



BY THIS TIME TOMORROW

DEAR CHENG-HSIN,
YOU WERE THE FIRST PERSON I TEXTED
WHEN MY GRANDPA DIED.
IT MEANT A LOT.
IT STILL DOES.

Dear Panla.

that sadness first wants to stay with as for a lahile longer.

I used to be able to imagine
there are a bhonsand white
elephants existing in the sane
norm. But now; and like a
timber pike standing stiffly
in open water, lwish;
could swim again.