

Each day, one train heads East at noon, the other West at 4pm.



* Skips around the block each day with determination

There's a pomegranate tree here, too. Is this a church? A private residence?



I scraped cochineal from this cactus and made pigment



neighbor spent 20 minutes telling me Germans in tunnels under the Earth control banks

Florian and Kindeshaun informal dance practice.



a very tall Saint



Thurs day film screenings at the National Hispanic Cultural Center, books, performances

where I stay up until 1am to talk to my mom who just woke up 8,000 miles away

* digital funeral ads that really stress me out. "Seasons change, seasons change Seasons change"



Je l'écrais un poème du fond de mon lit



Misocoma TORTILLA



I read each product each time I pass.



Navarez walks ms. Vanje



a thousand cottonwood trees



Zoo Rio Grande



I hear the lion at night, the monkeys in the morning

I sat next to a New York Times journalist at a dinner (so intimidating)



I couldn't believe how beautiful Working Classroom was the first time I passed it. The only time I ever went on a walk at 7am.



This was written here. A story about cultural and class differences between these adjacent neighborhoods.

Vicente plays his guitar.



The neighbor we had never met who gave us pomegranates from his tree.



One hundred cranes in the winter