

*Three o'clock in the afternoon on a warmer summer day pandora promises love, pain, betrayal, and the details of life. The corona I bought from the other night becomes a favorite beverage of mine. Writing in the shadows it is difficult, to be honest anywhere but within myself. Trust and mistrust of friends, people, feel temporary in life's coaster. Quick to understand the unforgiving tails, stories are manipulated to every individual like a tailored suit. Their soul may be misled by other means other than deception. Money, life's blood we live to open new doors. Our interpretation of meaning is vague. Much like writing in math notebooks. Understanding is left to the unfinished equations.*

*On the brink of random chatter, we bring meaning to this.*

*Constant movement complements the bliss in quitting. Difficulties show the characters which we long find missing.*

*-Written in a math notebook, 2014, J.S.*