

ANNIE FISH PRESENTS

# Kinetic





my feet hurt

**what makes you think mine don't**

aren't you a back pain girlie, though?

**don't say girlie so close to a church**

he's not listening

**no one is listening**

are going to fuck?

**when we're out of earshot**

we used to fuck at the movie theater

**i guess we still could**

i guess a church is cool too

**we're not fucking in a church**

outside a church

**up the hill from a church**

do you miss him

**who**

Jason

**dude what the fuck**

what do you mean "what the fuck"

**why would you ask that?**

wait, what happened?

**when did you leave the bar?**

i dont know, what happened?

**because i told Sarah**

wait, no, wait

...

no

PARKING LOT,  
SILVER + 8TH,  
10PM.



WHAT ARE YOU REALLY  
THINKING WHEN YOU  
SAY THIS TO YOURSELF?



YOU THINK OF THE  
BIG SKY AT NIGHT,  
YOU THINK OF "SEE  
YOU TOMORROW."



YOU WONDER WHAT  
ELSE COULD GO  
SIDWAYS



YOU REMEMBER  
THE RAIN...



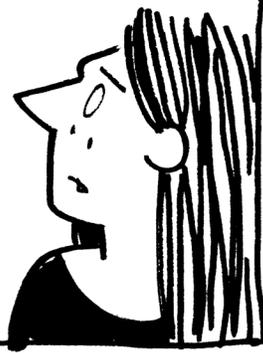
BUT DID IT EVER  
RAIN IN THE PARKING  
LOT, SILVER + 8TH,  
10PM?

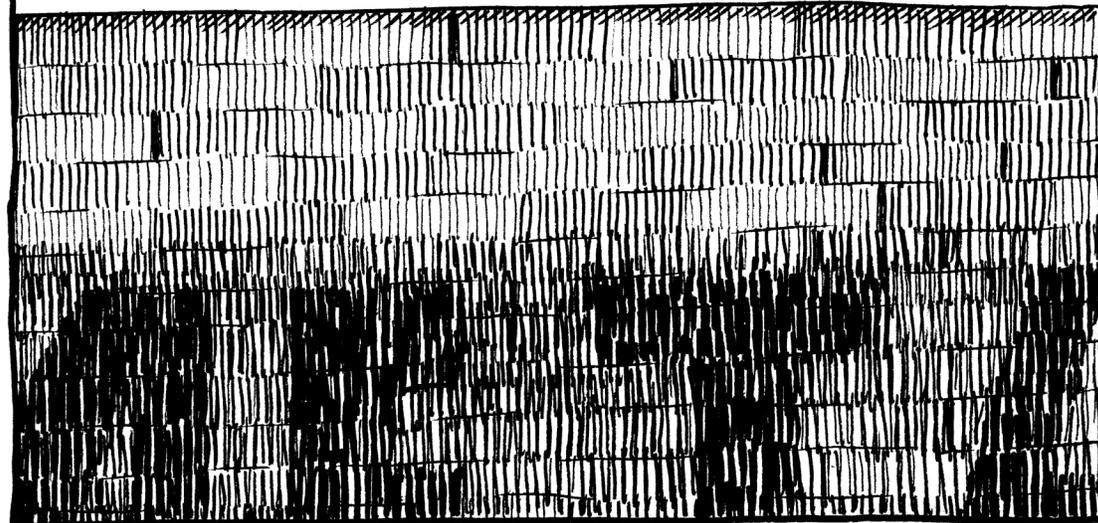
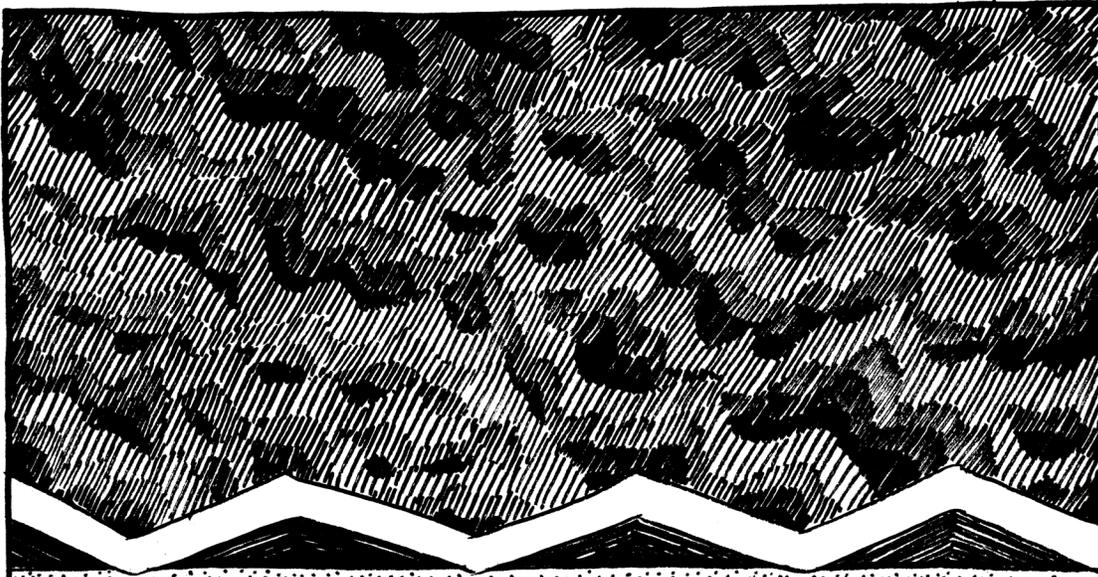


NO, IT DIDN'T, THAT'S  
NOT A MEMORY YOU  
HAVE, THAT ONE'S  
NOT YOURS.



OR, "I AM JUST  
THINKING ABOUT IT."





**nail polish namer**

copy machine repair person

**eyebrow threader**

garbage man

**street sweeper**

car crash street sweeper

**blood mopper**

body bag zipper manufacturer

**bleach tester**

scissor sharpener

**gun cocker**

jack hammerer

**pavement fixer**

ash sweeper

**ash taster**

body chopper

...

like a car

**trash compactor**

towel fluffer

**pillow sniffer**

poet

PARKING LOT, SILVER + 8TH, 10PM.  
THIS IS JUST A WALK, NOW. THE  
CRUNCH OF GRAVEL. THE SPOT-  
LIGHTS TO KEEP PEOPLE "HONEST."  
THE PLASTIC BAG PULLED AT  
YOUR HAND.



THE BIG SKY AT NIGHT. THE  
STARS STILL PRESENT. YOU  
TAKE YOUR GLASSES OFF TO SEE  
A WIDER VIEW, CUTTING  
ACROSS THE PARKING LOT,  
NO ONE'S EVER REALLY  
PARKED HERE.



DOWN SILVER, THE DOGWOOD  
TREES, A LITTLE SWAY, A  
BREEZE JUST FOR YOU, THE  
BAG HURTS MORE, SWITCH HANDS,  
DON'T THINK OF "SEE YOU TOMORROW."  
THINK OF THE AIR IN THE BIG SKY.



TURN FROM SILVER ONTO 10TH,  
AND DON'T THINK ABOUT IT.  
"I'M JUST THINKING ABOUT IT."  
WELL, STOP. REMEMBER BETTER.  
A "GOOD" MEMORY AND A GOOD  
MEMORY. STOP REMEMBERING,  
THEN.





i don't believe in anything.  
no, i'm serious.  
what do i believe in?  
fucking.  
stop laughing.  
stop laughing.  
i am serious.  
yes, i'm being safe.  
yes, i still have the site up.  
yes it's very popular.  
fire.  
you've seen my toes,  
haven't you?  
fire.  
okay well you could  
but it'll cost you.  
yes, that's why i got mad at you  
for posting that pic  
on insta without asking.  
yes, you're supposed to ask.  
yes! it's etiquette.  
what?  
no, what did you say?  
you cut out.  
do i have a what?  
a gun?  
do i have a gun? yiss.  
to shoot it?  
no i dont really know.  
it looks good next to the door.  
fire.  
no not the front door.  
the bedroom door.  
yes it's loaded.  
hey by the way,  
are you still good to watch maisie?  
this weekend?  
yeah friday.  
ok fire.  
i gotta go.  
love you bestie.

PARKING LOT, SILVER + 8TH, NEXT DAY, 8PM. THERE'S STILL LIGHT IN THE SKY, THE BIG SKY, KEEP LOOKING, NOT MEMORY, CATCHING UP TO MEMORY, WRITING AS YOU GO, NO BAG THIS TIME, SMALL BACKPACK, MAKING A NEW MEMORY, PUTTING IT ON THE SHELF NEXT TO LAST NIGHT'S "PARKING LOT, SILVER + 8TH," AND THE NIGHT BEFORE'S "PARKING LOT, SILVER + 8TH." AND THE NIGHT BEFORE THAT—



THE NIGHT BEFORE THAT YOU SPENT IN THE COLD. YOU DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. YOU DON'T THINK OF THE COLD, AND THE WAY IT MADE THE KNIT OF YOUR SWEATER CATCH TO YOUR ARM. YOU DON'T THINK OF YOUR LIPS STICKING TOGETHER. YOU DON'T THINK OF THE DIRT NOT GIVING AWAY TO TOUCH. IT'S OKAY, THOUGH. YOU'RE STILL ALIVE. THAT'S ALL. WE'RE NOT HERE FOR THE COLD. WE'RE HERE FOR ONE THING ONLY:





PARKING LOT, SILVER + 8TH.  
FOREVER AND EVER.





"KINETIC" BY ANNIE FISH  
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THANK YOU