




INTERNAL NOTES

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Cinematic (too many) dreams.

Three fortunes found inside vanilla scented candles:
MAY HEALTH AND HAPPINESS BE WITH YOU
WISHING THAT ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE
SENDING SUNSHINE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY

Woke up. I needed to walk.

I always wear coconut oil on my hair before I shower.

Green boy

I am home now, I kept telling everyone I needed to write and that's why I was going. All I've done is re-watch Girls. All day. I like being home, but I can't smoke when I'm here (but I do). My mum knows, she can smell it (she's in denial).

Samuel Beckett: "Then it goes, all goes, and I'm far again, with a far story again, I wait for me afar for my story to begin, to end, and again this voice cannot

be mine. That's where I'd go, if I could go, that's who I'd be, if I could be."

Being

I grew up in Catterick Garrison, a military town in North Yorkshire. We lived in a small house, near the horse racing course. Every summer, it would stink of horse shit. I recently met someone who had the same memory. We reminisced.


We always wear coconut oil on our hair before we shower.


The smell would stick. On our hair, and the house.

Sometimes, unannounced. I returned

to Kathmandu.

We lived in a one storey brick house near the airport, my grandmother moved in when I was six. My parents built a room upstairs on the flat roof. That's where she lived.





Every morning she would lather her hair in coconut oil after breakfast. I was the delivery boy, bringing things up and down. She would make little balls out of her hair that had fallen while she was massaging it with coconut oil, and put them on her dirty plates. I would bring it back down to my mum, and complain to her, saying how disgusting I found it. My mum would giggle.

Sometimes I hate when this feeling comes. An unruly sadness takes over. It reminds me of something I can feel, but that is also missing.

It has been years since we moved to England, and even longer since she passed.

The smell lingered.

I end here

a far memory, trying to record this feeling.

