

1-1-2017

Dream Monologues

Datum

Follow this and additional works at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/datum>



Part of the [Architecture Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Datum (2017) "Dream Monologues," *Datum: student journal of architecture*: Vol. 8 , Article 24.

Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/datum/vol8/iss1/24>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Datum: student journal of architecture by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.

I was parasailing in a Walmart parking lot popping pills. Gave my shirt away to this girl walking into Walmart. Drifted into the Wendy's and saw u.

Hopped on a bus and there was a fight. Happened to be a bunch of amateur wrestlers. Wannabe WWE type dudes. Somehow ended up on a plane and dropped straight off into a green lawn behind the Capitol.

Smoking weed. Watching Holy Mountain. Got a view of the Bund to my left. Got u to my right. Swell.

2000 Acura Integra GSR. Gen 2 Mugen wing rockin the RC Starks. 5% tint. Titanium metallic.

I was with u again. We made love, but we're not even in love. Then u disappeared.

You were at my house. Still just as beautiful as ever. I could feel the tension. You were leaving for a long time. Whatever's best for you. MT

Your address. We opened the gate. Music was vibing from upstairs. Nujabes. Aruarian Dance. Feather. There's no way this is your place. Fuck. Is this what love is?

Tried to go fishing, but it got dark.

In NY. Didn't book a hotel. Friends dad got him a RHD Hyundai Genesis with air suspension and custom interior. Got a be recommendation but ended up somewhere else.

Playing basketball. Terrible. My teeth start falling out. The feeling was there. The presence was real.

You reveal yourself to me like a Phoenix from its ash. I love u like the dancing.

Boosted Electronic Blue Pearl 2000 Honda Civic. CTR mirrors. BYS front bumper. Kosei K1. 15s.

Was selling molls on the street via moped service. We would slowly scoop up someone beneath and exchange pills. All while this was happening we had prostitutes just chilling with us. "Dumpling service"

I came back to the states to rob a bbops with Brandon and Nate. We hid from the cops in a Walmart warehouse.

Chinese camera market. La Vie en Rose by Louis Armstrong playing in the background. Romanian dude.

Got me waiting for this sweet
experience that was promised for both
of us. the thing is, u never came. im
still here. that shit doesn't even matter
no more. all of this - wasted. we were
supposed to have each other. i cant
listen to u anymore - dont believe
anything u say. i thought i did, but
nah, i dont. i cant go on like this. bold
n heavy lies - unfulfilled promises. u
just keep talking. they see thru all of
this. its all a front. drop it. keep quiet.
silence is a motherfucking luxury.