

Sixty Stories

"Live Up To"

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Hi. It's me again and I'm calling you to see things through. I'm sending back all the pictures. And the letters too. Lined paper. Clear boundaries. There is an apartment vacancy down this lazy street with bay windows and hardwood floors. There are places for my plants, crates, broken t.v.'s and amateur victories. With dark corners, cracked tiling and the words I can live up to. This fucking tap still drips that no one has fixed for too many years. Your classic converse shoes are cornered in my room with the sole's worn through. Still waiting. I'm not wanting lined paper, clear boundaries, dark corners, cracked tiling or words I can live up to.

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