

We could talk. On the phone, finally, after a month of dropping emails into her spam. Too many, *a few. I'm sorry.*

We could talk and she said hello. That was nice. I said hello too and told her I was driving, working.

Earlier when we were texting—I pulled over to text her. I laughed a little when I said this,

that I stopped and pulled over—

to tell her I didn't want to fight, I never want to fight. I promise

I heard her breathe

come on

I basically saw what you did— Fuck, you can make me feel so horrible.

I heard you breathe before telling me

that sounds dangerous

with that tone that twist in the mouth and tilt of the head that is so assured and entitled and healthier and

better than me. Better—

the shit my family does and what I'm used to. Your world is better than mine, I know.

Safer than mine. I know all of this so just, like—

sounds dangerous

Did you even listen to what I said? My car wasn't moving, I pulled over.

dangerous

Like I'm a fucking little kid old enough to know better. Like I don't sleep at a good time and I eat too much junk food and I'm always late and I don't take good enough care of myself and I'm always hating and always talking

Vermont. You made me feel like shit.

The call was long I don't want to talk about it. I'm not perfect, I'm not saying that.
I'm not broken. You are not perfect.

Sometimes I drive fast. I cry. Sometimes

I keep crying

In the end you couldn't remember anything, you'd say
the list of everything you hated and what I've become.

Maybe you remember driving together. The trip to Philly

Music is quiet and slow. Good music, folk shit. Classics— *I know this song.*

I can love this. *I know a lot of these songs. I love some of this shit.*

I played Sales, Men I Trust, King Krule – you like The Internet and I love The Internet.

But show me something I've never heard. This sounds like country.

You told me that it basically is country but

I'm into this right now, for real.

to tell someone this isn't love.

We hung up

I don't think you love me right now

I listen to a lot of Playboi Carti. You told me you don't like Tyler The Creator and I was playing "She," like– a universal fucking song

but I have a friend who hates him too. We're different people and that's fine.

Seriously

this isn't your problem like it wasn't your fault.

We don't talk now, but that's something new I wanted to say.

I want your peace. I told you that

that I want the same,

but you want yours everyday
and I don't even know what peace is.

slice:

I'm forgetting something, driving home.

I feel lucky. For how much I feel

the good things.

