

## I Believe in Spanish

(Original Publication: The After-Hours Journal, Poetry)

You make that  
lemon-eating face  
whenever the topic of love enters the conversation.  
There's no such thing.  
sure. yes.  
It's all just something else.  
yes. sure.  
I don't believe that love really even exists.  
No. Wait. Listen to this:  
I took 5 years of spanish.  
there was a period of time where  
I couldn't speak spanish  
but—  
no matter how broken it was,  
no matter how it sounded like a wet dog  
or  
a hostage  
or  
someone breathing through a straw—  
people could understand me.  
and.  
I could understand them.  
I could do that spanish thing  
and  
it existed  
and  
it was nice or whatever.  
eventually,  
it fell apart.  
I didn't keep up with it.  
the windows all broke  
and  
the paint peeled  
and  
the foundation rotted.  
it all collapsed under its own weight.  
fell into itself.  
today it's a hole in the ground.  
a couple of words.  
an angry letter from the city.  
sometimes I walk around the city  
when my mind gets too hot,  
and

I can hear it.  
see it.  
hand in hand.  
whispers.  
the gentle words  
that remind me of fresh paint  
and  
clear windows  
and  
timeless bedrooms  
spent  
connecting with someone  
in  
a totally different language.  
a language I can't really speak anymore.  
at least  
not right now.  
Despite all this,  
I still fucking believe in spanish.

## **The Birth of Vaporwave**

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and the death of a child in southern jersey  
both happened in 2009  
with the release  
of  
a roman bust  
who  
released the idea  
that  
Nostalgia  
can be manufactured  
and  
that dysphoria and euphoria  
are the two sides  
of wonder.