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Script Masthead 2024

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We remake
ourselves.



Two months after Mom died, I remember the journals of Timeshare Unit 104.

...

What am I wearing to the funeral? The dress I wore to the symphony last year, mom probably sent you the photos—no, I can't wear that. Skirt too short, I'll look like a slut, I don't want to look like a slut at dad's funeral, do I?

...

Peace, then, is the chorus of life. And Shakespeare's King Lear rings with a pure, tender harmony too often missed beneath the cries of madness, resentment, fear, and the horns of war.

...

a grave—open—to release fragrant bodies
to dance in the morning light
you press porcelain to lips: inhale the fumes of their demise
exhale resurrection

...

A few months before, the McLeods had taken Willa and Benji to the science museum. There had been these ultra-strong magnets, so strong that Willa couldn't pull them apart. She and B had turned into the magnets. It seemed as if no force would be capable of prying them apart.

...

& i share better than you
raspy throat so drink some tea
warm inside cold outside
& it is forever & a second
& you curl into my side

...

Of course, it's still possible to get into dnd and enjoy yourself without all of the theatricality; all you really need is your friends, your imagination, some dice, and perhaps a rulebook or two.

...

But, as I look around my house and I find my worn copies of Harry Potter that belonged to him, and my worn copy of The Hobbit, and my old dance photo that he kept in his locker at work, and I realize I don't need to hear him say I love you, I live with an infinite amount of little *I love yous*.

...

I wanted to see what would grow
but I was afraid to hope

that her hand could touch mine
from 5,000 miles away.

...

Then you see the birds cross behind the trees, flying off into the forest. You hope to see them again one day. You don't know if you ever will, but just the possibility brings you joy. And you keep going.