

SYDNEY JIN CHOI

Suburban Love Song

After Gertrude Stein's "Flirting at the Bon Marche"

Some believe this is the only place where anything is, and some come from other places to tell us we're wrong. Some lift the wet grass in clumps of earth, and it feels like a violation, and it feels like it doesn't matter. Some build homes in this place. Some think this is a new place. We know it's not. We've been here for longer and we've had less for longer and we've been trying for longer.

Some look to the endless march of cars to tell them where north is. Some complain of the traffic. Some are scared to drive on the freeway. We remember when it was easy to drive and easier not to drive. Now everybody drives and has drive, driven to boredom, driving past construction site and tollbooth and crumbling brick wall. Some don't even have cars.

Some wake up this morning. Some wake up to the heat this morning. Some go to work this morning. This morning we make lists of the differences, new people, new places, new things. No new things, we say and close doors and mourn land and drive cars and drink coffee. But this morning we think of children and more homes and more drive and more work.

Some say this is living. Some say that it's not. Some say that there's more. But we know that there's not. We know this is living this is living this is living.