

Letter From Alex

Teitur

The end of February, a garbage truck is backing up outside my window.

Four years ago my father died, that's more than a thousand days

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Emily is across from me, her head cocked like a curious dog. She's muttering lines from an upcoming show, broken into jazz standards. Something about "Baby leaving" and "Never coming back."

Where are you in the winter when I need some camaraderie?

I'm disappointed about my job. It's definitely not what I envisioned.

Emily is staring out the window, the three armed lamp is out on a bulb. I hear you are travelling around towns I can't pronounce. You know, I used to live in them! Now I must get some rest.

All the good symptoms of art will always bring some restlessness. In the februaries of my late twenties and, I suppose, my thirties.