

Sky & Cement



Willow

Warning

"Sky & Cement" contains themes of heavy drug use and sexual violence. Protect your emotional well-being. Do not read this if you believe it may hurt you. For those who choose to hear this story, I am available for private conversation if you would like to discuss any and all feelings which arise while reading. Thank you. Love you always. X

Character List xxx

- Saint Christopher
- The Narrator
- The *****
- The Shopkeeper
- The Matriarch
- The Love/The Lover
- The London Muse
- The Italian Disco Princess
- The Mute
- The Bratty Twink
- The Man With The Aura of Uppers
- The John
- The Angel
- Ms. Brazil
- The Dealer
- The Bird Lady
- The Sunshine Hippy
- The Trust Fund
- The Normie
- The Pig
- The Typical Berlin Local
- The Chef
- The Gatekeeper
- The Septum
- Ms. Italy
- The Gentleman
- The Wife
- Mx. Methamphetamine
- The Castaway
- The Prince of Austria
- The Dom
- The Witch

Nightclub List xxx

- Tresor (Berlin)
- RSO (Berlin)
- Kit Kat Klub (Berlin)
- Kafe Kuntz (Berlin)
- Boiler Room (Berlin)
- Bahnwärter Thiel (Munich)
- Blitz (Munich)
- Kätz Wellness (Leipzig)
- Grelle Forelle (Vienna)
- Private Party (Berlin)
- Berghain (Berlin)
- Vantek (Vancouver)

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

A large flock of white birds, possibly terns, is captured in flight against a dark grey, overcast sky. The birds are scattered across the frame, with some appearing as small white specks and others as more distinct shapes with visible wings. The overall scene conveys a sense of movement and natural activity.

1

It's as if I had no place in this world, no part of the life around me. Waiting patiently for the final rush to kick in. Letting go of this feeling forever. Finding story.

Looking down from the sky, I see The *****, passed out on the cement. Alone in Berlin. White slip dress. Black curls. Young and decomposing. Something is awake in the back of their head. Their high is wearing off. Overwhelmed with the disturbing ramblings of a ketamine comedown. They are out of weed, and alcohol, but have more ketamine in a dime bag left in their boot. All that is left of them fucking reeks. They are sick. I remind them of how pathetic they are. They have always been this sick. It's more more more stimulation. Digging digging deeper. Am I in too deep?

It's although for a time I didn't exist.

I stand staring into a patch of grass. In a tiny town in the Black Forest. A patch of grass means more to me. My great grandmother's unmarked grave. I turn away. Catch another train out west through the German countryside. And another train, high as fuck on fake weed. A small bus, filled with school children. Another train. Completely free. I can go anywhere. In the town of Tuttlingen, Saint Chistopher comes to me in the form of a traveling hippy. He hands me a burnt circle of paper, inscribed with foreign symbols surrounding an asterisk. My spirit is protected.

I carried The ***** home their last night in Berlin. A castle on the hill. Rows and rows of empty beds in all directions. The wind is completely still. The *****

lays in their bunk, festering. Leaving me alone to make my own path. As their vision goes dark, they think they see me somewhere in the black, but they don't. Grandeur beyond me. The ketamine beats them over the head with a stick. This is my life. Spinning through moments where they thought they saw me before, always in the dark, somewhere far beyond. Black, purple trees, death of winter. I cover their body with a layer of plastic. Crawling through the mud. The ***** shakes and squirms, desperate to get me out of their head, their lips and eyelids stick to the plastic. Wide open for this forever high. Both hands in the air. Rats, worms, beetles, bugs, here to eat, crawl along the decaying body of The *****. Reaching towards the sky. The ***** can feel every leg, mouth and body, but they never break the plastic. Hungry for something they can never reach, a feast, a greater high on the other side. At the castle now. The ***** is finally peaking. Looking down at what's below. They tell them self every high will eventually wear off. I remind them that life does as well. Looking down from the sky I see myself. In reflection, they feverishly try to recall who they have become. It's although for a time I didn't exist. Finding story, somewhere between the sky and cement.

1995 2005

2



High as fuck on fake weed. That legal shit I brought from Munich. Chemical goo fake pharmaceutical substitutes. My phone is dead. Yellow tile covering the basement of the bus station. Looking for a plug. A diner on the corner in an empty Berlin suburb. A phone charging magic machine in the corner of the diner. Looking for change in my bag. A lady behind me gives me two euros and I respond with an embarrassing "dunkasahun,"

The ***** only listens to the voices in their head. They only know their own language of ego. They travel from moment to moment only consuming, never learning or growing. The ***** only listens to their desires. Chasing stimulation, The ***** storms the streets of West Berlin, below the skyscrapers, among the everyday faces going from place to place, enjoying a real life. The ***** carries a gun. Threatening anyone who dares question their ego. Vulnerability is a scary thing.

Jack Daniels from the corner store. The Shopkeeper smiles, says he likes my outfit. I pay in cash. Drinking heavily as I march onward.

I see them again in East Berlin, now among a dystopian graffiti covered landscape. A caterpillar consumes an abandoned factory building. Moths are buzzing together in clumps, seeking the same flame. The ***** looks nervous, in a new world. Standing in line. Talking to two New York girls, trying to flirt, but nervous. In line for the legendary Tresor club. A Berlin introduction, by flame, my fire.

Mommy. The Matriarch in a train conductor uniform, keeps the door of Tresor, judging all those in line, through dark grim eyes. Two Persian men reach the front of the line and meet her gaze. "Not tonight boys." The ***** feels arrogant in their outfit, tattered patchwork blue jeans, lace sexy top. Yet nervous, unsure, excited. The stress of entering something exclusive, cooler than you. The exclusivity of the evening makes it feel more of a secret. Before reaching the front of the line The ***** breathes deep breaths, trying to present themselves in character. The Matriarch keeping the door says nothing, simply nods to the ***** , and ushers them inside.

The ***** sinks into the floor. Down a graffiti covered cavern. I arrive at Tresor for the second time arm and arm with The Love of my life. Bass echoes. Distant voices feel like close comforting whispers to The ***** . She's going to join me. Flashing lights follow The ***** on this catwalk. Their Berlin introduction. They come to the first room of Tresor. A prison of techno. Minds have left bodies to be replaced by an alien pathogen. There are no conscious creatures, only those corrupted by this plague of drug abuse. Wires cross. Plugs are pulled. Eyes roll, eyes roll back, bodies get closer, bodies barely touch. Dance dance dance. I cannot see. I cannot feel. The high of having stories to tell. Every rhythm shakes them. The ***** feels like they can predict every movement in the music. The ***** wishes they had more than marijuana. We have enough cocaine to share. Lost in the moment of dancing alone, in a warehouse of people. I

want to make you dance. The people they meet fall through the holes in their hands. Lies make it hurt. In the desert The ***** melts down and flows among the shadows of people they do not know, but feels so close to. I want to make it hurt more. Up into another floor down the hall into the back room a man tells The ***** a secret. I want to make you dance. Secrets come in small plastic bags. Seconds turn to minutes turn to hours. The ***** has hardly opened their mouth. Lost of identity, of personality, of being. In Berlin there is no "I" there is only The *****. In each movement The ***** feels free, free to be dead of mind. She said Tresor was her favorite. It feels the most "Berlin." Smoke filled rooms it's hard to breathe in Berlin, if this is what Berlin is like. Amphetamines are so sexy, narcotics romantic. Me, I am the best of both worlds. My face is too fine to ever grow old.

It's although for a time I didn't exist.

The ***** has returned to the prison aesthetic of the Tresor nightclub for the last time, united with three friends from Berlin. The London Muse, The Italian Disco Princess, and The Mute. Lines are flowing in every direction. Another plane awaits us, unsure of what plane we are on. I met Model Millionaire Calvin Kline in the washroom, my face was pressed into the cold white tile. Holding hands in a circle spinning in a cult of stimulation. I look at the faces around me. The ***** thinks they might be fooling us. I tell The ***** the wrong thing, and I can't stop it. I am a believer, but there is nothing left to believe in. The music changes. From the mess of techno trance comes a

guitar riff, a punk rock bass line, the crowd slows, but The ***** moves faster, feeling a sense of home, as if someone has opened a window. The ***** has been telling themselves the wrong thing for a long time.

Jack Daniels from the convenience store. The shopkeeper asks if I'm ok. Fuck, I must have been stumbling. I smile and tell him I am having fun.

The ***** is alone again. Middle of the night, early morning. Mind slipping from the skin. Drained of all sensations. I can't feel a thing. Flesh. Stinking, festering, broken bones and twisted limbs. Nothing on my mind, I am so high. No mind is left this time of night. No, you're the one who's crazy. The *****'s physical form has been completely rearranged, left with only the remains of a human being. I thrive in my decay, I crave this void state of mind. It is 6am and they are leaving Tresor for the first time. Free to be nothing but meat. I am not a real human being, no conscious creature. It is 6am and they are leaving Tresor for the second time. Don't watch me fall. It is 6am and they are leaving Tresor for the last time. Flumes of winter fog seep through the holes in my face, filling my head with the depth of grey around me. I can't find my way out. A full night alive in Berlin. Cement, snow, depravity. With no place to stay, wandering the night, stuck in-between the sky and cement. A moth flutters in frame. Cold dark breeze. I can't run. Stuck in-between the graffiti and the legacy of beautiful buildings. Alone again.

I look down from the sky and I see myself. Black rocks, cracked rock, bird bones, I'm getting older now, my mind is in decay, my body is in decay, frying my airwaves, wires in my brain. Pull the plug. **But you're so young.** Pull the plug. **Only twenty-one.** Pull the plug. **So easily corrupted.** Pull me away, deeper into darker desires.

3

FRIEDRICH

Castaway somewhere in a Berlin Suburb, The Lover and I are fighting among the crowd of RSO. **Everyone says RSO has the best sound system, and it does, but to The ***** this is secondary to a romantic atmosphere.** RSO has the same angsty-dark decor as Tresor, but with a spark of perversion. **The Lover holds hands with the void of her partner.** The sex room shakes below us. **Walking into the distance of this dystopian landscape, as they are pulled further and further apart.** We sit to the side. Coming down from yesterday's cocaine, coming up on today's ketamine. Our Australian friends are lost in the joy of dance and music. A fresh couple of lovers, hardly as trashed as my lover and me. We hear a scream, but maybe I am hallucinating. **No future.** I am far from convinced my lover is real. **No contact with those around them.** Did she really come all this way to see me? Flights from Portland don't come cheap. Is she obsessed with me? I clench my teeth, obsessed with decrepit dreams. Back in the cold.

Kit Kat Klub. It is 10pm and the streets are dim. The *** arrives early at the gates of light to ensure they are permitted entrance. Waiting in line under a guard of naked mannequins, whispering secrets of what is inside. This time, The ***** does not talk to the faces around them. A Moth in a swarm.**

Bratty twink. Dalmatian fur coat, shaved head, dark shades, keeps the door of this sacred place. He looks upon The *** and speaks. "What brings you here tonight love?" The ***** responds, "I am here for the party." The Bratty Twink hesitates with a sense of irritation, giving The ***** a flutter of anxiety "we**

have lots of parties here darling, what are you here for?" The ***** tries to remember the name of the party they had looked up the night before, to their luck, they answer correctly "I am here for the Tango." The Bratty Twink motions for The ***** to move inside. In a blur The ***** pays 40 Euros. The bodies permitted entrance are changing into their party uniforms. From this peak inside the entryway chambers, Kit Kat is the class of black lingerie. Chandeliers in the corridor, antique furniture, tasteful nude paintings, gold trim and black tiled floor. Sleazy sexy luxury. I am not afraid.

A man with The Aura of Uppers checks my jacket, my gun hidden away, away with him now. Stripped of my ego, raw, maybe afraid. The Aura of Uppers says a simple hello, but his coolness, black leather harness, shaved head, skin tight to his face, black eyes startle me. He pauses to look at my jeans. "Blue jeans?" I am fluttering, falling in anxiety at the critique of my clothing. Please don't kick me out. The Aura of Uppers says to me, "I love your jeans, they are amazing with your outfit, but no blue jeans here, do you have something to change?" I lie and say I do. Awkwardly stepping away from the bar and back into the crowd of people. Among the bodies changing in their rave lingerie, brief moments of nudity. I take off my pants. I am not wearing any underwear. I laugh at The *****.

I take a bandana out of my bag and tie it around my waist. I have a choice to cover the front or the back. I choose the front.

In future visits to Kit Kat and other Berlin sex clubs, I only see The ***** wear their white slip dress or short skirts.

I have no sense of narrativity. No sense I am the same person today as I was the day before. An unrecognizable face, deep in the aroma of lust. The ***** is simply a face in a moment, not a persistent being, traveling the passage of time.

At Kit Kat, and the other major league Berlin clubs, no phones are allowed. Risk of photos, risk of indecent exposure. The Man with the Aura of Uppers took my phone with my jacket. What time is it? It doesn't matter anymore.

Down we go into the basement of Kit Kat club. A pitch black catwalk, following the stomp of each black leather boot. A hallway, with beds and couches, a chain tied to the wall. The only people around are a German couple making out on the sofa. The ***** is embarrassed, feeling shy by the unexpected quiet. They turn the corner to find a larger room with a bar and stage. Red curtains and golden chandeliers set a classy atmosphere. A small crowd of people are dancing, but not dancing the freedom dance of a techno rave. Soft jazz music is playing, the bodies in the room are partnered, bodies close together. Latex on leather. Leather and lace. Lace on skin. People are doing the tango. Cast in a spell dancing slowly around the room. The ***** seems embarrassed, such a shy sweet face. The youngest in the crowd. The ***** follows another hallway deeper into the basement of Kit Kat, already

lost, unsure of what night they have stumbled upon. Will there be raving? Or only tango? They sit to smoke a cigarette in an empty hallway, filled with beds and sofas, ready for pleasure, but empty in these early hours. In minutes they are joined by a man. An old man. A big bad John. Blue bikini bottoms. Grey hair. Tiny, suede shirt. Wrinkles and fat. The ***** tries not to look at the scale of skin that sits next to them, but they manage the courage of a question. "Do you know if there will be music tonight or just the tango?" The John chuckles and says to The ***** in a harsh unknown accent "what you don't like the tango?" The ***** is too sober, too impatient for this conversation. They didn't just take their pants off to smoke more cigarettes. "I just thought it would be more of a party." The John gives The ***** some assurance "there will be a party later, kid, it starts upstairs at 1 am." The ***** had three hours to kill but was grateful to hear that there is excitement to come. The John mocks The ***** "you should try and tango, there are some pretty girls in there, or if that's not your thing, come dance with me."

The ***** is curious. Despite their judgment of The John, a lost soul, depraved and over indulged. The ***** agrees to this dance, following The John into the chamber. Under the beauty of a well-lit chandelier, among covered faces and tasteful desires, I watch from the doorway as The ***** joins hands with The John. The homoerotic closeness of their bodies makes me laugh. The John tells The ***** to follow. The ***** steps on his foot. The John moves them one way, and The

***** goes another. For a minute or so they share this disconnected, disjointed dance. The John says to The *****, irritated and unamused, "you are not a good follower." Embarrassed, I slip away into the growing group of deviants.

What time is it? It doesn't matter anymore. More faces fill the basement hallways. Sluts, sitting patiently on the rows of beds. What time is it? It doesn't matter anymore. Sluts, all older than me. Silence. The ***** is so young. They sit to smoke cigarette after cigarette, only breaking to breathe the fake weed hidden in their boot. I feel as impatient as The *****. Show me something exciting darling. Growing closer to one am, bodies begin to tangle. A man sits next to The ***** on the leather couch. In the dark, another person, man, woman, or other, crawls to the feet of the man sitting next to The *****, unzips his pants, and initiates oral sex. The breeze of a gasping sigh brushes The *****'s ear. They awkwardly shift their gaze in the opposite direction, to be met with four golden orbs of eyes. The two ladies notice and attempt to strike a conversation in German with The *****, who quickly interrupts to say their German is very poor. I feel embarrassed that I can't speak the language. It's a tricky situation. The *****'s own mother can speak the language, but it is something they have not put any effort into. The ***** puts effort into other things, like degeneration. It is a tricky situation. They are nervous, unsure how to be themselves. Unsure who that even is in a place like this. I notice The ***** become so feminine in their

interaction with these gorgeous German ladies. A place of comfort. One of the ladies ask The ***** if they have any drugs. They do not. Not this time. Everything is still so new.

The Angel from above takes me by the hand. I follow her golden silhouette. Floating down the hallway. To my left, three lovers exchange kisses. To my right, the eyes of a witch roll back in her head. The Angel turns to look at me. Shimmering, shifting slowly into a smile. In slow motion we turn into the tango room. The dancers have learned new moves. Laying with each other in the couches. Chatting, laughing, talking. Exchanges of intimate foreplay. Martinis. A violin in the distance. On stage an older Latin man serenades his muse in Spanish poetry. The muse, a young mugged white boy, sits back in a chair beside him, smiling, legs spread.

The ***** follows the hand of The Angel up the stairs into a small balcony area overlooking the room. I watch from the bar. Waiting. Eager. The ***** needs a rush. Angels are shadows when seen in reflection. She lets go of my hand. Small glass vial. Spin. Tap tap tap. She cuts three lines. My reflection distorts and I see the ceiling. A polite thank you, and we continue. **One for you, one for me.**

What do you see in me now? One AM. Carnival Bizarre. Bizarre. I am up the stairs, up in the stars. Through the corridor. Bodies are spilling inside. Packed together. Skin to skin. Behind the curtain. All these people are living here. I tried to understand, but the

flame was too hot. A swimming pool. A lady stands on the diving board, completely naked, running her hands through her hair. A crowd watches over drinks and cigarettes. Jazz music. Sweet slow slutty sultry. Am I the one that's crazy? She jumps in the water. The splash cools me off from afar.

The ***** is falling apart. Goodbye to my normal face. Saturation. So much skin. All ages and races. A symbol of freak, for all I can think. I feel sleep deprivation on my skin. I feel their desires on my skin. We are all in this room together. A congealing force, a natural energy. A man with deer horns serves The ***** a drink. Just a beer for our sweet druggy. The ketamine hasn't quite kicked in but oh my are they ready. Beyond the pool and lounging nudes, Kit Kat Klub completely unravels. A maze. A puzzle. Where do I bury the shovel? The ***** wanders. I stay by their side, to keep from feeling so alone in this maze full of costumes. Deeper, deeper. Behind another corner in another room. The jazz music disappears, replaced with aggressive techno rhythms. A metal cage hangs from the ceiling.

A crowd begins to circle The *****. They stare. Everyone can see me. The ***** is the only one they are looking at. They close their eyes and sway their faith into a new direction. Will you give me back all the love I gave you? I swear I will leave you in this town forever. I hate you. I'm the one that haunts you. I haunt myself. From the sky I look down at myself. In another dance with hands on a stranger. The voices disappear in distant dreams. Techno rhythms beat me over the head. I'm just looking for a pressure point.

Pull me away, make me feel something. The Angel appears in an orb of light, above the swarm of blurred faces. I open my mouth, she closes it, takes a small spoon from in-between her fingers, and puts it in my nose. Falling through the ceiling, passing one room to the next. Taking in everything, all the stimulation seeps into this temporary body, and lingers long after it has decomposed. I love to dance.

A lady is tied to the ceiling, spinning like a ceiling fan in a bondage performance. **A kiss.** A man is blowing his partner in the center of the dancefloor. **A touch.** A twink is locked in a cage biting down on the fingers of a man dressed as a priest. **Your love.** A woman seven feet tall strikes her boot against the face of a leather dog on a leash. **It will never be enough.** A lady is singing while being double penetrated in the center of an onlooking crowd. **It will never be enough.** The night is just beginning to unravel. **It will never be enough.** Bodies are just beginning to come closer.

Lost again on the dancefloor. The *** has become morally tarnished. Somewhere in the black cavern basement of the luxurious Kit Kat Klub. Surrounded by bodies. The ***** locks eyes with another traveling spirit.**

Ms. Brazil. Can't quite see her eyes. Black lace mask. She is wearing a disguise. **She stops The ***** suddenly; says you look very nice.** Grant me a wish, grab my hips, blow me a kiss. **I am motionless watching, lovers in a trance.** And we dance. Ms. Brazil asks for my name. I look at her. I fucking lie. She says it's

really pretty. She tells me hers. I forget immediately. My hand is on her face. The ***** moves. I want a taste. We kiss among the crowd on the dance floor. She bites my tongue. I watch them bleed. Ms. Brazil is on her knees. Sink deeper. I take the ***** and I put it in her mouth. Sink deeper. Ms. Brazil beside me on this next adventure. Away from the techno breeze. Somewhere in the basement. Behind the red curtain. The pool is on fire. Purple flames dancing along the water. The red curtains open, unveiling the climax of this sexual theatric. Flesh boils together, lit aflame in an absolute of lust.

Shiver. The flames are biting. At last. The real high is kicking. The ***** has surpassed any morality. Ms. Brazil tells him he seems young. Only 21. She's 33. I will be your victim. In the middle of the night. My heart beats faster. Ms. Brazil. I think it's her. There are fingers in between my teeth. There are so many hands, against my face. So many limbs, against my waist. Legs. Hips. Eyes. But none are looking into mine. Moving from body to body, one life passes into the next. To live and to die again, with each passing breath, every kiss, every touch. All night, every night, every second, every minute, and tonight enjoy everything. What time is it? It doesn't matter anymore. I reach into the pile of bodies, grab The ***** by the ear, and whisper an itch they will never scratch.



4

Black and white. Everything around me is black and white. Middle of the night. Early morning. East Berlin Black and White, leaving Kit Kat Klub again. It's snowing. Black and white. The ***** walks fast. Intimidation. They carry a gun for protection. A threat. Black leather boots one after another. White slip dress. Black and white eyes stuck in their head. You can see them from a mile away. Decomposing. An incoming storm high off a heat wave. So fucking dizzy. Black and white and red. The snow falls. Highs are becoming lows. I can't quite, I can't quite, I can't quite reach it. Hands running through my hair. I can't scratch this itch. This fucking bitch is killing me. The ***** sees me now. They lunge for my shadow. We fall into the snow together. Their hands are around my neck. I roll on top of them and thrust their face in the snow. The ***** draws their gun. I slap their wrist, sending the colt python into the snow, just out of reach. Swallowing spit I fucking quit. I hit The *****, they don't react. What is left to live for when on the comedown? I hit the ***** harder, blood stains the snow. I am too fucking sober for this. It's although for a time I didn't exist. Blood and bruises, not a punishment, but a lesson, before they slip too far. My poor pretty face. Eyes turn purple and black in the evening time. Death of winter. Underneath this bridge. Somewhere in Berlin. A cathedral towers above us. A grand representation of godly beauty compared to the vile nihilism The ***** is feeling. All I can hear is the water. I look down from the sky and I see myself, somewhere between the sky and cement. Black rock. Cracked rock. Bird bones. I'm getting older now.

My high is coming down. Pull the plug. You're still so young. Pull the plug. Only twenty-one. Pull the plug. Have you given up yet? Disgusting fucking rat. Cheap emotions die young, I pray they take you with them. Pull the plug.

The Lover and I are standing in the snow. She is feeling cold. I miss when you were close. I wish I could be the one you need. I wish I was more than meat. I hate you seeing me this way.

We explore the city together. Holding hands. Bliss of entropy. In a small hotel room. Just me and you. Out there somewhere.

Regret comes from far above. A voice speaking to me from somewhere beyond.

We are together now. Smiling. In love. On an adventure. Me and my 4-leaf clover. Big green eyes cure everything. Little laughs. Singing Abba songs.

The ***** takes my hand. I give them the small plastic bag. Oversaturation. Who have you become? No. Who am I now? There is no story. There is only me. Death to The ***** yesterday. Death to The ***** tomorrow. Another bump. On my way home another bump. In the bathroom another bump. In bed another bump. Bumps in between dreams. The ***** is bleeding.

Stumbling out of Kit Kat Klub for the first time. Looking at their phone screen for the first time it reads 8:30. The ***** has a bus to catch, in an hour and a half. A ride home to Munich. Drinks for the road. The ***** crosses the empty street into the

convenience store. Struggling to keep eyes open. Jack Daniels. The Store Clerk is not smiling.

The only way out is to continue the flow of intoxication. With each step hardly breathing, only inhaling the fake weed smoke. A shadow traced in chalk, under the grim street light. Walking to West Berlin, a bus to catch. The overbearing factory buildings, mourning my sorrow, die off to be born again as grand cathedrals, celebrating my demise.

The ***** and I sit side by side watching the world float away out the window. Every time they fall asleep, I wake them up.

My head is fucking killing me. After ten hours of a sex and drugs fever dream, sitting in this bus is fucking killing. Shards of gravel rattle in my skull. A ringing deep within my ear. I can't seem to sleep and its fucking killing me. Shards of glass stuck between my teeth. I pull my gun out and put it in my mouth, cold against my tongue. It's all just fun and games. This fucking sucks. I really need a cigarette and its fucking killing me. Eight more hours on the bus. The beauty of the German countryside is no cure. The clashing of outside worlds is so absurd. I miss what felt so disturbing in the basements of Berlin. Hungover and alone, I am going home again.

Where does everyone go when they have to go? Where am I going when I feel like no one? All alone I feel like nothing. Lost of narrative. Lost of meaning. A distant soul somewhere in the world. It doesn't matter who. It doesn't matter where. It doesn't matter anymore.



5

The ***** arrives in Berlin for the second time, in search of drugs. The friends they arrived with sent The ***** alone on this adventure. I stand on the corner in the bitter cold, shivering underneath my fur coat, waiting for a message from my cryptic service. Waiting and waiting. Drugs flow boundless in Berlin, but The *****'s wariness of fentanyl draws them to this particular plug. Someone I can trust. A message tells me to walk closer to the station. It is 8pm, people walking in all directions. A message tells me to send a picture of where I am standing, and describe what I am wearing. The ***** obeys. I need the substance for this next adventure. I will do anything. A Persian man approaches me from the station entrance. The Dealer tells me to follow him. He has a secret to tell me. Secrets come in small plastic bags. An exchange. 200 Euros for four grams of ketamine. The ***** again meets The Dealer, 400 euros for four grams of ketamine and two grams of coke. Our third exchange, I tell him this is our last time. I won't be back in Berlin. Again 400 euros for four grams of ketamine and two grams of coke. The ***** meets The Dealer for the last time. He is surprised to see me, suspicious even. We say our goodbyes with an exchange of 800 euros for eight grams of ketamine, four grams of coke and some complimentary Viagra.

Drop dead with some of my friends. The Bird Lady, The Sunshine Hippy, The Trust Fund, The Normie. The ***** hides their face among the herd, another night, another night, among friends this time.

Another night below the cement. Running around in abandoned factory buildings. Boiler Room. RSO. Kafe Kuntz. Ketamine Rush. Laughter of friends. Young and living. Adventure in the big city. Genuine love for all these beings. Into the early morning our crew emerges, completely fried. A bit of time before the train to Munich, The ***** closes their eyes for an hour of sleep.

When will this forever end? Frozen in a single moment. Beyond what my mind can take. Breaking into tiny pieces. I do not know where I am. Break me into tiny pieces. Lost in error space. A K-hole, the other side of a black hole, somewhere between life and death, the disbalance of mind and body. A genuine state of forever, frozen within a single moment. Terrified, my mind is racing. All I know is I am alive. What are these eyes above me?

The Sunshine Hippy and The Bird Lady shake The *****'s physical form, startling them from trance. They tell me we are going to be late for the train. In a lingering moment I remember who I am, who these people are, where I am, what train we have to catch. The Normie comes into the room and gives us twenty minutes. We disappear back to Munich in a sludge, murky water splattered against the side of my leg. The ***** has been stained forever, traumatized, with no time to feel it.

In Berlin all alone. The cheerful laughter has been swept away by the wind. Somewhere on a train to meet some friends. Strangers to today.



6

The ***** is fully aflame. White slip dress, black curls, young and decomposing. Standing on the train among normal people. The ***** left their gun at home. No longer threatened, no longer in fear, they look down on the passing of everyday human beings as ordinary mormons. The train doors open for The Pig's stomping feet. He looks at me, dark sunken eyes. He smiles, thick yellow teeth. I turn my head to glare, he turns his fat hide away from me. Blasting hyperpop, I try to ignore The Pig's oinks and squeals. In the reflection of the window, I see he is taking a video of me over his shoulder. The ***** blows The Pig a kiss. The train doors open. The Pig turns to leave, and spits on the ground in front of The *****.

The train doors open. The Pig turns to leave, and spits on my shoe. I kick him in the back of the knee, following him as he falls onto the platform. The Pig scrambles trying to stand on his pathetic little legs. I grab him by his collar, and press his face into the cement. The Pig is squealing, kicking limbs, squirming for mercy. I want to see his face. I break his fat fucking nose, his eyebrows furrow, his eyes stuck shut, his lips are coiled, he opens his mouth, trickling blood is a sign of enough. We both learned our lesson. I leave The Pig with a kiss, my lips stained red forever.

Balloons are falling. In a small dark room, a private party, club lights flash, music blares. I'm feeling dizzy. I see somewhere The London Muse, The Italian Disco Princess, and The Mute, among a crowd of close friends. Balloons are falling. Lines are being passed

around in all directions, knots of bodies and minds, tied together in the spirit of substance. The Typical Berlin local, arrogant as fuck, adidas track pants, black glasses, black leather jacket. The Typical Berlin Local takes me by the hand and kisses his own. "I love your outfit, do you want to go to Berghain?" I laugh and say I was there the night before. The ***** is telling the truth.

Berghain. A symbol of Berlin's iconic degeneracy. The most exclusive nightclub in the world. A flame burning moths alive, if they are lucky to be let inside.

Thursday. The ***** arrives in Berlin for the third time. The *****'s curiosity has gotten the best of them. Berghain has become the only place to go, the only high to reach. The thrill of Kit Kat or Tresor grows boring. Saturated thrill. Berghain represents the sky above, or the basement below this state of fein.

"Red Light" a smoke-filled dive bar in East Berlin, just expensive enough to draw a crowd of popper-addicted art kids. The ***** sits in the back, green sofa, clear Aperol spritz, waiting patiently. The London Muse and her Berlin partner; The Chef.

The London Muse says she first met The Chef in a nightclub orgy. Later they had their first date.

On the subject of Berghain. The London Muse tells The ***** the best days to arrive at the gates of hedonic bliss are Thursdays and Sundays. The lines will be shorter and a naive foreigner like The ***** will have the best chance of being granted entrance.

Today is Thursday. I am so hungry, but I can't eat. The flesh just falls out of my mouth.

After lots of Aperol spritz and even more chatter, The London Muse and The Chef leave Red Light to attend their romantic dinner reservations. I am left alone. When I am alone, I am free. When I am alone, I am free to pursue selfish desires. The name of the party at Berghain is "psychic liberation." I expect bright lights and neon colors, however I am uniformed in my gothic attire. White dress. Black boots. White eyes. Black lace.

Dressed for the funeral. Ten pm. I am stumbling at the feet of Berghain, a towering black warehouse building. Rolls of thunder, lightning cracks, striking the metal roof, exploding into the sky and shaking the cement. A line of silhouettes follows from the side of the building.

The ***** finds their place. Fifteen minutes go by, the line moves slowly, faces turn from the door, silhouettes walk into the distance, no one is let inside. Thirty minutes go by. The ***** has moved further up in line. Still, no one seems to have been let inside. Forty-five-minute go by. Moths pressing against the glass.

It is not until I reach the front of the line, I realize everyone in line with me are men. Dressed in big coats in the winter cold. Black silhouettes against the snow.

At the front of the line, I stand out like a piss-hole in a clean slate of snow.

The Gatekeeper tells me my outfit is amazing. I feel like he is mocking me.

He asks me if I have ever been here before.

I know I am supposed to answer "yes."

I say "no."

He asks me if I know what's going on tonight.

I know I am supposed to answer "yes."

I say "no."

The Gatekeeper tells me the party tonight is men only. Dress code completely naked.

The words that came out of my mouth were "I'm ready to take this all off." Without a moment of thought, I am rushed inside, down a flight of stairs, into the dungeons of Berghain. The Septum, a large black man with a huge septum piercing, plants a number on my wrist and a cloth sack in my hands. He tells me to put all my clothes into the bag. I am ushered into a locker room, fit for a sport team of horny gays. It takes me like 30 minutes to take off the layers of leather vest, mini dress, underwear. I attempt to leave on my harness and leggings, exposing most of everything, but The Septum says with an irritated tone to "take everything off."

Among a handful of males getting undressed, all much larger than me. I am stripped of all identity. Tonight

I am a vessel of flesh. Completely nude except my boots, I continue down the hall.

I have never before seen so many men having sex in one room. There was no music. A bar on one side of the room, alit with crystal lights, sophistication, colorful paintings, black leather couches and curtains. Naked males all over each other, on every surface. Kissing, sucking, fucking.

I smoke three cigarettes. The first I stand in the center of the room, hand on hip, looking as cunt as possible to mask my discomfort. A hundred or so men, on all slides all around me, are involved in an escalating orgy. Broad shoulders shake against each other. Strong hands gripping each other's backs. So many hands all together. So much muscle and masculinity. So much penis. I tell myself I am here as a journalist, not as a junkie, really I am just curious. A moth stuck to the light, staring at its own reflection.

The second cigarette I smoke while going to the washroom. I need to pee. A line of like ten urinals, no barriers or anything between them. I am completely fucking sober, like maybe a little high, a little drunk, but no hard drugs. The act of peeing completely naked alongside nine other naked men made me feel really uncomfortable.

The third cigarette I decide to further explore the space. Strutting the hallway I observe further curtains containing the screechings of pleasure. It is only a matter of time before I must do something. I admire these men greatly for finding their place. They are

deserving. These basements are a refuge, a community, under the surface.

Finishing cigarette number three, I notice an older man has been following me in my wander. He steps on the back of my boot, and I decide it is time for me to leave. I retrieve my clothes from The Septum, and put them back on as fast as possible. The Septum stops me at the door and asks for my receipt. I tell him I didn't buy anything. He says I still need to get a receipt from the bar. I ask if I must take my clothes off again. He just shakes his head.

Walking back down the hall, into the space filled with men having sex. I am fully clothed. Somehow this was even more awkward. Gratefully the bartender spotted me from afar and handed me my receipt. It was a quick interaction.

As I leave the basement the Doorkeeper asks me if I had fun. Wide eyed and young, I whisper I am not ready yet. A lie. I will never return to the basement of Berghain. These people are just like me but with different desires. A different itch to scratch. All love and respect to them. We are all the same.

Left alone in the winter cold, I lost The ***.**

Walking around the building of Berghain, I see there is another line of people coming from the front. Mixed gendered people in colorful sexy costumes. The name of the party I had planned to go to was called "Psychic Liberation."

To their absolute stupidity The ***** was unaware Berghain was hosting multiple parties at once. They accidentally went to the men-only-completely-naked-sex-party, instead of the colorful-all-gender-sex-party. They don't even have drugs to blame for this mistake.

I take them by the hand, and together we stand in line, waiting for the final rush to kick in.

They took my phone, I must have checked my jacket, but I do not remember anything about entering Berghain. As soon as I am inside, I don't know where I am, everything is black. The moths have been simmering for some time now. They are fried to a crisp against the light. The lights are off. Somehow, I find the washroom. In Berghain for the first time, the absolute peak of Berlin nightclubs, The ***** spends the first thirty minutes pooping. To my surprise, the toilet at Berghain was not as nice as the Kit Kat washroom. I watch The ***** shit in a metal cage, surrounded by strangers.

Pulling up my pants. Deep breaths. Dime bag in my boot. I tell The ***** a secret. I lie to myself. Tell myself I deserve a fat fucking line. It's been a long night. Shaking the bag, making sure the ket and coke is well balanced. The ***** can't just take one substance at once. If they just take coke, they feel like they have lots of energy, but are missing a body high. If they just take ketamine, they are in a psychedelic place but lack energy. Together, The ***** can become who they always wanted to be.

What is on the other side of a black hole? What comes after death? Where do we go when we fall asleep? In this state of error, alone in a ***** wonderland, The ***** dances.

Someone sees me. Lost in this darkness. Someone touches me. I feel so alone. Floating in the wind together. The ***** has seen so much today, and the day before, and tomorrow. What time is it? It doesn't matter anymore. Through so much stimulation I now feel nothing. I don't know who I am. I don't know who I am. I am completely within myself. In the music. In this beautiful high. Thank you to my savior, for every fluttering rush. You have always loved me. Floating away from room to room under the influence of music and heavy drug use. Secrets come in small plastic bags. Holding hands with someone else. Someone I don't know. An Italian woman. She kisses me, Ms. Italy, I follow her anywhere. Gone in the wind again. I am on so much cocaine I can't get hard. The uncomfortable feeling of a geiked out, soft blowjob. Embarrassment of Berghain.



7

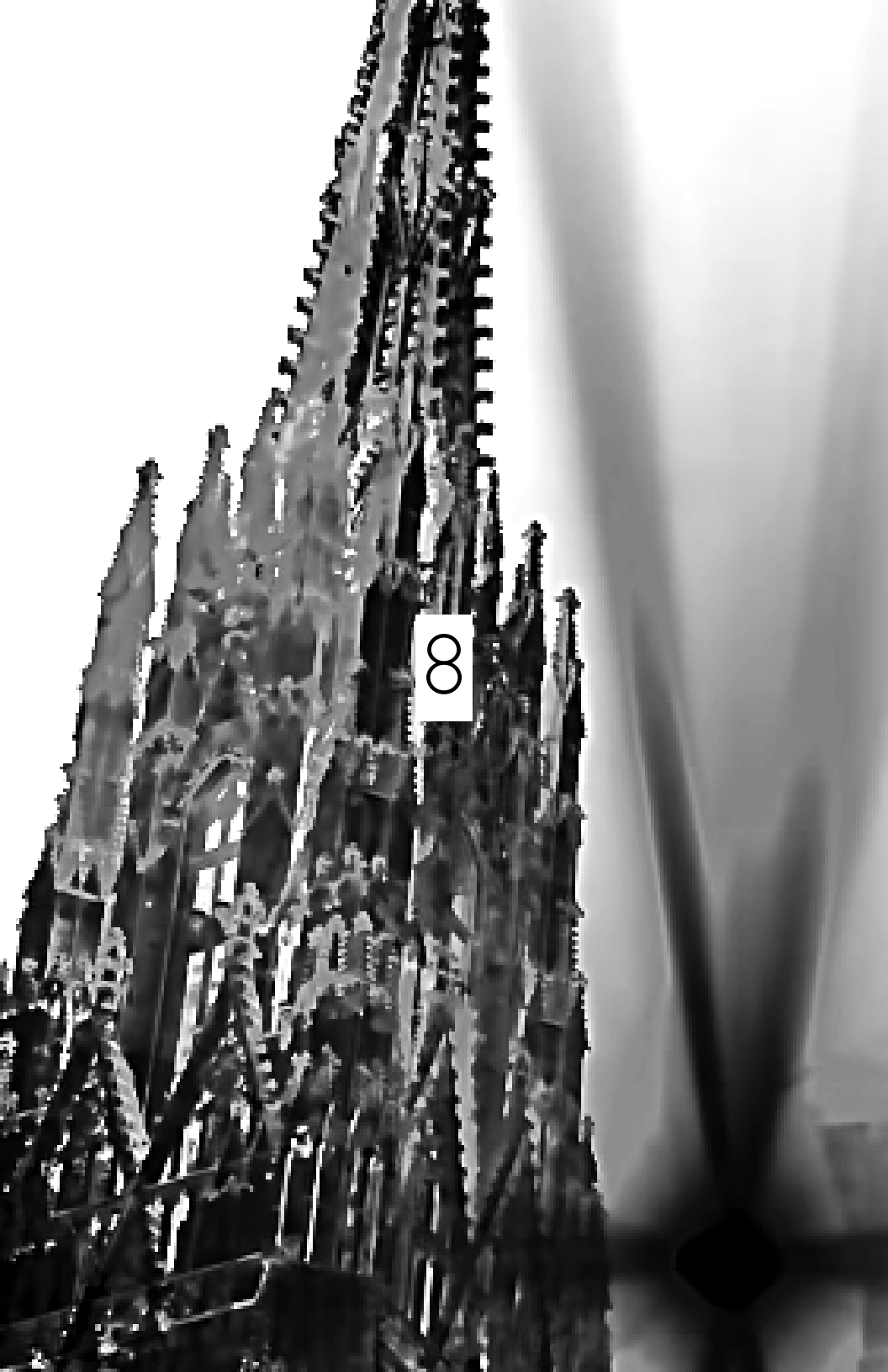
I thought I had killed you out there in the snow, but still I shiver. You know me better than anyone else. I am sorry for putting you in this box. Thank you for sharing your words.

Serious to say runaway with me. On to something better. Adrenaline is a wild high. Prey mentality. I'm in a sex club in Leipzig. I am at a rave in Vienna with The Castaway. At a trainyard in Munich, overrun with graffiti and rave yuppies. I am blacking out in a basement in Berlin. Fluttering eyelashes, gasping for air. **For once the ***** is fighting to stay alive.** The playroom is fit with tables, beds and showers for over a hundred pleasure seeking deviants. Two beers deep, no hard drugs, but having fun. All dressed up with trance music and beautiful beings. Drowning under a downpour of cold water. Soaking wet stumbling down the hall of this rotting basement. I walk slowly through this disenchanting wonderland. Sitting outside smoking a cigarette. Dancing on a table in a train car, a brown bump of something from a stranger. I am the bell of the ball. Half naked in the shower, naked in the bottom half. Stealing clothes from their closet. The place is completely empty. My vision starts to go out and I collapse to the ground. The Gentleman tries to kiss me. Fucking freezing and choking on the water, I desperately try to push myself up to turn the water off. Running away I'm so sorry I couldn't take you with me. The Castaway wakes me up, shouting in Spanish. I have eyes for your wife. I prefer your lover's face. I slip and fall, banging my knee on the toilet, without feeling a thing. Mx. Methamphetamine, I hope you find

your paradise; you are worthy of happy living. Three disciples break bread in cocaine bumps, finding grace and love. The Wife puts her hand on my leg. **It's a tricky situation.** She leans in to kiss my neck. **It's a tricky situation.** The Gentleman wants me too. He leans to kiss me and I accept. **The Wife leaves them in this moment, before taking the ***** for herself.** I have learned to endure what I don't enjoy, by working any minimum wage job. It's all a transaction. The Gentleman watches everything. I can feel his gaze on me, not on his wife. He watches me kiss her. He sees my face scoff when she slaps me, turns red when she chokes me. She shakes against my legs. Somehow, I have gotten caught up with the wrong people. Out west somewhere on the train tracks, jumping from joyride to joyride. I think they might be onto us. I've been slipping into this city too many times. What does it take to become beloved? **The ***** sits in somber.** They can't calm me down. You know everything now. Someone is telling me the wrong thing. Typical drug addict breakup. Mx. Methamphetamine wants to kill me, or they want to love me. Use me use me use me up. Oh so romantic, I can't stop throwing up. Profound poetry of Mx. Methamphetamine. It's been forever since I have seen the sky. Since I knew anything other than them. It has been a weekend. No, it's been a week. It has been three days. No sleep, or food. I can't seem to stop it. I need to get out of their basement. We share lines together. My new partner smokes meth and throws me against the wall. Where is The Love of my life? Somewhere on the other side. No never mind she's too far beyond. To wish her better is to stay out of her

life. I crawl into the shower and vomit into the drain. My face falls flat into the excrement. **The ***** is disgusting, love and drugs like a dirty animal.** I desperately turn on the water. I pull the knob and it's fucking cold. **Wearing only a t-shirt, The ***** vomits and shits themselves in the shower, shaking violently under the cold water.** I am at a rave in Vancouver. A man takes a bump of coke in front of me and I pass out. **Waking up The ***** has no idea where they are.** Lost in error! ***** What is beyond the black hole? The Prince of Austria is standing above me shaking me awake. Mx. Methamphetamine standing on the corner. Matching black eyes. 3D printed psilocybin. Glowing under the streetlight. Staring into a puddle. We share a cigarette.

The cathedral lies above us. The Lover and I are together now. Smiling. In love. On an adventure together. Big green eyes cure everything. Little laughs. Singing Abba songs. A field of clovers, laying in the sun, our heads pressed together. Bliss of entropy. Me and my four leaf clover. Lucky me.



The ***** returns to Berghain for the last time. A DJ is playing harsh noise. A shaved head is playing bass guitar. A blue haired queer is screaming on stage. Pleading for a future where I am not so high. The ***** is searching for a story. Armed and dangerous with cocaine and ketamine. They have learned better than to leave behind their weapon. Colt python in my pocket, my weed pen is dwindling. Tonight, we reach higher heights. A bump of Ket. Twenty minutes of dance. A bump of coke. Twenty minutes of dance. A bump of Ket. Twenty minutes of dance. Ranting in my head. The ***** is drying out in swamp lands. I put the gun in my mouth, choking out the air in my throat. Too afraid to pull the trigger, I leave my ego out in the sun to rot. Those around me are mosquitoes, biting my skin and drinking my blood.

Sitting down to smoke a cigarette, I feel so fucked up. I'm worried I am too high. I worry I might be sick. I stand and I am moving so slow, swimming in syrup the darkness is just so dark, the lights are just so bright. I raise my hand in front of my eyes, and I just can't see it. Drinking water from the sink. The ***** falls to their knees, reaching for the dime bag in their boot. Another bump and we dance. In the movement of music, I feel so sober I can do this all night.

Both feet on the cement. Both hands to the sky. Reaching for higher heights. I look down from the sky and I see someone else. They are desperately trying to grab ahold of me. They are trying to pull themselves up, or pull me under.

You can be as ignorant as you like of the passing of time, but time will always find you. You can live your life without any story, but you will always reach your end. Every climax passes, every good moment rots bad. I am still out here haunting you. There is no escape. No rush, no high will ease all pain. No single moment will make all of life worth it. You can seek stimulation, but you will only kill it for yourself.

No more marijuana. No more alcohol. Lost on the cement. I can't read the fucking street signs. Coming down hard off the ketamine, walking feels like forever. Every step feels like I am going nowhere. I am still on this same street somehow. Walking and walking, stumbling and falling. Still the same graffiti stains and low hanging grey ceiling. The sky is coming down closer to me. I can almost reach it. If I break through, I will be above it all.

Clarity comes in small plastic bags. I drop my fucking keys in the snow, stumbling, loosing most of my Ket. Licking my lips, scrounging for what little I have left, deep breaths and the pain will go away, this heatwave will end, we can disappear together into this moment.

I miss her. Looking around. I see I am in the place where I let her go. The cathedral lies above us. We are together now. Smiling. In love. On an adventure together. Me and my 4-leaf clover. Big green eyes cure everything. Little laughs. Lilac wine. Is sweet and heady. Like my love. Lilac wine. I feel unsteady. Like my love. Listen to me. I cannot see clearly. Isn't that

she coming to me? Nearly here. Lilac wine. I feel unsteady. Where is my love? Lilac wine. I feel unsteady. Where's The Love? Listen to me. Why's everything so hazy? Isn't that she? Or am I just going crazy dear? Lilac Wine. I feel unready for my love. Feel unready.

You were always the best part of the story.

Romance in a small Italian restaurant in the outskirts of the city. Laughing, smiling in love. Romance in falling asleep together on the train. Romance in a small hotel room. Nowhere again. Together again. Anywhere in the world, if I am with you.

The Lover is somewhere beyond in the sky, and I below the cement. Wishing her the best.

The itch is fucking killing me. I am the crack cocaine Anthony Bourdain. Every night I die again. I am not the same person today as I was yesterday. I will not be the same person tomorrow. Loss of narrative. Absolute hedonism. Looking down from the sky I see myself passed out on the cement. I try to tell myself the story, over and over again, making myself remember. I am too romantic to get old. Not that I will die young, but I am invincible, immortal even. Cheap thrills die young, but I am forever, forever seeking, searching for something more. I am an addict. Boo hoo.

A spirit carried me home. Leaving Berghain for the last time, my last night in Berlin. Someone I have known for a long time. This lady in the background. I had seizures as a kid. When I should have been sleeping,

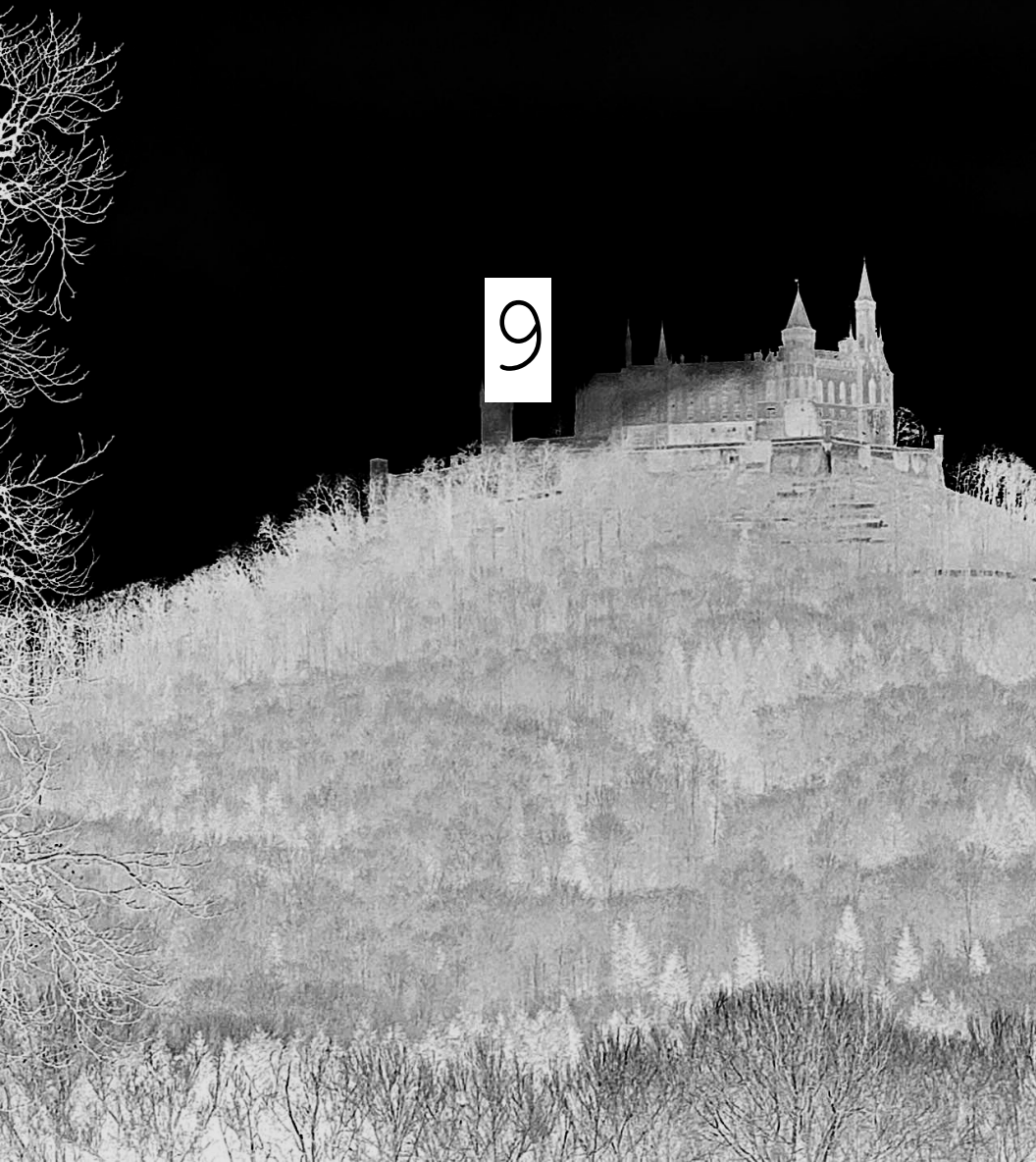
she would visit me. She gives me painful headaches. She haunts me still. She knows me better than anyone else. I think she took me home that night, leaving Berghain for the last time. I awoke in bed, rows and rows of empty beds in all directions. Just for the ketamine to beat me over the head with a stick. She was in that room with me that night. She is in the room with me tonight. Somewhere in the background, I think she is right behind me now.

I remember experiencing this hellish fucking k hole. It felt like forever. Me and you spent eons together. Trying to piece back together who I am. Trying to believe that I am the same person today, as I was yesterday, as I will be tomorrow. Trying to love that person as you loved me that night.

It's as if I had no place in this world, no part of the life around me. It's as if I had no place in this world, no part of the life around me. It's as if I had no place in this world, no part of the life around me. It's as if I had no place in this world, no part of the life around me. It's as if I had no place in this world, no part of the life around me.

Waiting patiently for the final rush to kick in. Letting go of this feeling forever. Finding story.

9



Love to all the junkies, sluts, tweakers and fetishizers. In Kit Kat Klub for the last time. I am just here for a safe place to do drugs. Another kick sentient rush, maybe a kiss, maybe a touch, but it is never enough, it is never enough. **Mist rises in the swamp.** In the lounge room, where I first tangoed with The John, I sit and watch the people around me. **The water reflects the grey of the sky.** Different people with different lovers. We are all truly strangers. Here in these basements, we feel safe to be free. **In this pond of asphalt.** Free to be together. People are talking over drinks. **A frog splashes into the water.** Laughing together. **Birds are chirping, waiting for the sun.** Young lovers kiss in the corner. Older lovers swap partners on the sofa. **Crickets sing into the crisp winter air.** Two true loves tied together, dance romantically in the middle of the room. **Reptiles, swimming together in harmony.** Enters a leather clad Dom leading a furry on a leash, who in turn, leads a gimp on all fours on a second leash. The Dom throws them a stuffed animal and the three of them cuddle on the sofa.

The Witch is friends with all the swamp creatures. The Witch is so young, compared to the turtles and crocodiles. The Witch is the only one who remembers anything beyond. They sit at the edge of the swamp and watch the reptiles swim together. Dreaming of something so far away.

A castle on the hill. The wind is completely still. Leaving me alone to make my own path. Grandeur beyond me. This is my life. Black, purple trees, death of

winter. Crawling through the mud. Both hands in the air. Reaching towards the sky. At the castle now. Looking down at what's below. Looking down from the sky I see myself, somewhere between the sky and cement. I tell myself the story over again, making myself remember. It's although for a time I didn't exist.

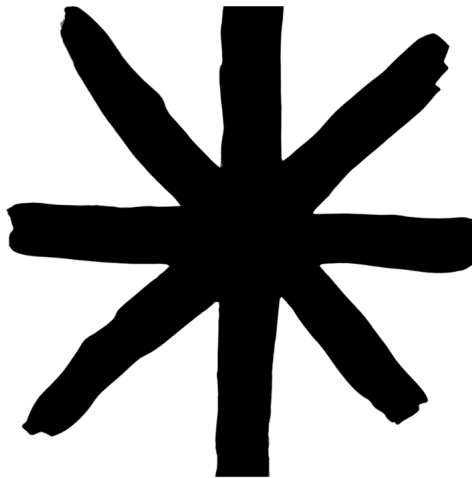
One Year Later.....

Today Is.....

February 2nd, 2025.

My face is too fine to show any age. My heart too romantic to ever grow old. So afraid of growing old alone. So afraid of settling down too soon. Maybe I am too young to keep good love from going wrong. Desperate to live life fully, so much emotion, holding on tight to every moment. Moth personality. On January 15th, I fell in love again. Her favorite song is Champagne Coast. By the 26th, I am alone again. A piece of my heart will always belong to her. She has left me with lessons in the form of a spectacular dream; singing, laughing, dancing in the water; radiant with the reflection of a forever sunshine. Romantic love is never a fleeting feeling. Romantic love is always worth the grief. Heartbreak is the best part. Every lover says I am the first to give them flowers. I don't know what to believe, material things don't mean so much to me. In 22 years, I have been struck with the crashing wave of romantic love 22 times. Names and faces, distant souls I still remember. Grief never feels the same, but every time, a piece of my heart ascends to the sky, while I stay on the cement, writing love songs about people I do not really know. Dreams of seeing the world with someone, but I could never dim your light, never ask you to live your life through mine. You are the most important person in your world. I am blessed to exist in your universe. On the road again, another

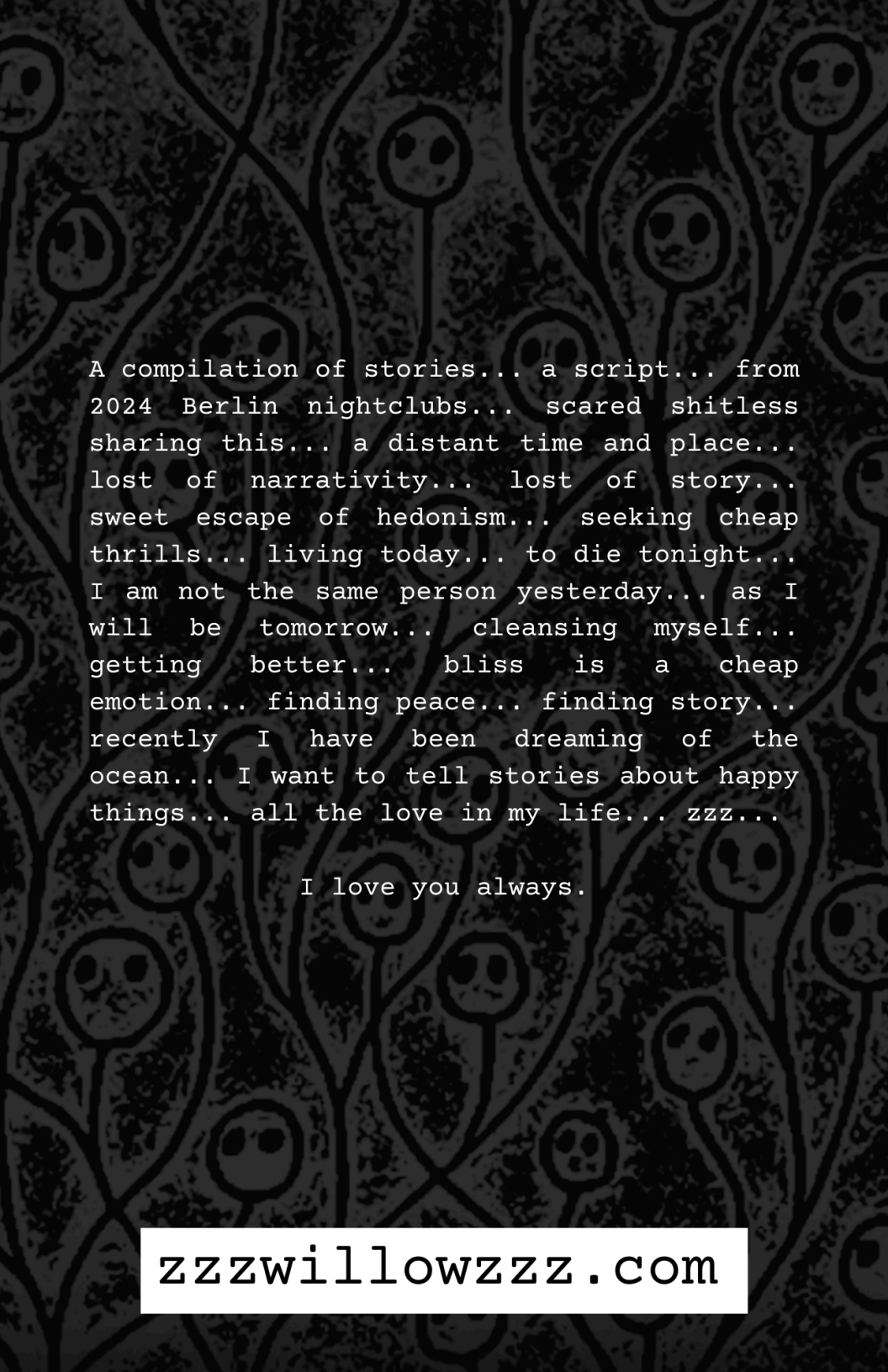
lover washes over me. Another year in Canada, soon enough I will release the Alf House Time Capsule, enjoying the joy of playing music with friends. Six months in South America, riding a train out west, playing folk music. Six months in Australia/East Asia, on the beach with friends, living in a hippy commune. Two more years is as much future as I can think of. Bliss is a cheap emotion. In love, yet alone, searching for peace and tranquility. Something lasting. Black coffee in early mornings, reading a new book on the bus, soaking up the sun, noticing the stars. Recently I have been dreaming of the ocean. Castaway, before the final rush kicks in. Love is a faith based religion, and I am a believer. When all the love in my life has passed me by, I dream to die in a city I do not recognize.



ZZZZZZZZZZ

Kill me and curse my name. These stories are forever. You can not take these away from me. Long after I lose my voice, longer than I can remember, these stories will be somewhere. My secrets are plain for you to judge. I am nothing but someone somewhere between the sky and cement. In story I mean something. You decide what that meaning is.

ZZZZZZZZZZ



A compilation of stories... a script... from
2024 Berlin nightclubs... scared shitless
sharing this... a distant time and place...
lost of narrativity... lost of story...
sweet escape of hedonism... seeking cheap
thrills... living today... to die tonight...
I am not the same person yesterday... as I
will be tomorrow... cleansing myself...
getting better... bliss is a cheap
emotion... finding peace... finding story...
recently I have been dreaming of the
ocean... I want to tell stories about happy
things... all the love in my life... zzz...

I love you always.

zzzwillowzzz.com