing and loving and treating everyday as an excuse for an adventure. Even if the adventure involves an in-town GPS scavenger hunt— and sometimes it does.
10. I’d like to feel more like the snowflakes that paraded across the sky today. They didn’t know they were in New York and they didn’t care. They danced effortlessly before my eyes— and I loved them for it.