

september 5

Marie says
I can stay
longer.



a month,
maybe two?

what then?

I can't
hide
out
forever



...

I don't know
the
names
of
the
trees,
nor
those
of the
flowers,
the plants,
the clouds.

do I
even have
a right to
live here?

Pictures of
Marie's family
hang on



the walls.



september 9

(I turned 25 yesterday)

I couldn't rebook my return flight.
Jonas won't be waiting for me at
the airport, and not anybody else either.

