



'We may have changed since your last visit'

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We may have changed since your last visit

Freya Onions

Nostalgia

An app that I downloaded two years ago tells me that it ‘misses’ me
as if now were the right time?

Blue sky. But raining.

I can hear it on the window.

Please verify.

Please Select all images with stairs.

An encounter with no intensity

*‘And that deep and irreplaceable knowledge of my capacity for joy comes to demand
from all of my life that it be lived within the knowledge that such satisfaction is
possible, and does not have to be called marriage, nor god, nor an afterlife.’¹*

You smell nice, but something is wrong.

And they won’t answer my emails even though they are marked

as urgent and their subjects: ‘Written from the ledge of a very tall building’. Still

the days go by, and still I’m sat up here. I’ve almost run out of bottled water and

ice cream. Now when I send an email I simply title it: ‘HELP

I AM GOING TO JUMP!!!’ but still that doesn’t seem to be enough.

¹ Lorde, Audre, "Uses of The Erotic: The Erotic as Power" in *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (Berkeley, Crossing Press, 2007), p. 57

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Today I drafted my final message they will receive.

(It is dusk on this rooftop). It reads as follows:

'I just want tree-lined blocks again'— don't ignore me you swine
I know *what you missed the day you went abroad*. I have cameras
behind your eyes and I see through them while I sleep. You're clearly
busy working, researching, experimenting
or whatever it is you do...

All of this refining and recapitulating
that goes on until we reach the truth, why can't we just
let things alone for a while; does it *really* matter what's right?
Let things alone and get back to me. I write to you from my roof
looking over the city as we descend into *this*.
The night in which all cows are black.