

The Fog

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I want a black glass chandelier she says.

I like it when it's foggy. It's romantic.

I like night time when the sky is clear

I like wrought iron gates with glass she says

I like the fact that you're a photographer.

You're very photogenic.

It's scary when it rains.

Your typewriter is quite quaint.

All the real men are gone now, she says.

I like old things. Old things are nice.

Character. That's what makes a person.

You don't find yourself, you make yourself.

My house is full of wires and LED lights now

And I can't stand modern art

I don't think I like anime anymore

My favorite room is the one with exposed pipes.

It's too quiet now.

I miss old things

I miss the fog