

## place places fire places

everyone is very excited for everything. Guy is asleep next to me on the couch, and the hour might be 2 am or it might be 6 am. i've lost all time because i live in three homes.

in our first night in the new place, a fire broke out a few houses down. we had just gone to sleep, like tonight, so wrapped up in logistics of living in different places. we collapsed so happily. but then there were fire trucks and the smell of hotdogs. soon after was a sound of glass breaking. there are few things more unnerving. how fake it sounds! how insane and fake.

on the sidewalk i was the only one wearing daytime clothes. people stood in a staggered rows, like watching a rocket launch.

men had their arms around women. we met our neighbors on either side. i thought, this is a bad time to mention the raucous party we're planning.

one girl in skinny jeans and no shoes was heaving with sobs. i hope she is doing all right, wherever she is.

when the firemen walked past us on the sidewalk, their faces looked lifelike, but not real. they all seemed so handsome that it occurred to me--i must be perceiving this wrong. i must not be seeing things the way they are. these men are just men, in heavy pants and boots. they are working, we are in their workspace. they're weaving through us on the sidewalk, and not asking us to move. i felt they could tell i was not wearing a bra underneath my coat.

those young people lost their house. Guy asked if we should invite them to stay with us, but at that point we were using an old chick-fil-a cup as the only cup in the house.

we went inside and slept, despite the lights and the trailing smell. as long as the glass doesn't break.