

Tomorrow Never Came- Lana Del Rey ft. Sean Lennon

1. I once wrote that it is important to think of every experience as teachable. That tells you a lot about what I think of the past. For instance, that it punishes me. For instance, its fixity and how it has whittled me is as an affront. I am realizing a lot of the same in my approach to this city. Forgive me. I am new to you as yet. I am learning [You] [will be a teachable experience, too] [?].
2. Why I must begin with time is that it is married to space. By which I mean, we don't yet fully understand the ways they must feel about each other.
3. Painfully, then, the mapped-out physique of your room; [tucked away as like a large safe behind more boxy buildings, the heart of some maze.] Inside, now; [You, exploded. Objects on the floor as if you relent to gravity. Objects on the floor as if your feet will not fall on them. Objects treated cavalier as if uninvested by care. Premonitions of me?] Gray paint on the walls, bare. Sterile single source white light [ that washes all of it with anti-life], bare. All I can speak of the floor is it was covered in stuff. All I can speak of the ceiling is I do not remember it. [There, a window curtain I mistook for a whiteboard. Maybe I thought you could change the way everything outside would look, which is to say, I want to see everything with your eyes.] The kitchen stands out. It felt bustling with objects and energies. It felt forbidden.
4. I once realized that attention is the currency with which we deal in Time. I then resolved to pay all of it to You because, I don't know, you seemed full of this glittering promise. [Something to be said about my gambling hand, which is to say, I am a sore loser.]

5. Forgive me. This is going to be a very long letter. Like the storm clouds that are in the weather report at eight sharp in the morning but don't coalesce in the skies above till four in the afternoon, the figure of You has haunted these words before they began. I only ever write now to You. [And here, they break.] [I don't watch the news.]
  
6. Besieged by home. The idea of home has demolished itself just as a home might be. By which I mean, its boards have been ripped off, so excuse me if I am startled at the sound of wood creaking. [I once wrote] 'It's just that there's suddenly a lot of stuff that's become existent only in my past, and I can't reconcile.'
  
7. Here's every thought I've had about home, gathered: that I no longer have one. [Why? Because time. Because some things move into the house of the past, which is how you lose them, since they are no longer in your present. The past is what everything will eventually become. It is the oblivion to which everything is consigned by the curse of having moved through time. It's what I fear for you. It's what you're making me. Is the past then a kind of home, and is everything having moved into it the reason I keep being drawn in? It's particle physics. It's astrophysics. And if I have been drawn into the past do I no longer exist?] That I have moved it. [If I have removed myself from the space I call home, is that something I have lost? And if I land in a foreign city and decide suddenly I want to call it home instead, can it so easily be regained? But what of how it does not know me? And what of how the place that once knew me no longer does?] That I like yours. [As if from a dream. A dream from which I awoke happy. Not that I was happy to be awake, and out of that dream, out of that home.]

8. I once wrote, I have never known a city like *Nora*, or *Joan* [*Melbourne/ Miami*]. I wonder why cities have come to signify knowing and being known. Can what is so physical at once perform the function of affirming you? [Can what greets you with no sign of life let you down by not responding to your touch?]
  
9. I once wrote, I am horrible at getting to the point. Here it is: You have become synonymous with Sydney. [No shirking from *that* word. But I cannot name *you* yet.]
  
10. I entered it in winter which means it has only ever been cold to me. Its cold seeped into its people so that I only ever met them as harsh, and the warmth which greeted me in some, interspersed, was more painful for it not lasting. It seeped into me, so that the song of hope was felled, and its notes, from lack of response, resonated weakened. And I wonder why my ears prick up at this city's birdsong. [It's got its winters all wrong.] As is the fate of all neglected things, I have grown an affinity to them, so that I feel a sense of kinship with what is discarded, or left behind. [I am more the parenthesis and outtakes than the body.] I want to stop every person in Sydney because they are all rushing, and in rushing, they are all stepping over concrete, or tile, or chalk, or spray-paint, endless, endless expression, endless, endless art.
  
11. Sometimes in rushing, they are stepping over me. [This too, will become about forgiveness.]
  
12. The song of You and me, O my signifier of Sydney: silent shuffling feet. A twisted sadness in motion suggestive of music, serving to highlight only its absence. Perhaps the

music too, has moved into the house of memory, and away from me. [Recall your Beethoven.]

13. In this litany you will come to merge with a city you chose, in the same capacity that any of us have, and in the same capacity that I have chosen you; this refers to your glittering kitchen with all its false promises. Which is to say, we're all bad at gambling, and probably should stop. That's why they have the Liquor and Gaming division. We're sore, sore losers.

14. [Question, You: in this State of neglect, am I the deserter, or the deserted thing?]

Question, You: how much of Sydney lives in *your* memory?

Question, You: Why am I jealous of its memory of you?

15. The city is about knowing and being known because of an unacceptable lack of past. [Past lends knowledge, and memory is our little slice of past. Mine is known for faltering, which means I'm a rambling fool. It also means I am filled with a yearning to be known; hence the babble.] I am not conversant in its language and the one I speak will not be heard by it. I want all its Years under my Belt. For that I have to have survived it [As a husband is survived by a widow]. For that I have to have defeated it. [As a widow is defeated by time. Remember, this has been about the marriage one cannot understand.]

16. I turn the corner and meet myself. And from there a list of names unravels like a carpet: The Rydges Hotel, *Town Hall*, Woolies, Circular Quay, the Opera House, the Rocks Markets. Not nearly long enough a chain; but it winds around my ankles and trips me up [Past/ Replay]. I no longer recognize myself, the me that once roamed these streets, so the

continued existence of this place through both of us is a blasphemy. [Read as: the City has already defeated me. Time has won and the Place has been a snide accomplice. Q. *How can my face in a mirror lose recognition with time, and not gain it?* A. *Silly, you've forgotten about everything moving into the house of the past. That sometimes will include your own face.*]

17. More useless factoids about places I can name, then: Annandale, and the secret little Back-house Streets that cut Sneakily the hill that Peaks at Victoria Park, and lead back to Me. [My two-month postal address on Paramatta Road across from your new home you moved in just as I moved out.] Newtown under your feet. The Rocks, which you remind me, are a suburb, and the Inner West, which once followed the word 'Sweet'. [And the □□□□ Hotel where you now work, but *that* you won't tell me.]

18. Since I move through the marriage of space-time like the love-child of a divorce, I must necessarily talk of trajectories. So:

- I have never been to see a show at Enmore Theatre. It is a fact that sometimes I envy the people who line up there to have a good time. It is less of a fact that sometimes, since I don't have to line up to have a good time, they envy me. This counts because it's a bus stop on my way home.
- The L1 light rail line is gorgeous with its gates open.
- You've never met me at Central Station.
- I went to the Argyle for an afterparty, which means, I too have to line up to have a good time. This counts because I went there after a cruise, which means, for a brief moment, I was a point moving through the water.

- I would have been a point moving through the water regardless of if the cruise-ship ever left the harbor or not.
- There is a bench in Victoria Park that will never fail to move me to tears. Because being moved to tears will make me stand still, the tears will be the only way I move.
- I have to catch my breath on the footbridge, because I always seem to lose it, there. And F\*\*\*\*\* L\*\*\*\*, where we first met eyes, and then, where our gazes broke.
- I infiltrated the quad because of you. I am cursed with its winding staircases, and empty rooms.
- My favorite bus used to be the 440, because it once took me really far from home, which is how I was reminded I didn't really have one.
- It no longer is the 440, because no matter how long I sit on it, I'll never reach home for nearly long enough. But I'm more forgiving of its moving into the house of the past because it once took me back to your place.

19. You told me of psychogeography before I learned about it in my lectures, so *You*, of all, have been the most teachable thing.

[Please do not move into the house of the past. Please do not blame me for holding onto memories. Everything I once loved has gone back there. I must learn to love the past for it holds all lovable things.]

20. You want to know what happens to people who lose their homes? They must necessarily be lost. [And that explains the trash-dragging thrifting bin-hunting tendencies of feeling Life by Proxy.] Like all lost things, they must necessarily wander. In wandering, we are

all the love-children of the divorce of space and time. So yesterday I stepped out into the streets. I touch the bushes, and some are sharp-leaved, and some are soft. I touch the texture of the walls in an even exchange of stone for skin, [which has come to live on many a stone]. There are a lot of reserves off King Street. What I found was a matrix of peopled homes all lost and returning like me, and also, that forbidden promise I first caught in your kitchen, where you don't cook. The streets are full of it, and the promise, giddily, is this: *Sydney is the city in which you are no longer found*. I once wrote, 'the street is like a string light, the kinds that alternate', by which I mean, all the gates eventually get thrown open, but I, oh I never get called into any of them. There are homes here which will never be peopled by *me*.

21. You have become a synonym for this city. Its glittering promise is the promise of you, on which I placed all bets. If I get let into your life, I can finally be let into this city, and then under our feet it can equally be under mine. You discard things but you also collect discarded things. It must be that way when you look at me. You were cold like it was, but if You throw your Arms open to me I can feel welcomed in equal measure, on its behalf. As long as you keep me out I'll stay out, by which I mean to say *Let me in. I want to be let into all the gates*. It's like I once wrote, 'I want to love this city I'm in the way you do. I've yelled at its graffitied walls and its spit stained streets; *know me, please. Open your arms to me.*'

[Post/Script?] : [A SOFT] EPILOGUE

As the present moves into past, the future rolls underfoot. [A new face now familiar. No equal, some mirror.]

A good rug is still on the list. [It's been there for three years now. Well-treaded over.]

I once said, put your shoes where you shouldn't.

[No longer the same carpet or the key.] [Jazz and noon-sun.]

What was that thing about home?

I once put my hands in my boots and walked them to the front door.