

Because every artist has a muse, Jan!

I want someone to make me feel like how the sun through the curtains at

8 a.m. on a Saturday makes me feel.

I want someone to treat me like a new tattoo in those first two weeks

after. When you don't want it to bleed or fade too soon.

I want someone to look at me like I looked at Park Avenue and

the Courthouse Towers in Arches National Park.

I felt sick with awe.

I was ready to puke all of my admiration onto my boyfriend's shoes.

I want someone to read me like I read *Heart of Darkness* my senior year of high

school. To take notes like they plan on consulting them later.

To mark me up like *that*.

I want someone to listen to me like how Jake and I listened to Dead of

Night on the top of Rachel B.'s Subaru on CO-150.

Like the way I listened to *Under Your Spell* for the first time.

Like the way I listened to you describe your take on the *Tractatus* the first time.

— “When I say I love you, [REDACTED]”

— “You *know* I've always found you painfully endearing.”

I want to ruin someone in five months like you ruined me in five months.

...

Always back here.

It always ends up back here.

You have no idea the power you hold.

This is what they meant when they made Pothos into a god.

When they gave Pothos dust to sprinkle all over the likes of you and me.

He's Pothos of funerals for a reason. You know that much.

Is that why Alexander looks like Pothos in all the sculptures?

For Hephaestion?

Alexander and Hephaestion:

One soul abiding two bodies.

But that's not it...

Two souls abiding one body.

Maybe.

Welcome home,

Did you kill Pothos for dinner?

Nostos algos...

...

But that's not real either,

Is it?

You taught me that much.