

AN EASIER WAY TO GET OUT OF OUR LITTLE HEADS

Dry? Maybe, but don't call me dusty. Though dust collects, and I guess I do, too: graphic novels, used CDs, zip files full of indie games, and some really embarrassing anecdotes that mostly involve pasta. There's blue ink on my left palm and calluses on my right, and it's only when there's nothing between the two that I get *really* anxious. Are my fingernails growing faster than before? What's up with that isolated dark hair on my inner elbow? How much longer does the hair on my *head* need to get before I can coif it over like Pete Wentz? Truly, these are the things that keep a man awake at night—that, and the noise the radiator or something in the wall makes that sounds like someone slamming sheet metal with a toffee hammer. Turn off the lights, then, because the dark's kinda cool and it saves electricity anyway. I keep a battery lantern by my bed just in case I need to play disaster victim for three hours again, living off Clif bars and not flushing the toilet until the power revives and I have to cut a horror story short... for now.

I have no mouth yet I must say, I really do like dyed hair when it's not mine. Or does starting at the top and working your way down not feel like the best manner in which to understand someone? There's the eyes; those so-called windows to the soul are always so hard to look in just right—or out of. Cartoony? Drug-addled, even? Maybe, but my face could be narrower—pretty sure it was in middle school, of all times. Eyebrows should be well-divided, because who likes a uni anymore? My nose is a little large, oxymoronic; French-style. Funny, considering I had to look up “*retroussé*” to confirm how much I would eventually secretly prefer those. I have only one mirror in the flat (faster than *a-part-ment*) and it never shows me what I want to see (my destiny, sure, but also that tiny lump on the back of my neck I've had since shoot, who knows when). Surely I've never stared at anything with the intensity I lip-synced into it that one time; emotion is harder to convey than I think some people think. Perhaps I skip the lips when I draw for risk of them seeming feminine.

Now, where were we? Western Washington, until you left. No, it doesn't matter who you are—elementary school crush, prom date, holographic Pokemon cards, the bottlecap with a picture of a Thunderbird on it—there's a vaguebook post, a moment's distraction slipping from sticky tack over your memory. First instinct would be to run, in the Snow Patrol sense of the word, but my cardio's not that great and there's the possibility, however slight, that I left a window open. Are we ready to do this, though? Because I almost can't believe I paid that much for a novelty t-shirt, especially after reading where cotton comes from on a boat trip to Canada. After all, free trade is a myth, like the chupacabra, federal transparency, and a perfectly unassuming friendship after one compliments the other *too* personally. Quick, think of a number between one and three and I'll guess it!

That is, everything took a pair to get where it is. My dishes were my mother's, my television was my great aunt's, my goggles were lying in an alley but I washed and kept them in my closet for if I ever decide to (officially) become a superhero. Other contents may include: hiking boots, an empty poster tube, restless leg syndrome, and a blanket covered in grass that reminds me of a particular non-picnic. It's all collecting again, isn't it? The ink washes out and the skin heals but the lanyards and zines and travel brochures come out to play and then stay where they are. I read that "a rolling stone gathers no moss" was supposed to be a bad thing, not good, but I'm leaning somewhere in the middle.

The biggest dream anyone can have is to break the fourth wall every day. To set down the white chocolate mocha, make eye contact for two seconds longer than usual, and talk instead of speak. No, I've never cared about football, watching a YouTube video doesn't help anybody in Africa, and when that cigarette is ash and the brandy reverses its route out your esophagus, you'll still have a junk degree. So tell me: What are you really afraid of? Where'd you get so good at faking that you weren't? Do you know how to fix those noises that keep me up at night? Because even when they stop, I know they'll start again.