

6.14.1869

9.26.2020

Reparations. Restorations. Those shards of glass I collected in my pocket. Putting them back into form. They hatch into something brilliant, I think. Cracked and yet take resemblance to my reflection. The trails once travelled no longer serve. Drawing new directions after the demolition. What's lost need not be found. Recreation. Revolution. Destruction at this point. Necessary. Revolting. Starting our plunder.