

airport_231014_174555.txt by saffron

packing list
clear all perishable food
backpack containing...
laptop
mouse
charger
phone
phone charger
jacket
wallet
extra change of clothes
-

bring back:
twine
roller blades
wrist and knee braces??
manilla file envelopes

morning todo
matcha
shower
laundry
breakfast
clear perishables
move to giving wall my pads
figure out airport flyer time

poem

I stand here with my bags packed again, waiting to return to a
place I lived when I could list fewer places I called home.
I miss them already, them and them and them and them all. My
goodbyes have been said, but doomed before they started to be
meager,

lackluster,
in sufficient things.

"Goodbye."

To say this is to mean "I enjoyed my time with you." This time, it also meant: "I wish to enjoy my time with you in the future. And so, I promise that I'll see you again."

How can anyone promise, "I'll see you again"?

I will never see you again.

I, you, they, we
will never see
us, them, me, you.
again.

No one will ever see anyone again, because all people are, continually, different people. I cannot possibly be the same person as someone who some minutes ago did not know when the bus was to arrive. I cannot possibly be the same person as someone who some time from now is not trying to write poetry.

Some time ago, I would not have typeset this poem in Garamond.

Some time ago, I did not know who I was.

I cannot possibly be the people I were then.

All the same,
(all the same),
all the same!!,
all the same.
I hope I will see you all again.