

I Watch Pink Flamingos Alone and Think About How Much I Love You

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with a lonesome sentence,
I come undone:
art doesn't have to be sad.

it doesn't.

but I think good art comes from something that pulls.

I am very sad, Ryan.
as sad as you are to hear it.
therefore, I can make something real.
I can be happy.

you tell me—
 you shouldn't make yourself sad to make better art.
I tell you—
 I can't make myself happy.

happiness, I think, is actually quite simple.
maybe this is why I can never seem to figure it out.

misery is a long emotion,
it's a receipt,
the way a single peach can be so intimate,
kind,
like seeing someone's handwriting for the first time.

your handwriting is small,
tender.
like the light above the stove
as I watch you amble from window to window,
watching the rain.

I love you so much.

it's a cool summer evening, 5:13 pm, January 30th.
we are 24.
the year is 25.

your shoulders, a bridge over any bad day.
your eyes, not a place to be lost—
but a map.
I am finding myself.

I keep this to myself.
I write.
I can make something real.