

6.7.1869

9.19.2020

In ninety miles I could make it to New Brunswick. And you'd be somewhere in Manchester. And we'd be in different states no matter. I try to remind of this, when I start to think if time and space were more forgiving. My compass broke. It's better this way. This valley I'm in now is a good piece of land. I could sustain it here. A place to cultivate new.