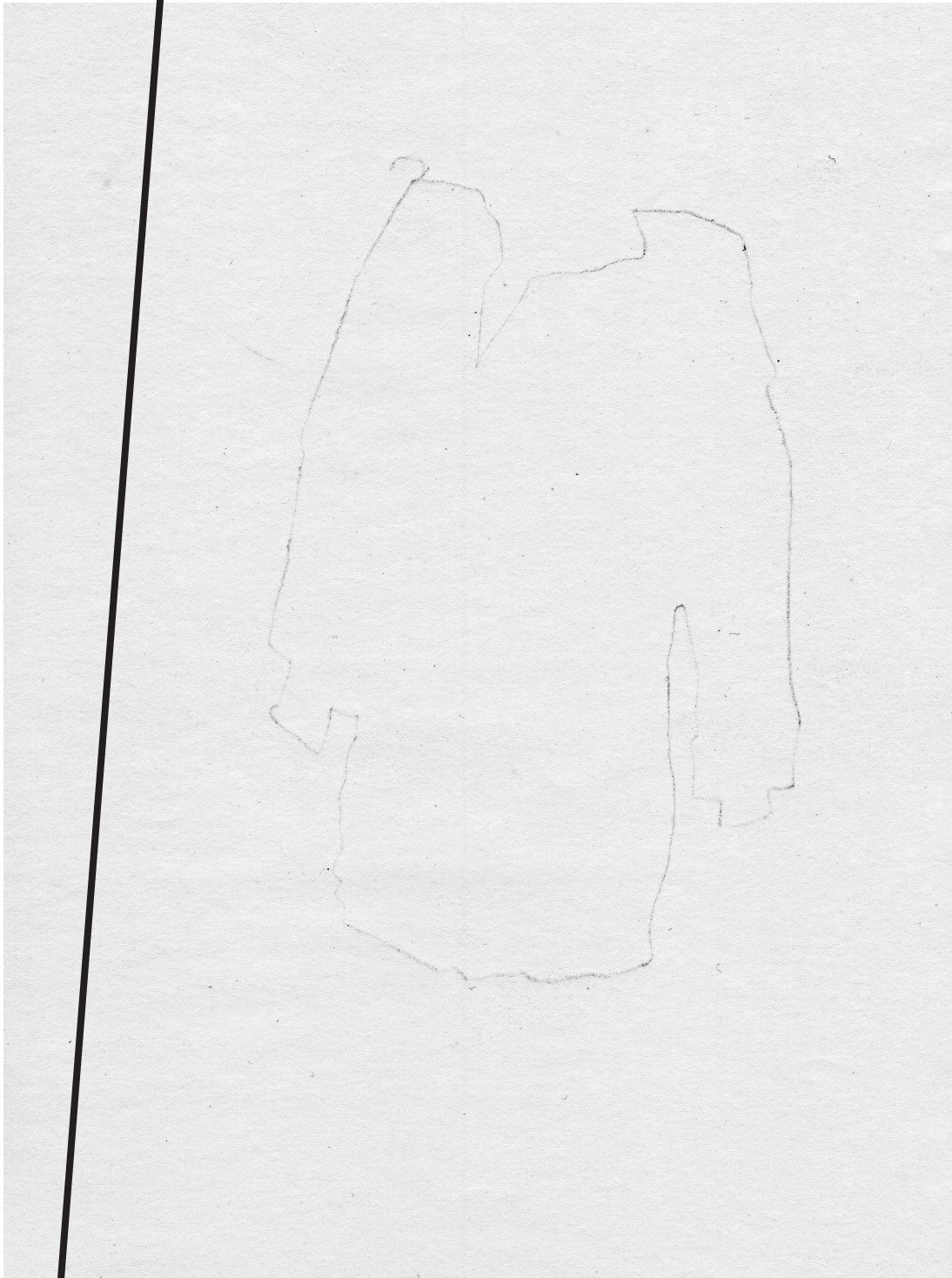


i had a dream last night and you were there



i had a dream last night and you were there and it was  
you but it wasn't you you know how that happens some-  
times in dreams like it didn't look like you but still i  
knew it was you and you helped me take my bags off the  
baggage carousel at the airport but they were so heavy  
with all the things i had bought at the duty free store at  
the airport but i don't know what airport it was some  
airport i guess just the place i was coming from wherever  
that was and we could barely move my bags they were so  
heavy even though i had just arrived and you know you  
can't actually pack that stuff in your checked baggage just  
in your carry-on but i didn't remember that because i was  
dreaming i guess so my bags were full of chocolate and  
perfume and vodka and massage oil and designer hand  
bags and commemorative mugs and stuffed animals of  
wild animals like bears and moose and muskrat and i felt  
terrible

i had been thinking about facebook earlier, the way different people wield it,  
what that says about them. inaction is an action here, and it's the action i  
prefer. but now that i've acted i can't un-act. that says something about me that i  
don't want to say. it reveals my anxiety - the way i some times hold too tight to  
things, the way i plan, the way i worry.

what am i trying to do?

i haven't cried about the end of my marriage in awhile. it was so different a year  
ago: the adrenaline and the crushing disappointment.

in this picture it sort of looks like i am drowning. that's what kara said the  
other day when we were looking through the photos javier took when marilyn and i  
shot that video in nabana vieja.



os dejo el espacio de mi apartamento por un momento y entro en al espacio desconocido, sin saber de mi vida internet. me siento como cambiar mi foto de perfil y que parece un extraño impulso, pero tengo curiosidad de qué se trata o de donde viene, así que sigue adelante a ver a donde va. todo el mundo tiene tanta ansiedad por los medios de comunicación social? ahora la incertidumbre que siento después de hacerlo me recuerda por que siempre desengañar.

un momento antes de que esto estaba escuchando cat power "good woman" en un bucle mientras lee un documento .pdf titulado "hacer su propio divorcio." yo estaba lavando algunos de mis platos sucios y yo estaba llorando.

yo había estado pensando en facebook antes, la forma en que diferentes personas ejercen ella, lo que dice acerca de ellos. la falta de acción que prefiero. pero ahora que he actuado, no puedo no-acto. eso dice algo más sobre mí que no quiero decir. revela mi ansiedad - la forma en que algunas veces sostengo demasiado ajustado a las cosas; la forma en que me preocupa.

lo que estoy tratando de hacer?

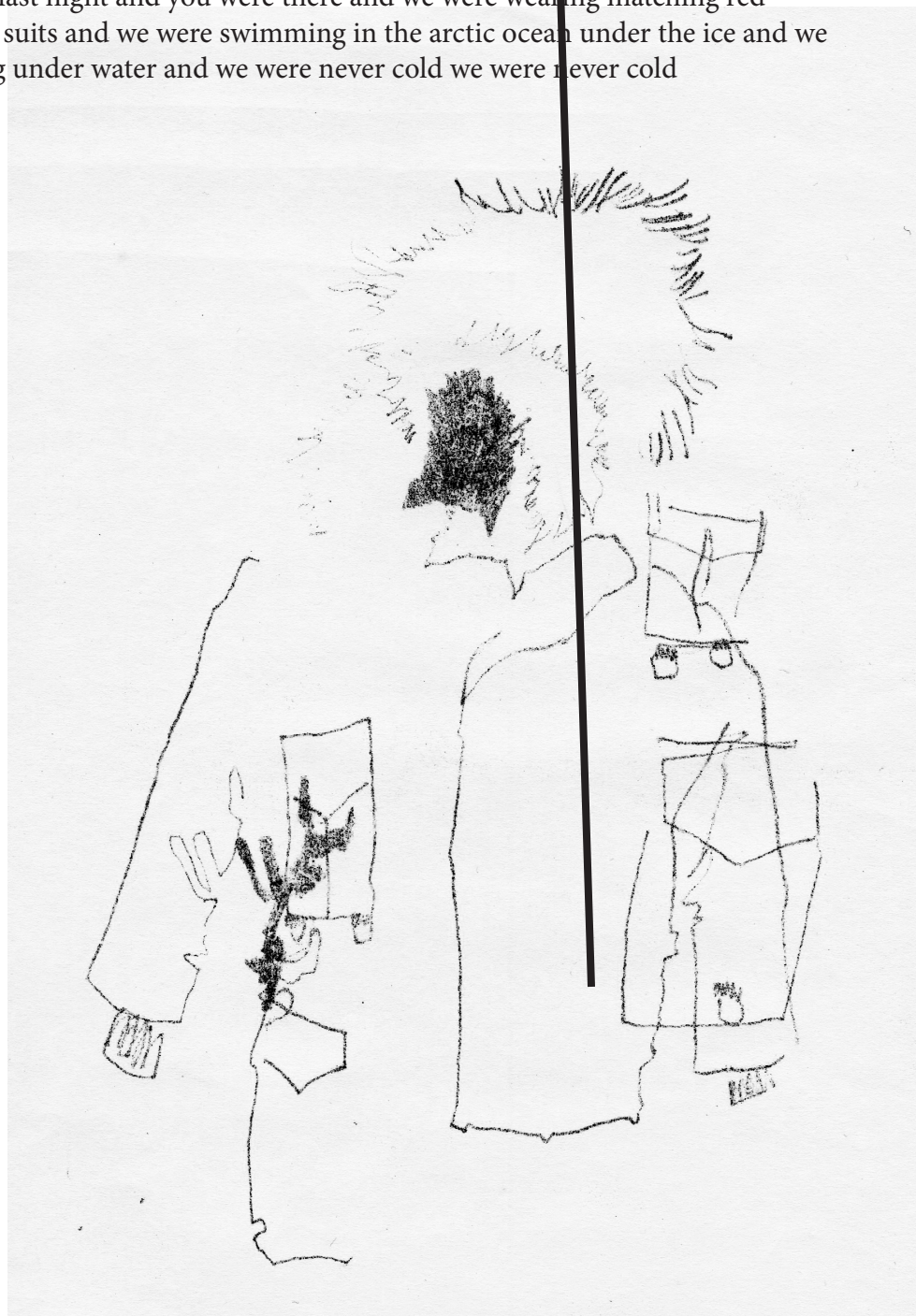
no he llorado sobre el final de mi matrimonio en un rato. era tan diferente hace un año: la adrenalina y la decepción aplastante.

en esta imagen que tipo de parece que me estoy ahogando. eso es lo que dijo kara el otro día cuando se mira a través de las fotos javier toro cuando filmamos marilyn y me dispararon ese video en habana vieja.

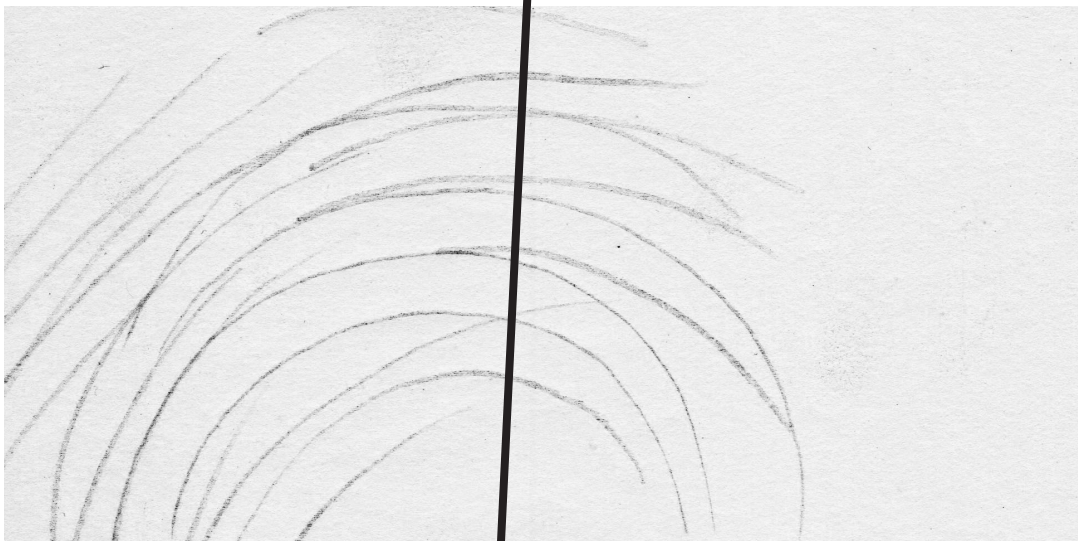
he hecho tantas promesas que no puedo cumplir.

i had a dream last night and you were there but then when i woke up you were gone and you had left me a hand written note but it read like a bad translation it was full of mistakes

i had a dream last night and you were there and we were wearing matching red bikini bathing suits and we were swimming in the arctic ocean under the ice and we were breathing under water and we were never cold we were never cold

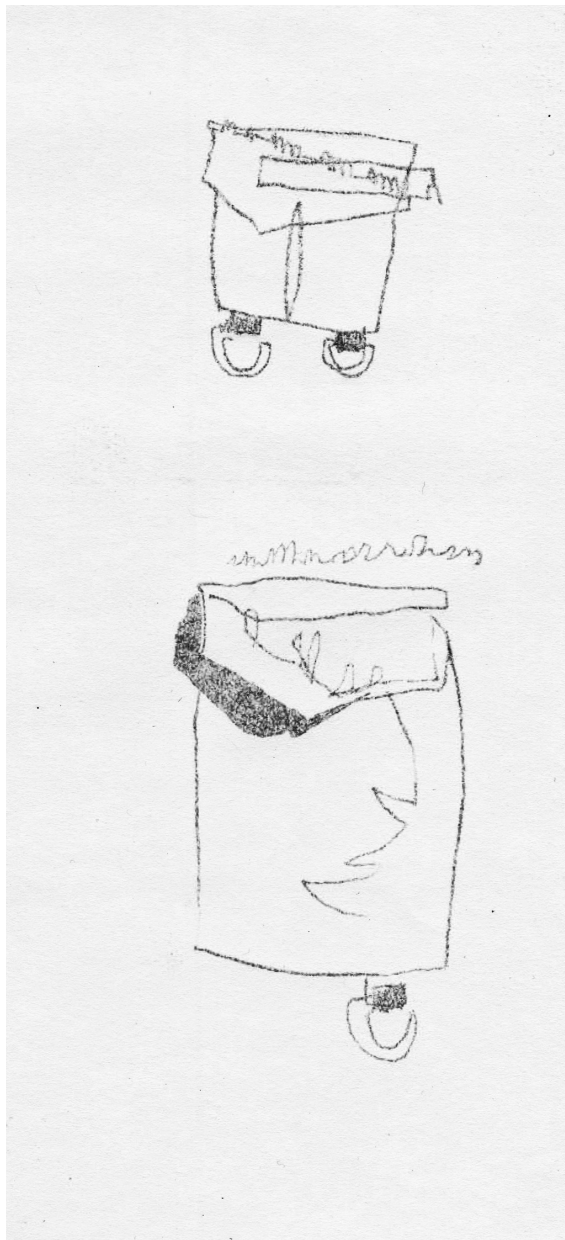






i had a dream last night and you were there and then you turned into a cat

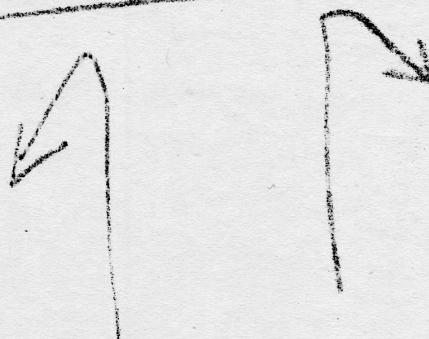
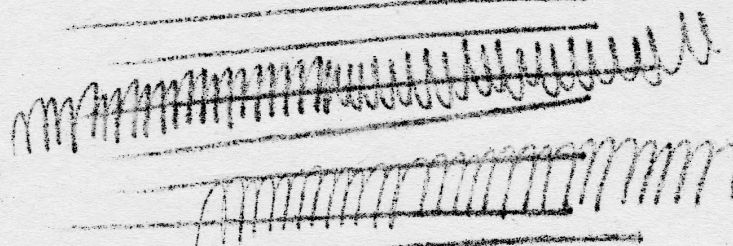
i had a dream last night and you were there and everyone was there

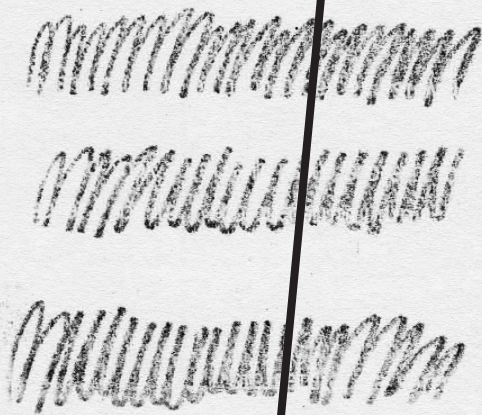






i had a dream last night and you were there and we had to hide out in a tree house for a few days waiting for things to blow over





i had a dream last night and you were there and all of our words were stones that we were holding in our hands and we kept passing the stones back and forth and back and this is how we talked to each other and then the stones started to get warm from pulling a little bit of heat from our bodies