

Facebook marketplace, Himalayan salt lamp, \$10

The memorial park is so big I drive for ten minutes around planets of gated boundaries cross referencing road signs between glimpses of gold Hebrew and Chinese characters Greek alphabet photos of elderly Italians wasting sun bleached stone that can only be read with fingertips after a hundred or so years of soil earth bone changing radio channels like finding a suit to fit the mood stuck behind a Hyundai at a level crossing still the cemetery headstones fill the windows like gemstones like flies stuck to sweet and green flashes of water from sprinklers frozen as if in stop motion

here Monday evening is stuck and put back together in pieces and if I could ever get away from this fucking traffic then I'd be making it home in good time for dinner but I am trying not to get agitated and enjoy taking the time and be impressed by the lilac sunset mixed with tram wires and the tops of nineteen fifties bungalows and roads still quieter than I expected with everyone working from home

small connections and remembrances formed in this complex of broken finger turns are quickly forgotten in the humming heated intersections biting into these tight little suburbs the landmarks I drove through twenty minutes ago slip into nothing cul de sac side streets stop signs laundrettes and garden centres I face burial under this city this endless concrete and brick.