If You Wanted Nice You Could Have Said Something

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If you wanted nice you could have said something

“All symbols fade and die by use”
*Art and Reality* Joyce Cary

I want this to be true, but when asked to draw the house I lived in that contributed most to my growth, I drew the fern that sat on our bookcase in the hallway on Clark Street. I drew the tiny, dried leaves that it would shed constantly. I drew it in a black garbage bag in the basement of our building when you grew tired of cleaning up after it.

I drew our bed: the mattress that we fucked on before we tore off the plastic wrap, before our heat got turned on, without the white and blush Shabby Chic comforter adorned with peonies that was still in transit from a Target shipment center in Michigan. Before the silk sheets, before I had read that sleeping on pure silk reduces the risk of fine lines and wrinkles, before Maxwell ruined the silk sheets by clawing at the threading and pulling each fine stitch to wake me up and take him outside.

The end looked something like a violet and coral sunset seen from a small stoop on Mulberry Street. It looked like an aura reading that was crimson and violent and exhausted. It looked like these little bowls I bought for Max that had black and white fish skeletons on it. It still looks like these bowls.
Consider, for a moment, that you are drowning. It is blue and heavy and feels like *100 Notes on Love, 100 Notes on Sex, on Food, on Dates, on Dressing Room Pep Talks, on Facetime Fucking, on Approaching Deadlines, on Being ‘Nice’.*

This blue gets darker and deeper and more cerulean and cobalt and sapphire until

I dreamt of the center of the earth. You were there and swimming in the molten core and when you got out to greet me the lava clung to your body the way mango nectar clings to a flute glass and this image comes to me even when I’m not dreaming. I told you to take advantage of this warmth because soon it will snow for months straight and you’ll wish you could feel this at all. Your hands were full of something, I’d call it a sunset but that’s too on the nose, but something like it. Something like coral, something like violet, something like heat, nothing like blue.
Long-term Parking

A day in July in which you smoked cigarette after cigarette and I was watching you from
the mirror in my bedroom that was also my living room and dining room while I fixed the
hanger that held the 400 dollar sweater you yelled at me for buying last winter, “It’s Miu
Miu and I’d appreciate it if you stopped blowing smoke in its direction.”
apple pies, chevrolet, and happy endings. when my friends moved from bushwick to detroit for a year. the american dream. or something like it.
In purgatory we want the same thing

We move in circles on stained linoleum floors, white walls and mirrors without frames. A red light paints you warm. A room with you in it.

To weave myself into grass on the lawn of a house that doesn’t exist but within the perimeter of a dream. I know what love looks like; it is planting marigolds but expecting hyacinths and I expect nothing from spring, or the lawn, or this dream.

With a bullet in your hand, and mouth opened, I think to myself, is it any wonder bullets are in the shape of male?

No.
It’s my party

and I’ll tie you up if I want to.

Your face is so pure and sweet, like fairy floss being devoured by a baby, a strawberry macaron filled with vanilla buttercream, like your hands covering my mouth when we got too loud.
An occasion for cake, an occasional resource is in baking and how soon does frosting enable a section of the same thing tastier. Someone told me that baking is a science; I am always trying to work against this science. My better judgment puts in a tablespoon of vanilla extract instead of a teaspoon and I’ve come to the conclusion that oil makes a better cake, it causes a considerable haste and gathers more as it is cooling. This isn’t the only sign of flour; the cake and the cake plate are not the only sign of - cut in pink sprinkles folding into white batter, as white, as cutting.

Fold in raspberries, fold in heat, fold in raspberries falling submissive to heat, fold in a birthday without cake; you wanted me to play an escort that you picked up in a bar and so I did and so we left in a cab before closing time and you told me you were taking me to your place but you told the driver my cross streets and shoved your hands under this really beautiful Prada dress that I saved up for.

Fold this into cake, angel food cake; I think we can role-play something happy.
I was eating one of those cut up mangos with cayenne pepper crying and begging you to take me back. you took me for sushi, I am too easy.
While you sleep, Idaho

Coeur d’Alene, you come in alone
a motel we slept in with pale yellow walls
because of a wildfire on i90. You, wild, and
impossible to housebreak. Like a puppy
pissing on my new shag rug.
I am here to tell you that friendship is far more valuable and far more sustainable.

You were speaking about coconuts and coconut flavored candies as if you were an expert on the subject. I am cringing now thinking of ever sharing my favorite food with you, thinking of you slamming a Thai coconut on my bedroom floor and scooping out the meat with such determination. And you exclaimed something obviously stupid like “I didn’t expect the inside to be so much like jelly!”

I used to sleep at Alec’s place when my short-lived roommate situation on John Street went haywire and Alec’s bathroom was so tiny my knees would touch the door while we yelled over running water to each other about outfits for the night and the stairs outside of his building were steel and a deathtrap in the winter, especially when we would stumble down them two hours later than intended full of Pad See Ew from Lantern. I wanted to send this picture of him and me lying on his bed in matching underwear home to Florida with a caption reading, “don’t worry, he’s gay!” but you and the Thai coconuts got in the way. The way love usually does interfere.
A Monday in Seattle, a tow lot, a diner, an omelet, a chipped tooth, lavender vanilla air freshener that smells of an apartment I didn’t live in with you, a building you lived next to, an emergency dentist, an orange camouflage shirt, an apricot scone, a sundae.

You are pebbles in a parking lot and smuggled haze through Idaho, the passage in *The Argonauts* about Dos Caminos read in a rented pearlescent mustang with Arizona plates. I am indigo, my heart is blindingly pink.

High, golden hour, a hinge on a bathroom stall door, “this would be a perfect place to leave a love note.” My love note says no when I want it to say yes.

It is summer and my body sticks to car leather, it is Memorial Day and I love your filthy mouth. The answer is red, red is the color of the fucking.
A real job on Park Avenue

So, there is a restaurant situated on Park Avenue South, somewhere in the 20s that I absolutely hate, I mean really hate. I mean when I walk by it, drive by it, or even happen to be in the same neighborhood as it I immediately get this sinking feeling in my stomach that I refer to as a Post Traumatic Stress feeling. Like even right now, writing about it, makes me wildly upset. This is where I spent the next three years of my life, on and off, having a ‘real’ job.

At twenty-one I was sure I could be a bartender, and after quite a few failed attempts I was sure I could be a cocktail waitress, and I was. I spent one entire summer cocktailing at a club on 26th street, serving bottles of Miraval, which was new and hot that summer, until the wee hours of the morning. I am probably still living off of that Miraval money so thank you Brangelina for that. When summer was over I decided I needed a real job, like one that I could leave at midnight or some responsible hour like that.

My first day at the restaurant was a tasting day, which meant all of the staff would come in and spend eight hours trying every item on the new fall menu. There were thinly sliced honey crisp apples atop raw Hamachi finished with a tart yuzu curd and zest, granny smith apples dipped in a savory miso caramel finished with butter toasted sage bread crumbs, crème brûlée finished with apples sliced to look like a rose and an apple cider reduction. There were notes of fermented apple in this season’s Riesling and an apple juice finish in the Sauternes we were instructed to pair with Foie Gras. I can’t take credit for the wine tasting notes, I knew nothing about wine at that time, but I will never forget exactly how Xan, our head server, said when the sommelier called on him to talk
about the wine list for this season. He was right though, four years later and I’m still using his tasting notes to sound smart at a dinner table. Also, X happens to be my favorite pot dealer and will meet me at any time and in any neighborhood with the largest selection of marijuana products you could ever imagine. This is just a side note.

My mom knows every single employee that has ever walked in to this restaurant and everything I hate about them. I used to leave every shift and immediately call her to complain about every aspect of the restaurant. She also knows about every customer that has ever wronged me, no matter how small it was. She also knows about the woman who snapped her fingers at me to pour her more wine and about my write up when I told the woman to never snap her fingers at me again, especially to pour her a bottle of low class Veuve.

There was absolutely nothing glamorous about this job. I live two thousand miles away from this restaurant now and whenever I mention my old career it is met with questions like, “does everyone do cocaine and make tons of money?” and “what celebrities have you met?” and I tell them “yes, everyone does do cocaine but those people are the ones who call out sick at least once a week and steal cash off of your tables if you aren’t looking” and “I have served many celebrities, but the worst tipper out of all of them was Sarah Jessica Parker.” There is no worse feeling in the world than being in the weeds and being so far in the weeds that you’re sure you will never come out of them, and then this woman snaps her fingers at you. Also, the weeds is where you live when the kitchen is going down because there are 400 covers seated in the dining room and you get quadruple sat and all of your serving assistants are vaping weed oil in the kitchen and not pouring water or bussing or plating and you’re sweating profusely in the middle of dead winter.
which is what happens right before you want to cry and stab your head chef for putting you through this and 86ing chateaubriand.

The worst nights are the ones you make the most money. If you aren’t close to tears by nine pm then you just aren’t making money that night. And you’ll always owe X money for some drugs you bought before the shift when your hopes were still stupidly high. You also happen to make your best friends during those nights. Savannah and I became friends when our assistant for the night walked out in the middle of service, leaving us to so far in the weeds that I still cringe when thinking of that night. My boyfriend and I started dating after the woman snapping her fingers at me incident, when I decided I wasn’t working the rest of the night and gave all of my tables to him, leaving him with eighteen tables to attend to while I texted in a side station. He tipped me my share for the night, despite me not deserving a share at all, and took me out for wine and cheese somewhere in midtown after our shift.

It was really their fault for hiring me back this past summer; I worked a total of fourteen shifts and got cut the rest of them. I basically worked for the free meals at our sister restaurants, for the dirty martinis at Smith & Wollenskys that us employees lovingly refer to as Smiths, and mostly to theoretically save extra money, which didn’t ever come to fruition. I even got cut from my last Sunday double after brunch with my friend Josh and smoked X’s pot out of a granny smith outside the service entrance. I don’t even want to flatter this restaurant on Park Avenue South and call it my home away from home, I really don’t want to say anything good about it pretty much ever because I’m convinced it is the reason I have a stomach ulcer, on and off. However, for a short while, it did pay the bills.
The summer you told me you loved me while fucking me. The summer I knocked my tooth out on a train turnstile. The summer you were there, I wasn’t. I was emptied. Coney Island on the hottest day of the year and I am trying to keep my feet elevated in water over my irrational fear of stepping on a needle, which isn’t that irrational when swimming at Coney Island. And your grandfather was sick and it infiltrated all of our conversations that day but I was high and fighting a yeast infection so I just stopped listening.

And then, later, I was getting ready to leave you and was totally prepared to leave you, but you grabbed my arm in the train station and begged me to spend the night. You cracked my knuckles, because this was our thing, and your face lit up when you finally were able to crack my thumb. You know exactly which fingers crack now. You don’t even try the left thumb or middle finger anymore; it isn’t worth your effort. I still wake up every morning and give you head because I think you deserve it but what do I deserve?
the room on henry street that it would snow inside of because the windows were old and it snowed on all of my books and still, now, the pages of so many of my books are wilted and when touched they still feel like you.

and my room now, in montana, there are these two small holes in the ceiling that i meditate on and i only think of you.
I found myself dreaming of you the night before your birthday and I think it was because a picture I took of you appeared in my mind when I passed the McDonalds on First Avenue. You were wearing my brown leather boots that made your legs look longer and so ‘lean’, as you might say after sipping Crystal Light flavored vodka from a Zephyrhills bottle, and I was lighting your cigarette with a match that never stayed lit long enough. I licked my raw fingers when the book of matches ran out and you were laughing with a royal purple lighter in your hand.
Spring is like a perhaps hand

under my cotton dress on the first warm day since September. Like melted chocolate ice cream with rainbow sprinkles on the bottom. A pink plastic spoon with two types of saliva on it. We are getting high in your car and driving to Miami, watching the palm trees sway on that one strip of 95 surrounded by water. “In dreams I dance with you” I say to the owner of the car while an Of Montreal song plays. I pinch myself more than once. I shoplift from American Apparel on Washington. I eat a double bacon cheeseburger from Five Guys. I drink malt liquor from the only liquor store on South Beach that doesn’t ID. I pinch myself again. I drag you into Whole Foods and tell everyone that we are getting married while I eat another shoplifted item, an almond croissant. I think of this said wedding while coming down from said high and imagine it without a dance floor. We wouldn’t dance together even in my wildest dreams.

I fantasize about more. Always more.
Bozeman, Montana

Frozen strawberries, tahini
and altitude sickness.
This wouldn’t be paradise without you.
who is going to think of me as baby anymore besides you?
chipped tooth, ring of fire, I wanted to be your diamond ring.
For Eden

My mom has a psychic that I sometimes go to when I feel ‘stuck’ and so I take the train to go see him with a thought out list of questions and charge it to my mom’s account because this happens to be one of the things my mom deems a necessity, like good eye cream, like a good aesthetician, like Bloomingdale’s frozen yogurt in place of dinner. This particular time he tells me that Eden has already met my future daughter in heaven and says she’s a real brat. I know this is Eden, because the last time I saw her she called me an ungrateful brat because I told her I was ghosting the guy who was sprawled across a building on Lafayette and Houston in a Marc Jacobs ad. I wasn’t a brat, he sucked and wasn’t funny and he couldn’t do anything on Friday nights because that was the night he designated to attend AA meetings.

And before the last time I saw Eden, before New York, medical marijuana exclusively came in pill form for those going through chemotherapy and she had taken some of those pills and was driving us on the wrong side of Atlantic Avenue for like at least five minutes, barefoot, because this is how she has been driving since she got her permit, and we were on a very dedicated mission to get red velvet cheesecake from Cheesecake Factory and a fantasy roll from Sushi Osaka, both incredibly far apart, to then eat in front of my TV while watching Titanic. This was during my Leonardo DiCaprio phase that she lived through very patiently with me for the first year or so of high school. I lived through her Miguel, the son of the guy who owned Stir Crazy in Boca Town Center, phase for the better half of my life.

When Eden passed my mom told me that Bikram Yoga would get me through this, that Bikram Yoga got her to quit smoking cigarettes. Bikram Yoga did not get me through this, but Eden I want you to know that they make vapes for cannabis oil now; I mean it’s completely odorless and flowerless, and the Spice Girls are back together. I mean we’re totally living in the future now and it’s completely unfair you are missing this.
me *trying to meditate through tears on a flight to fort lauderdale*

man *points to my flying crystal in confusion* “is this yours? it's in my seat”
The way the smoke sits on top of the river like a bed sheet, 
the way the water tastes, thick and hazy.

I lie by the river 
hoping to see him, 
but I dream of him 
there instead. 
Bright eyed, mouth 
full of turquoise.
If you lean your seat far enough back, far enough that all you can see is the sky, Staten Island can be mistaken for Cape Cod

I was a cocktail waitress always looking for a free ride home because the Brooklyn Bridge was a drag after midnight and I hated watching the meter run while halted to a dead stop on a bridge right above my apartment. Like I used to imagine just jumping right off the bridge onto Willow Street and walking into my building. And he, he was a free ride home. Sarah Vap wrote that “Sentimental is a poem that fell in love with us when all we wanted was a raunchy fling” and this is just that, a raunchy fling with someone who worked next door to me and a sentimental poem about this fling.

His hands felt a specific way and my cheeks felt a specific way pressed on the leather seats of his car. He would find a dark dead end to park and we would smoke a joint and occasionally lower the front seats to make fucking more comfortable. And very rarely, like very rarely, we would meet on a day off for oyster happy hour and pretend that this was just an oyster happy hour. Less rarely I would send him a very strategically timed text after and say “I’m obsessed with you” and “I’m thinking we should try a bed”. Not rarely at all he would totally bypass getting off of my exit, Cadman Plaza, and continue on the BQE to his Staten Island apartment. I even looked past him living in Staten Island. It didn’t bother me one bit.

Change scene –

Summer and an Indian restaurant without a bathroom, a yellow flowered dress I loved so dearly.
You were dragging me through the crowd of people wearing America memorabilia on Clematis Street and we were still underage because you tried to buy a beer from a drug store on the beach and the cashier laughed when you moved your lips, but there was no sound. You still had your hair because it was blowing in the wind and it was coarse from the salt.
May is the kindest month, forgiving April
and clouds that open up and spill reminders
of December. The December we left behind.
Spring and
“Trump Jr.’s prairie dog hunt in Montana prompts backlash”

What is it like to want nothing?
I overheard a man ask this to his
seat mate on a plane to Vegas from Missoula.
Wild desert winds blow palms that don’t fall,
they dangle, suspended in air, suspended in dry heat.
America, a close call,
what do we have left in this deceit?

In another life I surely was there
Dans une autre vie, je suis certainement là
There you were, drinking a white burgundy
and sneaking arancini into the wine cellar at work.
Preserved lemon jam dripping from your
fingers, keeping this moment a secret.
America,
falling like wild leaves in a less kind month.
Something like November,

shedding skin for winter.
A famous rapper tweets
“Have you ever thought you
were in love with someone
but then realized you were
just staring in the mirror for 20 minutes”
When I count, there are only you and I together.
Together in a sort of unreal.
America, this is all sort of unreal, isn’t it?
my ex boyfriend taught me how to cook rice and to never trust a gemini
I found a grocery list in the parking lot leaving Costco; it was written in English but called for lardon and crème fraîche. For a moment I wished I were French so I could still be with you and we could smoke cigarettes on a balcony and speak about how tired we are of Brie and baguettes and how we would do anything for a peanut butter and jelly. We could have gone grocery shopping and longed for American ingredients and fallen naked on our backs on a bed full of burritos and hot sauce. Your favorite.

How lonely it is to miss you and all of the things you suffered through for me, French movies at the Angelika, titles without subtext, I couldn’t speak the language you wanted me to.
My boyfriend asks me to bake him banana bread frequently, not even because it is his favorite or anything, mostly because he just cannot stand the idea of food waste. On any given day you can check my dangling, golden fruit basket and see at least ten bananas. I am constantly buying bananas for absolutely no reason at all. They sit up there just rotting and limp, begging to be used in any sort of way. When I bring home a bunch from Costco, his face drops, in fear that he will now have to consume two a day just to keep them from rotting. And when he can’t keep them from rotting, banana bread is what’s requested.

My relationship with banana bread is much different and I think more romantic. My mom’s specialty is chocolate chip banana bread and I used to love baking it with her and stealing secret finger licks of batter while she wasn’t looking. The finished product of banana bread has always been far less appealing to me than the act of making it, and of course licking the batter. My mom has a recipe book that she created with her grandmother before she had passed, and whenever I would see that red, checkered recipe book out I knew I was either in for banana bread or cookies (which were much more intricate and much less entertaining to make). By the way, my mom’s actual specialty is flourless chocolate cake and she used to have a catering business that only sold this chocolate cake and her grandma’s banana bread. The flourless chocolate cake is offputtingly heavy, like maybe somewhere over ten pounds, and again, is much more intricate and much less fun to make.
I used to bake this banana bread as a sign of love for all of my prospective boyfriends. It is only a coincidence that my current boyfriend asks for it so much. When I was in a serious relationship with a serious vegan I was determined to make my entire list of favorites vegan friendly. I experimented on all of my days off, walking to far away health food stores for items like Ener-G Egg Replacer and Tofutti cream cheese for frosting. I would test out recipes for hours, leaving our apartment smelling like warm cinnamon and defeat. Dozens of slumped, brown bananas would clutter my kitchen table; our apartment would fill with gnats when the air got warmer. And yet, I still tried, I couldn’t let my banana bread go. When our relationship had run its course, he texted me “you can’t just bake cakes for me, that isn’t what love is about”. Which is probably true, but that’s beside the point. When I screenshot this text and sent it to my mom she replied, “Ungrateful!!!!! Don’t date anyone who doesn’t love what you bake!!!! Vegan or not!!!” You, reader, deserve this advice.
Daddy poem

He sang “Ex-Factor” to me in his Cadillac before *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* was released and whenever he would sing, it would remind me of why my mom spent any time on him at all. He loved Michael Jordan and the Mets and *Nevermind* and Coney Island and Paella.

I think, “Do I look like someone who has been kidnapped” often to myself in passing.
We were staying at a hostel somewhere outside of Paris and I took the train to the city and ended up in the Spanish part of town, or maybe it was Spain I can’t remember, chasing a dog through a local market. Shane’s fiancée was there and she was smaller and less beautiful than I imagined. “El perro el perro!”
in pearl paint you whispered in my ear “i’m going to peel you off my hands” which paralleled me whispering in your ear “isn’t it ironic the paint on the wall is all peeling here? just chips of paint and all of this paint that can fix the chips?”

long before we met we had the same dreams, this is just passing time until the next time.
My grandma is not a good cook and an absolutely horrible listener and I say this with the most amount of love possible for a family member that outwardly refuses to cook to your taste buds and allergies. I have been allergic to onions and garlic my entire life and yet every time I land in Fort Lauderdale to see my grandparents I have a voicemail stating not to go out to lunch because she made roasted potatoes with caramelized onions. I truly mean every single time and I really have no idea why she has decided to make this her signature dish for me because not once in my life have I ever even mentioned potatoes to her in passing conversation. And it really isn’t just roasted potatoes with onions, it is potatoes roasted in sticks of butter and finished with caramelized onions that were also caramelized with sticks of butter. This probably sounds super delicious to you and I sound super ungrateful, but I should clarify that I have a weak stomach that only grows weaker at signs of fat, oil, alliums, acid, sugar, chocolate, fungi, gluten, dairy, corn syrup, and really anything that is mildly fun and delicious. I’ve gotten used to this ailment and you might assume that my grandma would have also gotten used to this after 25 years of knowing me and maybe would have changed a few of her recipes, but I can assure you she has not changed a single recipe and will also justify her meals with “there is so little garlic in this that you’ll barely taste it!” and “will pasta for one night really hurt you? C’mon Skylar”.

However, my grandpa is the truest form of an angel that I could have ever dreamt up. When I was in sleep away camp 15 years ago, hours away from my grandparents, I would convince my counselor to let me use her cell phone and call him in the middle of
the night to ask him to take me to P.F. Chang’s for lunch tomorrow because it was pizza
day (yes, I actually despise pizza) and without fail he would show up at noon and take me
to P.F. Chang’s. He didn’t even mention the fact that all I ate at P.F. Chang’s was a side of
white rice and some sort of marinated cucumber salad. When I went raw vegan he would
call me from Publix and ask me how many mangos he should buy for my visit and if
Cheerios made a version that I could still eat. And when I land in Fort Lauderdale now he
takes the long way home so I can stop at Green Bar & Kitchen and eat something not
detrimental to my health, like a 14-dollar smoothie. He also consumes all of the dreadful
potatoes to keep my grandma from asking why I didn’t eat any of it and even tells her how
delicious he thought they were.
You whisper in my ear *everyone wants to fuck you but I’m the only one allowed to.* You tell me that *this* should be enough for me.
I start off with a good lathery face wash, I like to switch it up but my tried and true is AmorePacific’s Treatment Cleansing Soap. It just makes my face feel so clean that it squeaks, literally squeaks. Then I will use a toner, something light because I am about to use quite a few acids. Thayers Witch Hazel Alcohol-free Rose Water toner is effective and cheap! A perfect product! Don’t forget to use a good 100% cotton pad when applying this toner. I move on to the acids now. Lactic acid is my favorite, Sunday Riley’s Good Genes is the Holy Grail, but The Ordinary’s 10% Lactic Acid formula is cheaper and leaves my skin feeling just as luscious. Let that dry, and then apply The Ordinary’s Marine Hyaluronics, a light formula of hyaluronic acid, just to keep the moisture in. Let that dry too. Moisturizing is my favorite part. The Ordinary’s Squalane is a delicious oil like substance that makes my skin glow. I also like to use Sunday Riley’s Luna oil, like I really love to use it but hate its price tag. Not that it stops me from buying it or anything. Simple raw, virgin Jojoba oil is also really great in the winter because it is heavier and really sinks deep into your dry winter skin. Embryolisse Lait Crème Concentre is also wonderful and a perfect balance of heavy and lightweight. I tend to prefer it during the daytime. Don’t forget masks! Among the Flowers’s Pineapple Enzyme mask is a really nice, natural product that leaves my skin tight and refreshed. Masks are especially great when you are really looking to kill time in the bathroom.
This, this whole routine, used to last just enough time that I only had to play Candy Crush for a little while to avoid being awake in bed with you. Our neighbor, a man well into his 70s with an Internet porn addiction, shared his bedroom wall with our bathroom wall and nothing about his dirty talk with cam girls would deter me from my time in our bathroom. I even got used to him, I even thought of it as home, I spent enough time in this bathroom that I knew which female voice was one of his regulars. I thought maybe he was in love with her. I thought maybe he wasn’t as lonely as I once assumed. And then I tip toed into our bed and watched Friends on mute until I fell asleep strategically with a pillow over my head so I wouldn’t hear your alarm or hear you whispering my name after the alarm went off to try and wake me up for you to have sex with.
We had just finished dinner with your grandma, which means I had prepped the entire day before because I know dinner with your grandma directly correlates to eating garlic and I am very allergic to garlic and all of its allium counterparts. And by prepping I mean consuming only Honey Nut Cheerios and peach Chobani because these two items have never failed me, they have never disappointed me, I can spend time with them daily and never feel disappointed or like maybe there is something better for me out there, or like maybe I should try a blueberry Chobani because they are known to be submissive and to keep their mouth shut when something bothers them.

A photo of you: smiling, stoned, the mountains, the red glowing heat lamp that keeps the chickens on South 6th alive. I guess what I mean to say is that this isn’t about the dinner, it’s about the brief period of time when I thought I, and the peach Chobani, were enough for you.
this is the last i will ever write about you.

lavender,
touching your face and i am relieved. i didn’t want to wake up, i just wanted this moment to be all we had.