

All his things

by Lynn Beighley

Do you know him by his things?

The thing where you read this guy's tweets, this famous guy. You only found him after you loved this thing he created. Thing. His things.

All the things that are his.

So you think about his things. His things are like your things, or the things you think you'd create. His things and your possible things.

You tweet at him, all the time. He says something, you tweet back. This one day, he answers you. And you know that his things and your things are almost the same things.

Kindred fuckin' spirits.

You close your eyes and meet him. You're at a bar, you're always at a bar when you meet. You're there, sipping the same obscure drink that he walks up and orders. And the bartender, not you, points this out. You smile, you don't say a word, but he does. This drink is his thing, and you ordered it. You knew, you just knew, that you had the same things.

